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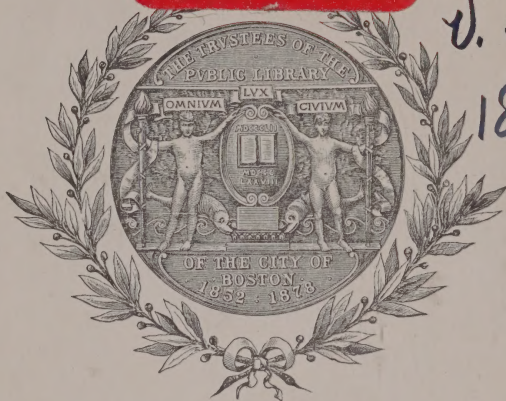
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Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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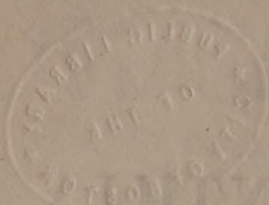
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TWO ON A TOWER.

X.

THE placid inhabitants of the parish of Welland, including warbling waggoners, lone shepherds, plowmen, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the gardener at the Great House, the steward and agent, the parson, clerk, and so on, were hourly expecting the announcement of St. Cleeve's death. The sexton had been going to see his brother-in-law, nine miles distant, but promptly postponed the visit for a few days, that there might be the regular professional hand present to toll the bell in a note of due fullness and solemnity; an attempt by a deputy, on a previous occasion of his absence, having degenerated into a miserable stammering clang that was a disgrace to the parish. But Swithin St. Cleeve did not de cease, a fact of which, indeed, the habituated reader will have been well aware ever since the rain came down upon the young man in the twenty-sixth paragraph of the ninth chapter, and led to his alarming illness. Too many maimed histories (such as his would have read, in those circumstances) are hourly enacting themselves in this dun-colored world to justify the gratuitous infliction of yet other mournful details concerning those

"Who lay great bases for eternity
Which prove more short than waste or ruining."

How it arose that he did not die was in this wise; and his example affords another instance of that reflex rule of the vassal mind over the sovereign body, which, operating so wonderfully in elastic natures, and more or less in all, originally gave rise to the legend that the supremacy lay on the other side.

The evening of the day after the tender, despairing farewell kiss of Lady Constantine, when he was a little less weak than during her visit, he lay with his face to the window. He lay alone, quiet and resigned. He had been thinking, sometimes of her and other friends, but chiefly of his lost discovery. Although nearly unconscious at the time, he had yet been aware of that kiss, as the delicate flush which followed it upon his cheek would have told; but he had attached little importance to it as between woman and man. Had he been dying of love instead of wet weather, perhaps the impulsive act of that handsome lady would have been seized on as proof that his love was returned; as it was, her kiss seemed but the evidence of a naturally demonstrative kindness, felt towards him chiefly because he was believed to be leaving her forever.

The reds of sunset passed, as dusk drew on. Old Hannah came up-stairs to pull down the blinds, and as she ad-

vanced to the window he said to her, in a faint voice, "Well, Hannah, what news to-day?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," Hannah replied, looking out of the window with sad apathy, "only that there's a comet, they say."

"A what?" said the dying astronomer, starting up on his elbow.

"A comet, — that's all, Master Swithin," repeated Hannah, in a lower voice, fearing she had done harm in some way.

"Well, tell me, tell me!" cried Swithin. "Is it Gambart's? Is it Charles the Fifth's, or Halley's, or Faye's, or whose?"

"Hush!" said she, thinking St. Cleeve slightly delirious again. "'Tis God A'mighty's, of course. I have n't seed en myself; but they say he's getting bigger every night, and that he'll be the biggest one known for fifty years when he's full growed. There, you must not talk any more now, or I'll go away."

Here was an amazing event, little noise as it had made in the happening. Of all phenomena that he had longed to witness during his short astronomical career, those appertaining to comets had excited him most. That the magnificent comet of 1811 would not return again for thirty centuries had been quite a permanent regret with him. And now, when the bottomless abyss of death seemed yawning beneath his feet, one of these much-desired apparitions, as large, apparently, as any of its tribe, had chosen to show itself.

"Oh, if I could but live to see that comet through my equatorial!" he cried.

Compared with comets, variable stars, which he had hitherto made his study, were, from their remoteness, uninteresting. They were to the former as the people of Ujiji or Unyamwesi to the people of his own country. Attached to the solar system, these dazzling and

perplexing rangers, the Byrons of firmamental celebrities, the fascination of all astronomers, rendered themselves still more fascinating by the sinister suspicion attaching to them of being possibly the ultimate destroyers of the human race. In his physical prostration St. Cleeve wept bitterly at not being hale and strong enough to welcome with proper honor the new-come specimen of these desirable visitors.

The strenuous wish to live and behold the new phenomenon, supplanting the utter weariness of existence that he had heretofore experienced, lent him a new vitality. The crisis passed; there was a turn for the better; and after that he rapidly mended. The comet had in all probability saved his life. The limitless and complex wonders of the sky resumed their old power over his imagination; the possibilities of that unfathomable blue ocean were endless; finer feats than ever he would perform were to be achieved in its investigation. What Lady Constantine had said, that for one discovery made ten awaited making, was strikingly verified by the sudden appearance of this splendid marvel.

The windows of St. Cleeve's bedroom faced the west, and nothing would satisfy him but that his bed should be so pulled round as to give him a view of the low sky, in which the as yet minute tadpole of fire was recognizable. The mere sight of it seemed to lend him sufficient resolution to complete his own cure forthwith. His only fear now was lest, from some unexpected cause or other, the comet would vanish before he could get to the observatory on Ring's-Hill Speer.

In his fervor to begin observing, he directed that an old telescope, which he had used in his first celestial attempts, should be tied at one end to the bedpost, and at the other fixed near his eye, as he reclined. Equipped only with this rough improvisation, he began to take notes. Lady Constantine was

forgotten, till one day, suddenly, wondering if she knew of the important phenomenon, he revolved in his mind whether, as a fellow-student and sincere friend of his, she ought not to be sent for, and instructed in the use of the equatorial.

But though the image of Lady Constantine, in spite of her kindness and unmistakably warm heart, had been obscured in his mind by the heavenly body, she had not so readily forgotten him. Too shy to repeat her visit after so nearly betraying herself, she yet, every day, by the most ingenious and subtle means that could be devised by a woman who feared for herself, but could not refrain from tampering with danger, ascertained the state of her young friend's health. On hearing of the turn in his condition she rejoiced on his account, and became yet more despondent on her own. If he had died, she might have mused on him as her dear departed saint without much sin: but his return to life was a delight that bewildered and dismayed.

One evening, a little later on, he was sitting at his bedroom window, as usual, waiting for a sufficient decline of light to reveal the comet's form, when he beheld, crossing the field contiguous to the house, a figure which he knew to be hers. He thought she must be coming to see him on the great comet question, to discuss which with so delightful and kind a comrade was an expectation full of pleasure. Hence he keenly observed her approach, till something happened that surprised him. When, at the descent of the hill, she reached the stile that admitted to Mrs. Martin's garden, Lady Constantine stood quite still for a minute or more, her gaze bent on the ground. Instead of coming on to the house she went heavily and slowly back, almost as if in pain; and then at length, quickening her pace, she was soon out of sight. She appeared in the path no more that day.

XI.

Why had Lady Constantine stopped and turned?

A misgiving had taken sudden possession of her. Her true sentiment towards St. Cleeve was too recognizable to herself to be tolerated.

That she had a legitimate interest in him as a young astronomer was true; that her sympathy on account of his severe illness had been natural and commendable was also true. But the superfluous feeling was what filled her with trepidation. Superfluities have been defined as things you cannot do without, and this particular emotion, that came not within her rightful measure, was just such a superfluity with her. In short, she felt there and then that to see St. Cleeve again would be dangerous; and by a violent effort she retreated from his precincts, as he had observed.

She resolved to ennoble her conduct from that moment of her life onwards. She would exercise kind patronage towards Swithin without once indulging herself with his company. Inexpressibly dear to her deserted heart he was becoming, but for the future he should at least be hidden from her eyes. To speak plainly, it was growing a serious question whether, if he were not hidden from her eyes, she would not soon be across the ragged boundary which divides the permissible from the forbidden.

By the time she drew near home the sun was going down. The heavy and handsome church, now subdued by violet shadow, except where its upper courses caught the western stroke of flame-color, stood close to her grounds, though the village of which it formerly was the nucleus had become quite depopulated, its cottages having been demolished to enlarge the park, leaving the old building to stand there alone,

like a standard without an army. It was Friday night, and she heard the organist practicing voluntaries within. The hour, the notes, the even-song of the birds, and her own previous emotions combined to influence her devotionally; she entered, turning to the right and passing under the chancel arch, where she sat down and viewed the whole empty length, east and west. The semi-Norman arches of the nave, with their multitudinous notchings, were still visible by the light from the tower window, but the lower portion of the building was in obscurity, except where the feeble glimmer from the candle of the organist spread a glow-worm radiance around. The player, who was Miss Tabitha Lark, continued without intermission to produce her wandering sounds, unconscious of any one's presence except that of the youthful blower at her side.

The rays from the organist's candle illuminated but one small fragment of the chancel outside the precincts of the instrument, and that was the portion of the eastern wall whereon the ten commandments were inscribed. The gilt letters shone sternly into Lady Constantine's eyes; and she, being as impressionable as a turtle-dove, watched one of those commandments on the second table, till its thunder broke her spirit with blank contrition.

She knelt down, and did her utmost to eradicate those impulses towards St. Cleeve which were inconsistent with her position as the wife of an absent man, though not unnatural in her as his victim.

She knelt till she seemed scarcely to belong to the time she lived in, which lost the magnitude that the nearness of its perspective lent it on ordinary occasions, and took its natural rank with the other centuries. Having once got out of herself, she was calmer, and went on to register a magnanimous vow. She would look about for some maiden fit

and likely to make St. Cleeve happy; and this girl she would endow with what money she could afford, that the natural result of their apposition should do him no worldly harm. The interest of her, Lady Constantine's, life should be in watching the development of love between Swithin and the ideal maiden.

The very painfulness of the scheme to her susceptible heart made it pleasing to her conscience; and she wondered that she had not before this time thought of a stratagem which united the possibility of benefiting the astronomer with the advantage of guarding against peril to both Swithin and herself. By providing for him a suitable helpmate she would preclude the dangerous awakening in him of sentiments reciprocating her own. Arrived at a point of exquisite misery through this heroic intention, Lady Constantine's tears moistened the books upon which her forehead was bowed. And as she heard her feverish heart throb against the desk, she firmly believed the wearing impulses of that heart would put an end to her sad life, and momentarily recalled the banished image of St. Cleeve to apostrophize him in a paraphrase of the poet's quaint lines:—

"Dear love, press thy hand to my breast, and tell
If thou tracest the knocks in that narrow cell:
A carpenter dwells there; cunning is he,
And slyly he's shaping a coffin for me.

"He hammers and knocks by night and by day;
My repose he has utterly banished away.
O carpenter, carpenter, prithee work fast,
That I in still silence may slumber at last."

Lady Constantine was disturbed by a break in the organist's meandering practice, and raising her head she saw a person standing by the player. It was Mr. Torkingham, and what he said was distinctly audible. He was inquiring for herself.

"I thought I saw Lady Constantine walk this way," he rejoined to Tabitha's negative. "I am very anxious indeed to meet with her."

She went forward. "I am here," she

said. "Don't stop playing, Miss Lark. What is it, Mr. Torkingham?"

Tabitha thereupon resumed her playing, and Mr. Torkingham joined Lady Constantine.

"I have some very serious intelligence to break to your ladyship," he said. "But — I will not interrupt you here." (He had seen her rise from her knees to come to him.) "I will call at the house the first moment you can receive me, after reaching home."

"No, tell me here," she said, reseating herself.

He came close, and placed his hand on the poppy-head of the seat. "I have received a telegram," he resumed, haltingly, "in which I am requested to prepare you for the contents of a letter that you will receive to-morrow morning."

"I am quite ready."

"The subject is briefly this, Lady Constantine: that you have been a widow for more than eighteen months."

"Dead!"

"Yes. Sir Blount was attacked by dysentery and malarious fever, on the banks of the Zonga in South Africa, so long ago as last October twelvemonths, and it carried him off. Of the three men who were with him, two succumbed to the same illness, a hundred miles further on; while the third, retracing his steps into a healthier district, remained there with a native tribe, and took no pains to make the circumstances known. It seems to be only by the mere accident of his having told some third party that we know of the matter now. This is all I can tell you at present."

She was greatly agitated for a few moments; and the Table of the Law opposite glistened indistinctly upon a vision still obscured by the old tears, which now seemed to appertain to another dispensation.

"Shall I conduct you home?" asked the parson.

"No, thank you," said Lady Constantine. "I would rather go alone."

XII.

On the afternoon of the next day Mr. Torkingham, who occasionally dropped in to see St. Cleeve, called again as usual, and after duly remarking on the state of the weather, congratulating him on his sure though slow improvement, and answering his inquiries about the comet, said, "You have heard, I suppose, of what has happened to Lady Constantine?"

"No. Good heavens! Nothing serious?"

"Yes, it is serious." The parson informed him of the death of Sir Blount, and of the accidents which had hindered all knowledge of the same, — accidents favored by the estrangement of the pair, and the lack of correspondence between them for some time.

His listener received the news with the concern of a friend, Lady Constantine's aspect in his eyes depending but little on her condition matrimonially.

"There was no attempt to bring him home when he died?"

"Oh, no. The climate necessitates instant burial. We shall have more particulars in a day or two, doubtless."

"Poor Lady Constantine, — so good and so emotional as she is! I suppose she is quite prostrated by the bad news."

"Well, she is rather serious, — not prostrated. The household is going into mourning."

"Ah no, she would not be quite prostrated," murmured Swithin, recollecting himself. "He was unkind to her in many ways. Do you think she will go away from Welland?"

That the vicar could not tell. But he feared that Sir Blount's affairs had been in a seriously involved condition, which might necessitate many and unexpected changes.

Time showed that Mr. Torkingham's surmises were correct. During the long weeks of early summer, through which

the young man still lay imprisoned, if not within his own chamber, within the limits of the house and garden, news reached him that Sir Blount's mismanagement and eccentric behavior were resulting in serious consequences to Lady Constantine; nothing less, indeed, than her almost complete impoverishment. His personalty was swallowed up in paying his debts, and the Welland estate was so heavily charged with annuities to his distant relatives that only a mere pittance was left for her. She was reducing the establishment to the narrowest compass compatible with decent gentility. The horses were sold one by one; the greater part of the house was shut up, and she resided in the smallest rooms. All that was allowed to remain of her former contingent of male servants were an odd man and a boy. Instead of using a carriage, she now drove about in a donkey-chair, the said boy walking in front to clear the way and keep the animal in motion; while she wore, so his informants reported, not an ordinary widow's cap or bonnet, but something even plainer, the black material being drawn tightly round her face, giving her features a small, demure, devout cast, very pleasing to the eye.

"Now what's the most curious thing in this, Mr. San Cleeve," said Sammy Blore, who, in calling to inquire after Swithin's health, had imparted some of the above particulars, "is that my lady seems not to mind being a pore woman half so much as we do at seeing her so. 'T is a wonderful gift, Mr. San Cleeve, to be able to guide yerself, and not let loose yer soul at such a misfortune. I should go and drink neat if it had happened to me; but my lady's plan is best, though I only know such practices by hearsay, to be sure, for I never had nothing to lose."

Meanwhile, the observatory was not forgotten; nor that visitant of singular shape and habits, which had appeared

in the sky from no one knew whither, trailing its luminous streamer, and proceeding on its way in the face of a wondering world, till it should choose to vanish as suddenly as it had come. When, about a month after the above dialogue took place, Swithin was allowed to go about as usual, his first pilgrimage was to the Rings-Hill Speer. Here he studied at leisure what he had come to see.

On his return to the homestead, just after sunset, he found his grandmother and Hannah in a state of great concern. The former was looking out for him against the evening light, her face showing itself worn and rutted like an old highway by the passing of many days. Her information was that in his absence Lady Constantine had called in her driving-chair, to inquire for him. Her ladyship had wished to observe the comet through the great telescope, but had found the door locked when she applied at the tower. Would he kindly leave the door unfastened to-morrow, she had asked, that she might be able to go to the column on the following evening, for the same purpose? She did not require him to attend.

During the next day he sent Hannah with the key to Welland House, not caring to leave the tower open. As evening advanced and the comet grew distinct, he doubted if Lady Constantine could handle the telescope alone with any pleasure or profit to herself. Unable, as a devotee to science, to rest under this misgiving, he crossed the field in the furrow that he had used ever since the corn was sown, and entered the plantation. His unpracticed mind never once guessed that her stipulations against his coming might have arisen from a sense that such meetings had already been too frequent to bear repetition with propriety, innocent as they had been in fact and intent.

On ascending he found her already there. She sat in the observing-chair:

the warm light from the west, which flowed in through the opening of the dome, brightened her face, and her face only, her robes of sable lawn rendering the remainder of her figure almost invisible.

"You have come!" she said, with some dismay. "I did not require you. But never mind." She extended her hand cordially to him.

Before speaking he looked at her with a great new interest in his eye. It was the first time that he had seen her thus, and she was altered in more than dress.

"Have you nothing to say?" she continued. "Your footsteps were audible to me from the very bottom, and I knew they were yours. You look almost restored."

"I am almost restored," he replied, respectfully pressing her hand. "A reason for living arose, and I lived."

"What reason?" she quickly inquired.

He pointed to the rocket-like object in the western sky. His eyes then returned to her face, whose soberly-sweet expression was of a rare and peculiar kind, — something that he had never seen before in woman.

"You mean the comet? Well, you will never make a courtier! You know, of course, what has happened to me. Have you also heard that I am now quite a poor woman? Tell me what you think of it."

"I have thought very little of it, since I heard that you seemed to mind it but little. There is even this good in it, that I may now be able to show you some little kindness for all those you have done me, my dear lady."

"Unless, for economy's sake, I go and live abroad, — at Dinan, Versailles, or Boulogne."

Swithin, who had never thought of such a contingency, was earnest in his regrets; without, however, showing more than a sincere friend's disappointment.

"I did not say it was absolutely nec-

essary," she continued. "I have, in fact, grown so homely and home-loving, I am so interested in the place and the people here, that, in spite of advice, I have almost determined not to let the house; but to continue the less business-like but pleasanter alternative of living humbly in a part of it, and shutting up the rest."

"Your love of astronomy is getting as strong as mine!" he said ardently. "You could not tear yourself away from the observatory?"

"You might have supposed me capable of a little human feeling as well as scientific, in connection with the observatory."

"Dear Lady Constantine, by admitting that your astronomer has also a part of your interest" —

"Ah, you did not find it out without my telling!" she said, with a playfulness which was scarcely playful, a slight accession of pinkness being visible in her face. "I diminish myself in your esteem by reminding you."

"You might do anything in this world without diminishing yourself in my esteem, after the goodness you have shown. And more than that, no misrepresentation, no rumor, no damning appearance whatever, would ever shake my loyalty to you."

"But you put a very matter-of-fact construction on my motives, sometimes. You see me in such a hard light that I have to drop hints in quite a manoeuvring manner to let you know I am as sympathetic as other people. I sometimes think you would rather have me die than have your equatorial stolen. Confess that your admiration for me was based on my house and position in the county! Now I am shorn of all that glory, such as it was, and am a widow, and am poorer than my tenants, and can no longer buy telescopes, and am unable, from the narrowness of my circumstances, to mix in circles that people formerly said I adorned, I fear I

have lost the little hold I once had over you."

"You are as unjust now as you have been generous hitherto," said St. Cleeve, with tears in his eyes at the gentle banter of the lady, which he, poor innocent, read as her real opinions. Seizing her hand, he continued, in tones between reproach and anger, "I swear to you that I have but two devotions, two thoughts, two hopes, and two blessings in this world, and that one of them is yourself!"

"And the other?"

"The pursuit of astronomy."

"And astronomy stands first."

"I have never ordained two such dissimilar ideas. And why should you deplore your altered circumstances, my dear lady? Your widowhood, if I may take the liberty to speak on such a subject, is, though I suppose a sadness, not perhaps an unmixed evil. For though your pecuniary troubles have been discovered to the world and yourself thereby, your happiness in marriage was, as you have generously confided to me, not great; and you are now left free as a bird to follow your own hobbies."

"I wonder you recognize that."

"But perhaps," he added, with a sigh of regret, "you will again fall a prey to some man, some uninteresting country squire or other, and be lost to the scientific world, after all."

"If I fall a prey to any man, it will not be to a country squire. But don't go on with this, for Heaven's sake! You may think what you like in silence."

"We are forgetting the comet," said St. Cleeve. He turned, and set the instrument in order for observation, and wheeled round the dome. While they were looking at the nucleus of the fiery plume, that now filled so large a space of the sky as completely to dominate it, Swithin dropped his gaze upon the field, and beheld in the dying light a number of laborers crossing it directly towards the column.

"What do you see?" Lady Constantine asked, without ceasing to observe the comet.

"Some of the work-folk are coming this way. I know what they are coming for, — I promised to let them look at the comet through the glass."

"They must not come up here," she said decisively.

"They shall await your time."

"I have a special reason for wishing them not to see me here. If you ask why, I can tell you. They mistakenly suspect my interest to be less in astronomy than in the astronomer, and they must have no showing for such a wild notion. What can you do to keep them out?"

"I'll lock the door," said Swithin.

"They will then think I am away."

He ran down the staircase, and she could hear him hastily turning the key. Lady Constantine sighed.

"What weakness, what weakness!" she said to herself. "That envied power of self-control, — where is it? That power of concealment which a woman should have, — where? To run such risks, to come here alone, — oh, if it were known! But I was always so, — always!"

She jumped up, and followed him down-stairs.

XIII.

He was standing immediately inside the door at the bottom, though it was so dark she could hardly see him. The villagers were audibly talking just without.

"He's sure to come, sooner or later," resounded up the spiral in the voice of Hezzy Biles. "He would n't let such a fine show as the comet makes to-night go by without peeping at it, — not Master Cleeve! Did ye bring along the flagon, Haymoss? Then we'll sit down inside the hut here and wait. He'll come afore bed-time. Why, his spy-glass

will stretch out that there comet as long as Welland Lane."

"I'd as soon miss the great peep-show that comes every year to Green-hill Fair as a sight of such a immortal spectacle as this!"

"'Immortal spectacle,'—where did ye get that choice morsel, Haymoss?" inquired Sammy Blore. "Well, well, the Lord save the simple. But, as 't is so dark in the hut, suppose we draw out the bench into the front here, souls?"

The bench was accordingly brought forth, and in order to have a back to lean against they placed it exactly across the door into the spiral staircase. "Now, have ye got any backer? If ye have n't, I have," continued Sammy Blore. A striking of matches followed, and the speaker concluded comfortably, "Now we shall do very well."

"And what do this comet mean?" asked Haymoss. "That some great tumult is going to happen, or that we shall die of a famine?"

"Famine?—no," said Nat Chapman. "That only touches such as we, and God only concerns himself wi' his upper creatures. It is n't to be supposed that a strange fiery lantern like that would be lighted up for folks with ten or a dozen shillings a week and their gristing, and a load o' thorn fagots when we can get 'em. If 't is a signal to mend the ways of anybody in this parish, 't is to my Lady Constantine, since she is the only one with feelings worth such a hint."

"As for her income, — that she's now lost."

"Ah, well; I don't take in all I hear."

Lady Constantine drew close to St. Cleeve's side, and whispered, trembling, "Do you think they will wait long? Or can we get out?"

Swithin felt the awkwardness of the situation. The men had stupidly placed the bench close to the door, which, owing to the stairs within, opened outwards;

so that, at the first push by the pair inside to release themselves, the bench must have gone over, and sent the smokers sprawling on their faces. He whispered to her to ascend the column and wait till he came.

"And have the dead man left her nothing? And have he carried his inheritance into 's grave? And will his skeleton lie warm on account o't? Hee-hee!" said Haymoss.

"'T is all swallowed up," observed Hezzy Biles. "His goings-on made her miserable till 'a died, and if I were the woman I'd have my antics now. He ought to have bequeathed to her this young gentleman, Mr. St. Cleeve, as some sort of amends. I'd up and marry him if I were she; since her downfall has brought 'em quite near together, and made him as good as she in rank, as he was afore in bone and breeding."

"D'y e think she will?" asked Sammy Blore. "Or is she intending virginity for the rest of her days?"

"I don't want to be unreverent to her ladyship; but I really don't think she is intending any such desperate martyr-ing of herself. I say she's rather intending to commit lawful matrimony with somebody or other, and one young gentleman in particular."

"But the young man himself?"

"Planned, cut out, and finished for the delight of woman!"

"Yet he must be willing."

"That would soon come. If they get up this tower ruling plannards together much longer, their plannards will soon rule them together, in my way of thinking. If she've a disposition towards the knot, she can soon teach him."

"True, true, and lawfully. What before might ha' been a wrong desire is now a holy wish."

The scales fell from Swithin St. Cleeve's eyes as he heard the words of his neighbors. How suddenly the truth dawned upon him; how it bewildered

him, till he scarcely knew where he was ; how he recalled the full force of what he had only half apprehended at earlier times, — these vivid things are difficult to tell in slow verbiage. He could remain there no longer, and with an electrified heart he retreated up the spiral. He found Lady Constantine half-way to the top, standing by a loop-hole, and when she spoke he discovered that she was almost in tears. "Are they gone?" she asked.

"I fear they will not go yet," he replied, with a nervous fluctuation of manner that had never before appeared in his bearing towards her.

"What shall I do?" she asked. "I ought not to be here ; nobody knows that I am out of the house. Oh, this is a mistake ! I must go home somehow."

"Did you hear what they were saying?"

"No," said she. "What is the matter? Surely you are trembling? What did they say?"

"It would be the exaggeration of frankness in me to tell you."

"Is it what a woman ought not to be made acquainted with?"

"It is, in this case. It is so new and so indescribable an idea to me — that" — He leant against the concave wall, quite tremulous with strange incipient sentiments.

"What sort of an idea?" she asked gently.

"It is — an awakening. In thinking of the heaven above, I did not perceive — the" —

"Earth beneath?"

"The other heaven beneath. Pray, dear Lady Constantine, give me your hand for a moment!"

She seemed startled, and the hand was not given. "I am so anxious to get home," she repeated. "I did not mean to stay here more than five minutes!"

"I fear I am much to blame for this accident," he said. "I ought not to

have intruded here. But don't grieve ! I will arrange for your escape, somehow. Be good enough to follow me down."

They redescended, and, whispering to Lady Constantine to remain a few stairs behind, he began to rattle and unlock the door. The men precipitately removed their bench, and Swithin stepped out, the light of the summer night being still enough to enable them to distinguish him.

"Well, Hezekiah, and Samuel, and Nat, how are you?" he said boldly.

"Well, sir, 't is much as before with me," replied Nat. "One hour a week with God and the rest with the devil, as a man may say. And really, now yer poor father's gone, I'd as lief that Sunday hour should go like the rest ; for Pa'son Tarkenham do tease a feller's conscience that much that church is no hollerday at all to the limbs, as it was in yer reverent father's time. But we've been waiting here, Mr. San Cleeve, supposing ye had not come."

"I have been sitting at the top, and fastened the door not to be disturbed. Now I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have another engagement this evening, so that it would be inconvenient to admit you. To-morrow evening, or any evening but this, I will show you the comet and any stars you like."

They readily agreed to come the next night, and prepared to depart. But what with the flagon and the pipes and the final observations, getting away was a matter of time. Meanwhile, a cloud, which nobody had noticed, had arisen from the north overhead, and large drops of rain began to fall so rapidly that the conclave entered the hut till it should be over. St. Cleeve strolled off under the firs. The next moment there was a rustling through the trees at another point, and a man and woman appeared. The woman took shelter under a tree, and the man, bearing wraps and umbrellas, came forward.

"My lady's man and maid," said Sammy.

"Is her ladyship here?" asked the man.

"Her ladyship keeps more kissable company," replied Nat Chapman.

"Hush!" said Blore.

"Not here? Well, to be sure! We can't find her anywhere in the wide house! I've been sent to look for her with these overclothes and umbrella. I've suffered horse-flesh traipsing up and down, and can't find her nowhere. Lord, Lord, where can she be, and two months' wages owing to me!"

"Why so anxious, Anthony Green, as I think yer name is shaped? You be not a married man?" said Hezzy.

"'Tis what they call me, neighbors, whether or no."

"But surely you was a bachelor chap by late, afore her ladyship got rid of the regular servants and took ye?"

"I were; but that's past."

"And how came ye to bow yer head to 't, Anthony? 'Tis what you never was inclined to. You was by no means a doting man in my time."

"Well, had I been left to my own free choice, 'tis as like as not I should ha' shunned forming such kindred, being at that time a poor day man, or weekly, at my highest luck in hiring. But 'tis wearing work to hold out against common usage, and the woman wanting ye to stand by her and save her from unborn shame; so, since custom would have it, I let myself be carried away by opinion, and took her. Though she's never once thanked me for covering her confusion, that's true. Well, well, 'tis the way of God's creatures, as a man may say, and I don't complain. Here she is, just behind, under the tree, if you'd like to see her. Well, well, where can my lady be? And I the trusty jeneral man, — 'tis more than my place is worth to lose her! Come forward, Christiana, and talk to the gentlemen."

While the woman was talking, the rain increased so much that they all retreated further into the hut. St. Cleeve, who had impatiently stood a little way off, now saw his opportunity, and, putting in his head, said, "The rain beats in; you had better shut the door. I must ascend and close up the dome." Slamming the door upon them without ceremony, he quickly went to poor Lady Constantine in the column, and telling her she could pass them unseen gave her his arm; thus he conducted her across the front of the hut into the shadows of the firs.

"I will run to the house and harness your little carriage myself," he said tenderly. "I will then take you home in it."

"No; please don't leave me alone under these dismal trees." Neither would she hear of his getting her any wraps; and, opening her little sunshade to keep the rain out of her face, she walked with him across the insulating field, after which the trees of the park afforded her a sufficient shelter to reach home without much damage. Swithin was too greatly affected by what he had overheard to speak much to her on the way, and protected her as if she had been a shorn lamb. After a farewell which had more meaning than sound in it, he hastened back to Ring's-Hill Speer. The workfolk were still in the hut, and by dint of friendly converse and a sip at the flagon had so cheered Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Green that they neither thought nor cared what had become of Lady Constantine.

St. Cleeve's sudden sense of new relations with that sweet patroness had taken away in one half hour his natural ingenuousness. Henceforth he could act a part.

"I have made all secure at the top," he said, putting his head into the hut. "I am now going home. When the rain ceases, lock this door and bring the key to my house."

XIV.

Rural solitude, which provides ample themes for the intellect and sweet occupations innumerable for the minor sentiments, affords no normal channel for those stronger passions that enter no less than the others into the complicated stream of human consciousness. The suspended pathos finds its remedy in crystallizing on the first intrusive object that happens to be reasonably well organized for the purpose, regardless of reasonable accessories. Where the solitude is shadowed by the secret melancholies of the solitary, this process is still surer in operation.

The labored resistance which Lady Constantine's judgment had offered to her rebellious affection ere she learnt that she was a widow, and which had taken the form of sharp remorse, became now an inward bashfulness, that rendered her even more unstable of mood than she was before. However, having discovered herself to love this handsome youth of intellectual promise, she was one of that mettle, fervid, cordial, and spontaneous, who would rather see all her affairs going to rack and ruin than abjure a tender faith in anybody to repair them. But they had already gone to rack and ruin by no fault of hers, and had left her such a painfully narrowed existence as even lent something of rationality to her attachment. Thus it was that her restful and unambitious soul found comfort in her reverses.

As for St. Cleeve, the tardiness of his awakening was the natural result of his inexperience combined with devotion to his hobby. But, like a spring bud hard in bursting, the delay was compensated by after-speed. At once breathlessly recognizing in this fellow-watcher of the skies a handsome woman attached to him in addition to the patroness and friend, he truly translated the nearly

forgotten kiss she had given him in her moment of despair. The first word of self-communing about her in this aspect begot a second, and the second a third, and so on to the end of the chapter of development which makes up the growth of a love.

Lady Constantine, in being seven years his senior, was an object even better calculated to nourish a youth's first passion than any girl his own age, superiority of experience and ripeness of emotion exercising a peculiar fascination over young men in their first ventures in this kind.

The alchemy which thus transmuted an abstracted astronomer into an eager lover — alas, must it be said, spoilt a promising young physicist to produce a commonplace innamorato? — may be almost described as working its change in one short night. Next morning he was so fascinated with the new sensation that he wanted to rush off at once to Lady Constantine, and say, "I love you true!" in the intensest tones of that mental condition, so as to register his assertion in her heart before any of those accidents which "creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings," should occur to hinder him. But his embarrassment at standing in a new position towards her would not allow him to present himself at her door in any such hurry. He waited on, as helplessly as a girl, for a chance of encountering her.

But though she had tacitly agreed to see him on any reasonable occasion, Lady Constantine did not put herself in his way. She even kept herself out of his way. Now that for the first time he had learnt to feel a strong impatience for their meeting, her shyness for the first time led her to delay it. But given two people living in one parish, who long from the depths of their hearts to be in each other's company, what resolves of modesty, policy, pride, or apprehension will keep them for any

length of time apart? One afternoon he was watching the sun from his tower, and half echoing the Greek astronomer's wish that he might be set close to that luminary for the wonder of beholding it in all its glory, at the slight penalty of being utterly consumed the next instant. Glancing over the high-road between the field and the park (which sublunary features now too often distracted his attention from his telescope), he saw her passing along that way. She was seated in the donkey-carriage, that had now taken the place of her landau, the white animal looking no larger than a cat at that distance. The buttoned boy, who represented both coachman and footman, walked alongside the animal's head at a solemn pace; the dog stalked at the distance of a yard behind the vehicle, without indulging in a single gambol; and the whole turn-out resembled in dignity a dwarfed state procession.

Here was an excellent opportunity but for two obstructions: the boy, who might be curious; and the dog, who might bark and attract the attention of any laborers or servants near. Yet the risk was to be run, and, knowing that she would soon turn up a certain shady lane at right angles to the road she had followed, he ran hastily down the staircase, crossed the barley (which now covered the field) by the path not more than a foot wide, which he had trodden for himself, and got into the lane at the other end. By slowly walking along it in the direction of the turnpike road he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her coming. To his surprise, he also had the additional satisfaction of perceiving that neither boy nor dog was in her company.

They both blushed as they approached, she from sex, he from juvenility. One thing she seemed to see in a moment, that in the interval of her absence St. Cleeve had become a man; and as he greeted her with this new and

maturer light in his eyes, she could not hide her embarrassment or meet their fire.

"I have just sent my page across to the column with your book on Cometary Nuclei, that you might not have to come to the House for it. I did not know I should meet you here."

"Did n't you wish me to come to the House for it?"

"I did not, frankly. You know why, do you not?"

"Yes, I know. Well, my longing is at rest. I have met you again. But are you unwell, that you drive out in this chair?"

"No; I walked out this morning, and am a little tired."

"I have been looking for you night and day. Why do you turn your face aside? You used not to be so." Her hand rested on the side of the chair, and he took it. "Do you know that since we last met, I have been thinking of you — daring to think of you — as I never thought of you before?"

"Yes, I know it."

"How did you know?"

"I saw it in your face when you came up."

"Well, I suppose I ought not to think of you so. And yet, had I not learnt to, I should never fully have felt how gentle and sweet you are. Only think of my loss if I had lived and died without seeing more in you than in astronomy! But I shall never cease to do so now. When you talk I shall love your understanding; when you are silent I shall love your face. But how shall I know that you care to be so much to me?"

Her manner was disturbed as she recognized the impending self-surrender, which she knew not how to resist, and was not altogether at ease in welcoming.

"Oh, Lady Constantine," he continued, bending over her, "give me some proof more than mere seeming

and inference, which are all I have at present, that you don't think this I tell you of presumption in me! I have been unable to do anything since I last saw you for pondering uncertainly on this. Some proof, or little sign, that we are one in heart!"

A blush settled on her face; and half in effort, half in spontaneity, she put her finger on her cheek. He respectfully, almost devotionally, kissed the spot.

"Does that suffice?" she asked, scarcely giving her words voice.

"Yes; I am convinced."

"Then that must be the end. Let me drive on; the boy will be back again soon." She spoke hastily, and looked askance, to hide the heat of her cheek.

"No; the tower door is open, and he will go to the top, and waste his time in looking through the telescope."

"Then you should rush back, for he will do some damage."

"No; he may do what he likes, tinker and spoil the instrument, destroy my papers, — anything, so that he will stay there and leave us alone."

She flushed with a species of pained pleasure. "You never used to feel like that!" she said, and there was keen self-reproach in her voice. "You were once so devoted to your science that the thought of an intruder into your temple would have driven you wild. Now you don't care; and who is to blame? Ah, not you, not you!"

The animal ambled on with her, and he, leaning on the side of the little vehicle, kept her company. "Well, don't let us think of that," he said. "I offer myself and all my energies, frankly and entirely, to you, my dear, dear lady, whose I shall be always. But my words in telling you this will only injure my meaning, instead of emphasize it. In expressing, even to myself, my thoughts of you, I find that I fall into phrases which, as a critic, I should hitherto have heartily despised for their commonness.

What's the use of saying, for instance, as I have just said, that I give myself entirely to you, and shall be yours always, — that you have my devotion, my highest homage? Those words have been used so frequently in a flippant manner that honest use of them is not distinguishable from the unreal." He turned to her, and added, smiling, "Your eyes are to be my stars for the future."

"Yes, I know it, — I know it, and all you would say! I dreaded even while I hoped for this, my dear young friend," she replied, her eyes being full of tears. "I am injuring you; who knows that I am not ruining your future, — I who ought to know better? Nothing can come of this, — nothing must, — and I am only wasting your time. Why have I drawn you off from a grand celestial study to study poor lonely me? Say you will never despise me, when you get older, for this episode in our lives. But you will, — I know you will. All men do, when they have been attracted in their unsuspecting youth as I have attracted you. I ought to have kept my resolve."

"What was that?"

"To bear anything rather than draw you from your high purpose; to be like the noble citizen of old times, who, attending a sacrifice, let himself be burnt to the bone by a coal that jumped into his sleeve rather than disturb the sacred ceremony."

"But can I not study and love both?"

"I hope so, — I earnestly hope so. But you'll be the first if you do, and I am the responsible one if you do not."

"You speak as if I were quite a child, and you immensely older. Why, how old do you think I am? I am twenty."

"You seem younger. Well, that's so much the better. Twenty sounds strong and firm. How old do you think I am?"

"I have never thought of considering." He innocently turned to scruti-

nize her face. She winced a little. But the instinct was premature. Time had taken no liberties with her features as yet; nor had trouble very roughly handled her, to outward view.

"I will tell you," she replied, speaking almost with physical pain, yet as if determination should carry her through. "I am six and twenty — nearly — I mean a little more, a few months more. Am I not a fearful deal older than you?"

"At first it seems a great deal," he answered, musing. "But it does n't seem much when one gets used to it."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "It is a good deal."

"Very well, then, sweetest Lady Constantine, let it be," he said gently.

"You should not let it be! A polite man would have flatly contradicted me. . . . Oh, I am ashamed of this!" she added, a moment after, with a subdued, sad look upon the ground. "I am speaking by the card of the outer world, which I have left behind utterly: no such lip-service is known in your sphere. I care nothing for those things, really; but that which is called the Eve in us will out sometimes. Well, we will forget that now, as we must, at no very distant date, forget all the rest of this."

He walked beside her thoughtfully a while, with his eyes also bent on the road. "Why must we forget it all?" he inquired.

"It is only an interlude."

"An interlude! It is no interlude to me. Oh, how can you talk so lightly of this, Lady Constantine? And yet, if I were to go away from here, I might, perhaps, soon reduce it to an interlude! Yes," he resumed impulsively, "I will go away. Love dies, and it is just as well to strangle it in its birth; it can only die once! I'll go."

"No, no!" she said, looking up apprehensively. "I misled you. It is no interlude to me, — it is tragical. I only meant that from a worldly point of view it is an interlude, which we should try

to forget. But the world is not all. You will not go away?"

But he continued, drearily, "Yes, yes, I see it all: you have enlightened me. It will be hurting your prospects even more than mine, if I stay. Now Sir Blount is dead, you are free again, — may marry where you will, but for this fancy of ours. I'll leave Welland, before harm comes of my staying."

"Don't decide to do a thing so rash!" she begged, seizing his hand, and looking miserable at the effect of her words. "I shall have nobody left in the world to care for! And now I have given you the great telescope, and lent you the column, it would be ungrateful to go away! I was wrong; believe me that I did not mean that it was a mere interlude to *me*. Oh, if you only knew how very, very far it is from that! It is my doubt of the result to you that makes me speak so slightly."

They were now approaching crossroads, and, casually looking up, they beheld, thirty or forty yards beyond the crossing, Mr. Torkingham, who was leaning over a gate, his back being towards them. As yet he had not recognized their approach.

The master passion had already supplanted St. Cleeve's natural ingenuousness by subtlety.

"Would it be well for us to meet Mr. Torkingham just now?" he began.

"Certainly not," she said hastily, and pulling the rein she instantly drove down the right-hand road. "I cannot meet anybody!" she murmured. "Would it not be better that you leave me now? — not for my pleasure, but that there may arise no distressing tales about us before we know — how to act in this — this" — (she smiled faintly) "heart-aching extremity."

They were passing under a huge oak-tree, whose limbs, irregular with shoulders, knuckles, and elbows, stretched horizontally over the lane in a manner

recalling Absalom's death. A slight rustling was perceptible amid the leafage as they drew out from beneath it, and, turning up his eyes, Swithin saw that very buttoned page, whose advent they had dreaded, looking down with interest at them from a perch not much higher than a yard above their heads. He had a bunch of oak-apples in his hand, plainly the object of his climb, and was furtively watching Lady Constantine with the hope that she might not see him. But that she had already done, though she did not reveal it, and, fearing that the latter words of their conversation had been overheard, they spoke not till they had passed the next turning.

She stretched out her hand to his. "This must not go on," she said imploringly. "My anxiety as to what may be said of such methods of meeting makes me too unhappy. See what has happened!" She could not help smiling. "Out of the frying-pan into the fire! After meanly turning to avoid the parson, we have rushed into a worse publicity. It is too humiliating to have to avoid people, and lowers both you and me. The only remedy is not to meet." "Very well," said Swithin, with a sigh. "So it shall be."

And with smiles that might as well have been tears they parted there and then.

XV.

The summer passed away, and autumn, with its infinite succession of tints, came creeping on. Darker grew the evenings, tearfuller the moonlights, and heavier the dews. Meanwhile the comet had waxed to its largest dimensions, — so large that not only the nucleus but a portion of the tail had been visible in broad day. It was now on the wane, though every night the equatorial still afforded an opportunity of observing the singular object, which would soon dis-

appear altogether from the heavens for perhaps thousands of years.

But the astronomer of the Rings-Hill Speer was no longer a match for his celestial materials. Scientifically he had become but a dim vapor of himself; the lover had come into him like an armed man, and cast out the student, and his intellectual situation was growing a life-and-death matter.

The resolve of the pair had been so far kept: they had not seen each other in private for three months. But on one day in October he ventured to write a note to her: —

"I can do nothing. I have ceased to study, ceased to observe. The equatorial is useless to me. This affection I have for you absorbs my life, and outweighs my intentions. The power to labor in this grandest of fields has left me. I struggle against the weakness till I think of the cause, and then I bless her. But the very desperation of my circumstances has suggested a remedy; and this I would inform you of at once.

"Can you come to me, since I must not come to you? I will wait to-morrow night at the edge of the plantation by which you would enter to the column. I will not detain you; my plan can be told in ten words."

The night after posting this missive to her he waited at the spot mentioned. It was a melancholy evening for coming abroad. A blustering wind had risen during the day, and still continued to increase. Yet he stood watchful in the darkness, and was ultimately rewarded by discerning a shady muffled shape that embodied itself from the field, accompanied by the scratching of silk over stubble. There was no longer any disguise as to the nature of their meeting. It was a lovers' assignation, pure and simple; and boldly realizing it as such he clasped her in his arms.

"I cannot bear this any longer!" he

exclaimed. "Three months since I saw you alone! Only a glimpse of you in church, or a bow from the distance, in all that time! What a fearful struggle this keeping apart has been!"

"Yet I would have had strength to persist, since it seemed best," she murmured, when she could speak, "had not your words on your condition so alarmed and saddened me. This inability of yours to work, or study, or observe, — it is terrible! So terrible a sting is it to my conscience that your words about a remedy have brought me instantly."

"Yet I don't altogether mind it, since it is you, my dear lady, who have displaced the work; and yet the loss of time nearly distracts me, when I have neither the power to work nor the delight of your company."

"But your remedy! Oh, I cannot help guessing it! Yes, you are going away!"

"Let us ascend the column; we can speak more at ease there. Then I will explain all. I would not ask you to climb so high, but the hut is not yet furnished."

He entered the cabin at the foot, and, having lighted a small lantern, conducted her up the hollow stair-case to the top, where he closed the slides of the dome to keep out the wind, and placed the observing-chair for her.

"I can stay only five minutes," she said, without sitting down. "You said it was important that you should see me, and I have come. I assure you it is at a great risk. If I am seen here at this time I am ruined forever. But what would I not do for you? Oh, Swithin, your remedy — is it to go away? There is no other; and yet I dread that like death!"

"I can tell you in a moment, but I must begin at the beginning. All this ruinous idleness and distraction is caused by the misery of our not being able to meet with freedom. The fear that something may snatch you from me

keeps me in a state of perpetual apprehension."

"It is too true also of me. I dread that some accident may happen, and waste my days in meeting the trouble half-way."

"So our lives go on, and our labors stand still. Now for the remedy. Dear Lady Constantine, allow me to marry you."

She started, and the wind without shook the building, sending up a yet intenser moan from the firs.

"I mean, marry you quite privately. Let it make no difference whatever to our outward lives for years, for I know that in my present position you could not possibly acknowledge me as husband publicly. But by marrying at once we secure the certainty that we cannot be divided by accident, coaxing, or artifice; and, at ease on that point, I shall embrace my studies with the old vigor, and you yours."

Lady Constantine was so agitated at the unexpected boldness of such a proposal from one hitherto so boyish and deferential that she sank into the observing-chair, her intention to remain for only a few minutes being quite forgotten.

She covered her face with her hands. "No, no, — I dare not!" she whispered.

"But is there a single thing else left to do?" he pleaded, kneeling down beside her, less in supplication than in abandonment. "What else can we do?"

"Wait till you are famous."

"But I cannot be famous unless I strive, and this distracting condition prevents all striving!"

"Could you not strive on if I — give you a promise, a solemn promise, to be yours when your name is fairly well known?"

St. Cleeve breathed heavily. "It will be a long, weary time," he said. "And even with your promise I shall work but half-heartedly. Every hour of study will be interrupted with 'Sup-

pose this or this happens;’ ‘Suppose somebody persuades her to break her promise;’ worse still, ‘Suppose some rival maligns me, and so seduces her away.’ No, Lady Constantine, dearest, best, as you are, that element of distraction would still remain, and where that is, no sustained energy is possible. Many erroneous things have been written and said by the sages, but never did they float a greater fallacy than that an ardent love serves as a stimulus to win the loved one by patient toil.”

“I cannot argue with you,” she said weakly.

“My only possible other chance would lie in going away,” he resumed, after a moment’s reflection, with his eyes on the lantern flame, which waved and smoked in the currents of air that leaked into the dome from the fierce wind-stream without. “If I might — take away the equatorial, supposing it possible that I could find some suitable place for observing in the southern hemisphere, — say, at the Cape, — I *might* be able to apply myself to serious work again, after the lapse of a little time. The southern constellations offer a less exhausted field for investigation. I wonder if I might!”

“You mean,” she answered, uneasily, “that you might apply yourself to work when your recollection of me began to fade, and my life to become a matter of indifference to you. . . . Yes, go! No, — I cannot bear it! The remedy is worse than the disease. I cannot let you go away!”

“Then how can you refuse the only condition on which I can stay, without ruin to my purpose and scandal to your name? Dearest, agree to my proposal, as you love both me and yourself!”

He waited, while the fir-trees rubbed and prodded the base of the tower, and the wind roared around and shook it; but she could not find words to reply.

“Would to God,” he burst out, “that I might perish here, like Winstanley in

his lighthouse! Then the difficulty would be solved for you.”

“You are so wrong, so very wrong, in saying so!” she exclaimed passionately. “You may doubt my wisdom, pity my short-sightedness; but there is one thing you do know, — that I love you dearly!”

“You do, — I know it!” he said, softened in a moment. “But it seems such a simple remedy for the difficulty that I cannot see how you can mind adopting it, if you care so much for me as I do for you.”

“Should we live . . . just as we are, exactly, . . . supposing I agreed?” she faintly inquired.

“Yes, that is my idea.”

“Quite privately, you say. How could — the marriage be quite private?”

“I would go away to London and get a license. Then you could come to me, and return again immediately after the ceremony. I could return at leisure, and not a soul in the world would know what had taken place. Think, dearest, with what a free conscience you could then assist me in my efforts to plumb these deeps above us! Any feeling that you may now have against clandestine meetings as such would then be removed, and our hearts would be at rest.”

There was a certain scientific practicability even in his love-making, and it here came out excellently. But she sat on with suspended breath, her heart wildly beating, while he waited in open-mouthed expectation. Each was swayed by the emotion within them, much as the candle flame was swayed by the tempest without. It was the most critical evening of their lives. The pale rays of the little lantern fell upon her emotional face, snugly and neatly bound in by her black bonnet, but not a beam leaked out to suggest to any watchful eye that human life at its highest excitement might be beating within that dark and isolated tower; for the dome had no windows, and every shutter that af-

forded an opening for the telescope was hermetically closed. Predilections and misgivings so equally strove within her still youthful breast that she could not utter a word; her intention wheeled this way and that like the balance of a watch. His unexpected proposition had brought about the smartest encounter of inclination with prudence, of impulse with reserve, that she had ever known.

Of all the reasons that she had expected him to give for his urgent request to see her this evening, an offer of marriage was probably the last. Whether or not she had ever amused herself with hypothetical fancies on such a subject, — and it was only natural that she should vaguely have done so, — the courage in her *protégé* coolly to advance it, without a hint from herself that such a proposal would be tolerated, showed her that there was more in his character than she had reckoned on; and the discovery almost frightened her. The humor, attitude, and tenor of her attachment had been of quite an unpremeditated quality, unsuggestive of any such audacious solution to their distresses as this.

"I repeat my question, dearest," he said, after her long pause. "Shall it be done? Or shall I exile myself, and study as best I can, in some distant country, out of sight and sound?"

"Are those the only alternatives? Yes, yes; I suppose they are!" She waited yet another moment, bent over his kneeling figure, and kissed his forehead. "Yes; it shall be done," she whispered. "I will marry you."

"My angel, I am content!"

"I am weaker than you, — far the weaker," she went on, her tears falling. "Rather than lose you out of my sight I will marry without stipulation or condition. But — I put it to your kindness — grant me one little request."

He instantly assented.

"It is that, in consideration of my

peculiar position in this county, — oh, you can't understand it! — you will not put an end to the absolute secrecy of our relationship without my full assent. Also, that you will never come to Weland House without first discussing with me the advisability of the visit, accepting my opinion on the point. There, see how a timid woman tries to fence herself in!"

"My dear lady-love, neither of those two high-handed courses should I have taken, even had you not stipulated against them. The very essence of our marriage plan is that those two conditions are kept. I see as well as you do, even more than you, how important it is that for the present — more, for a long time hence — I should still be but the curate's lonely son, unattached to anybody or anything, with no object of interest but his science; and you the recluse lady of the manor, to whom he is only an acquaintance."

"See what deceits love sows in honest minds!"

"It would be a humiliation to you at present that I could not bear if a marriage between us were made public; an inconvenience without any compensating advantage."

"I am so glad you assume it without my setting it before you! Now I know you are not only good and true, but politic and trustworthy."

"Well, then, here is our covenant. My lady swears to marry me; I, in return for such great courtesy, swear never to compromise her by intruding at Weland House, and to keep the marriage concealed till I have won a position worthy of her."

"Or till I request it to be made known," she added, possibly foreseeing a contingency which had not occurred to him.

"Or till you request it," he repeated.

"It is agreed," murmured Lady Constantine.

Thomas Hardy.

CARE FOR THE PEOPLE UNDER DESPOTISM.

THERE is an impression that in a republic the people are better cared for than under despotism; that the new order of things is more favorable to popular enjoyment than the old; that, in a word, people care for themselves better than they are or can be cared for. That such ought to be the case need not be disputed; that it is actually the case is open to doubt. A casual visitor to the Old World sees many things, excellent, democratic, which he cannot find in the New, a difference that age will not account for, and which cannot be ascribed to any supposed advantage of climate, or explained by a designing purpose on the part of government to drag the populace by cheap satisfactions into insensibility to essential injustice. For example, in London, a royal city, where the traditions of nobility prevail, where rank is held supreme, and the commonalty, however independent, are still under the shadow of the crown, — to say nothing of museums, galleries, the Crystal Palace, and other places of popular resort, — there are no less than seven great parks: Hyde Park, of three hundred and ninety-five acres; Regent's Park, of four hundred and fifty acres; Green Park, of sixty acres; St. James' Park, of ninety-one acres; Battersea Park; Victoria Park; and Kensington Gardens, — all open to the multitude on the easiest conditions, and so distributed over the huge city that the population can find ready access to them. The environs are brought so near by means of steamboat and railroad that Richmond, Hampton Court, and Kew are within reach of all. In Paris, beside the Bois de Boulogne, the Gardens of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, the Parc Monceaux, the Buttes de Chaumont, Vincennes, there are the wide Boulevards, the Jardin des Plantes,

the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and numberless pleasant places of recreation, which are full of people on holidays. Vienna, a city not much larger than Boston, has its Prater, its Volksgarten, its Burg-Platz, and several open spaces along the river, where nurses and children enjoy themselves, and the laboring classes congregate in leisure hours. Madrid has its Prado, its Plaza Mayor, its Puerta del Sol; Florence, its Cascine, the Boboli Gardens, delightful environs terraced and planted, squares, porticoes, shaded seats, all within easy walking distance of the homes of its hundred or more thousand of inhabitants. The little town of Salzburg, in the Austrian Tyrol, taxes itself to maintain drives, walks, seats, open points of view, terraces on the Mönchsberg, the Capuzinerberg, the Francisci Schlössel, making the heights around the city most attractive to strangers, as well as most charming to its population. Ischl, a town famous for the romantic beauty of its situation, the resort of princes, the favorite watering-place of the Austrian aristocracy, honored by an imperial villa, is yet so beautified and glorified that the poor villager may derive benefit from the ornamentation. Even a place so little known as Gratz, at the foot of the Sömmerring Pass, is surrounded by gardens and pleasure-grounds. There is one large, open, pleasant space on a level with the streets, where old gentlemen sit and read, students lounge, and children play, and another enchanting promenade above the little city, the circuit whereof commands delicious views of mountain, valley, and river. At the best points, diagrams painted on stone indicate the distance and the direction of celebrated spots discernible by aid of a glass, or too remote to be visible at all, while frequent benches invite those who are

satisfied only to sit and gaze. In fact, there is not a village, whether situated among the hills or in the plain, that is not provided with facilities for popular recreation.

How shall this be explained? Partly, no doubt, by climate, which, if hardly more merciful, is yet more even than with us; the winters being shorter and less severe, the springs less capricious, the summers less torrid,—heat and cold being more fairly distributed through the year. To this is due in great measure the custom of sitting in the air, listening to out-door music, cultivating out-door exercise and amusement, publicly meeting and chatting, walking abroad, sauntering, loitering in sun or shade, mingling leisure with occupation, and spreading both equably over the twelve-month, instead of sharply separating the seasons as we do, thus making quite useless habits which may be good all the year round. To the same cause may be ascribed the love of nature, which is most remarkable in genial climates; the taste for simple pleasures, such as can be enjoyed in the open air; the custom of wearing clothing suitable to different seasons, depending for heat more on the temperature of the body and less on artificial appliances, like stoves and furnaces. Of course, such amenities as these are enjoyed by the inhabitants of southern rather than of the more northerly European climes, but they are more or less common to them all. No institutions can claim merit for these advantages of nature. They would be the same and would produce the same results under democratic as under despotic government, in the New World as in the Old. We must look elsewhere if we would find a criterion for judging between the two dispensations.

Another cause of the greater number of parks, gardens, promenades, in the Old World than in the New is one from which the New World is happily free, and the Old World is in some meas-

ure delivered,—the prevalence of the war spirit. The Parisian Boulevards, the “Rings” of Vienna (wide avenues planted with trees), the walks and drives on the heights above Salzburg, the superb terraces overhanging Gratz, the delightful esplanades and grounds at Nice, the long reaches of glorious view at Angoulême, are due to the conversion of ramparts, bastions, lines of fortification, walled and castellated elevations, into pleasure-grounds; as if cannon had been melted down to make ornamental bronzes. Modern warfare has no need of antiquated castles, and modern engineering makes light of walls, moats, and draw-bridges. The only way to make the old battlements useful, therefore, was to change them into popular resorts; and as they always occupied noble positions, they became exceedingly attractive. The Old World is covered with these enchanting spots. The smallest town, so it were romantically situated, was sure to be first occupied, afterward adorned. Often the military power came earliest, the town growing about the castle, so that its beauty was predestined by the bitterness that went before.

To a third cause, from which the New World is fortunately free, the Old World owes much of its apparent humanity,—the possession of large tracts of desirable land by princes and nobles, who, having inherited them, and being unable to enjoy them, throw them open to the people, who thus come late into the enjoyment of property of which their ancestors had been defrauded. Victoria Park in London, which Lady Burdett-Coutts adorned with a fountain, was formed with money that the Duke of Sutherland paid for the crown lease of a house in St. James’ Park. At Vienna the park of Schönbrunn belongs to an imperial villa. The gardens of Prince Schwartzenberg are connected with a palace. At Rome the Borghese, Pallavicini, Corsini, Albani, and count-

less other villas had extensive grounds connected with them. The visitor is grateful to the generosity that throws them open, but does not think of the means by which they were originally acquired, or the uses to which they were for ages put. Republicanism often steps into privileges which were appropriated by despotism. How few of the admiring thousands who lounge through the splendid rooms of the Louvre recall the history of the building, or of the treasures of art which it contains? The liveried attendants, the patient, obliging service, the easy access to precious relics, the relics themselves, no democracy would secure. They were arranged under a very different form of administration. The people enjoy what was erected and gathered when the people were despised; in fact, before the existence of "the people" was regarded, or so much as suspected, by the lords of misrule. Republicanism in Europe has this advantage over republicanism in America, that it is the residuary legatee of feudalism. The opening of galleries on Sunday, a usage to which one is accustomed everywhere on the Continent, is easily sustained by the successors of people who set little value on the day. Even Calvin, a Protestant and a grim one, is said to have played at bowls on the Sabbath. He was a European; so was Luther. Both had behind them the habits of centuries, and did unsuspectingly what an American would feel guilty in doing. The most generous art collector in New York was a German by extraction, and carries in his constitution the indifference to modern prejudices which was native to his forefathers. If traced back to its beginning, this indifference may be subject to criticism, sometimes to rebuke. But in the long run evil becomes tributary to good, and may even be taken for it when age has mellowed its harshness, worn off its roughness, and smoothed away its violence. At all events, it makes a solid

pedestal for good to stand upon. Man assists nature in the task of covering ruins with roses. The ruins perform good service when they show off the flowers which need the decay to support them.

So far, the New World need envy the Old World nothing. At least, there is nothing in its institutions to account for advantages which were not enjoyed or comprehended when the characteristic social forms of the old system were in full force, but which first become apparent when the institutions no longer exist, — advantages that are consequently incidental, and may be otherwise compensated for. The beauty which grows from slime may be disregarded by those who can raise loveliness out of a fresh soil; at any rate, can choose the slime from which their beauty shall grow. But is there nothing for the New World to covet as a basis for its democratic humanity? Yes; there are two or three things, which apparently result from European institutions, which may better be furnished by intellectual cultivation and moral refinement, but which in some way must be supplied, in order that the results of a generous humanity may be produced. The first of these is an instinct of order.

An instinct of order: I call it an instinct, for such, in the multitude of people, it practically is. Habits of restraint imposed by society, of acquiescence in the general structure of the world, of obedience to superior powers, have created a mental constitution favorable to respectfulness and quiet. The people are not forth-putting, noisy, turbulent, or destructive. They regard themselves as recipients of favor from spheres outside of them and above them. They think less of rights than of duties. They are scrupulous and considerate, observant of proprieties, circumspect, careful not to trespass beyond bounds, or commit nuisances, or encourage dissipation. They do not defile paths, hack trees, trample

on flower beds, pull to pieces shrubbery, ramp and tear through arbors. They require less watching, less supervision, than an equal number of English or Americans, because the watchmen and policemen are inside their breasts. This not only makes easy the task of providing recreation for them, but encourages the authorities to do the utmost possible for their pleasure. The expense of keeping grounds in good condition for them is inconsiderable, and the care bestowed on the preservation and decoration of gardens is much diminished. The municipality of even small towns like Blois in France is not severely taxed by the duty of furnishing seats by the Loire, or trimming the grass by the steps which lead to the cathedral. The people are preservers.

An advantage like this we can ascribe to nothing but the effect of institutions whose pressure is felt gently but powerfully in remote districts. It by no means follows that a firm arrangement must be an oppressive one; that people who are kept in place are held there by demonstration of force. There is a social as there is a natural atmosphere, which acts powerfully but invisibly, compelling objects to maintain their position, yet exerting no violence. Some years ago, at Malvern, I attended a horticultural fair in the public garden. There were prizes to be given for the finest specimens of vegetables and plants. The farmers from the neighboring country were present; the squires and a few of the higher order of gentry were there also, interested in the occasion and in the productions of the garden. There was no visible distinction of ranks; no formal deference on one side, no assumption of superior dignity on the other. All classes mingled, standing or walking, listening to the music of the band, examining the objects on exhibition, or attending to the award of the judges. There was every semblance of mutual courtesy. Yet a feeling of difference

kept the ranks apart, and created a natural but not disagreeable distance. There was order and quietness; no crowding or pushing, no unseemly rudeness, no disregard of neighborly convenience. And this was in England, the land where social distinctions are said to be more roughly emphasized than anywhere in Europe. Probably an equal independence of conventional forms would not have been possible near London: still it did exist under aristocratic arrangements; a few miles of space were sufficient to produce it; at a short distance from the centre of authority acerbity disappeared; a soft mellowness of acquiescence took the place of resentment and scorn; it was tacitly acknowledged that existing social arrangements were due to some general appointment to which all must submit, each falling into his sphere and doing his allotted work. The lines of demarcation were, no doubt, somewhat capriciously drawn, but on the whole they represented pretty fairly the finer lines which were indicated by nature, and which will be copied more nicely as the generations move on. The total erasure of the lines is not aimed at or thought of in the Old World, and one result of their existence and their observance is this beneficent limitation which insures docility and gentleness. One may be a good American, a believer in American institutions, an advocate of the American idea in its full significance, and yet envious of this fixed though formal distinction, which renders possible concessions to freedom that cannot be safely made where freedom is all in all.

The great ones, on their part, confess to a feeling of responsibility, which, under other circumstances, they might not be sensible of. Aware that their privileges are inherited, they are the more inclined to make a humane use of them. They are safe against intrusion and overflow. Their position is assured. They

can afford to be generous. Their motives are beyond suspicion, and their deed cannot be taken advantage of for any malicious purpose. They do not enter the lists as rivals of the people or contestants for social or political honor. Their daily lives do not run in the same grooves. They are not poor men seeking for employment, or politicians scheming for popularity, or obscure citizens pushing towards distinction, or adventurers looking for opportunity to engross attention, or millionaires eager to display their wealth. They need not think flatteringly of themselves, or struggle to mount upon the shoulders of their inferiors. Their thoughts of others may be disinterested. The Prince of Schwarzenberg throws open to the public his fine gardens, quite indifferent to the effect on public opinion of his generosity. The Emperor of Austria visits the ruins of the Ring theatre, and takes an interest in the victims of the disaster, without once considering the influence of his action on the good-will of his people. No tyrannous, inhuman aristocracy exists in Europe. The nobility of England live to serve the general good. The advance of general education and enlightenment goes on steadily, making head and gaining vigor through the necessity of facing the elements and meeting the demands of an established standard. In the mean time, between the separate stages of progress, an enforced patience keeps each class in place, maintains contentment with actual circumstances, and prevents the destructive restlessness which leads to insubordination and violence. Of course individual moral restraint would be better than this imposed limitation, but so long as the moral restraint does not exist, and is quite as likely to be fostered inside of the barrier as outside of it, the limitation may, as a preliminary arrangement, be an advantage. At all events, whatever may be thought of the more serious questions of social progress, the lighter

forms of popular recreation thrive under the care of institutions which excite the rage of the reformer, and even try the patience of the philanthropist. We are not discussing social problems, but æsthetic ones, rather. We are concerned about flowers and gardens and public parks; and here an aristocratic form of society seems to possess an advantage over the republican or democratic, in that it favors orderliness, care, gentleness, gratefulness, on the one side, generosity on the other, a disposition to use without abusing, and to provide without fear of waste. In other respects the republican system is undoubtedly preferable, and how far the sense of personal dignity, private influence, individual independence, may make amends for the loss of public neatness and decoration may be a question; but this much is certain, that parks are not improved by being turned into commons, with foot-tracks running in all directions, a baseball ground established in this corner, a cricket ground in that. The public health may be promoted, but artistic beauty is not. The old order lends itself to the ornamental arts in a manner which the new order has not yet attained, and so far illustrates the idea that the people will not do for themselves what their enemies have been known to do for them. To complain that they will not would be idle. The new order cannot be arrested in its advance; the old order cannot be restored. We must wait till the want is born, and along with the want the disposition to satisfy it. An Englishman at Hombourg, who with his family had been enjoying the noble park and the pleasure it gave to the multitude, wondered why nothing like it could be provided in London. Yet a few weeks later, in London, I observed that the authorities were taking pains to reclaim and adorn Regent's Park, which was once a vast common, and the people were slowly foregoing their ancient privilege of wandering

wherever they chose, and were keeping within the appointed barriers. Republicanism was by degrees bringing beauty in its train, and despotism was becoming human.

How far religion conspires with other forms of social stability to favor popular recreations is too ponderous a subject to be handled here. It may operate as cause, or as effect; in either case, climate and the genius of the people must be taken into account as factors. The established religion of Southern Europe is Catholicism, and it is easily comprehended why this form of Christianity tolerates, if it does not favor, popular diversion. It is, for the mass of people, an external system, an institution the ends whereof are served by a brief attendance at ceremonies. The priests, it may be presumed, would be glad if people would restrain themselves more than they do, would read their Bibles, would observe the Sabbath. A belief in human depravity is fundamental in the theology of the Romish church, which can approve of none of the manifestations of human nature, and logically must applaud asceticism. Still, as nothing can be done to correct the evil, as the large majority of the pleasure-seekers have attended mass, as the pleasures are in the main innocent, as air and sunshine are preferable to close rooms, tobacco fumes, and wine, the church authorities let the matter pass, and even countenance the diversion. For the rest, no small part of the self-restraint that exists may be due to the presence of the priests, representing as they do a church whose dogmas are never doubted, whose rites stand by the ordination of God.

The Protestant faith, on the other hand, is internal, resting on a vital experience of religion in the individual soul; seeking to produce that, and jealous of everything that interferes with it; suspicious, therefore, to say the least, of all kinds of recreation, not merely as

leading to vice, but as counteracting, perhaps fatally, the movements of the Spirit. For this reason, among others, in Protestant countries, — such as England and the United States, — every species of diversion is discouraged; all spectacles, shows, dancing, social amusement. The Sabbath-day is held in peculiar veneration as being set apart for religious observance: all books are put aside that the Bible alone may be studied; the multiplication of Sunday trains, affording facilities for getting into the fields, is protested against, and the thronging to places of general resort is disapproved of. All this, it is obvious, tends to the diminution of pleasure-grounds. Parks and gardens will not be laid out or improved when the disposition to frequent them in leisure hours is frowned on by the guides of religious opinion. The discouragements of climate in most Protestant lands are so great as to call for unusual care to foster a taste for such diversion as may be accessible. The care being refused, the taste will inevitably die out. The softening of religious prejudices, for better or worse, is visibly accompanied already by a disposition to increase the number and attractiveness of public resorts; but such a disposition cannot be expected to prevail extensively until a love for nature and natural elements shall expel the ingrained contempt which still holds its ground among Protestant Christians.

In Catholic climes the priesthood are easily persuaded to indulge a taste for trees and flowers and woodland scenery; for the spring is fair, the summer is long, the autumn is enchanting, and the winter is short. But in Protestant countries winter is an ally of narrowness, uncertain skies favor home pursuits, and the brief summer suggests the fleetingness of sunshine. The seasons preach the perishableness of joy, the evanescence of delight, the deceitfulness of pleasure.

The rage for self-satisfaction, self-aggrandizement, self-indulgence, the passion for individual fullness, which is characteristic of democratic institutions is not propitious to the growth of that kind of public spirit which consults the comfort of the people at large. The radical principle of a democracy is faith in the capacity and jealousy for the independence of the separate man, without regard to acquirement or condition. The natural consequence is a development of selfish ambition, which sometimes takes the shape of aspiration, and sometimes of ostentation; oftener, of course, the latter, because the lower propensities are thus far in excess of the higher. In either case, the individual is absorbed in the pursuit of what he considers his private good. To get riches, honors, distinctions, privileges, for himself is the engrossing aim. To build a more superb house than his neighbors, to accumulate land, to multiply capital, to have at call a retinue of servants, to rise by standing on others' shoulders, and thus exemplify the worst evils of despotism, is the perpetual temptation. The illustrations of public spirit are not frequent in such communities, occurring as they do and must in the case of exceptionally noble and generous minds, who hold their gifts and opportunities as trusts for the benefit of mankind. Even in these few instances, the demand for popular institutions of a substantial, rudimental kind exhausts their power, and would if it were four times as great as it is, leaving them no margin for decorative gifts. The people themselves are too poor to afford embellishments for their meagre existence. The result is semi-barbarous cities and towns destitute of elegance; splendor here and there, squalor prevailing; a few palaces, a multitude of tenement houses; fine gardens fenced off from public view; great estates which the passer-by can only gaze at from afar. The remedy for this (there is a rem-

edy) will be found in settled wealth and an established order of society, that shall reproduce the beneficial effects of the old order, which is European, and is passing away. The settled wealth will give rise to restfulness, leisure, cultivation, humanity. The established order will produce quiet, contentment, docility, a disposition to accept and enjoy.

The amenities of life come last. In the Old World the boulevards were originally ramparts, the gardens were camps, the parks were princely domains or haunts of vice. Violence and profligacy preceded grace and innocence. In the New World selfishness and greed will gradually prepare the way for gentleness and generosity. The type of self-love becomes less inhuman as the generations pass, and in the future we shall have parks, gardens, ornamental walks, and grounds, not on the traces of hate and sorrow, but on spots where land has been reclaimed, and beauty has been earned by industry.

It must not be supposed that the writer has forgotten the stately parks which honor and beautify several of our republican cities, — New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore, and others of less renown. Too much has not been said, too much cannot be said, in praise of their beauty of situation, the skill of their arrangement, the splendor of their architectural effects, the thoroughness of their practical workmanship, the loveliness of their landscape views. That the Old World presents nothing similar to them may be cheerfully granted. They attest the increasing magnificence of our wealthy towns, and the love of sumptuousness, the ambition to excel in works of display, which is characteristic of young and rapidly augmenting opulence. But these fine pleasure-grounds cannot fairly be called products of the democratic principle. They illustrate the exuberance rather than the sober, established power of the community which makes them; the

gushing overflow of a new system rather than the mature strength of an old one. They were not fashioned in the interest of the people, nor for the people's enjoyment, so much as in the interest of the city and for the recreation of a special class. The public visit them in crowds on Sundays and holidays, but the rest of the time they are used by the leisurely class who keep horses, or can afford to saunter in the glades. Fashion finds them a valuable addition to its stock of pastimes. They are too remote from the homes of the common people to be easily reached on foot. To visit them costs time and trouble, and for more than one—even for one, often—an inconvenient expenditure of money. The poor cannot incur the cost of expeditions; their best clothes are hardly befitting the company they are likely to meet, and the fatigue more than balances the recreation.

Besides this, they are enormously expensive. Taxation must be increased to maintain them, and the money for the taxes is mainly contributed by the poor, who thus pay for what they can seldom enjoy. Over against the superb pleasure-grounds, with lordly avenues,—well drained, hard, and smooth,—charming retreats, bowers, walks, terraces, verandas, must be set the noisome tenement houses, ill drained, ventilated, heated, the foul cellars, the cheerless garrets, where the people herd, ungladdened by sunlight, unblessed by the sweet air. The melancholy truth seems to be that the aristocracy of wealth, like every other semi-barbarous aristocracy, begins its course in disregard of the people, in indifference to popular wants, if not in contempt of them, in selfish regard for its own indulgence, in pursuit of its own pleasure. It does substitute charity for violence; and that is much, as exhibiting an immense stride forward in social ethics. But until the charity shall in turn be superseded by humanity, a noble public spirit, a generous disposition

on the part of the very rich to diminish the burdens and increase the joys of those who are not rich, and can never become so, the true democracy will not be inaugurated; the new system will not prove its essential superiority to the old.

Walking through Vienna, with an old resident as guide, I asked him to take me through the lowest quarter,—the “Five Points” of the town, the haunts of the disorderly and criminal. “We have none,” he replied; “our people are quiet, contented, peaceable. The very poor are provided for; the vicious are restrained by the authority of government; the criminal are watched and disposed of; misery and lawlessness are not allowed to fester in streets and breed disaffection.” When, I reflected, can as much be said of any city of equal size in the New World? Meanwhile, as we strolled through the open spaces, the working men and women were resting, a few minutes at a time, on the benches, unaware of the despotic authority to which they were subject. The whole may have been an illusion, but it was a charming one. The apparent humanity of the old system may be only a dim foreshadowing of the genuine humanity of the new, but the future must needs be fair which brings to fruition such wealth of promise; at present we see but rude beginnings of it. The Central Park in New York is fast becoming a fashionable quarter, and in a few years will be surrounded by stately houses, which will virtually exclude the multitude; then where shall the people go? We will hope that the republic will devise a way of doing a great deal better what despotism of recent years has been doing so well. The rule of *laissez faire*, each one for himself, and therefore a good providence for all, has not hitherto been productive of either duty or beauty; and it is not probable that it will work differently in the New World from what it has in the Old. Human-

ity must come in somewhere. In the Old World it is the transformation of an ancient system. In the New World it should be the result of an original

social idea,—that the best things are primarily for the people, whether the people are in condition to supply them for themselves or not.

O. B. Frothingham.

DOCTOR ZAY.

VIII.

THE patient continued for several days clearly worse for the episode of Molly and Jim. The physician was penitently assiduous in her attentions. As soon as he was better they cooled off quietly, but so obviously that Mrs. Butterwell turned her soft eyes, not without sympathy, upon her invalid lodger.

"She's like a candle,—knows her mould, and gets into it, and no fuss. Some folks are like ice-cream; can't freeze without churning. Doctor's always just so with patients. I would n't notice her,—she has to be; they'd lean her life out."

In fact, Yorke found himself reduced to his office-calls again, and to a limited allowance of those. He now took occasional meals with the family, and thus sometimes met her at the table. She was very irregular. The office-bell pealed, or Handy summoned her authoritatively; or she was hours behind time. She nodded to him kindly when she came, or they chatted a few moments. She glanced at him with her direct, brilliant, healthy look. He watched her with his sad, refined, invalid eyes. She poured her abundant personality into half a hundred empty lives a day. He received into his vacant hours the influences of the moment. She went; he stayed. He suffered; she acted. He remembered; she forgot.

One day he called her, as he sat on the piazza. She was coming from the dining-room, after a late and hurried

dinner. She had her hat and gloves in her hand. "Doctor," he said, "do you know that this is August?"

"It is the 3d,—yes."

"I thought you would n't know. How did you happen to?"

"I always date my prescriptions."

"I might have known there was a scientific reason. For, as nearly as an ignorant layman can observe, the seasons slip away from your attention like cured patients. One is like another, to you. Doctor Zay, do you know that you have never asked me yet to call on you?"

"To call on—Oh, you mean"—She stopped.

"As a person, I mean, not a patient. Is there any reason why I should n't?"

"Why, no!" she said cordially,—
"none in the world."

"Only you never thought of it."

"That is all," quietly.

"*All!*" cried Yorke.

She swept upon him a fine look; half rebuke, like a monarch's, half perplexity, like a little girl's. He hastened to placate this expression.

"Would you like to have me come? I had rather be denied than endured."

"That is manly. So should I. Certainly, I should like to see you. Only I never am at home. I suppose it was rude not to ask you before. I am so out of the way of—all these little things."

She spoke the last three words with an accent before which his heart shrank. But he only said,—

"May I come — to-night?"

"Oh, yes," she answered lightly; "any time you like, after office-hours and before your bed-time."

"I'm coming," he said, in a low, significant tone.

"What did you say?"

He rose and confronted her. He leaned upon his crutch, but she felt that the man was waxing strong.

"I'm *coming*," he repeated firmly.

She had turned to go, but regarded him for an instant over her shoulder. A beautiful mocking light darted from her lip to her eye. She did not say a word. But he heard every nerve in the woman defy him. It was like the challenge before a battle. The convalescing man welcomed the signal of contest.

He went that evening, "after office-hours and before bed-time," dutifully, as she had bidden. It was a superb evening, and he lingered a moment outside the door to watch the western colors behind the forest. He had already acquired that half-plaintive sympathy with the setting sun which is so noticeable a feature in the lives of invalids. Is it because the hour marks another finished period of suffering, or that it promises renewal of life, which is always resurrection of hope?

It was a quiet sunset of pale chromes and violets, sinking gently into gray below, melting to the deep blue of advancing night above. The long forest, with its procession of pine outlines, cut the horizon. The heavy mists of the Maine evening rose from the little river and the mill-ponds. This fog caught fire, and the village seemed to stagger in it. Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell were picking currants together in the garden, stooping to their task in the level light; they did not watch the sunset. Handy was watering Old Oak at the spring in the pasture behind the barn. The stage was late, and the two worn horses struggled, with hanging heads, up the lonely street. Two or three lumbermen fol-

lowed the stage, singing. They sang a chorus which ran, —

"Thus with the man, thus with the tree,
Sharp at the root the axe shall be."

Mr. Butterwell called out to the driver to toss him over a paper. The stage crawled on, and turned the corner to the post-office. The fire fell from the mists, the deserted road grew gray, and Yorke felt damp as soon as the color dropped.

The solitude of the scene oppressed him at that moment, as if he had known that he should never have power to separate himself from it. The limit of life in this poor place, its denial, its desolateness, came to his consciousness with the vividness and remorselessness of personal fate. He thought of that wealthy nature, that glorious vigor, that delicate youth, impoverished here. He thought of going back to Boston, and leaving her. He rang the office-bell sharply, and entered without waiting for it to be answered.

No one was in the reception-room, and he passed through. The office was empty. All the doors were open. As he stood hesitating, she came from the parlor beyond. She stood in the doorway, and held out her hand.

"Ah, it is you?" she said graciously. He was confused by a consciousness of change in her, but could not have told what it was. As he followed her into the room, he perceived that this impression came from her dress. She wore a muslin gown of a violet color; it was finished at the throat and wrists by fluttering satin ribbons and lace; it was a cool, sheer thing, as befitted the warm night, — a parlor dress, sweeping the floor. He had always seen her in her business clothes.

He was not sure at first that he liked to see her in any other way. He felt a vague jealousy of her individuality, on which this dainty feminine gear seemed to encroach. But in a moment, when he had accustomed his eye to the trans-

formation, he acknowledged that he would not have missed it for the world.

"What is the matter?" she asked, in her outright fashion; her profession had cultivated in her, to perhaps an extreme limit, what was probably great native directness of manner.

"Excuse me. Was I staring? I have never seen you in a — don't you call them trails?"

She blushed a little, looking over her shoulder down at the wave of purple color, out of which she seemed to rise, as if she floated on it.

"I do not wear such things. I do not respect them," she said, with a latent vexation in her voice. "I feel as if I ought to apologize to my womanhood or something, every time I encumber my feet and other people's in this way. But it was so warm, and this is the coolest thing I have. I had been dusty and uncomfortable all day. And it is pretty, in itself, I think; don't you?"

"I shall not — that is to say I cannot — tell you what I think," he answered. The undisguised admiration in his eyes roamed over her with daring leisure.

It was characteristic of these two people — and to which the more creditable, one can hardly say — that it no more occurred to the young man that there was a remote touch of pardonable feminine coquetry in the coincidence of his call and the violet muslin than it did to the lady that he might think so. Doctor Zay knew how often she wore that gown on warm evenings, shut in alone in her dark little parlor, after the last patient was gone, after the care and fever of the long day were spent, — when the doctor melted into the woman. And Yorke was beginning to know Doctor Zay.

He took the easy-chair which she offered him, quietly observing the scene upon which he had fallen, and in which the violet muslin was only what artists would call the "high light." After his hair-cloth sofa and framed certificate, this

young lady's parlor affected him like a restored and precious painting. He felt the powerful influence of the cultivated interior, to which he yielded with that composite emotion, half homesickness, half instinct, which we all know, and which draws the exile from what we are pleased to call "the world," like a magnet, back.

Yorke, as he sat and talked of little things, assimilated his surroundings gently: the books, the engravings, few but fine, the bronze *Psyche*, the little landscape of Gifford's, magazines, newspapers, reviews, and colors that he had not seen since he left home.

While she busied herself in drawing the long curtains and lighting the lamps, he noticed the Chickering upright across the corner, and a curious afghan, knit of dull harmonious tints, like a Persian rug. There were flowers, too. The lamps had green and yellow globes. There were many pillows in the room, of odd shapes, and all sorts of hospitable things to sit on; an open fire-place, filled now with ferns: yet nothing seemed to be a reproduction of a fashionable craze. There was no incoherent attempt at affecting cracked bricabrac, deteriorated Japanese art, or doubtful colonial fashions. One did not even think of Queen Anne or Louis Quinze, but only of Doctor Zay, who had a pleasant room and lived there.

It affected Yorke strongly to meet his doctor here, — a lady, like other ladies, in a shelter, among little lovely things, quiet and set apart, protected from encroachments, forgetful of care. He was glad that the patients were never allowed to come into that room. He felt dizzy with his own privilege.

He leaned his head back against his boldly modern but proportionally easy chair, and watched her, while they chatted pleasantly. They talked of Boston, of books, of people, of well things. Left to herself, he noticed that she avoided all pathological subjects

with a rigor which in itself was all that reminded him of their existence. She made no inquiries about the state of his prevailing sensations, nor alluded in any way to his relation as a patient to herself. She had a fine tact in this, which made him feel as if he were a well man again. He rested in her dainty vicinity, the quiet things she said, the sound of her voice, the delicacy of her dress, in herself. He forgot for one delicious hour the real and rugged world in which she lived. Or rather, perhaps, if he analyzed his feeling, he had a vague sense of mastery, as stimulating as it was unprecedented, as if he himself were the agent, not the subject, of a new experience, in which he drew her from a consecration to a dream.

He asked her to play to him.

"No," she said, "you are a Bostonian."

"But not a critic."

"Impossible! You approve the Handel and Haydn, and patronize the Symphony. You do your duty by the prevailing artists; hold them at arm's-length as I do my last new babies, with about the same complacency in their existence, as if the Creator had an obligation to you for the fact. You are like the man who declined to be a vegetarian on the ground that *pâté de foie gras* was good enough for him. I had a patient once who abandoned smoking because his taste had developed so fastidious a quality that he could find no tobacco fine enough for him."

"I am still a crude smoker. Play to me, please!"

"I know two tunes: one is China, and the other is n't. Which will you have?"

"The other one. Play to me!"

"It is a Scotch song. Do you like Scotch songs?"

"Do you sing?"

"Not in the least. I can play you the accompaniment."

He made a little movement of impatience. He was by nature of a restless,

not to say an imperious temper, which his illness (or perhaps it would be more precise to say, his physician) had subdued rather than instigated.

Her ready merriment came to her eyes.

"You cannot make me believe," he insisted, "that you are not musical. Physicians are."

"That is true enough," she answered, quickly warming to the subject. "Science is harmony. Music and science are twins. Music is the feminine, though, I think."

"It is a fine marriage. Oh, you called them twins, though."

"You are not so far out of the way. There is an element of twinship in all absolute marriage." This was said with her scientific expression, as if she were dissecting a radial artery.

"How many 'absolute' marriages have you known?" asked Yorke, as nearly as possible in the same tone.

"Just three," said Doctor Zay.

"In all your experience? Only three that would — that *you* would have been satisfied with?"

"It is not a question of what would satisfy one's self," she said, freezing swiftly and slightly, like thin November ice. "It is a matter of psychological investigation."

"What a horrible advantage over mankind your profession gives!" said Yorke, between his teeth. She nodded gravely.

"It is unmatched, I believe. Even the clergy have a poor one beside us. We stand at an eternal confessional, in which the chance of moral escape or evasion is reduced to a minimum. It is holding human hearts to count their beats. When you add the control of life and death you have a position unique in human relations. When I began, it seemed to me like God's. My mother used to" — She stopped.

"What did your mother do?" asked Yorke, gently.

"She encouraged that feeling," said

Doctor Zay. "She said no one was fit to enter the profession who did not have it."

"I wish I had known your mother," he ventured.

"You would have loved her," said the doctor, simply.

"And I wish you knew mine!" continued the young man, fatuously.

"She would not be interested in me," returned Doctor Zay, coldly. It was good, honest December ice now. He could have skated on the barrier she had thrust between them, he neither knew how nor why.

"Oh, you don't know her" — he began. At this moment the office-bell rang. Handy answered it, and knocked at the parlor door to announce (with evident pleasure) the presence of a patient who "was in an Ananias 'n' Sapphiry hurry. Guessed it was somebody dyin' or smushed."

The doctor rose leisurely, too used to these interruptions to expend nerve force on little haste or premature excitement, and went into the reception-room. She did not excuse herself to her visitor. She left the doors ajar, and he could hear her hearty voice:—

"Well, Mr. Beckwith! What now?"

"Wall," replied the man's voice that Yorke had heard on his first office-call, "Puella, you see, she's bad. She's took screechin' bad ag'in, and don't give none of us no peace. She wants you right away. She made me tackle up so's to bring you myself. I *told* her, says I, 't was a kind of shame! — you'd be all beat out, this time o' night. But, Doctor," plaintively, "it ain't no use to tell Puella things."

"Anything new, Mr. Beckwith? Any serious change in the case? What are the symptoms?"

"Wall," said Mr. Beckwith slowly, "I can't say 's it's so very *noo*. It's that same crookedness in her mind. She suffers a sight," solemnly, "from crookedness in the mind, Doctor."

"I'll send her something," said the doctor kindly. "I do not think it necessary for me to go to-night. There! One powder dry on the tongue, if you please, every two hours. I will look in to-morrow."

"I *told* her you would n't come," said Mr. Beckwith, triumphantly. "And what's more, I said, says I, Puella, I would n't if I was her, says I. But says she, You don't none of you know what it is to have crookedness into your mind."

Silence succeeded. The doctor returned, closing the doors as she came. She made no comments on the interruption. She drifted into the quiet room, past the green and golden lamps, in her violet dress, and resumed her chair in silence. Yorke looked at her without speaking.

"What are you thinking?" she asked abruptly. There was a dash of something which he could almost have dared to call friendly freedom in the tone of the question.

"I was thinking that you harmonize with your environment."

"That would be the acquisition, as it is the aspiration, of one's life-time. The compliment is too large for the occasion."

For answer, he glanced about the room and back at herself. She smiled, not without a touch of scorn, or it might have been of bitterness.

"But then," he continued dreamily, "you are of course an exception, not a representative, among women who adopt your vocation."

"You only exhibit your ignorance by such a remark," said the young lady quietly. "Among the thousand of us now practicing medicine in this country, there are many more successful than I, and abroad there is some superb work done. I should like to give you the figures some time. They are very interesting. But I won't bore you now. It would be like putting sermons in a novel."

"What is the proportion of ladies in the profession?" asked Yorke, with a slight shrug.

"What is the proportion of gentlemen in the profession?"

"Except that I really know nothing about it, I should suppose it is larger."

"It probably is, a little. Until recently, it needed force rather than fineness to bring a woman to the surface of a great progressive movement. We are coming to a point where both are to be absolutely necessary to success in the art of healing. A union of these qualities will be demanded of women, because they are women, such as has never been expected of men, or perhaps been possible to them. We have a complex task before us."

"It seems a dreary one to me," said Yorke, rather sadly. "And yet you find it" —

"Bright!" she said quickly; "bright, bright!" Her earnest face fired.

"You really seem happy," he urged.

"I *am* happy!" she cried, in her resolute, joyous tone.

"I wonder if I could say as much, if I had done as much?" queried the sick man.

Her whole expression changed instantly. Both felt, what neither said, that they had approached difficult and delicate ground.

"I do not take as dark a view of your case as you do," she said.

"In other words, I am not lost to your respect, because I have not become an eminent jurist at the age of — I am only twenty-eight, after all," he added.

"I am a year older than that," she smiled. "I ought to have done more. What is the trouble, Mr. Yorke? Don't you get any clients?" She took unconsciously the professional tone she had so long assumed to him, as if she had asked, "Does n't your dinner agree with you?"

"I had one divorce case last winter; I lost it."

"You resent my asking questions. You ought not to."

"I feel it. I do not resent it."

"That is kind in you, and discriminating. You silence me."

"No, go on. Say what you think of me. Tell me, — I can stand it. What a consummate donkey a man of my sort must seem to a woman of yours! And yet I'm not a donkey; I am really a very good sort of fellow."

"You are rudimentary," said the doctor, with an inscrutable look.

"Hum — um — um."

"Honestly, Mr. Yorke, my diagnosis of you is different from — It is my own, at any rate, be it worth little or much."

"You have had some chance to form one, I'll admit," said Yorke. "Let me make a guess at it: Inherited inertia. Succumbed to his environment. Corrosion of Beacon Street upon what might, in a machine-shop, for instance, or a factory, have been called his brain. Native indolence, developed by acquired habit. Hopeless correlation of predestined forces. Atrophied ambition. Paralyzed aspiration. No struggle for existence. Destitute of scientific basis. Reductio ad absurdum, — Laborare est orare, — Facilis descensus. No correspondent in the *Materia Medica*. Hahnemann knew not of him. (*He* was mobbed for a great cause.) The *Organon* foresaw him not. There is no divine remedy for him. Give him *sac. lac.* powders, and send him back to Beacon Street. By the way, Doctor, did you ever give me a sugar powder?"

"Once."

"When was that? I'll know, or I'll never forgive you."

"The day you disobeyed me about going out-doors, and caused me an unnecessary call."

"On your honor, is that the only time?"

"By my diploma! — the only time."

"You did not say whether I had hit the diagnosis, Doctor Zay."

She did not answer him at once, and when she spoke he felt, rather than saw, that it was with her guarded look.

"I do not make it a case of paralysis, exactly. I should rather call it one of hyperæsthesia."

"Hyperæsthesia— that was what was the matter with me when I could n't let Mrs. Butterwell shut a door, or drop a thimble; when the horses kept me awake, stamping in the barn. You mean that you do me the honor to infer that I have ideals, despite my failure to give an inquiring world evidence of the fact, and that (if I do not strain your goodness) the idealizing fibre is not without superfluous sensitiveness?"

"Superfluous, and therefore injurious, sensitiveness. You experience a certain scorn of the best into which you know yourself capable of resulting. You cherished this scorn, at one time, as a silent proof of superiority of nature, patent only to yourself, and the more precious, like family lace or jewels worn out of sight. You were met at the outset of life by the conviction that you were without extraordinary gifts, and it struck you as original to snub the ordinary ones, as if it were their fault. I am not sure that it was even original; it certainly was not admirable. But you have outgrown that. I recognize now a genuine modesty at root of your inertia. Your self-estimate is calculably less than that of almost any other Boston man I ever met. I prognosticate that the next phase of experience will be a healthier and haughtier one. I think you capable of service." The young lady uttered these sentences slowly, with palliative pauses between them; she had an absorbed and studious look.

"I always thought I might have made a good head-waiter," said the young man grimly.

"Take me as you please," persisted the doctor. "I have paid you a compliment; my first — and last. Cut yourself with it, if you want to. It would

be malpractice, but I am not the surgeon."

Yorke made no reply. He sat and watched her, thinking that he would not have borne from any other woman in the world what came like a fine intoxication from her; he drank her noble severity like gleaming wine.

"You are not a great man," she urged gently, as if she had to say, "You have a spinal injury," "but you have uncommon qualities, — perhaps I should say quality; you have hardly taken the trouble, as yet, to indicate what your qualities are. You could be successful if you chose. The difficulty has been that you have not respected what we are in the habit of calling success."

"Frankly, no; it has never seemed worth while."

"The Christians have a phrase," said Doctor Zay, "which expresses the deficiency in most of our standards. They talk of consecration. It means something, I find."

"Are you a Christian?" asked Yorke.

"I do not know — yet," she answered, gravely.

"Now, I have always thought I was," he said, smiling sadly.

"Are you?" She looked at him wistfully.

"At least I was confirmed once, to please my mother. It may belong to that pervasive weakness of nature, which you classify so indulgently as sensitiveness, that I never have grown away as far from all that as many fellows I know. There, now, is an ideal! Where in history or philosophy can it be mated? Faith is beauty. I should like to hold on to my faith, if I can, — if I had no other reason, just as I should wish to keep my paintings or bronzes. But I know it is harder for a camel to go through the knee of an idol, as the little boy said, than for a student of science to enter the kingdom of heaven. Are you one of the two atheists, in the historic three doctors?"

"God forbid!" she cried. "I am a seeker, still. That is all I mean to say. And I know I must seem" — She paused, stricken by an unprecedented and beautiful blushing embarrassment.

"What must you seem?"

"It was nothing, — a foolish speech. It is time for you to go home, Mr. Yorke, and go to bed."

"What must it make you seem? I will go when I know. Tell me, — you shall! Indulge me, please." He limped over towards her; his words fell over each other; his figure towered above her.

She gave one glance at his agitated face, and collected herself by a movement swift and secretive as the opening of a water-lily.

"I only meant to say that a woman usually — naturally, perhaps — is the guide in matters of belief. Spiritualregnancy belongs to her historically, and prophetically too, I do not dispute. It occurred to me, at that moment, how it must strike a man, if she were below him on that basis; if she had no power to heighten or deepen his ideal, — that was all. Good-night, Mr. Yorke. If you don't sleep, take that powder marked 'Cham. 5 m.' Now go!"

"You heighten and deepen every other ideal I have," said the young man, solemnly. "You cannot fail me there. It will not be possible to you."

His agitation had urged itself upon her now, against her will; he was half shocked, half transported, to see that a slow pallor advanced like a spirit towards him, over her resolute face. He watched it with a kind of awe, and made a gesture with one of his thin hands, as if to check an invisible presence which he was not strong enough to meet. It was the movement of a sick man whose physical strength was spent by emotion. The physician perceived this instantly.

"There is the office-bell," she said,

in her business tone. "I will answer it as I help you out."

He made no reply, and they left the parlor in uneasy silence. He had tried to come on one crutch that night; now, weakened with excitement, he made bad work of the experiment.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," ordered Doctor Zay.

"You are not tall enough," he objected.

"I am strong enough," she insisted.

He obeyed her, and thus came limping to the front door between the lady and the crutch. The patient who had rung the office-bell stood in the doorway. It was a man. It was a gentleman. It was a stranger. At sight of him Doctor Zay colored with impulsive pleasure. She said: —

"Why, Doctor!"

The stranger answered: —

"Good-evening, Doctor."

Yorke found this dialogue monotonous, and removed his hand from the violet muslin shoulder.

"Walk in," said the lady, turning heartily to her guest. "Go right through into the parlor. I will be with you in a moment."

The stranger, bowing slightly to Yorke, stepped in and passed them. By the sharp light of the kerosene entry lamp Yorke perceived a man of years and dignity; in fact, a person of distinguished appearance.

"I will not trouble you to go any farther with me," said Doctor Zay's patient, stiffly.

"Nonsense!"

The soft, warm shoulder presented itself with a beautiful — it seemed to Yorke a terrible — unconsciousness, leaning towards him like a violet indeed.

"No, no," he said, roughly; "I don't want it. It won't help me. Don't you understand a man better than that?"

As soon as the words were uttered, he would have given, let us say, his sound

ankle to recall them. She shrank all over, as if, indeed, he had stepped on a flower, and, gathering herself with a grave majesty, swept away from him.

IX.

Yorke limped back to his room, and sank into the first chair that presented itself. It happened to be the high rocker, and he put his head back, and thrust his hands into his pockets, and got his ankle across another chair, and for a few moments occupied himself in a savage longing for a smoke. His physician had forbidden him his cigars pending the presence of certain spinal symptoms, which she was pleased to consider of importance to her therapeutic whims. A good square disobedience would have relieved him. He would have liked nothing better than for the odor of the tobacco to steal around through her parlor windows, while she sat there in that trailed gown making herself lovely to that fellow. Was it possible she knew he was coming when she put the thing on? . . .

Yorke found himself engulfed in a chasm of feeling, across which, like a bridge whereon he had missed his footing, ran one slender thought:—

"I ought to have gone home three weeks ago."

It was quarter past nine when she sent him to his room. He sat in the big rocker, in the dark, without moving, till ten. No sound had come from the doctor's side of the house. Acting upon a sudden impulse, of which he was half ashamed, half defensive, and which he owned himself wholly disinclined to resist, he groped for his crutches and got out upon the piazza, where he could see the light from her windows making a great radiance upon the acacia-tree, and showing the outlines of the short, wet grass. A honeysuckle clambered over the nearest window. When the curtain

drifted in the warm wind, the long-necked flowers seemed to look in. The subdued sound of voices came to his ear. He went back, and got upon the lounge. As he lay there, the lumbermen returned, singing,—

"Thus with the man, thus with the tree,
Sharp at the root the axe must be."

Mrs. Butterwell came in to say good-night. She held a candle, which made fickle revelations of her black silk dress and sallow cheeks. She expressed surprise at finding her lodger in the dark, and lighted his Japanese lantern assiduously. She thought Mr. Yorke had been calling on the doctor.

"She sent me to bed," said Yorke. "She has another fellow there."

"They will come at all hours," replied Mrs. Butterwell, serenely. "More blame to 'em!"

"Who will come at all hours?" gasped Yorke.

"Why, patients, of course. Who else?"

"This is n't a patient. This is a gentleman."

"I want to know!" said Mrs. Butterwell, putting down the light.

"And so do I," said Yorke, grimly.

"A tall, dark-complected gentleman? Wears a crush felt hat and gray gloves, — a *beautiful* fit?"

"I did n't notice his gloves," savagely.

"A handsome man, was n't he?" pursued Mrs. Butterwell, cruelly. "Splendid figure and great blue eyes" —

"How should I know about his eyes?" groaned Yorke.

"Oh, it must be he," returned Mrs. Butterwell, placidly. "I wonder I did n't see him in the stage. I always mean to look in the stage. May be he drove, — he sometimes does."

Yorke made no answer. Every word of Mrs. Butterwell's caused an acute pain in his left temple, like the nail in the brain of Sisera; he put up his hand to his head.

"His name is Penhallow," hammered

Mrs. Butterwell, — "Doctor Penhallow, of Bangor. He is a famous surgeon, — very famous. He sets the world by her."

"It can't be — it is n't the fellow she telegraphed to about my case, at the beginning?" cried Yorke.

"Oh, I dare say. Doctor did n't mention it to me. Doctor never talks about her cases. She admires Doctor Penhallow above all. He was her preceptor. He's old enough to be — well, it would be a young sort of father; but he's well along; he could n't be so famous if he was n't; nor she would n't feel that kind of feeling for him, — that looking up. He's the only man I ever saw doctor look up to. She ain't like the rest of us; we wear our upper lids short with it. I declare! It seems to me in course of generations women would n't have had any eyelids; they'd be what you call nowadays selected away, by worshipin' men-folks, if Providence had n't thrown in such lots of little men, — mites and dots of souls, too short for the biggest fool alive to call the tallest. Then, half the time, she gets on her knees to him to make out the difference. Oh, I've seen 'em! Down on their knees, and stay there to make him think he's as big as he wants to be, and pacify him. Then, another thing," added Mrs. Butterwell, gently, "is babies. You've got to look down to your babies, and that keeps the balance something like even. Providence knew what he was up to when he made women, though I must say it looks sometimes as if he'd made an awful botch of it."

"Is he married?" asked Yorke.

"Who? Oh, Doctor Penhallow? (I was thinking about Providence.) No. *He's an old bach,*" said Mrs. Butterwell in a mysterious manner, "and only one sister, and she just married and gone to Surinam to live. It seems to make it such a useful place; I never felt as if anybody lived there before. He used to have to have her home in Bangor till

a gracious mercy removed her, for she was squint-eyed and had spells. He was a friend of her father's, too."

"Whose father's?" cried Yorke, desperately.

"Why, doctor's father's, — Doctor Zay's father's. Old Doctor Lloyd and Doctor Penhallow were friends, the dearest kind; he was his preceptor, too, and Doctor" —

"We are getting our pronouns, not to say our physicians, dreadfully mixed," interrupted the young man wearily. "And I suppose the lady has a right to her admirers, whether they meet our views or not. There really is nothing extraordinary about it, except the fact that it should never have occurred to me that she could have them, in this wilderness."

"Well, there! I should like to know why not!" Mrs. Butterwell fired at once. "You don't suppose a woman ain't a woman because she's a doctor, do you? There was a fellow here last summer, — a family of summer folks at the Sherman Hotel, three brothers: one was a minister, and one was an editor of something, — I forget what, but he was n't a widower, that I'm sure of, — and one had a patent on mouse-traps. I can't say much for the minister, for he preached on woman's sphere in the Baptist church, — may the Lord forgive him, if he ever heard the sermon, which I don't believe he did, — and the mouse-trap was engaged, besides having his front teeth out, and coming down here to wait till he shrank for a new set. But that poor little editor, Mr. Yorke, I wish you could have made his acquaintance. The table-girl at the Sherman House told my girl he'd lost his appetite to that pass he would n't eat a thing but shoo-fly potatoes. Think," added Mrs. Butterwell, with a gravity which deepened to solemnity, "of supporting an honorable and unrequited affection on shoo-fly potatoes!"

"I did not know," observed Yorke,

acutely conscious of the indiscretion of his remark, "that physicians — men physicians — were apt to be appreciative of the lady members of the profession in any way, least of all in that. Many of these facts in social progress, you see, are novel to me. I am very dull about them."

"Well, I declare!" objected Mrs. Butterwell. "I must say I think you are. For my part, I can't conceive of anything more natural. When you consider the convenience of taking each other's overflow practice, and consulting together when folks die, and the sitting down of an evening to talk over operations; and then one boy would do for both sets of horses. And when you think of having a woman like Doctor to turn to, sharin' the biggest cares and joys a man has got, not leanin' like a water-soaked log against him when he feels slim as a pussy-willow himself, poor fellow, but claspin' hands as steady as a statue to help him on, — and that hair of hers, and her eyes, for all her learning! But there, Mr. Yorke! I've talked you dead as East Sherman. I'll fix your blinds for you and put in the pegs, and get your milk, and go. Don't you lie awake listening for him. He won't go till half past eleven. He never does. He ain't able to get over very often, for his business is tremendous, and he's sent for all over the State, consultin'. He's *famous* enough for her, if that is all," she added, by way of final consolation.

Mrs. Butterwell's prophecy proved so far correct that at quarter of eleven the hospitable light still shone from Doctor Zay's parlor upon the acacia leaves and clovers, and the slender-throated honeysuckles, curious and dumb. It was with an emotion of exultance, for which he blamed and shamed himself with bitter helplessness, that Yorke heard, at ten minutes before eleven, the office-bell struck by what he knew was the imperious hand of a messenger in mortal need.

He heard Doctor Zay come out quickly to the wagon which had brought the order. She did not wait for her own horse to be harnessed, but was driven rapidly and anxiously away. It seemed to him that he heard Jim Paisley's voice, and that Jim said something about Molly. Yorke was sorry for Molly, but he was not sorry for Doctor Penhallow, whose distinguished footsteps echoed down the lonely street, on their way back to the Sherman Hotel.

"I think, Doctor, if I was you, — which I ain't, goodness knows, I don't mean to set myself up, — I should go and look at Mr. Yorke before you go out," said Mrs. Butterwell, presenting herself at the office the next morning. "He has a dreadfully peaked look, and he's got past Sally Lunn for breakfast. As long as he took his Sally Lunn's, I knew you'd found THE REMEDY." (Mrs. Butterwell pronounced these two words with that accent of confiding reverence by which the truly devout homœopathist may be instantly classified.) "But now I'm afraid you have n't. He never looked at a thing only his coffee, and he swore at that, too. He thought I'd gone, but I had n't."

"I never heard Mr. Yorke swear," observed Doctor Zay dryly.

"Well, he did; he said he supposed the sooner he drank the infernal thing and done with it, the better. I was clear across the entry, but I heard him."

The doctor went as she was bidden, fortified by her hat and gloves and full professional demeanor. Yorke was on the lounge, glaring at his breakfast tray. He pushed it aside when he saw her, and held out his hand. She did not take it, but drew out her note-book and medicine-case, and coldly asked for the symptoms.

"I owe you an apology," said the patient at once, drawing back his hand.

"You do indeed," she answered sternly.

"I can do no more than offer it," returned the young man with spirit. "If you had ever been a man, you would be less implacable."

"I am not implacable," she softened. "No one ever called me that."

"It is possible that no one ever called you several things that I shall have occasion to," observed the patient, running his white hand through his hair, and sturdily meeting her eyes, which seemed to overlook him with a fathomless, fatal calm, as if he were a being of another solar system, speaking in an unknown tongue.

"Mrs. Butterwell said you were worse."

"I have had no sleep and no breakfast: it does not signify."

"It does signify," returned Doctor Zay; "it is — ridiculous."

"You use sympathetic language, Doctor Lloyd."

"I do not feel sympathetic." She looked deeply annoyed; she drew out her miniature vial with her tiny pincers in frowning hesitation. "I have no symptoms. Give me some symptoms before I prescribe."

"Where is your friend?" asked Yorke abruptly. "Has he gone?"

She evinced neither surprise nor displeasure at the question, but laconically answered, —

"Yes."

"Then you will not be engaged with him. Will you take me to ride to-night?"

"What do you want to do that for?"

"I am going home next week. I want a ride before I go."

"Very well," said Doctor Zay, after a severe pause. "Have it as you will. Only remember that I did not invite you."

"I promise you to remember as much as that."

"Did you take that powder, last night?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I did not want your sugar!" with rising fierceness. He quickly repented this outburst, and as she was leaving the room, he asked, with what he thought a masterly effort to be civil, if not natural, "What does *Cham. 5 m.* stand for, Doctor?"

"Champs Elysées, five miles," she said, without turning around.

"That is a long tramp for a man on crutches."

"Altogether too long," retorted the doctor. "He should n't try it."

The phaeton came to the door directly after an early tea, and Yorke went out, and got in without further invitation. Handy helped him. The doctor did not offer her shoulder. She came down the walk consulting her visiting-list with an absorption which the vainest of men could not have interpreted as less than real. It bitterly occurred to Yorke that she had already forgotten even to seem to forget what had cost him more than he had nerve of soul or body to waste. She took the reins without speaking, and they drove for some time silently towards the large August sunset. She wore a white dress which did not, for some reason become her. It was one of her plainest hours. He watched her studious and anxious face, on which lines of care were beginning — he had never noticed before — to notch themselves lightly, as if with the probational or preparatory motion which the heavy chisel stroke must follow soon and surely. It came to his thought with a complex emotion how dear she looked to him when she was not beautiful. It would have been hard to say why this discovery was so fraught with significance to him.

"You are anxious and tired, to-night," he ventured at length, when her silence had lasted so long that he felt it was veering over the margin between the oppressive and the dangerous.

"I have a diphtheria case that is go-

ing hard," she said, wearily. "It is Johnny Sanscrit, the minister's little boy, — his only child. I never stand it well with only children. They sent Doctor Adoniram off, in their extremity, which makes it worse. That is too often the way: the patient comes into our hands just in time for us to sign the" —

"Death warrant?" interrupted Yorke.

"The technical expression is death certificate; you can take your choice. This is the house. I must stop here first."

Yorke did not experience that acute anxiety in behalf of Johnny Sanscrit which perhaps should have been expected of a humane neighbor. He occupied himself with dwelling upon the modern disadvantages attending an interest in the Useful Woman, who has no time to be admired, and perhaps less heart. It occurred to him to picture one of Scott's or Richardson's stately heroes stranded meekly in a basket phaeton, with matters of feeling trembling on his lips, while the heroine made professional calls and forgot him. How was a man going to approach this new and confusing type of woman? The old codes were all astray. Were the old impulses ruled out of order, too?

But Johnny Sanscrit, as fate would, was better, and the doctor returned to the phaeton, transformed.

"It is a remarkable adaptation of *Lachesis*," she said, with a radiant smile.

"Is it?" said Yorke.

"And I hope you have n't got chilly?"

She looked at him absently, with her hazy, happy eyes. She began to sparkle with conversation, and overflow with good humor. Yorke reminded himself that it was owing to Johnny Sanscrit.

She had regained herself, and looked superbly. The opacity of the white dress softened in the softening light. As the sun dropped, she drew over her shoulders a fine Stuart plaid shawl which he liked. He welcomed her moody

beauty with exultance, as he had protected its absence with tenderness.

They drove to poor Molly's, who proved to be better. Everybody was better. The doctor was girlishly happy. They rode past the mill-pond and the silent wheel, and through the well of trees, and up the darkening hill; and she said she had but one more call to make, and then they would go home. There was a wood-cutter's wife who expected her, if Mr. Yorke felt able to go. Mr. Yorke felt quite able, and they turned from the road into the narrow cart-path, that wound at that hour like a blazing green and golden serpent through the late light and long shadow, towards the forest's heart.

"Are you never tired of it?" asked Yorke, suddenly, as they entered the cart-path.

"Of my work? Never!"

"I don't mean that. It would be like tiring of a great opal to be fickle with usefulness like yours."

"What a pretty thought!" she interrupted, with that delicate and gradual expression of surprise by which a poetic image always overtook her practically occupied imagination.

"I meant," explained Yorke, "don't you get tired of the surroundings you have chosen for it? Do you never feel the need of resetting it?"

"What could be better?" She pointed with her whip down the sinuous, shaded driveway. The trees met above it. The horse's feet sounded softly on the grass. The great shadows from the forest advanced. The great glory of the receding sun struggled through the shield of fine leaf-outlines. The entrance to the road, like its termination, was blotted out in splendid curves and colors, which seemed to bar the intruders in, as if they had trespassed upon some sweet or awful secret of the woods, with which they could not be trusted if set free. It was one of those scenes, it was one of those moments, when the power of the

forest overshadows the soul like the power of the Highest, and when Nature seems to approach us on her knees in the service of a Greater than herself, bearing a message too mystic for any but our unworldly, unspotted selves to receive.

Yorke looked from the face of the wilderness to the face of the woman.

"It is very beautiful," he said, "but it is very lonely."

She did not answer him, but, turning a sudden soft grassy corner, came to a halt at her wood-cutter's, and forsook him for her patient with that easy adaptability to which he never became accustomed. She was not gone long, but it was darkening rapidly in the woods when she came out, and she drove slowly through the looming shadow, over the rude road.

"There is a short cut home through the woods," she said. "We will take it, unless it seems damp to you."

"No, let us take it," he said absently. They rode through the sweet, dry dusk among the pines. It was too dark to see each other's faces. The consciousness of her presence, their solitude, their approaching separation, arose and took hold of Yorke like a hand at his throat, from whose grip he was strangling. It was to him as if he struck out for his life when he said, —

"Miss Lloyd, I told you I was going home next week. I wish to tell you why."

"Don't!" she said quickly. "*Don't!*"

He thrust her words aside, as if they had been women, with a fierce gesture of his invalid hands. "It is not for you to tell me what I shall do or not. I am not talking about my ankle or my spine. This is not a case of pellets and bandages and faints and fol-de-rol. I will not have your precautions and advice.

I will say what I have to say. I will take no interference. I will speak, and you shall hear."

"If you speak, I must hear, but I warn you. I *beg* you not!"

"And why, I demand, do you beg me not? What right have you? What?" —

"The right of my responsibility," she answered, in a tone too low to be calm, and yet too controlled to be agitated.

"I relieve you of the slightest responsibility!"

"You cannot."

"But I do assume that deadly burden. My shoulders are broad enough yet, — though I am a poor fool of a sick man, dependent on your wisdom, in debt to you for his unfortunate life" —

"Oh, please, Mr. Yorke" —

"I insist. You will oblige me by explaining why I should not say what I like to you, as well as to any other woman."

"Because you are not strong enough."

"I am strong enough to love you, at all events." He drew one great breath, and looked at her through the dark with straining eyeballs, like a blind man. She gave no sign of surprise or frail feminine protest. Although it was so dark, he could see (her long gloves were white) the steady pull of her hand on the reins, at which the pony was twitching and shying over the uneven road. After a moment of oppressive silence, she said, with cruelly gentle sadness, —

"That is exactly what you are *not* strong enough to do."

"Do you presume to tell a man he does n't know when he loves a woman?" cried Yorke, quivering, stung beyond endurance.

"You are not in love," she said calmly, "you are only nervous."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

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THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.

[Mad River, published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for May, was the last poem that we received directly from Mr. Longfellow's hand. Shortly after his death several unprinted poems were found among his papers. Two of these lyrics were placed at our disposal. The first, *Decoration Day*, appeared in the June number of this magazine; the second, to which a sad interest attaches itself as being the last verse he penned, is now laid before the reader. The manuscript bears the date of March 15, 1882. — EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY.]

WHAT say the bells of San Blas
 To the ships that southward pass
 From the harbor of Mazatlan?
 To them it is nothing more
 Than the sound of surf on the shore, —
 Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
 To whom what is and what seems
 Are often one and the same, —
 The Bells of San Blas to me
 Have a strange, wild melody,
 And are something more than a name.

For bells are the voice of the church;
 They have tones that touch and search
 The hearts of young and old;
 One sound to all, yet each
 Lends a meaning to their speech,
 And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,
 Of an age that is fading fast,
 Of a power austere and grand,
 When the flag of Spain unfurled
 Its folds o'er this western world,
 And the Priest was lord of the land

The chapel that once looked down
 On the little seaport town
 Has crumbled into the dust;
 And on oaken beams below
 The bells swing to and fro,
 And are green with mould and rust.

"Is, then, the old faith dead,"

They say, "and in its stead
 Is some new faith proclaimed,
 That we are forced to remain
 Naked to sun and rain,
 Unsheltered and ashamed?"

"Once, in our tower aloof,
We rang over wall and roof
Our warnings and our complaints;
And round about us there
The white doves filled the air,
Like the white souls of the saints.

"The saints! Ah, have they grown
Forgetful of their own?
Are they asleep, or dead,
That open to the sky
Their ruined Missions lie,
No longer tenanted?

"Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was filled;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.

"Then from our tower again
We will send over land and main
Our voices of command,
Like exiled kings who return
To their thrones, and the people learn
That the Priest is lord of the land!"

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again;
The Past is deaf to your prayer!
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

NAVAL COURTS-MARTIAL AND THE PARDONING POWER.

THERE is no department or branch of the government service which Americans are wont to regard with greater pride than the navy. This pride is fully justified by our naval history. From March 11, 1794, when the federalists carried through their bill for building six frigates, down to the present time the record of the navy of the United

STATES has been one of constant and conspicuous success in every direction. It was the navy which checked the insolence of France, and brought Talleyrand to terms during the administration of John Adams, when Thomas Truxtun, cruising in the *Constellation*, captured the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, although of superior force, and in an-

other hard fight compelled a second frigate, *La Vengeance*, to strike her flag. Then came the gallant fighting with Tripoli, at a time when we were the only nation who approached the Barbary pirates with any arguments but bribes. The history of the war of 1812 is familiar to every one, and from that struggle dates the deep and affectionate pride of the American people in their navy. While on land we were compelled to endure an almost unbroken series of mortifying defeats, the exploits of our little navy excited the admiration of the world. In a succession of duels between our frigates and those of the enemy, with the exception of that between the Chesapeake and the Shannon, we were invariably victorious. The navy of Great Britain had been justly deemed invincible, and held at that period complete possession of the ocean. The charm was broken in the war of 1812. Whether fighting in fleets on the lakes, or with single frigates on the high seas, American seamen were always triumphant. They dealt a severe blow to the prestige of England, and by their victories made peace possible on terms which were not intolerable. At the close of the war of 1812 came the second war with the Barbary States, concluding in a peace dictated by Decatur on his quarter-deck, which put an end forever to tributes to those rascally pirates. The war of the rebellion is fresh in every one's mind. The capture of Port Royal by the fleet under the command of Dupont and Davis, in the autumn of 1861, was the first great success achieved by the North, and from that time until the close of the war the record of the navy was undimmed by reverses, and marked by a succession of brilliant and important actions.

In the work of exploration and of science our navy has always held, and still holds, a high and honorable place. The services of our naval officers and of our seamen have been as eminent in

the peaceful branches of the profession as in the stress of war. In a word, the navy has always responded fully to every demand made upon it by the nation; whatever the emergency or the services might be, it has never failed.

At the present time there is a renewed and keen interest in naval affairs. This is due partly to the growing desire to make every effort to revive our merchant marine and to extend our commerce, and partly to the condition of the navy itself. The country has suddenly awakened to the fact that while, since the war, more money has been spent on its navy than on that of any other nation in the world except England and France, it has literally no vessels of war worthy of the name. Far from possessing a powerful fleet, like Russia, which has expended about as much as we have, we have no armed ship fit to cope with the one or two iron-clads of a petty state like Chili, or to defend our great cities from a destructive bombardment by some enemy in other respects hardly worth notice. We have at last become aware that our old and successful naval policy of always maintaining a small but highly efficient fleet, which led the world in naval architecture, in ordnance, and in equipment, has been abandoned.

Into the broad questions of naval policy, involving a reconstruction of the fleet, a reorganization of the department and of the service, and a stoppage of the favoritism and lobbying which have now become the accepted methods of settling assignments to duty, it is not my purpose to enter. It has always been supposed that, however much the navy might have deteriorated in regard to organization and equipment, the *personnel* of the service was unchanged and untouched; and as a people we have always felt that, while the character of the officers and men remained unaltered, all obstacles could be readily overcome, and all defects of a material nature be

easily remedied. During the past winter, however, a petition has been presented to the Senate, and given a wide circulation through the press, which affords good ground for alarm and anxiety to every thoughtful and patriotic American. This petition, which is signed by some three hundred officers of all ranks in the navy, prays that a stop may be put to the remission of sentences imposed by court-martial, and to the reinstatement of officers convicted of certain offenses. The mere existence of such a petition, with such a prayer, is of itself proof of an alarming and deplorable condition of affairs in our naval discipline. The grievance must indeed be serious and full of peril when a petition of this description can receive so many signatures from men with so keen and high a sense of personal and official honor, and with such a strong *esprit de corps*, as is known to exist among the officers of our navy. Such a manifestation, affecting as it does most seriously the character and well-being of a service to which our national honor and safety may at any moment be entrusted, deserves the most careful public consideration, and a thorough knowledge of the grounds for this petition, and of the nature and extent of the evil and the peril which it reveals.

With this view I have collected the statistics of naval courts-martial since the war of the rebellion, beginning with the year 1866, in order to show the results of the sentences — that is, whether carried out or set aside — in each case which has been recorded since that time. My main objects are to show the percentage of remissions to the whole number of sentences imposed, and to determine the relations between the remission and the rank of the officer, the

nature of the offense, and the severity of the sentence. I have endeavored to obtain an abstract of every case, and I believe that my statistics are substantially complete. They are sufficiently so, certainly, to exhibit accurately the state of facts of which the officers complain in their petition. The tables which follow explain themselves. They include only

TABLE I.

Years.	Number of Cases.	Acquittals by Courts.	Sentences Carried Out.	Sentences Remitted, including Restorations.	Sentences Commuted.	Sentences Set Aside.	Per cent. of Sentences wholly or in part unexecuted.
1866....	23	4	8	8	3	—	57.9
1867....	25	4	10	6	3	2	54.5
1868....	22	4	7	4	3	—	66.6
1869....	12	2	4	3	3	—	60.
1870 ¹	6	1	4	1	—	—	20.
1871 ²	3	—	1	1	1	—	66.6
1872....	6	—	2	3	2	—	71.4
1873....	13	1	8	2	1	1	33.3
1874....	12	2	5	1	4	—	50.
1875 ³	11	1	7	3	—	—	30.
1876 ⁴	23	1	8	9	5	—	66.6
1877....	5	1	3	—	—	1	25.
1878 ⁵	3	1	2	—	—	—	0.0
1879....	4	—	1	1	2	—	75.
1880 ⁶	13	1	—	4	5	3	100.00
1881....	10	1	5	3	1	—	44.4
1882....	2	—	—	—	2	—	100.00
Total....	193	24	75	49	35	15	56.9
Average per cent.....							54.2

the cases of commissioned officers. Five cases of this sort appear on my lists of which I have not been able to procure details, and I have thrown them out. I have also rejected all cases of midshipmen punished for misconduct at the Naval Academy, as these relate rather to school than to naval discipline. The classification of offenses and sentences could not without great and unnecessary labor be rendered perfectly exact in descrip-

¹ Twenty-four cases of midshipmen dismissed for taking liquor into the Academy. All either commuted or remitted.

² Five cases also not accounted for.

³ Five midshipmen dismissed the service for hazing at Academy.

⁴ Seven midshipmen dismissed the service for hazing at Academy.

⁵ One midshipman dismissed the service for hazing at Academy.

⁶ One midshipman dismissed the service for hazing at Academy.

tion. In many cases the accused was found guilty of several offenses, and very frequently the sentences involved several forms of punishment. In classi-

had ended and the war excitement had subsided; and it may be added that the whole number of courts-martial is not large, showing a good state of discipline

TABLE II.

Rank.	When Sentence has been carried into execution.	When Sentence has not been carried into execution.
Captains.....	1	7
Commanders.....	2	4
Lt. Commanders.....	10	13
Lieutenants.....	8	11
Masters.....	3	3
Ensigns.....	6	5
Midshipmen.....	2	1
Chief Engineers.....	3	1
P. A. Engineers.....	3	3
1st Asst. Engineers.....	3	3
2d Asst. Engineers.....	6	3
3d Asst. Engineers.....	6	3
Pay Inspectors.....	2	1
Paymasters.....	7	4
Asst. Paymasters.....	6	5
Surgeons.....	5	10
Colonel U. S. M. C.....	-	1
Majors U. S. M. C.....	-	6
Captains U. S. M. C.....	2	6
1st Lieut. U. S. M. C.....	-	3
2d Lieut. U. S. M. C.....	-	1
Total.....	75 +	94=169
Acquittals.....		24
Total cases.....		193

ifying, therefore, I have been content to take in each instance the principal offense of which the accused was found guilty and the heaviest penalty imposed by the court, and arrange my statistics under those heads.

There were five cases in which a sentence was first commuted and subsequently remitted, and these being entered twice make the total of the five right-hand columns exceed the total number of cases by five.

It will be seen by the first table that, while the number of cases in each year has varied very greatly and presents a most marked irregularity, the average has declined since 1868. This decline in the total number in each year is probably due to the reductions in the list of officers which took place after the war

TABLE III.

Offenses.	When Sentence has been carried into execution.	When Sentence has not been carried into execution.
Absent without leave.....	5	1
Drunkenness.....	16	20
Drunkenness and scandalous conduct.....	8	12
Drunkenness and absence without leave.....	3	3
Drunkenness and insubordination, or disobedience to orders.....	4	2
Scandalous conduct.....	11	12
Embezzlement.....	3	2
Disobedience to orders.....	9	10
Theft.....	1	-
Fraud.....	-	1
Neglect of duty.....	2	7
Neglect of duty and loss of ship.....	2	2
Neglect of duty and loss of government money.....	-	1
Violating U. S. N. regulations.....	-	5
Disrespect to superior officer.....	2	7
Quarreling.....	1	-
Leaving vessel without permission.....	1	-
Refusal to render accounts.....	2	-
Overstaying leave.....	2	-
Failure to obtain bond.....	1	-
Cruelty.....	-	3
Failure to report liquor on ship.....	-	3
Assault.....	-	3
Charges not given.....	2	-
Total.....	75 +	94=169
Acquittals.....		24
Total cases.....		193

among the officers. Nearly sixty per cent. of the cases in which sentences were imposed by courts-martial during the seventeen years included in the tables were either set aside, remitted, or commuted; and it is proper to state, what it is impossible to show in simple tables, that, with very few exceptions, the remissions and commutations were made at

such a time or were of such a kind as to amount to a practical removal of the penalty and a complete pardon. This work of reversing the sentences of the

TABLE IV.

Sentences.	When carried into execution.	When not carried into execution.
Dismissal from service.....	32	-
Dismissal from squadron.....	2	-
Dismissal. — Allowed to resign.....	-	7
Dismissal. — Restored	-	3
Dismissal and imprisonment set aside.....	-	2
Dismissal commuted to suspension.....	-	12
Dismissal commuted to suspension and suspension remitted.....	-	3
Dismissal set aside...	-	7
Allowed to resign before trial.....	-	2
Public reprimand....	10	7
Reduced in grade....	1	-
Dropped from rolls...	1	-
Loss of pay.....	2	-
Suspension one year and upwards.....	15	-
Suspension less than one year.....	12	-
Suspension one year or less.....	-	16
Suspension two years	-	20
Suspension three years.....	-	9
Suspension four years or more.....	-	6
Total.....	75 +	74—169
Acquittals.....		24
Total cases.....		=193

high honor and character, but who, as a part of their education and discipline, have been bred to courts-martial, and are habituated to weighing evidence and meting out punishment at once suitable and salutary. Yet we find that the sentences of naval courts-martial are reversed by laymen, with little or no experience in law of that description, or perhaps in any law, six times in ten.

After making every allowance for pardons induced by past services, by peculiar and extenuating circumstances, or by recommendations to mercy on the part of the courts, the proportion of reversals to executed sentences still remains very large. We are forced to one of two conclusions: either the officers of our navy are grossly unfit to perform a regular and most important duty of their profession, which it is absurd to suppose, or the pardoning power, which in one form or another is resident in the President, the secretary, and the two houses of Congress, is much abused. The connection between the exercise of the pardoning power and the rank of the culprit and the severity of the sentence is not very clear on the face of tables II. and IV. By studying them in combination in the cases themselves, it at once becomes evident that high rank joined with a severe sentence is almost sure to bring some form of pardon. The higher the rank and the severer the sentence, the greater the probability of remission or commutation. As the rank declines, the severity of the sentence has less and less apparent effect. But low rank and a heavy sentence fare far better than low rank and a moderate or light sentence. These propositions are very general, and we find many exceptions to them; but the inference is inevitable that in the majority of cases pardon or remission depends on the position of the culprit, the amount of pity excited by the weight of the sentence, and the quantity of influence which can be brought to bear, and is not founded

courts-martial has been done occasionally by the secretary of the navy or by Congress, but chiefly by the President. If a supreme court reverses the judgments of the courts next below once in four times, it is considered a fair if not a high average. In this case both courts are experts in regard to the questions before them, and the superior tribunal is presumed to be composed of men of larger experience, greater ability, and better training than those who sit in the lower court. In naval trials the courts are formed of men who are not only of

solely and simply on an injustice or irregularity in the sentence, on new evidence, or on peculiar circumstances. Take, for example, one of the worst offenses of which a naval officer can be guilty, the loss of his ship through culpable negligence or inefficiency. Two officers, we find by the tables, were punished for this offense, and these two were both on the same ship, as captain and lieutenant. Two others, captains commanding different ships, were found guilty of the same offense, and were both let off. One of these last cast away a splendid ship under circumstances of the grossest negligence and misconduct. From personal reasons the courts were disposed to be lenient, and inflicted a comparatively light sentence of suspension for three years from rank and pay. Within a year, by political influence, the sentence was remitted at Washington, and the offender was put back in his old place on the list, over the heads of men who had done their duty, and had not lost ships by culpable conduct. In the same year, or indeed in any year, we can find officers of the lower ranks, for similar misconduct, unattended by any such consequence as the loss of a ship, dismissed the service and not a word said.

The general showing for the seventeen years of nearly sixty per cent. of unexecuted sentences, with an average for each year of fifty-four per cent., is bad enough, but if we examine the statistics of the last few years we perceive at once the shocking state of things which has produced the petition of the officers. Down to 1877 the percentage of unexecuted sentences, though deplorably large, was reasonably constant, and not far from the general average of fifty-four per cent. In 1877 there were only three cases of sentences, two of which were carried out, and in 1878 only two sentences, and both carried out. We now come to the last four years, and it is not too much to say that the showing

is appalling. For the last four years the percentage of sentences unexecuted, either wholly or in part, rises to 79.4. For 1879, 1880, and 1881 the percentage of unexecuted sentences is 73.1, and for 1879 and 1880 it is 87.5. In 1880 there was one case of a midshipman who was dismissed for hazing at the Academy, and who had no mercy shown him. There were also in that year twelve cases of commissioned officers sentenced by courts-martial. Every sentence was either set aside or remitted, or commuted to an extent equivalent to setting aside. Most of these cases were for drunkenness and scandalous conduct. One instance, the most flagrant, will give an idea of the extent to which the pardoning power was abused at that time. An officer was convicted of drunkenness, and sentenced by the court-martial to a public reprimand. The President remitted the sentence. While under arrest for the first offense this same officer absented himself without leave, went on a spree, got very drunk, and indulged in the most outrageous and scandalous misbehavior. For this complication of offenses he was tried again by court-martial, again found guilty, and this time sentenced to dismissal from the service; and again the President remitted the sentence. It will be remembered that 1880 was the last year of the Hayes administration. We can hardly wonder that, after such an exhibition of the pardoning power, naval officers should have resorted to so extreme and painful a measure as their petition to the Senate.

The statistics disclose a curious bit of testimony, which disposes of any argument which might be based on the assumption that courts-martial are inclined to be hasty and severe. In a certain class of cases, notably drunkenness, scandalous conduct, and peculation, the pardoned offender is apt to relapse. We find officers sentenced by the courts, and afterwards pardoned, coming up

again for renewed offenses, and it is interesting to see how often the same name recurs in the statistics, until at last it gets beyond the patience even of the pardoning power, and disappears from the navy register. One officer was tried, convicted, and pardoned three times, before, on a fourth trial, the service could get rid of him. Another was tried three times, and instances of two trials are very common. This shows that, as might be supposed, the officers composing the courts are far from hasty or too severe, and are usually well informed as to the character of the offender, much better than the pardoning power can possibly be. Indeed, it may be said that, owing to old friendship and close personal association with the fellow-officers brought before them, naval courts are disposed often to go to the very limits of justice in their desire to be lenient and merciful.

Comments on the facts revealed by the statistics would be superfluous. Every one can see that the policy of the last few years in regard to pardoning officers convicted by courts-martial of serious and degrading offenses is as bad and dangerous as possible. It is enough, if long persisted in, to poison and corrode the best service in the world. Our present system of promotion, which enables any officer of decent conduct and possessing the commonest intelligence to rise slowly but surely to the highest rank, is probably not a very good one, and is certainly not stimulating to the most talented and the strongest men in the service. But if those who are convicted of offenses which are in themselves degrading, which are ruinous to the service, and calculated to destroy the respect of the public, — if such offenders are to be pardoned in the majority of instances, it makes little difference what the system of promotion is, for the very existence of the service as an honored and respected body of public servants is menaced. What can be said

of a weak policy, which puts convicted offenders back on the lists, and sometimes, by act of Congress, years after a dismissal, over the heads of men who in a time of peace are enlarging the domain of science, rendering great services to navigation and commerce, devoting their pens to the improvement of their profession, facing suffering and death in perilous explorations, and sustaining in every quarter of the globe the respectability of the American character and the honor of the American name and flag? Such a policy tends to drive the ablest, most ambitious, and most high-toned men out of the service, and sets at naught the meritorious claims of good behavior and faithful service.

In every country and under every system there must, and will be always, in nearly every case, more or less effort to bend the pardoning power to the exercise of mercy in favor of convicted offenders against the law. The easy good-nature of the American character, and the political system of deciding every question of a personal nature according to the amount of "pressure" exerted in one way or another, and not on settled principles, render the pardoning power in this country more liable to abuse than perhaps it is elsewhere. We see this abuse in civil cases in all the States, and it is even worse in Washington. In cases of pardon the pressure is of course always one way, and has nothing to counteract it. For that very reason it is a power which should be very sparingly and cautiously exercised. In the military or naval service, particularly, its use should be very limited, instead of extremely lax, as is now the case. Nothing is more sensitive, more delicate, more artificial, and at the same time more absolutely essential to the army and navy than their discipline. It is better here to err on the side of severity than on that of mildness, for on the discipline of the army and navy the honor and safety of the

nation may at any time be staked. Yet we see that an habitual abuse of the pardoning power exists, which must in the long run be as prejudicial to the discipline and character of the naval service as anything we can conceive of.

I have already said that under any system or in any circumstances a strong influence will always be exerted with the executive to shelter naval and military offenders. We know that the great prerogative of pardon in these cases is not only liable to abuse, but has been and is seriously abused, in this country. Something ought to be done to limit and restrain the exercise of the pardoning power, and to protect the executive against an amount of supplication and influence which very few men can resist, and to which no man ought to be exposed. The question of remedying this difficulty has already been brought to the attention of Congress. Mr. Briggs, of New Hampshire, has lately introduced, with this view, a bill for promoting the efficiency of the navy. The bill provides that whenever, on an inquiry held pursuant to law, concerning the fitness of an officer of the navy for promotion, it shall appear that such officer is unfit to perform at sea the duties of the place to which it is proposed to promote him, by reason of drunkenness, or from any cause arising from his misconduct or want of capacity, not caused by or in consequence of the performance of his duty, he shall not be placed upon the retired list of the navy, and he shall be discharged from the ser-

vice; and in that case he may, by order of the President, be allowed and paid the pay of his grade for one year, and no longer, next after such discharge. This is a good measure, and it is to be hoped that it will be passed. If it becomes law there can be little doubt that it will be beneficial. But it does not go far enough. It relates only to promotion, and compels dismissal as the only penalty. It does not go to the root of the evil, which is the abuse of the pardoning power. The power of pardon or commutation, except in instances of a recommendation to mercy by the court, should be limited at least to capital cases, dismissal from the service, a suspension of more than ten years, or imprisonment for more than five; and its exercise should be absolutely prohibited in all cases of a second conviction, unless the sentence is death. In all cases the executive should have the power of ordering a new trial by a new court, and if acquittal followed the second trial the executive or the legislature would have, of course, the power of restoration. This would provide for the discovery of new evidence.

This much is certain: the question is a grave one; the use of the pardoning power in the last few years is highly dangerous to a most important, honorable, and honored branch of the public service, and it is the duty of Congress to give ear to the petition of the officers, and root out the evil before it has worked harm which it may take years to cure.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

STRONG AS DEATH.

O DEATH, when thou shalt come to me
Out of thy dark, where she is now,
Let no faint perfume cling to thee
Of withered roses on thy brow.

Come not, O Death, with hollow tone,
 And soundless step, and clammy hand —
 Lo, I am now no less alone
 Than in thy desolate doubtful land ;

But with that sweet and subtle scent
 That ever clung about her (such
 As with all things she brushed was blent) ;
 And with her quick and tender touch.

With the dim gold that lit her hair,
 Crown thyself, Death ; let fall thy tread
 So light that I may dream her there,
 And turn upon my dying bed.

And through my chilling veins shall flame
 My love, as though beneath her breath ;
 And in her voice but call my name,
 And I will follow thee, O Death.

H. C. Bunner.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XIII.

SHOWING THE ENTIRE POSSIBILITY OF PLATONIC FRIENDSHIPS.

THE circumstances of their situation — left alone in town together, when most of the world had gone out of it — contributed now to the intimacy between Bainbridge and Otilie. There was no one especially to remark upon the young man's calls, rather frequent though they might be, but Mrs. Ambler, who showed herself discreetly about the rooms from time to time. Bainbridge did not fail to bid for her favor, also, by an occasional courteous remark. She had lived once, it seemed, with his relatives, the Hudson Hendricks. She told Otilie, "They are such elegant people, so easy in their manners, that a body gets along with them as well as if she were one of themselves."

Hardly more than a stray figure or

two was seen at a time in the whole length of the fashionable Avenue. The windows of the houses were darkened with green shades, the front doors of many battened up with small planks, as if never to be opened again. To any chance pull at the bell only some frowzy charwoman answered, from the basement area. The grass grew long in the door-yards. Occasional oleanders showed their white and crimson flowers against some bit of brick wall. The impulsive magnolia shrub was flowerless now, and showed the marks of its advancing age and experience. The bay and rivers were full of white excursion steamers, gay with banners and music.

"Do you not go out of town, too?" Otilie asked her friend.

"I have been in the habit of taking a fortnight's run to Fire Island, or Lake George, or the White Mountains, but the fact is that New York city is not one of the least desirable of the sum-

mer resorts itself. You cannot exactly swing a hammock in Madison Square, nor cast yourself down with a book in front of the Astor House; but you can move down a couple of stories into a more comfortable lodging at the same price, walk under the shade of the tall buildings, listen to the refreshing spatter of the water-carts, and study the manners and customs of the country cousin come to town. As to day excursions, I cannot abide them. To encounter the discomforts of the journey and to return again to town, which seems more sultry than ever by the contrast, is like eating the rind of a melon to get at the pulp, and then eating your way out on the other side."

He came sometimes in the evening, when they sat in the chintz-covered parlors, by windows open upon a balcony. The gas-light was not too brilliant. Fitful puffs of air stirred the soft material of the curtains. Strolling German bands played in the side streets, and the music was borne sweetly to their ears from a distance. In these side streets people who did not go out of town till late, or not at all, came out upon their doorsteps, the women in white, and held informal levees.

But more often his visits were in the afternoon, and Otilie received him in the large picture-gallery. It was a favorite resort of her own in the long, quiet, hot days. She liked to go there to read, and look up from her book and let her fancy wander musingly away into the rich variety of scenes about her. There were coquettes, madonnas, vestal virgins, and languid odalisques. There were Francis I. taken captive at Pavia, and Hannibal swearing eternal hatred to the Romans. You drifted in a lazy barge upon a French canal; assisted at a harvest in a Normandy apple-orchard, or a gay dance of Hungarian peasants; shrank in dismay from a charge of Thor-like cuirassiers; looked down upon a lonely farm in Ukraine, lighted

by the moon; and heard the strumming of Provençal lutes and the pan-pipes of Daphnis.

The young man thought the living, intelligent figure of Otilie, in her fresh, crisp summer gowns, — blue and white, in perpendicular lines, or patterns of small sprigs, — with her nice dark hair, her smooth skin free of blemish, and the little touch of high light at the tip of her nose made by the illumination coming from above, far prettier than any of the pictures she admired.

They talked naturally of the works about them. The subject led up to that of European travel, about which she questioned him with interest, as she had already Angelica. "Ah, if I could only travel!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if I ever shall! But what am I saying? You see before you a person who actually *is* traveling. I am at this very time in Italy, and writing my experiences to an intimate friend."

It appeared that she had entered upon the improving plan of corresponding with a pleasant ex-classmate in the same manner as if they two were really journeying abroad. They were to collect information on the places through which they imagined themselves to pass from such books as were accessible.

"It is Alice Holbrook," she commenced to explain: "the one who" —

"Oh, yes, the rather plain, studious one, whose family wanted her to be engaged to her cousin, against her wishes, and rather made her once, so that she had an engagement ring; but afterwards she sent it back, and then her sister took the young man," interpolated Bainbridge.

She gave him a keen little glance of surprise and reproach. "You are very observing," she said, with some asperity.

"Bless you, I know them all by heart," he replied. "I could n't have known them better if I had been born and brought up with them."

Asperity seemed thrown away on such a person, so she went on again, airily: "Alice is still in England, but I came to Italy the very first thing. I was too impatient to wait. I was at Florence at the last writing, just setting out for Rome."

He was able to correct a few monstrous errors and impossibilities in her imaginary proceedings, at which they both laughed gayly. Perhaps a vague sentiment of the pleasure it might be to see all that again in company with such a fresh young enthusiast may have passed through his fancy. To have a charming person like this exclaiming with delight at the picturesqueness which had once pleased him so much, and giving it new interpretations of her own; leaning on his arm in her becoming fatigues in the galleries and the steep streets, — ah! that might be something worth while.

"Let us two swear an eternal friendship instead," he proposed, as they stood one day before the Hannibal. He imitated melodramatically the pose of the young avenger of his country. He raised one arm to heaven and extended the other towards her. They were on excellent terms that afternoon. She took his offered hand laughingly, with only a becoming reluctance. Secretly she was pleased to have the character of the relation that was to exist between them thus accurately defined. They had indeed talked much of friendship; the possibility of an enduring regard on the platonic basis between the sexes. They quoted La Bruyère and others to show that it was possible. A tacit understanding seemed to be arrived at that they could be nothing more to each other than pleasant companions. They knew each other's circumstances perfectly well, and the pecuniary reason alone, were there nothing else, was sufficient to put all thoughts of love and marriage out of the question in their case, as a matter of course.

"Nobody shall marry me but Miss Golconda Harrington, whose income is a thousand dollars a day, — unless it be Miss Butterfield, who has five hundred," said Bainbridge, making open profession now of the most glaringly mercenary intentions in matrimony. "Both of them are forty-five, I believe, and tortured to death with the dread that everybody who approaches them is after their money; but I think I shall be able to feign some philanthropic or other crafty motive for getting at them. As to you, you must have one of the enormous young millionaires who are floating about here on every hand. There is Northfleet, who owns nearly a county in Pennsylvania as a part of his possessions. Or Kingbolt of Kingboltsville. Come, there is an excellent match for you! I select Kingbolt of Kingboltsville. I give my consent. Bless you, my children," and he performed a benediction as above this imaginary union.

"Very well, then! Enormous young millionaires, and this one in particular, may henceforth look out for themselves," assented Ottilie.

"The fact is," he went on in a strain that seemed quite serious, "that after a certain age a person probably no longer has sufficient magnanimity to take upon himself additional burdens in marriage; whereas the first time, in the first romantic impulse, he would have been glad to double his hours of labor, wear shabbier clothes, live in a tenement house, or a wigwam for that matter, and consider himself amply repaid by the least of the dear one's smiles. I speak of the man; no doubt the young woman gets around to the same way of thinking, too, always supposing that she has had the first experience. Besides, if carried out, that kind of romanticism would have been certain to defeat itself. The dear one's illusion would have worn off as the lover became cadaverous and shabby. Confined to each other's company at close quarters, without the

fresh stream of outside life and ideas flowing through, they would bore each other, too, — our beatific couple. Bah! they would be throwing plates at each other's heads presently, like the cheerful people we read of in the divorce courts. One estimates fashionable society at its proper worth, of course. It is often a bore to go into it, but one likes to be asked, all the same. When you become householders and persons of family, you date and rank somehow from those facts. You make a pretense of repaying the gorgeous hospitality you may have received. If the grand world does not come down, with its two men on the box and its supercilious eye-glass put up, to return your calls upon it, though you may not wish to see it the least in the world, you must be offended; a proper self-respect demands that. And presently there is an irreconcilable quarrel, and that is the end of it."

This was perhaps not the way in which Ottilie had been in the habit of looking at the case; but, though arguing openly against his unfavorable way of putting it, she was inclined to admit within herself that it was reasonable for him. He had no doubt had such a bringing up that certain things were indispensable.

There was little that escaped the range of their light discussion. *Apropos* of some feudal châtelaine or Roman contadina on the walls, they gave their ideas of personal beauty and adornment. Ottilie thought a woman should have a certain *simple* effect in her apparel, no matter how rich the material. Angelica was an excellent instance, — none better. She should have an oval face, and a forehead from which her hair could be either brushed up, if she chose, or worn low. It should not be too high, which sometimes gives a harsh look, nor too low, which is unintellectual. In argument Ottilie had a way of fixing her eyes upon a distant point, and even wrinkling up her smooth brow, as if to

pursue the line of thought more accurately, or in search of a finer word or distinction. This sometimes escaped her, when she ended with a rather lame "you know."

"Could you, now, wear your hair brushed high, if you chose?" the young man inquired, bending his mind with much facility even to this problem.

"No; I fear it would not be at all becoming."

"Oh, yes, I think you could," he replied judicially. "I should say that you had the right sort of a forehead. You show rather more of it now, I believe, than when I first saw you. You have adopted a kind of compromise."

"You certainly *are very observing!*" she exclaimed again, in a tantalized way. Her thoughts flew back in an instant, and she endeavored to recall her appearance at that first meeting. Her pango of fascination could have been in but poor condition then, after the long journey and in her sadness of mind. But she could not help it; and who would have supposed that men attended to things of no importance? That is to say, they were of importance, but one did not expect — at least you were not generally confronted with — so precise a recollection.

On his side, in this consideration of personal traits, he was of opinion that he should have been taller.

"No," she was graciously pleased to decide, "you are just right."

She showed him, at his next visit, a miniature of herself taken in childhood, one of the old-fashioned ambrotypes, in use before the photograph came into vogue. She took it from her pocket, saying, "I happened upon it among the papers in my writing-desk. You can see now what a fright I should look with my hair brushed back." It was a representation of a quaint little maiden at the age of ten. Her hair was cut short and confined behind her ears by a round comb. A large gilded locket hung

about her neck, and her hands, in black lace "mitts," were folded in her lap. Bainbridge gazed at this little picture musingly, and returned to it a number of times. His heart seemed to warm to her as thus seen,—to wish to embrace her in her whole existence.

"I think I must have been an odd child," she said, lapsing into reminiscence, as, observing his interest, she contemplated it too. "I recollect being very romantic, for one thing, and also rather dissatisfied. Once, for quite a while, I tried to persuade myself—having read about such things in stories—that I too might have belonged to some richer and finer family, and been carried off and exchanged, and that they would come in search of me at some time and restore me to the ancestral rank. Yes, really, as silly as that! I used to think about it in a dreaming way, without ever looking for the slightest evidence, and say, 'It might be, you know,—it *might be*.' It was not that I did not love my own family and my own home dearly; I should have counted on coming back to them in my magnificence, and being theirs just the same, and sharing it all with them; but somehow things around me seemed so commonplace in our tame little every-day life. Nothing happened, and there was so much that I wanted to see and have, and could not. Then I had never seen the sea, not yet having been to the lake at Chicago, which gives you a certain idea of it. There was a distant blue hill, at the end of a road which went up and down from near where we lived, and I recollect sometimes having tried to make believe that that was the sea, and the white dots of houses on it were sails."

Her curiosity about the sea was really gratified for the first time when she went to establish herself with her uncle at the gay bathing beach of Coney Island, and she did not soon lose her pleasure in it. Bainbridge's aversion to day excursions did not seem to hold partic-

ularly good at present. He made very many of them, taking a boat at the foot of the street just below his office,—it was very convenient, after all. As Otilie was only semi-attached, during her uncle's absences, to company, like that of Mrs. Hastings, which she could easily leave, they had numerous promenades up and down the spacious piazzas of the hotels, and long strolls upon the sand.

"I am told that this island is something like the Lido at Venice, where Byron used to gallop up and down, composing his poems," said Otilie.

"I dare say that is what Mrs. Anne Arundel Clum is doing in her way, riding back and forth in the omnibus, on the Concourse. She has passed three times within half an hour," commented Bainbridge.

They talked of "studying the people," as they looked at them walking up and down the piazzas. "But they will not keep still for you," complained Otilie. "If I were a despot, I think I should send and have those who interested me stopped, and detained a while till I was through with them. I do not care for such superficial study."

"Study me, then. I will keep still for you as long as you like. Talk of understanding other people, I wish somebody would tell me how I was going to turn out. I should be very much obliged to anybody who would do it."

Another time he grumbled, "I was too pampered in my bringing up; that must be what it is. I had everything too regular and conventional. I should have been reared on the pine-knot and cabin-floor principle."

"The pine-knot and cabin-floor principle?"

"Yes. I should have read Virgil by the flickering light of a backlog, stretched prone along the hearth, and acquired Euclid at the gray of dawn, in the short respites from hoeing corn and chopping down the forest primeval.

Those are the fellows who come to the top. I ought to have taught school in the winter, and taken eight years to go through college instead of four. Those are the fellows." He pursed his lips, and nodded with a sagacious air.

"That system often results in an offensive egotism and pedantry. They succeed in spite of their obstacles, not because of them, I think," discriminated Otilie.

The centre and one end of the island, which itself, from the steamer's deck, seemed a more ephemeral Venice, of wood and canvas, decorated as for a carnival, were one tinkling Vanity Fair of hotels, pavilions, and gay bungalows, devoted to the thousand amusements of such a time. But towards the other end a comparative isolation reigned. The waves broke, little troubled by bathers, and only a few promenaders of the quieter sort strayed along a noble beach of silvery white sand. Above were sand dunes, carved into sharp, always shifting curves by the winds, with bay shrubs and dwarf cedars among them.

A rib or two of a wrecked vessel, projecting black above the surface at one place, made a convenient seat, to which our couple betook themselves. They watched the floods of foam run up the sand, the green translucences in the tops of the breakers, the occasional fishing boat that came pitching and tumbling up in front, and the serene peace of the blue field beyond. Sometimes the shadows of clouds crossed the field, making it black and purple where they moved. The remoter sails were lily white when touched by the sun, and of a faint azure in the shade; and there were always ships passing along, half submerged, as if calmly foundering, over by the distant Highlands of the Navesink, and climbing up or going down the horizon.

"We are in too great haste to press on; we despise what is under our eyes, and think that only something very far

away and difficult of access is important," said Bainbridge in a musing way, gazing with half-shut eyes. "At least, I will speak only for myself. We impatient ones are apt to think too much of what we cannot do and what we cannot have, instead of what we can do and have. We are like the Irishman hanging on under a bridge who lets go to get a better hold. Now, this, — what could be more perfect? A lovely impression should be cherished as long as possible. To lie and gaze at the sea is a career in itself."

"It makes one melancholy," Otilie returned; "but I like a little of that. Perhaps a touch of pensiveness is an element in the most desirable state of mind. When I am quite happy I do not feel very well. There, that is like one of *your* absurdities! But what I mean is that when things have gone exactly right, some favorite object been attained, so that for the time being nothing more seems left to wish for, there is an over-elation and a slight sense of vacancy. I lose my appetite, cannot sleep, and find myself presently going about with a headache, just the same as if it were trouble that had arrived. How strange we are!"

They noted one day near them on the sands a couple from Otilie's hotel, whom they knew to be engaged. This pair reclined under umbrellas, and the man was reading aloud, as they could observe, with an animated pleasure in the text. The young woman looked about her, and occasionally yawned behind her handkerchief, but when appealed to with some question or comment pretended to take an interest like his own.

Our friends agreed that tragedy was no doubt preparing there, in such an open difference of tastes.

"Probably nothing could be worse. Probably nothing in the world is more tragic," said Bainbridge, "than such a situation. The *infernal duration* of it! To have a partner always at one's side,

and mingled in everything, yet remaining a stranger, — chilly, unappreciative; planning apart instead of for the common weal, and finally, no doubt, seeking her ideal elsewhere. It is amusing for the newspapers and the playwrights, but death to the participants. The great point is, after all, whether she will *stick* to a fellow, — whether she will pull through thick and thin with him.

“One would want to find perfect rest in marriage,” he continued, enlarging on the subject, in a manner quite at variance for the time with that in which he was accustomed to speak of Miss Golconda Harrington and his proposed manoeuvres for her fortune. “One would not want to be always at the entertaining pitch, either; he could not afford to be on a perpetual mental picnic. He ought to get somebody who could discount him about fifty per cent., and like him even then; somebody who, in consideration of knowing that he was immensely fond of her, and always meant to do what was most for her happiness, even if he did not always succeed, could like him even when she found that he was twice as stupid as she had supposed. There is little doubt that with the best dispositions and the most favorable circumstances there must come some dreary times after marriage. These happen even to intimate friends, who have no compulsion to hold them together, and why not to married couples?”

“I *know* it,” assented Otilie, as if she also gave up this poor human nature of ours in despair. “But a wife might enter more into her husband’s business affairs, I suppose, than some do, and that would be one resource. Then she could read the papers, and talk with him about those things. But you speak only of the man; you do not say anything of the allowances to be made on the woman’s side. Of course, she would have to be discounted, as you call it, just as much.”

“I do not admit it. She has her fem-

inine attractions, her pretty looks, added to the count on her side. A man is not supposed to have any particular looks, but the first duty of a woman is to be charming. A number of celebrated poets have said that, and I agree to it. The first duty of a woman is to be charming.”

“Fiddlestick! That is the way men always talk. Little they know about it. That means, I suppose, that she ought to be as vain as possible, and devote her whole silly existence to preparing new dresses. I say that she ought to cut her hair short, wear spectacles, and a bloomer costume, and pay attention to nothing but the useful.”

“Is there no rack or gibbet for such heresy?” cried the young man, springing to his feet. But part of his motive in rising was apparently to “skip” a flat stone he held in his hand along the tops of the waves, for he sat down again on the piece of wreck, and said, “Women do not know what they are liked for, — not one in a thousand; that is the trouble with them. They had better read the poets and find out. It would much decrease the business in the divorce courts. As an imitation man, woman is not a success. A man does not marry to have merely a rough, undelightful companion like himself. Nor is it, I should say, the undiluted ambition to have children, about whom there is no certainty that they will surpass — even if they equal — his own very moderate level. *He* has no complexion and dimples and dangling ear-rings that cast soft little shades on his cheeks; and little pleasure, I imagine, is got out of his way of doing his hair, and the bending of his neck, and the intonations of his voice. I should really be glad to know what there is in him corresponding to all this for a woman to like!”

It might almost have been thought, as he regarded her, that it was from her own personal appearance that he drew the attractive details which he cited in his argument.

"She likes manliness, I should say," she replied.

"A man of the right sort wants to idealize some one," he went on. "He wants to put her on a pedestal, to be rapturous about her. If she will do nothing to keep up the illusion, what are you to expect?"

"But how about the irredeemably plain ones?"

"There are none such," he rejoined gallantly. "Fortunately, we do not all see with the same eyes. And if there be gradations of beauty, as we must admit, and some of it that almost approaches ugliness, by the general verdict, no doubt interior qualities are developed as a compensation. The irritation in the oyster-shell produces the pearl; the wrong side of the rug is often of a subdued richness, surpassing the right; and hyacinths give out their sweetest fragrance in the dark."

"But I can tell you that a woman has her notions of self-sacrifice and idealizing, too. If it be the wish of a man of the right sort to put her on a pedestal, and of a woman of the right sort to place him there, what is going to be done? What a very sculpturesque kind of a time they must have when they meet."

"Oh, that is simple enough. They never do."

They paced slowly back from these conferences at the bit of wreck, leaving two long wavering lines of footsteps — an unrestful, glib, erratic, larger pair, a clear-cut, sincere, light-hearted, gently-coquettish smaller pair — behind them impressed on the wet sands. Here and there they paused. Ottilie, swaying with as lithe a grace as a spear of the tall beach-grass higher up, drew a large circle nonchalantly around her with the point of her parasol. They picked up any curious bit of sea-weed or bright pebble or shell.

Bainbridge asked her the name of one of these last, of the more recondite sort,

since she had shown a certain acquaintance with the subject.

"You would not remember if I should tell you," was her roguish answer, by way of covering her own ignorance.

Then she put the shell first against one cheek, then against the other, taking an attitude of mincing affectation, and called to him mockingly, "The first duty of a woman is to be charming!"

It would have been a fitting penalty to cover her with a thousand kisses; but always as a friend, — surely as a platonic friend only, and nothing more.

XIV.

CROSS PURPOSES AT A NEWPORT VILLA.

When all that was possible had been done in town, Rodman Harvey repaired with his niece to Newport. He left Ottilie there, after a while, with the family, and went away to Saratoga, where a convention of railway magnates, at which his presence seemed desirable, was in session. It was thought, too, that the waters would be of benefit in slight attacks of vertigo, to which he began to be subject with increasing frequency.

Bainbridge also presently went to Newport. Because a person has postponed his annual vacation for a little, that is not a reason why he should abandon it altogether. It is still quite warm enough in the middle of September to make a more refreshing temperature desirable. No more definite purpose seemed to rule his proceeding than the desire to be near Ottilie. He had nothing that he was about to do, nothing that he was about to say. He only looked forward to a continuance of their pleasant intercourse, with the charms of an attractive place added, during the short respite he could allow himself. Difficulties, however, which he had not quite foreseen arose from her new situation,

the number of people with whom she was now involved, and the whirl of gayeties. He found himself annoyed at first because he could not see her often enough, and later by something much more serious.

A fortnight had elapsed since Otilie left town, when the young man came strolling along the Cliff Walk, — which passes, by courtesy of the proprietors, through turnstiles and across the borders of the estates, — and found her in a summer-house looking down upon the water. She had a book in her hand. The tawny-haired Calista, who was amusing herself on a space of beach below, climbed up and joined her from time to time to exhibit some new marine discovery. Otilie was naturally surprised at Bainbridge's sudden appearance. He explained in a matter-of-fact way that he had felt the need of a little change, after all, and that Newport was as good a place as another.

She pulled to pieces some coarse daisies, gathered by Calista from the hay just now being cut on the lawn. She read him in a murmurous voice a bit of Elaine, from the Idyls of the King, the book she had with her; and she rehearsed some of her new experiences.

"The Emperor of Brazil has been here, as you know," she said. "I have seen an English duke, an Italian prince, with a delightfully musical name, and a Danubian princess, who is considered a great literary 'swell.' As to cabinet ministers, governors of States, senators, and gold-laced army and navy officers, both domestic and foreign, they are too numerous to mention."

"And you are in the midst of all this and a part of it?"

"Only a very little way in the margin of the stream, not at all in the current. But Angelica is in the current; ah, yes, indeed. For her it is but one incessant round of dinners, balls, theatricals, *fêtes-champêtres*, archery and lawn-tennis matches, at the beautiful villas.

Or else she is driving on Ocean Avenue; or she is witnessing the polo games, or the shooting or swimming matches; or she is going to the sessions of the Town and Country Club, or to the West Island Club's bass-fishing picnics; or she is dancing on the yachts and men-of-war in the harbor. It makes one's head whirl even to be in the margin. I have been out a little to some of the simpler things; and we have had a certain share of it all at our house. I begin to consider myself quite a judge of fashionable society."

"And what differences do you now make between the Eastern and Western style of doing things? Come! define how we differ from your great Chicagos and Cincinnati."

"I should say that there is more ease in going into society here. There is so much entertaining that people make a less important matter of it. And there is the class of purely fashionable young men, with no pretense of adopting any useful occupations in life, of whom we have as yet very few. But if you expect me to admit anything else, you are very much mistaken. I wish I could have seen you try to pick out, by any difference in their looks and manners, some elegant Cleveland people who were here last week. No! Our society is formed by exactly the same influences — I mean the main influences, those which have the most to do with the formation of character — as yours. It has the same reading-matter, the same musical and dramatic companies, — for they all come to us after leaving here, — the same style in dress, the same trips to Europe. The boys come to the same colleges, and the girls, as often as not, come to the fashionable New York schools, where they are said to learn to enter a room properly and to get into a carriage. Some of them learn this last accomplishment who have no carriages to get into, which, no doubt, renders them rather unhappy."

"And your prospective young millionaire, — has he turned up yet?"

"Not unless we count Mr. Kingbolt, who has chosen to be really quite civil," she replied, laughing. "But, now I think of it, he was the very one we had selected, was he not? Well, he has not proposed to me yet; but I am sure that a number of other girls, of much more importance, must have found out by this time how fond they are of him, and begun to be jealous."

"Now, there is an absurd passion, — jealousy!" broke in Bainbridge impetuously. "I have never understood the use the novelists, for instance, seem to feel called upon to make of it as an incentive to affection. If you like a person, you like him, or her, for cause, do you not? You like and admire for reasons good and satisfactory to yourself, and not because you see the person run after by others. That is always supposing that you are a person of independent judgment and not a mere servile imitator. The reasons are not always easy to give, and they vary in every case, or we should all be fascinated by the same individual; but they exist all the same. The novelists are as wrong about that as about their inducements to fall in love generally. They usually have it depend upon some astonishing feat of daring or self-sacrifice, some heroic saving of life, fortune, or sacred honor, by one of the pair for the other, or by both for each other. As a matter of fact, not one match in a hundred thousand is made in that way. Lovers like to assume, of course, that they would do those fine things for each other, and perhaps they would; but the occasions do not offer. The couple walk, talk, and dance a little together, are pleased with each other's looks, study out such bits of each other's character as they can, and the business is done." Fearing, perhaps, some personal application of this, he thought best to add in an explanatory way, "Of course, persons do not neces-

sarily fall in love for having been through such a course, but they fall in love notwithstanding, when they have not been through a blessed thing else."

The sea lay before them as blue and formal as one of those wide bands of canvas that are made to do duty for it in the scenery of theatres. Locusts rattled in some distant trees; the atmosphere near the ground had a wavering motion from the heat; and tepid airs from the land side, mingling at times with the cooler puffs from the water, brought them odors of the new-mown grass. The Harvey villa lay at the top of a long, very gentle slope behind them. Its principal front faced the other way, towards an avenue. It was of wood, painted in Indian red and ochre tones, like many of its companions. It had numerous turrets, dormers, and ornamental chimney stacks, and wide piazzas, with easy chairs upon them. Bits of bright curtain stuffs floated from its windows. There was a tent, with tall spears and tasseled cords, like that of a Persian satrap, pitched near by. Some portable fountains attached to rubber hose whirled about, like a species of dancing dervishes, and cast fine spray upon a more carefully-kept piece of lawn than that below, and upon beds of heliotrope, coleus, and tall, large-leaved plants of *canna Indica*.

The pair ranged, in the pleasant desultory way they had, over a wide variety of topics. Otilie was a person of large reading. She had read, she confessed, everything that came in her way. Such had been her plan, or lack of it. She had a fresh interest, an eager zest, which hardly excluded from its scope knowledge of any kind. She often surprised the young man by her acute as well as vivacious excursions into some of the graver fields in which it would not have been thought at all likely that so young a person should take an interest.

"Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe," he said playfully, mean-

ing to apply to her this description of the ideal manner of dealing with knowledge.

"No, I am a mere collection of smatterings," she protested; and she began to ridicule her own pedantry.

"I shall never admit that," he declared. "And after all, it is not what we know, but what we would like to know, what our interest goes out to, that stamps us; do you not think so?"

They explained themselves, among the rest, on the subject of religion, as two intelligent young Americans are not long in doing when thrown together with any degree of intimacy.

"Mine is a family thoroughly on the American plan, I suppose," said Ottilie. "My father is a Unitarian, my mother a Presbyterian, and I am an Episcopalian. My brother is touched with some indefinite skeptical notions, which I do not pretend to understand. I believe he calls himself at present an Agnostic, whatever that may be. There is not permanent support for a Unitarian service at Lone Tree, so my illogical father occasionally goes to church with my mother, or, when I am at home, with me. I should explain, further, that I was originally a Presbyterian, too. It was the dignity and the color of the Episcopalian form, I think, that first attracted me."

"I dare say I should have to call myself Agnostic, if I called myself anything," returned Bainbridge. "One seems to arrive at that after enough experimenting, — as the union of all the colors is said to produce white. The Agnostic, I take it, is a person who, having shaken off the theological baggage he once carried, does not any longer know what he believes, and, worse yet, perhaps does not greatly care. Such a pass seems characteristic of the times. I must have been drawn into it through remarking the outrageous things that church people are constantly doing, — though one understands, of course, that

it is in spite of, and not in consonance with, their system that they do them."

"Oh, I am sorry," said his companion. "It cannot be a very comfortable state of mind. I am sure that my brother is not happy, — at least, that he will not be, for just now he is so consequential with his new opinions that nobody can say a word to him."

"It is not a very profitable one, at any rate, and you will not find me consequential with my opinions. It is a state of mind that extends itself over things in general. It begets too great impartiality of view, and is a soporific, and not a stimulant. You consider off-sets too much. One course of action is apt to appear about as good as another. I think I have felt it even in those small articles for the papers. One should be something of a fanatic. How can he take on the requisite indignant airs, and browbeat and scathe the opposition, when he himself is not thoroughly convinced? For my part, I will admit that I had the greatest difficulty to determine whether I was actually for free trade or protection, soft money or hard, the control of the corporations by the people, or of the people by the corporations, in the usual way."

"Then why not get out of it?"

"Ah, that is a very different matter."

"But you *must* have convictions. I shall impart to you some of mine. Now let us begin. You believe in a future state, of course?"

"If one had something to do there — wherever it be. If he had somebody or something very dear to him, to which there seemed a necessity that he should be reunited. But what do certain people want to live forever for, when they pass this life in such wretched pettiness of view and motive? What do they want beyond the stars, when they have seen nothing of all that is beautiful, fine, noble, and tender, in this world, poor as it is?"

She argued this point with him, in-

sisting on the possibility of development for all. She was continually saying, "*I would not*" this, "*I would not*" that, with an air of great positiveness.

"There is nothing not clear-cut about your convictions," said Bainbridge. "You would be a Lady Macbeth of the moral sort. You would nerve a man up to desperate deeds of rectitude."

"Do hear me talk! Anybody would think that I was perfection, but I am as weak as water." She cast away some fragments of the daisies she had been pulling to pieces, and brushed others from her lap with a kind of final air, and there was a break in the conversation.

"What pretty hands you have!" said Bainbridge, observing them thus engaged.

"I think them ugly," she replied, and tucked them into her belt. She reflected how curious it was that he should seem to find almost everything about her agreeable.

"Come, let me see what lines of fate are written in them. Let me see what they have to say about that coming millionaire," he demanded.

This could no doubt be permitted between friends. She let him take her left hand, and he began about the "line of life," the "line of the heart," and the other jargon of chiromancy. Then he said, "Oh, here is the millionaire, sure enough. No end of money is predicted. He will be a perfect Cæsar."

But when he had got thus far, she drew away the hand, which had been nervous and foolishly trembled in his from the first, though there was no reason at all why it should. She pretended to need it very much to point out and be enthusiastic over an incoming sail. She flushed a little, and made comment on his prophecies.

That was a charming morning, but a cloud came over it at the close, like those that they saw darken along the sea. This one did not pass, however, like those. It brooded and expanded

till all the heaven at length was overcast with unmistakable evidences of storm.

It began with Otilie's mention of her uncle's fondness for hearing about the defalcations and forgeries, in describing her late programme with him in town. "I am quite at home in that class of cases, I assure you," she said. "There is a general similarity in them all: first, the shock of the discovery, what the officers of the institution say, what the neighbors and friends say, and what the pushing reporters try to make the officers say, when they do not wish to give any information at all. Then the conviction gradually growing that the losses are even greater than supposed; then the flight and pursuit of the criminal, his escape to foreign shores, perhaps, or his arrest and incarceration in a common felon's cell, — perhaps his suicide; and all the way through the agony of his stricken family, possibly the insanity of some one of its members, broken down by the shame and grief which, with destitution, have come upon them. Oh, how *can* they do such things? How can they? Why cannot this dreadful temptation that drags down so many be resisted? It is the peculiar failing of our times. The fate of no one deters others from following him. Oh, how happy one ought to consider himself, who is even honest! It seems to me that I could see gold and diamonds piled around me in heaps, and never touch a thing. One can conceive the idea of going hungry and ragged. You might feel, I suppose, like the soldier under orders, who has to march in the storm if need be, or when he is sick, and sleep on the bare ground, and dine when he can. What happens then is not your own fault; you can have the comfort, at least, of saying, 'I do not deserve it.' But once succumb to dishonesty; once take the bread of others, which can be eaten only in shame and bitterness; once straggle from the ranks and fall into the

hands of the guerrillas and prowlers of the hostile country, — ah, what refuge is there then?"

"It is rather a strange taste for my uncle," she went on. "Sometimes he even expresses sympathy, which I should hardly think he would, since he is not much given to it, and is so precise in his own ideas of rectitude and his business requirements."

There was for Bainbridge an unpleasant suggestion in this. The vague image of something unlawful done by Rodman Harvey seemed to follow him with a haunting pertinacity. His thoughts flew back to Gammage, to Jocelyn, and to the palaver of McFadd in Harvey's Terrace. He gave his companion one of those glances in which the intelligence outruns speech, as electricity the post, involuntarily betraying disquietude.

It passed in an instant, however, and was but a small part of his trouble of mind, the bulk of which came from another source. The privacy of the interview was broken in upon by Kingbolt of Kingboltville. This fortunate young man, looking particularly well in an easy jacket of white flannel, in the pockets of which he carried his hands, came along the Cliff Walk also, and joined them. He sat down, and evidently had no intention of going away. Bainbridge was surprised at his affability with Otilie. A number of references were made which showed that they had talked together not a little before. He had taken what she had said of Kingbolt as mere banter, of course. She had said "civil," and Bainbridge had understood civil, or almost that, but this was something different.

He went away reflectively, having made a call of great length already, and left them together. It looked to him as though people were treating her quite upon terms of equality, and as though she were going to have what girls call "a good time." He was glad of that. It was as it should be.

Kingbolt, in fact, was hovering about Otilie at this time with a motive which could be laid only to a touch of that pathetic feeling, really charming in its essence, which leads the ardent suitor to invest with a fond interest not only the loved one herself, but all in her immediate vicinity. It is something even to be with those who have been with her. He had come back considering himself cured, as has been said. But he had seen Angelica again, and his infatuation was renewed. He had made new advances, and been once more repulsed. As she would hardly receive him, he made a pretext of calling on Otilie. Otilie at first was puzzled quite as much as complimented by his attentions. She did not know whether it would be even permissible to decline them, from so magnificent a personage. But he talked to her about Angelica, and by degrees took her quite into his confidence. She by no means desired it, but thought it right to keep his secret. She studied all her resources of non-committalism in dealing with this subject.

"Why," he exclaimed to-day, "did she choose Sprowle above all others? On what grounds did she bring herself to like him? If she had taken one of the first-class foreign titles which she fell in with in plenty, a person of distinction, of fine presence, — anybody, in fact, but Sprowle, — it would not have been so much a matter of surprise."

Otilie could only reply, guardedly, that of course he was of very distinguished family and influential connections. She understood that Mrs. Sprowle boasted that they, the Sprowles, had been aristocrats of standing when the Riffards were still trading coon-skins with the Indians, the Antrams trotting their native bogs, and the Goldstones hoeing their German cabbage fields. As to a title, she had heard her cousin express herself as dissatisfied with the way that kind of match often turns out, and as being unwilling to immure herself in

a mediæval castle, or put herself in a position too far from home and legitimate opportunities of resistance, should the need arise. There could have been no great amount either of information or comfort in this, but the erratic young man seemed to find a certain relief in the bare privilege of talking of the cause of his pains.

The next day, when Bainbridge made his call, Ottilie was engaged in some matters which prevented her from seeing him, and he wandered rather aimlessly about Newport. On the next, he found her on the piazza, and Kingbolt with her. On the next, Kingbolt came up within five minutes after his own arrival. Angelica arrived, too, on horseback, with a groom behind her, at about the same time. She wore her dark green riding-habit, which fitted her perfect figure trimly, and her silk hat, of high form, shone with the lustre of unexceptionable elegance. She was in good spirits, and caracoled her horse in a peculiar way as she came up to the block. "Where do you get that trick?" asked Kingbolt, affecting an ease that he did not feel.

"From Monsieur Meigs, my riding-master at Paris," she explained to the company. "Twenty francs a lesson, and twenty more for the two horses. I used to ride in the Bois with him. No nonsense with M. Meigs, no staring about, no frivolity. 'The eyes between your horse's ears, mademoiselle!' Yes, M'seu Meigs, — M'seu Meigs." She straightened herself very stiff in the saddle, in imitation of the bluff and centaur-like aspect of the English riding-master, M'seu Meigs.

When she had dismounted she sat and talked a little, rattling her whip the while on the floor of the piazza. "They also let me have a pet dog, a black and tan, at school, in those times," she said. "And if you could have seen the bills for that animal! I suppose I was perfectly robbed by those people.

So much for dog's food, so much for dog's house, so much for cutting dog's tail. Poor Niche might almost have been an elephant. Dear me, I think I am well out of those schools. I am glad it is over. Such extraordinary governesses as they had! There was one, I remember, who generally had her head tied up in a green veil, and was of such a fascinating ugliness that you could not keep your eyes away from her. I happened to be looking at her rather hard one day at dinner, when she indignantly sent her plate to me by the servant, pretending that I wanted to see how much she was going to eat. The assistant in singing at the same place had *such* a mouth! I told her frankly once that I did not wish to learn a method that disfigured people for life in that way."

Some trait of parsimony, some shaft of cruelty at the expense of the helpless and unfortunate, seemed most to appeal to her sense of what was important and entertaining in bringing up the reminiscences of her past.

"And such husbands as they had, the mesdames who kept those schools!" she continued. "They would make a whole menagerie by themselves. One was a mild old gentleman, who got as far in an occasional remark as 'I would observe, *chère amie*,' and nearly had his head snapped off at this point. Another used to turn up from South America, or Algeria, or somewhere, as often as his wife got a little ahead in the world, and draw money from her. One day he got in just before dinner, and pulled all the dishes off the table in a grand smash."

"They seem to make a great fuss about that little matter," ventured Kingbolt. "I believe it was a favorite performance of mine when I was a child. They used to put me in a padded room afterwards, to meditate at leisure, and kick around where I could not hurt myself or the furniture."

Angelica paid this guest but little at-

tention, and presently, taking her leave of all, swept serenely within doors. It was evident to Bainbridge that Kingbolt had not come on *her* account. Kingbolt stayed, and talked with Otilie. They had even more things in common than before. She had a high color, and her manner was fluttered. Bainbridge chose to suppress most of his usual powers of entertaining, and this increased her constraint.

Bainbridge went away with bitterness in his heart. He thought of warning her against this undesirable friendship. Kingbolt was one of the most rash and dangerous young men of all the fashionable set. He was gambling recklessly at this very time, losing heavy sums night after night at the Club. "Bah! a fine callow piece of business that would be, truly. A warning, — oh, yes, to be sure!" was Bainbridge's comment to himself on reviewing this plan as soon as it was made.

When he did not see her, the day seemed wasted. He would not have come to Newport for the pure pleasure of the place, but would have taken his vacation in some less conventional way, — with his gun among the mountains, or in a fishing-boat along the shore. Another day, not finding her, he went to a *fête-champêtre*, from which he had intended to absent himself for this call; and there she was, playing at lawn tennis as Kingbolt's partner. The day following this, he started out, fully nerved with an indignant purpose of demanding some sort of explanation. But as he drew near the grounds on the Bellevue Avenue side, who should emerge from the entrance but Otilie and Kingbolt again, seated high up in imposing state in the dashing English tilbury of the latter. Behind them, in the rumble, was a groom with folded arms, as rigid as a statue of Memnon. Otilie held a pretty parasol bordered with lace above her head, and looked out sweetly from below it, her face partially screened. Bain-

bridge had passed Angelica herself shortly before, driving, over the high dash of a roomy phaeton, a pair of cream-colored ponies. Ada Trull was beside her, and the two were spread out in toilettes of a rainbow brightness, insomuch that he had mused to himself, apropos of the dainty sight, "The air hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them." But neither of them presented a more elegant effect than Otilie. Her simplicity was remarked by others, who did not know her, and was commended as very "good form." She was spoken of as probably a Boston girl.

There were hardly two more uncomfortable young men, in their respective ways, in all Newport at this time than Kingbolt and Bainbridge. Newport, however, did not hold Bainbridge long. He called to take his leave of Otilie. In this interview he threw out darkly enigmatic hints, and acted in a manner far from friendly, at which she was surprised and grieved. He went away on the boat, leaving, as he declared to himself, the wretched business to go on. He understood now perfectly well her fluttered manner, her embarrassment when he had taken her hand and read its lines, — perfidious that she was.

"Do I want to marry her, then?" he said, facing himself down severely. "Not at all. I want to marry nobody. What should I marry on? Nothing in our situations from the money point of view has changed, and the formidable permanence of marriage still remains. She has merely done, like a calm and prudent person, exactly what I told her. She has my advice and consent, my express injunction. Perhaps I thought, forsooth, that her graces of mind and person were to be seen by my acute vision only, and to be covered by a convenient haze from all others. But what more natural, what more precisely to be expected, than that some one of these young men of fortune should have the grain of common sense to see that, with

half a chance, she would make one of the most elegant young matrons in New York? Money on her side need be no object to such a one, if his fancy were pleased. *They* need not wait to marry, indeed."

He reflected bitterly on the discrepancy between the enormous Kingbolt fortune and his own; and then on the incredibility of it that he, Russell Bainbridge, should be involved a second time in such a disturbance of the affections as this.

"Ah, but we are platonic friends, to be sure," he went on with a doleful sigh, "and friendship rests content with the calmer mental satisfactions, does it not? It desires the best good of its object. What better could I wish her than the most prosperous match, the greatest number of millions to her fortune she can get?"

He did not know precisely what he would have had her do. How should she have known his feelings, when he did not know them himself? Still she *should* have known. She should have given him the first chance, pretended at least to be sorry, and taken up with her dissolute young Cræsus afterwards.

And how was it with Kingbolt, when Bainbridge had gone? As there is a perverse fate in these things, this unwitting rival still came, but came less often. The extreme measure of his attentions to Otilie had been lavished, as it happened, during the very period of Bainbridge's stay. Angelica was pleased to consider these attentions to her cousin amusing. Had they been of longer duration, or perhaps had she seen more of them, it is probable that she would have been led by a natural perversity to interfere. Absent so much in the whirl of her amusements, many things in the quieter life of the house may have escaped her. Once or twice she threw out her stinging innuendoes at Otilie, not upon this subject, but some other. A number of times she borrowed small sums of

money from her, always with an easy forgetfulness of repayment. This she would do, slender as was her cousin's store, rather than change the least of the bank-notes in her own purse. It almost seemed, if we can conceive of so fine a person as descending to such scheming, that she congratulated herself upon these petty acquisitions as "so much clear gain," since it all came from her father in the first instance.

Kingbolt finally had an item of intelligence for Angelica that commended him somewhat more than common to the favor of that young woman. He found her alone, in a cool, matting-covered drawing-room, whither she had retired from the glare of the heat without.

"I thought you might like to know," he said, introducing his business hastily, "that Lady Angelica has come in at the head of a big field of flyers at Buffalo. Here is the dispatch." He handed her the paper. It appeared that, earlier in their acquaintance, she had graciously permitted him to name after her a fine racing mare of his. This animal was now doing remarkable things on the Western circuit. Angelica took a certain pride in the exploits of her namesake, as somehow adding to her own importance. She listened with interest while he confined himself to this subject. But, what with the opportunity, her unusual softness of mood, and his own impetuosity, we find him presently straying very far from it.

"There!" she said, stopping him with a gesture and a clear-eyed calmness more discouraging than any display of anger. "You are going to make love to me, and I shall have to send you away."

He burst out upon this with what he had so long had on his mind. "Oh, how is it possible," he cried, putting directly to her at last the question he had put to Otilie, "that such a girl as you are can take up with him? *I* want you. *I* love you."

Had she chosen, as she did not, to answer him, and to be truthful, she might have said that she had not elected that her form of happiness should consist in expansions of affection and flutterings of the heart. She might have said, too, that she considered herself an excellent judge of personal appearance, and that she saw very well the difference between his own comely aspect and the awkward proportions of the absent Sprowle. Perhaps her eyes rested upon him with a certain approval even while she showed herself the most inflexible. "But," she would have gone on to say, "I have deliberately preferred a certain ideal of distinction in family. You are the son of a rich manufacturer, who, like my father, was never heard of till he had made his own way in the world. Sprowle and I shall not have as much money as you, but we shall have enough. Besides, I wish to marry a man whom I can control, in order that under all circumstances I can do exactly as I please." Really, there was something quite heroic — was there not? — in this immolation of all the warmer impulses of human nature upon the altar of those of the most cool and calculating sort.

"I cannot endure it. I have never been brought up to be crossed, and it goes hard with me," Kingbolt persisted.

"It is time you began, then."

She had to be very peremptory with him. It was only upon his express undertaking never to annoy her again with so hopeless a suit that she would even permit him to come to the house at all. He was apologetic and subdued, thereupon, and they conferred a little more in a milder tone. "It is useless to consider what might have been," said the handsome girl, taking a philosophic air. "Fate has decreed otherwise."

Kingbolt of Kingboltsville had moods after this which for him were little short of seraphic. The breaking-harness, which seems to the wild-eyed young mustang preposterous beyond all that was ever

heard of when put on for the first time, and which produces the fiercest revolts, has in the end its legitimate effect. The mustang is broken, as others have been broken before him. Kingbolt posed now as merely a disinterested friend. His new amiability embraced in its scope even Sprowle. He gave out that Sprowle was not such a "muff" as he seemed. He presented him, in token of amity, one of his best English coaching-whips, with an extra fine long lash. He even spoke of getting him into the Capricorn, a little club within a club as it were, a coterie of select spirits, who dined together once a month at the Empire Club.

Kingbolt did not lack his fierce revolts, also. In one of these he rode a hurdle race, at the Aquidneck Course, which was the talk of the place. It was done on a foolish wager, against professional jockeys, and he won in a tremendous canter by three lengths. He confided to Otilie that he had been in hopes of breaking his own neck. Again he told her, "Half the time it is as much as I can do, at the pigeon-matches, to help sending a charge of shot into the infernal idiot," — meaning Sprowle in this pleasant description.

It was on the very day following this that she was startled by hearing that Kingbolt himself had been shot by Sprowle at the Narragansett Gun Club's grounds. She was sure that there had been an affray, and his own vindictive plan reversed. Angelica, too, had the idea that the shooting might have been due to some absurd spasm of jealousy on the part of her affianced, from whom such things were by no means to be expected. But Sprowle Onderdonk, the captain of the club, presently came to the house in person, and brought reassuring news.

"It was a mere accident," he said. "Sprowle fired low, in a hurry, at a bird which flew over the spectators' heads. He is devilish awkward about some things, you know. Kingbolt got some

of it in the face. It won't signify however. He will only have a few scattering blue spots in his complexion, and he is good-looking enough to stand that very well."

Ottilie was now called back to town, to resume her cares for her uncle. The rest of the family were to remain along into the autumn. The last that she saw of Kingbolt, he was sitting on the piazza of his hotel, with a green shade over his eyes, and attended upon by a sympathizing circle, to whom the misfortunes of a person of such a position in the world seemed worthy of sympathy indeed. But she had been in town only a few days when he presented himself, little the worse for wear, and again asked her to drive.

"I came back to the city for my own doctor," he explained. "As soon as he had reduced the swelling, little trace of the damage remained, as you see."

He had a new Whitechapel cart, one of the varieties of the dog-cart, this time. Ottilie allowed herself to be persuaded to go with him. As the perverse fates would again have it, Bainbridge saw them as they drove up the Avenue. Grimly indeed he recalled the Sunday when the same driver and his vehicle had been discussed by Ottilie and himself from the sidewalk, and her comments had been so unfavorable. Who could doubt now that all was settled between those two? Not unlikely even the wedding-day was fixed. The fashionable set was not yet in town, and Kingbolt had evidently come back on her account. One could almost hear the tender things they were saying to each other.

Now the tender things which they

were saying in fact were, in the first place, inquiries by Kingbolt, after some beating about the bush, as to how Angelica had taken the news of his injury. To acquire this information was really the motive of his present courtesy.

When this had been disposed of they went on to discuss the relative merits of side-lamps and dash-lamps, and whether a brown-black body and crimson wheels were preferable, as colors for a dog-cart, to invisible green and canary. Kingbolt also showed his companion how, by an ingenious contrivance, the centre of gravity of the vehicle could be shifted, so as to be kept over the axle, whether a groom were carried or not. He gave her numerous points about his horses, which he was driving tandem. He called upon her, from time to time, to observe how he could thread narrow mazes and make deft turns, which to her seemed dangerous. Ottilie had acquired from her cousin Selkirk, who had taken her out once or twice, some fragments of this kind of knowledge, and now, in deference to her companion, made the most of what she knew.

She infused into her salute to Bainbridge as much warmth as possible. He chose to construe this as her way of gloating over him, and made his as frigid as possible in return. Ottilie could by no means account for it, nor did opportunities soon offer for explanation. He never came near her any more. She scarcely even saw him.

She recalled his vagaries of speech, his professed changeableness of purpose. "Ah, well!" she sighed gently. "I have become the object, in my turn; that is all. His friendly interest in me has no doubt come to the conclusion that was to have been expected."

William Henry Bishop.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SEVENTY-THREE MILLION DOLLARS.

I.

FOUR years ago it was proposed to expel political economy from its place in the course of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, on the ground that it had failed to make good its scientific pretensions. In the speeches at the dinner given, in 1876, by the Cobden Club, to celebrate the centenary of the Wealth of Nations, and in the eager discussion about political economy which followed in the English reviews, there was unmistakable despondency in the tone of the economists. Bagehot owns that political economy lies rather dead in the public mind, and confesses that it deals not with real men, but imaginary ones. Jevons sees signs of the disruption of the orthodox school. Bonamy Price, of Oxford, declares its scientific method to be a mistake. To Cairnes one feature is prominent in all debate for the settlement of the Irish land question, — “a profound distrust of political economy.” Harriet Martineau won no small part of her fame by popularizing the truths of political economy in her celebrated tales; but later in life, in her Autobiography, she tells the world that had so eagerly swallowed her sweetened doses of supply and demand that what she had at first taken to be a science she had come to regard as no science at all. A great school of Continental students of the welfare of man in society has long rejected the dominant ideas and methods of what in England and America is called orthodox political economy; orthodox, probably, because no two of its expounders agree. The most philosophic mind that England has produced in this generation, capable of a few great generalizations, and capable of not making little ones, — Sir Henry Maine, —

calls for a new political economy, which shall use the methods that have been so fruitful in the historical study of early human institutions. In these studies, price, rent, the market, property, competition, and freedom of contract are shown to have arisen in places and ways never even dreamed of by the deductive economist. Comte strenuously denied that political economy was a science, and he and his followers thought it immoral to waste good lives in elaborating hypotheses assuming the supremacy of self-interest and competition, when the crying want of mankind is to destroy that supremacy. The study makes little headway in our colleges. I asked a college boy what he and his classmates thought of it. “All the bright fellows,” he said, “think it’s scrubby; but all the dull ones believe it’s a great thing.” And Professor Dunbar, of the chair of political economy of Harvard, said, in 1876, that for one hundred years the United States had done nothing toward developing its theory. Our high thinkers, like Ruskin, Carlyle, and Emerson, have refused from the first to acknowledge its authority. According to Ruskin, nothing has ever been so disgraceful to human intellect as the acceptance among us of the common doctrines of political economy as a science. He holds that the economic principles taught to our multitudes, so far as accepted, lead straight to national destruction; that they are like a science of gymnastics which assumes that the human being is all skeleton, and that they found an ossifant theory of human progress on the negation of a soul. Emerson says, nobly and simply, The best political economy is the care and culture of men. Our great statesmen do not look on this science, which is supposed to be specially theirs,

with more favor than the moralists. Gladstone said, at the Adam Smith dinner, that not much remained for political economy to do, except in regard to the currency; and yet so much has this science done to prevent man from understanding what man invented, that Gladstone has elsewhere declared that of all studies the currency question is most provocative of insanity. Bismarck told an American member of Congress, in 1879, speaking of the German monetary reform of 1873, "We listened to an eminent economist, and we now see that we have put only plain water into our soup-boiler." No one has more happily anticipated the drift of recent criticism than Daniel Webster, who wrote to a friend in a letter lately published, —

"For my part, though I like the investigation of particular questions, I give up what is called the science of political economy. There is no such science. There are no rules on these subjects so fixed and invariable that their aggregate constitutes a science. I have recently run over twenty volumes from Adam Smith to Professor Dew, and if from the whole I were to pick out with one hand all mere truisms, and with the other all doubtful propositions, little would be left."

And yet this is the science the study of which Cobden declared to be the highest exercise of the human mind, and which drew from Buckle, in the *History of Civilization* which has already become an antique though not a classic, his often-quoted tribute to the *Wealth of Nations*.

Never more than now have we needed such a help as this political economy has pretended to be. The reaction against it comes at a time when the body of the people are growing uneasy at the peril of a position between workingmen who combine and capitalists who consolidate. Rings and bosses are rising to the top in the evolution of industry as

in that of politics. New facts, like the union in one person of the common carrier and the owner of the highway, are baffling our statesmen. A few individuals are becoming rich enough to control almost all the great markets, including the legislatures. We feel ourselves caught in the whirl of new forces, and flung forward every day a step farther into a future dim with the portents of struggle between Titans reared on steam, electricity, and credit. It is an unfortunate moment for the break-down of the science that claimed to be able to reconcile self-interest with the harmony of interests.

Adam Smith modestly termed his great book *An Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. The political economy of his successors is taught, in the universities of England and most of the colleges of this country, not as an investigation to be pursued in the laboratory of facts, but as a body of settled truths, revealed by teachers, and to be applied as a universal solvent. It is what nothing can be, — an apostolic science. Mill's language shows that he regards history as an arsenal from which to draw facts to reinforce his economic theories, not as a record in which the development of society may be observed, and its laws discovered by the methods that have given such practical and brilliant results in the hands of Maine, Von Maurer, Roscher, Nasse, De Laveleye, and Leslie. Mill says at the beginning of his *Political Economy* that the science is based on assumptions, and that its conclusions are only hypothetical. Senior, of Oxford, states that it depends more on reasoning than on observation, and that its principal difficulty consists not in the ascertainment of its facts, but the use of its terms. Its facts according to him may be stated in a very few sentences, and indeed in a very few words. Precisely the same view is taken by Professor Sumner, of Yale College. In a recent address in Brooklyn, on Rev-

entire Reform, he said, "Unfortunately the economist can't create facts, and history furnishes him but few. Consequently, hypotheses have to be used." It is worth noticing that while the abstract economists are suffering for facts, the latest parliamentary commission sitting in England to investigate one of the greatest economic conundrums of modern society — the relations of railroads to other business and the state — have been actually overwhelmed with facts. The political economy of the French Revolution and the Code Napoleon has still to be written; and it will be full of facts. A generation of economists can find employment in Maine's hint that they study the aberrations, accidents, friction, of political economy. Lieber says history moves along a rising spiral; let some economist determine the curve and velocity with which the modern world is apparently moving back to an era of custom and combination, that is, monopoly instead of competition. A work on money is needed that shall generalize its multitudinous facts from wampum to confidence in terms intelligible to common people, business men, other economists — and the author. The fact is, these hypothetical economists have done for the industrial descent of man what Haeckel and his evolutionists have done for the theory of his physical descent. They have substituted assumption and dogma for a Darwinian patience in accumulating facts and reserve in generalization. They deserve the same rebuke that Virchow administered to Haeckel at the Munich meeting, a few years ago. Virchow pointed out that in medicine, the only science which has a continuous history of three thousand years, the stream of dogmatism has been continually narrowing; warned Haeckel that he and his school were treating as a dogma proved that which was only a problem to be investigated; and uttered these wise words, which should be branded into the mental cuti-

cle of every disciple of the closet economists: We who support science, we who live in science, are all the more called upon to abstain from carrying into the heads of men, and most of all into the heads of teachers, that which we only suppose.

Though Mill's culture knew these limitations of the method he followed, his mind did not; at least, the James Mill side of his mind did not. The mental habit forced on him by his father, who, like a civilized Flat-Head Indian, put his little four-year-old boy's round head into a square frame, was too strong to be overcome. John Stuart Mill rebuked the economists for paying too much attention to the hypothesis of competition, but persisted himself in the attempt to discover truth by the processes of assumption, to the exclusion of what Roscher calls the physiological method.

In abstract political economy, wealth is the subject, desire of wealth the motive, competition the regulator, supply and demand the law, freedom of contract the condition, and equalization of rent, wages, other prices, and profits the result. If the critic looks with distrust on a science of human conduct founded on assumptions, and doubts the stability of a structure reared with syllogistic brick on imaginary foundations, to what a dead stop must he come before the unscientific vagueness of this term "wealth." Mill says wealth consists of all useful and agreeable objects which have exchangeable value. Accept this definition, and how vast the territory it covers. It reaches from the individual to the nation, from the family to the stock exchange, where the economist most nearly finds his ideal. What man wants of man varies with countless contingencies, from those of sympathy down. Adam Smith, the greatest expositor of the virtue of self-interest that ever lived, his editor, Thorold Rogers, tells us, impaired his fortune by his benevolence.

His greatest disciple, Cobden, spent his life and his private means to give the poor cheap bread. Ideals of life determine whether iron shall be turned into artillery to teach Hindoos free trade at the cannon's mouth, or into plowshares for American homesteads. The buccaneer looked for gold, and is poor; the Puritan sought freedom, and is rich. Fashion kills the manufacture of lustrous woolen dress stuffs. Government fixes whether land shall descend by the land law of the people, as in France, or by the land law of the nobles, as in England. Custom says that grocers may, but that doctors and plumbers shall not, undersell each other. According to the age, society will build cathedrals or railroads. Sex hedges one half the world with the gravest physiological and social limitations. If you are a Calvinist, free will must have something to say about your desire of wealth. This science of wealth is the science of man — and woman. Every note of the human voice, whether of preacher or pirate, mother or Magdalen, must be heard in the formulas of wealth. The world of wealth is the world of soul, over-soul, and under-soul; and yet its philosophers attempt to lay down its facts and terms in one sentence, or, as Senior says, in a very few words, and Sumner has to make hypotheses.

A generalization of all objects that have color would be as definite and useful as one of all objects that have exchangeability. Wealth is what men desire of each other; hence, the desire of wealth is the desire of what men desire. This is not a play on words, but is the exposure, in the language of real life, of the barrenness of the terms of the economists. They who cannot draw out leviathan with a hook have sought to catch the world of man in an abstraction, and have failed, because anything that would be true of so much must be a truism.

This kind of political economy has its

counterpart in the theory of physical science, which attempts to explain matter on the assumption that it consists of atoms, absolutely equal and homogeneous. The equality of atoms in science, the equality of man in the state of nature, and the equality of profits in political economy are three faces — physical, social, and industrial — of one fallacy. These theories may have served a purpose as systems of mnemonics or propaganda, but they have had their day.

All the machinery of the abstract political economist is driven by the force of competition. "Only through competition," says Mill, "has political economy any pretensions to the character of a science. . . . Assume competition to be the exclusive regulator of rents, wages, profits, and prices, and principles of broad generality and scientific precision may be laid down, according to which they will be regulated. . . . As an abstract or hypothetical science, political economy cannot do anything more." The critic of this method wants a political economy that will disclose the actual, not the hypothetical, regulators of prices, wages, rents, and profits. By excluding all forces but those of competition, these economists shut themselves out from the consideration of the gravest problems of the day, which are questions of combination, and not of competition. On the other hand, their principle of competition does not fit the questions which they choose to attack. Their competition equalizes values with the cost of production, leveling the wages of laborers down to the cost of subsistence, and leveling the rent of landlords up to all the produce of the farm above the maintenance of the tenant. As to the facts of the theory, take an extensive view. The death of Babylon, the decay of Venice, the maturity of London, the growth of New York, and the rise of Chicago are not phenomena of equalization, but of inequalization, — tide-marks of a westward flood and ebb. Take a

narrower range. McCulloch says that the principles of political economy and the forces of modern industry have obliterated the differences in the wages of British labor noticed by Adam Smith. Cliffe Leslie shows by the logic of facts that steam, new gold, and railroads have created new centres of wealth and industry, and have made the modern disparities of English wages greater than they were in the time of Adam Smith. The same forces that are inequalizing wages are inequalizing profits. He would be a bold man who could assert that there had been a process of equalization in the political economy of New England since the days when the Pilgrim Fathers, unconsciously reproducing the earliest ideas of the race, founded a society on the principle of the ancient village community. Competition shifts taxation, theoretically, upon consumers, but one of the strongest lobbies in Washington, during the recent session, was kept there by the proprietors of patent medicines, to procure the repeal of the stamp tax they pay. At a time when a hundred wedding-rings were pawned in one town in a single week for money to buy bread with, as Cobden tells us, English landlords were proving by Ricardo's theory of competition that a tax on corn could not fall on the laborer. By the same theory Mill taught the laborers that to have large families was as wicked as to be guilty of habitual drunkenness, because wages would go down if population went up. But, as a matter of fact, population and wages have been rising together in England for many years. Their theory of rent is the achievement of which the English economists are most proud. It justifies the landlord in taking all the produce of the soil above the cost of subsistence. If the farmer tried to keep more for his share, competition, the force which, according to Mill, equalizes the profits of occupations, would take it away from him. The landlords of England, in the words of

the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are starving the workers of their country to save their rents. Our faith that the theories of competition explain the facts of this kind of rent is shaken by the discovery that it appeared in East Indian political economy, where competition was unknown. The Mohammedan emperors of Delhi, the Mahratta princes, the Sikhs of the Punjab, different in many other things, were alike, Maine says, in this, that they took so much of the produce of the soil as to leave the cultivators little more than the means of bare subsistence. Cobden asserted that the English agricultural laborers were not one whit higher, intellectually, than in the days of their Saxon forefathers. Competition leaves some awkward gaps of inequality in the very heart of merrie old England. The Irish land courts have reduced rents by an average of eighteen to thirty per cent. Even Ricardo would have to admit that a sovereignty was working through the land courts that overtopped competition. American rent is generally fixed by custom at one third the produce of the farm. Belgian rent and French rent, where they exist, have their peculiarities. English rent is an historical product, whose determining forces have been of all kinds, from conquest to American competition. Among these forces are such legislation and lack of legislation in the interest of a dominant class as permit the landlords to continue paying taxes on land on the valuation of 1692, while their tenants and laborers are taxed on the value to-day of what they consume. Among these forces, too, must be counted the predisposition against change which keeps the British farmer growing wheat in the very shadow of London smoke, while the Belgian and French farmers supply the metropolis with its fresh vegetables. Rent, Mill asserts, is the result of a monopoly; but rent is paid in Dakota in the same counties in which the best government land can be had upon payment of a few

dollars in fees to the land office. The theory of rent reduces the share of the tenant in the produce of the soil to the cost of subsistence, but in the Mississippi Valley a very large proportion of the tenant farmers grow well-to-do, and those who begin as renters usually end as land-owners.

These theories of population, wages, and rent are worse than bloodless. They are murderous. Profit, Ricardo claims, "is never increased by a better distribution of labor, by the invention of machinery, or by any means of abridging labor. . . . These operate on price, and are beneficial to consumers, but they have no effect whatever on profit; on the other hand, every diminution in the wages of labor raises profits." This doctrine gives employers the same hint that the theory of rent gives landlords. If competition, crueller than conquest, were "the exclusive regulator of rent" and of these other things, or if the principles of competition explained them, as we see is not the case, it would be no crime to lay down these laws. The man of science must tell things as they are, and leave it to the moralist to say how they ought to be. These doctrines of the desire of wealth, of exclusive regulation by competition, and of the irresistible laws of trade have been a royal road for shifting responsibility for injustice and legal selfishness from human shoulders upon the back of Nature. If these laws are proved to be no laws, and we see they are not laws, the orthodox economists are left in a bad plight. They claimed to be teachers of science; that is, of things as they are. They turn out to be teachers both of what is not and of what ought not to be. They are neither scientific nor moral. Hence it is that Mill's head, though not his noble heart, almost deserves the charge made by Ruskin, with deliberation and reaffirmation, of willfully "aiding and abetting the cruelest form of murder on many thousands of persons yearly, for

the sake simply of putting money into the pockets of the landlords."

The competitive political economists ignore the natural history of their subject, its economic news. The differences of character and circumstances that make the English and French disposed to stay at home, while the Irish and Germans emigrate freely, are not to be explained by competition. The abstract economists dismiss as aberrations and exceptions to their cosmopolitan equilibrium those mysterious storms, which burst with something like periodicity over the world of credit, scattering ruin within the areas of high tariff and low tariff, free trade and protection, specie payments and "fiat" money, and the single and double standard. Political economy of the competitive school is dumb before the railroad question, for it is one of combination. A parliamentary commission reports that it has become more and more evident that competition must fail to do for railroads what it does for ordinary trade, and that no means have yet been devised by which competition between them can be maintained. Equally beyond the reach of this competitive science is the socialistic drift of modern government, which forbids self-interest to commit murder by the sale of adulterated food, which taxes property by a majority vote for the education of the masses and the regulation of their plumbing, and which in Great Britain offers to pay at the national expense the arrears of hundreds of thousands of Irish tenants. The labor question is the appearance among workingmen of the same spirit of combination that has given us railroad pools, the telegraph consolidation, the oil monopoly, and countless smaller "corners," and it cannot be solved by a science of competition. The professors assume that competition is the exclusive regulator of wages, but we see workingmen kill a workingman for competing with them. Rumors are in the air of a general strike

this summer. It will include the telegraph operators and the railroad men. Communication by wire is to be cut as well as communication by rail. Civilization, at the lifting of the finger of some Knight of Labor, is to be disintegrated. Chicago, which now sends its messages to Wall Street in forty-five seconds, is to be thrown back into the wilderness. A new organization of workingmen, the Knights of Labor, has sprung into existence within a year or two, and already numbers two hundred thousand members. Its principle is the unification of labor. Its motto, finer than the formulas of the economists, is, Injustice to one is injustice to all. Its purpose is to settle the differences between employers and employed, without strikes, if possible, but if a strike must be made, to back it up with the strength of the whole body. Twenty-five years' experience has taught these men that individual trades-unions can be crushed out. They are going to "pool," like the railroads. Such a great fact as that in France the French Revolution was a turning point in the welfare of the laboring classes, whose condition, as Mill shows, has risen, and risen permanently, since then, is not on speaking terms with the theory of exclusive regulation of wages by competition. *Laissez-faire* theories of politics and political economy are useless in the treatment of the labor question, in the regulation of railroads, sanitary and educational government, and a multitude of similar questions. It is not to be denied that competition is an industrial force, and a mighty one, but it is only one. By neglecting the other forces, from sympathy to monopoly, the abstract political economist deduces principles which fit no realities, and has to neglect those realities for which we need principles most. When combination comes in at the door, this political economy of competition flies out of the window. It is a political economy of persons, not of the people.

II.

There is not, says Comte, any purely industrial human being. But occasionally there flourish, outside the jails, persons who are almost ideal exemplifications of the principles of the competitive political economy. America has produced the most successful of these practical political economists. His career illustrates what may be accomplished by a scientific devotion to the principles of competition, *laissez-faire*, desire of wealth, and self-interest, if not the harmony of interests.

While the Crystal Palace exhibition of 1853 was open in New York, there came to seek his fortune in the city a slender, black-eyed, black-haired boy, from the interior of the State. He brought with him a very handsome mahogany box. In the box was an invention: "a little thing," he once said, "I had brought from my country home, and thought was going to make my fortune and revolutionize the world. It was a mouse-trap." The unsophisticated boy left his treasure on the seat of a Sixth Avenue car, while he stood on the platform to stare at the crowd, and it was stolen. But he pursued and caught the thief, who was an old offender, for whom the police of New York were looking at that moment. The Herald of the next day, under the heading *How a Mouse-Trap caught a Thief*, gave his first taste of publicity to the youth who for the next thirty years was to be continually before the public, and, by a singular coincidence, always in connection with some kind of trap. The genius that had divined from afar that the great city was full of mice, and had contrived a trap to catch them, could not be stolen. Its first impulse grew to be a passion. Brains and strict attention to the laws of supply and demand have made the country boy the greatest mouse-catcher of America, and his traps have become

the envy of every man of feline aspirations.

Four of his inventions were masterpieces. In the first of them he gained the confidence of his simple prey by assuming a position of trust as director, and afterwards as president, of the largest railroad but one in his native State. At once there began to turn before the eyes of the stockholders and the public a kaleidoscope of ruin: shower after shower of stocks and bonds issued to run the road, while the trustee and his pals — *pal* is Old English for fellow trustee — drank dry the stream of earnings; a devil's dance of lawyers, judges, legislators, governors, and Tammany politicians, flinging themselves into every attitude of betrayal of trust, — an orgy of fiduciary harlotry, led by a great law reformer; a tangled web of injunctions and counter-injunctions, and more injunctions, contradictory orders of courts, perjured affidavits, — every thread spun by its poisonous spinner around and around a trust; a phantasmagoria of prosperity, of busy trains and steamers, crowded ferries, marble opera-houses, bursting warehouses, glowing mills, precious franchises, and rich contracts, — a fair but hollow scene, where all the expenses go to the owner, and all the receipts to the trustee.

Our economist, having been charged with a fraud upon his road, at once procured from one of his courts the place of receiver, with a fund of \$8,000,000, to protect his trust against himself. In one of his stock-exchange campaigns he locked up \$12,500,000 of money, — other people's money. New York rocked in the preliminary throes of panic, and there would have been a crash had not Secretary McCulloch interposed with the announcement that he would issue \$50,000,000 of legal tenders, if this hand were not taken off the throat of business. An honest editor, Samuel Bowles, who denounced the alliance of Tammany and Erie, was abducted and

illegally jailed. Assassination was attempted upon Dorman B. Eaton, another fearless denunciator, who was left for dead on the streets of New York, for having dared to act out the courageous words of Emerson: "Good nature is plentiful, but we want justice, with heart of steel to fight down the proud."

When this student of the science of abstraction became trustee, his trust was in debt \$51,065,943. Under his administration of the laws of competition, this became \$115,449,211, while the mileage increased but 186 miles. In four months the increase was \$23,500,000. The moral bankruptcy that festooned this ruin could not be expressed in figures. These surprising achievements in the pursuit of wealth led the New York legislature to order an investigation. The political economist of the mousetrap was charmingly frank in his answers to the committee: —

I was first elected president of the Erie Railroad in 1868, and I was president in 1869, 1870, and 1871. I do not remember whether I approved payment to William M. Tweed of money for legal services, while he was senator. I do not know whether he is a lawyer. He was a director of Erie and member of its executive committee. I would not have allowed pecuniary transactions with Mr. Tweed to be put in the shape of legal services, if my attention had been called to them. I do not contemplate going to Europe to-morrow. I should say that paper was in my handwriting. The name William M. Tweed is in my handwriting. The words in my handwriting are, William M. Tweed, legal disbursements as per order J. G., \$35,000, April 25, 1871. The approval of voucher, April 5, 1869, name of William M. Tweed, legal expenses, \$15,000, looks like my handwriting. Mr. Tweed's name at the top is my handwriting, and I should say his name at the foot of the receipt is my handwriting. He was senator in 1869; also in 1871 and 1872. The

"legal account" was of an india-rubber character. I gave large amounts for elections in 1869, 1870, 1871, and 1872 in the senatorial and assembly districts. It was what they said would be necessary to carry the day in addition to the amount forwarded by the committee. I contributed more or less to all the districts along the line of the road. We had to look after four States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. It was the custom, when men received nominations, to come to me for contributions, and I made them, and considered them good paying investments for the company. In a republican district, I was a strong republican; in a democratic district, I was democratic; and in doubtful districts, I was doubtful. In politics, I was an Erie railroad man, every time. We had friends who were on both sides, — friends in a business way. The amounts contributed for the elections were large, but I could not give any definite estimate. No names occur to me at the moment. I am a poor hand to remember names. I had relations in several States. I did not keep separate what I paid out in New Jersey from what I paid out in New York. We had the same ground to go over there, *and there has been so much of it*. It has been so extensive that I have no details now to refresh my mind. You might as well go back and ask me how many cars of freight were moved on a particular day.¹

Entrenched behind the Tammany ring, controlling the courts, legislature, and executive of the State, and in his marble fortress on Twenty-Third Street resisting by the brute strength of the Erie ruffians the ordinary processes of law and social coercion, all our political economist asked for was non-interference of government with industry, and he got it. But the English stockhold-

ers cared less for laissez-faire theories of economy and government than to get possession of their property. Rights which American courts and legislatures refused to enforce, these foreigners took by violence. March 11, 1872, was the date of the Erie *coup d'état*. British gold corrupted some of the followers of the arch-trustee. A foreign minister of the United States returned from his post abroad to strike the blow, and rectify by a street brawl, as in the days of old Rome, the injustice of the government of his native land. In one day, with force, without authority of law, by foreigners, the management of one of the leading railroads of the United States was changed by revolution. It was one of those bodeful days for a republic, which, having come once, is likely to come again, when law is on the side of wrong and force is on the side of right, and force breaks down the law. Once more in possession of their property, the stockholders sought to see if the laws of the land would not give back that which the laws of the desire of wealth had taken away. Civil and criminal proceedings were threatened. The ex-trustee surrendered. He agreed to make restitution, if there were no prosecution. Again he appeared with a box. It was not the handsome mahogany box of his first mouse-trap. It was, says an eye-witness, a light yellow sheet-iron box, about ten inches deep and twenty-eight inches square. In it was a miscellaneous lot of securities, to be restored by the trustee. A "partial" list of them, furnished to the Erie investigating committee of the New York legislature, showed a face value of \$9,021,545, and a cash value of over \$6,000,000.

It was no ordinary trap in which Wall Street and the whole country were caught on that darkest day of all our financial history, — Black Friday, Sep-

¹ Report of the Select Committee, appointed by the Assembly of the State of New York, May 11, 1873, to investigate Alleged Mismanagement on

the part of the Erie Railway Company, together with the Testimony taken before said Committee, page 545, *et seq.*

tember 24, 1869. On one side, it was supported by the New York Sub-Treasury, whose chief held his place for the purposes of the Gold Conspiracy. On another side, it rested in the coffers of the Erie Railroad, whose president was the boy of the mouse-trap. At a third point, it had, apparently, a personal connection with the President of the United States. Through the Tenth National Bank, whose president was the president of the Erie, it had the facilities of the National Banking Association. The Stock Exchange was the pitfall. Black panic, which this conjurer of the irresistible laws of trade had before called to his aid, came, bringing ruin to thousands, madness and death to more than one. In the Stock Exchange, the wires melted under the fire of dispatches. There are to-day men proud to tell you that in that moment of frenzy and horror they hunted, rope in hand, for this disciple of self-interest, and if they could have caught him would have hanged the maker of the mouse-trap that caught a thief only sixteen years before. But the president of the Erie road fled to his arsenal on Twenty-Third Street, and was secure. He saved his millions, for while his partners, by his advice, were buying, he was selling, selling, selling. He was promoted from investigation by a committee of the New York legislature to investigation by a committee of Congress. He told them, "I had my own views about the market, and my own fish to fry." He saved the millions of his magnetic lieutenant Fisk, by teaching him to repudiate the orders given to his brokers. Before their victims could crawl out from under the ruins of Black Friday they were served, as Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in his *Chapters of Erie* tells us, with injunctions prepared in batches, by David Dudley Field, forbidding them "from pressing their pretended claims . . . by any proceedings." A law reformer devised a scheme, and a judge supported

it, by which the men who had been knocked down and robbed were prohibited, in the name of justice, from seeking justice. Physicians, licensed by the state to heal, preparing poisons for the use of assassins!

In December, 1880, what may be accomplished by steadfast faithfulness to the principles of competition was shown by a statement, made by the most trustworthy financial paper in the United States, that our political economist was in control of ten thousand miles of railroad, or more than one ninth the entire mileage of the country.

It was during the same month that the conflict between the Western Union and American Union telegraph companies was raging at its worst. The American Union had been started in 1879, by our hero, with an investment of less than five million dollars. Western Union stock tumbled to seventy-seven and one half in the last month of 1880. So little interest did he take in the stock market at this time that he did not visit Wall Street, but when not at home spent his time at the Windsor, across the street. Swinging his legs from a back-tilted chair, he would tell his friends that Western Union was a worthless bundle of expiring patents, uncertain contracts, and old wires, and that he should not buy a share above sixty. February 5, 1881, Western Union and the American Union and the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph companies were consolidated, and the telegraph capital of the three, which was then sixty million dollars against four hundred thousand in 1856, was increased to eighty millions. The stock had never gone below seventy-seven and one half, but the inventor of the American Union snare was the owner of most of it. The price advanced to one hundred and thirty-seven and seven eighths, and the public found that the ex-trustee of Erie, the ally of the Tammany ring, the corrupter of justice, and the artificer of panic

was master of the rapid transit of news and confidence within the United States, and between them and the rest of the world.

Hardly had the details of the telegraph consolidation been announced, February, 1881, when a flutter in the New York Stock Exchange followed the publication of a letter from the president of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, begging the State to remit the taxes due from the company. It was a piteous plea for escape from ruin, and the stock began to fall. Next rose into view the highest judicial officer of the State, who declared with great indignation that Manhattan had forfeited its charter by insolvency, by failure to build roads, as stipulated by its charter, and by its shameless watering of stock. He began suit to wipe it out of existence. The public applauded with a thrill of satisfaction, and more stockholders sold. The hidden hand pulled another wire, and the editor of the New York World began to launch forth through its columns startling exhibits of the financial rottenness of the company, and editorial, that is virtuous, indignation at its abuse of the public and its franchises. Then came another *can-can* in the courts, led by lawyers, who danced long and well, according to the New York code of legal ethics that if a lawyer is not a judge he need not be a gentleman, and if he is a judge he need not be investigated. Receivers were appointed, more stock-watering was authorized by the courts, and affidavits poured forth from insiders that the company was hopelessly and irretrievably bankrupt, and its stock worthless. Manhattan stockholders flung their certificates away for what they could get. The price sank to fifteen and one fourth. Suddenly what had seemed a mass of ruin crystallized into the symmetrical structure of a monopoly, and on its peak, but a few days after he had sworn that Manhattan was hopelessly and irretrievably

insolvent, sat the manufacturer of mouse-traps, master of the rapid transit of the greatest city of America. The prentice hand that had fashioned the Erie trap had become the perfect instrument of an artist in the science of exchange. A suit, begun in the name of the people by the highest officer of justice, was set up as a rack on the floor of the Stock Exchange, and used there for six months as an instrument of torture. A judge of the supreme court sat in the manipulators' rooms, and turned the screw by which the victims were forced to surrender their property. Receivers were appointed and dismissed, injunctions given and denied, orders issued and rescinded, and stock exchange arguments made in the guise of decisions: all this was done just as was demanded by our expert in the theory of the value of judicial honor. He bought his law in the courts where it was cheapest, and sold it in the Stock Exchange where it was dearest. Ninety thousand shares of Manhattan stock were shaken out in eight days, at an average price of twenty. The same judge did this who appointed his relatives to places among the wreckers of the Continental Life Insurance Company of New York. Judge Barnard signed an Erie order in the rooms of a wanton; Judge Westbrook has repeatedly held court in a worse place, — the private office of this dealer in judicial virtue.

When receivers were appointed for Manhattan, they were two hired men in the employ of him who was known to the court to be suing the company privately, and their bonds, signed by his associates, were ready in advance of the action of the court. The lawyer who was conducting the private suit against Manhattan was retained as assistant in the people's suit by the attorney-general, and the company he was suing was compelled to pay his fees. The attorney-general began his public suit on the same day the wrecker of Manhattan

began his private suit. When the attorney-general dismissed his action, not a single day had been given to the people for the trial of their case against the company on its merits. In July, 1881, suits were pending against the three elevated railroad companies in all the courts in New York in which they could be brought. Every appeal for relief to the courts by those whose property was being forced out of them was met by rebuff, and by the victory of the men in whose private offices the court sat to decide a public action, brought in the public name by a public officer. One of the reasons given by the attorney-general for discontinuing his suit was that arrangements had been made for the payment of the taxes in dispute. The latest incident in this extraordinary history is the appearance at Albany of a powerful lobby to procure from the legislature release from these taxes. This lobby is described by the New York Times — which has attacked the Manhattan iniquity with a brilliant intrepidity equal to that with which it overthrew the Tammany ring — as the most dangerous which has appeared in Albany for many years.

Procuring one hundred shares of Metropolitan Elevated Railroad stock, the manipulator of Manhattan solicited the position of director of Metropolitan, and, under promises that he would build this company up, obtained for himself and his associates the control of the Metropolitan board of direction. Then, owning in all but one sixty-fifth of the property, they deliberately proceeded to rob it. Owners of Manhattan and trustees of Metropolitan, they stripped the latter company of the ten per cent. annual dividend guaranteed by Manhattan, and substituted for it a contingent dividend of four per cent., which may or may not be paid. This they did against the protests of the Metropolitan stockholders whose agents they were. In all this work a prominent part was taken

by a great philanthropist, who, having sworn that the New York elevated railroad company of which he was president was earning ten per cent. net a year, accepted for its stockholders a six per cent. annual dividend guaranteed by Manhattan, which he had sworn to be bankrupt; and after he had sworn Manhattan to be bankrupt, allowed it an annual dividend of four per cent. The same willingness to call up the spirit of panic showed itself as in the gold conspiracy. To make certain stockholders of Metropolitan surrender their property, attacks were made in *The World* on the credit of the Shoe and Leather Bank and the Tradesmen's Bank, behind which they were supposed to have found financial refuge. When a property owner of New York remonstrated with Vice-President Galloway of the Manhattan about some encroachments by the elevated roads, he received this reply, which embodies the whole of one of the latter-day theories of wealth: "We have the legislature on our side, the courts on our side, and we hire our law by the year."

A man who braves the heart-broken rage of fifty millions of men, and in daylight shoots their President, we call an assassin. George Washington hanged as a spy the man who traveled the high-road as an instrument in Benedict Arnold's treachery. We teach our children to execrate as traitors the men who stood up in a fair fight to divide the Union. What shall we call the man and the men who seduce, but do not assassinate, — Guiteaus of political economy who would overcome, not one, but all departments of our government; who travel by night and under-ground to betray trusts they have invited; who, living among us as fellow-men and neighbors, loyal to the covenants of society, are traitors to all the ties of honor, justice, and mercy that make the American community possible, and the want of which makes the Paris commune? By

what title do these men hold their acquisitions? Private property is sacred, but plunder must not be private. A philosopher of the commune said, "Property is theft." American self-government must have a philosophy to say, Theft shall not be property.

It is March 13, 1882. The boy who brought his mahogany box and his mouse-trap to New York in 1853 sits in an office rich with plate-glass and precious woods. He opens his box, which like him has grown, and shows a group of friends twenty-three million dollars of Western Union stock, twelve millions of Missouri Pacific stock, eight millions of elevated railroad stocks and bonds, ten millions of Wabash common and preferred, and other stock. "Morosini," he says, "can bring you down twenty millions more, or so, in bonds and other things." This, like the Erie restitution, was a "partial list." Seventy-three millions, and more, accumulated by an enthusiast in competition in twenty-nine years of office work! Never before in the history of the desire of wealth had such a sight been seen. The mouse-trap man's wires told the news to the people of two continents, and the world held its breath.

On the same day, while the president

of the Wabash road, which had appropriated for dividends to stockholders the wages due its men, was thus spreading out his millions, a day laborer, in the employ of the Wabash at St. Louis, said to a reporter:—

The delay in the payment of my wages has reduced me almost to beggary. Had not the grocer helped me with credit in January and February, my children would have starved.

An engineer said:—

My family were sick in January. They had no doctor and no medicines. I could not get the money due me from the Wabash road.

An old man, who watched a crossing,—an infirm old man, with a family,—said:—

My rent is six dollars a month; my groceries are eighteen dollars. This leaves us one dollar a month for clothing, medicine, and other necessities. My pay is twenty-five dollars a month, and I have to wait two months for that. We are on the edge of starvation.

It is a solemn truth, that of Ruskin's, that every man has to choose in this world whether he will be a laborer or an assassin. There are men who murder for money, but there must be no science of assassination.

Henry D. Lloyd.

DANDELION.

At dawn, when England's childish tongue
Lisp'd happy truths, and men were young,
Her Chaucer, with a gay content
Hummed through the shining fields, scarce bent
By poet's foot, and, plucking, set,
All lusty, sunny, dewy-wet,
A dandelion in his verse,
Like the first gold in childhood's purse.

At noon, when harvest colors die
On the pale azure of the sky,

And dreams through dozing grasses creep
 Of winds that are themselves asleep,
 Rapt Shelley found the airy ghost
 Of that bright flower the spring loves most,
 And ere one silvery ray was blown
 From its full disk made it his own.

Now from the stubble poets glean
 Scant flowers of thought; the Muse would wean
 Her myriad nurslings, feeding them
 On petals plucked from a dry stem.
 For one small plumule still adrift,
 The wind-blown dandelion's gift,
 The field once blossomy we scour
 Where the old poets plucked the flower.

Annie R. Annan.

THE MATE OF THE DAYLIGHT.

THREE ancient seafaring men were sitting together in the doorway of a building that looked as if it might once have been the warehouse of a fisherman, but was now entirely out of repair, even for a fish-house. A short, thin old fellow, who looked more active than the rest, was perched on the top of a shaky barrel, swinging his feet; but his two companions, mindful, perhaps, of their rheumatic joints, were enthroned on bait-tubs. Out-doors it was almost raining, the Scotch mist was coming in so thick from sea; and the men were taking all the comfort they could in smoking such strong black tobacco, in dingy clay pipes with no stem to speak of, that the spiders overhead thought it might be best to go out from their shelter, and brave the inclemency of the weather.

"I don't see no prospect of a change," said Captain Joseph Ryder, the man on the barrel. "The wind backed in yisterday, and the clouds has been a-looking greasy for a week past. I told Dan'l, yisterday, he was a blamed fool to go out; but young fellers, they do set an awful sight by their own opinion."

"What was he a-saying?" asked one of the other men, leaning toward his companion, and putting his hand to his ear. He looked very cross, but he was really good-natured; it seemed as if he thought he ought to wear a look of disapproval at the behavior of men in general. His clothes were made of thick, stiff cloth, and his very skin was so seasoned by long exposure to the weather that it looked like the hide of a very fair-complexioned alligator, or of some other creature that is covered with most durable material.

Captain Joseph Ryder's remarks were reported with some accuracy to Captain Jabez Ryder, and he nodded his head once or twice in approval. "That was all you obsarved, wa'n't it?" he asked, in a grumbling, rusty voice, as if he thought his friend might have defrauded him in the repetition. "Well, young folks is fools, so they is. It ain't what I call good seamanship, and I like to see good seamanship aboard of a dory as well as aboard of a nine-hunderd-ton East Indiaman, so I do. Ef a man's good for anything whatever aboard a

ship, he can turn his hand to one as well as another. In my day, young folks used to have ambition about 'em to rise; but some o' these fellers goes down to the fishing year in and year out, and never leaves off no better than they begun."

"Times ain't what they used to be," mourned Captain Peter; and as old Jabez looked at him inquiringly, he repeated his remark at the top of his voice, which was somewhat feeble at best.

"No more they ain't," said Jabez, with satisfaction, and they all puffed silently at their pipes. They were like some worn old driftwood at the harbor-side, and they bore a queer family likeness to the worm-eaten pieces of ship timber and the small rusty anchor with a broken fluke which were stored away near them.

The fish-house fronted on a narrow alley-way, which led from the main street of the town down to a wharf. It was standing a little askew, having been built at a time when perfectly straight streets were not thought necessary. In fact, the whole town had a strange, disorderly look, as if its buildings had been brought all at once and set down wherever there was room, but the inhabitants had never thought it worth while to take the trouble to arrange them better. It gave one a feeling of gratitude that some of the little houses had not been carelessly dumped on their sides, or upside down, which would have made house-keeping in them even more inconvenient than it was. As one went along the streets, some of the buildings stood cornerwise, and some had their back doors where the front should have been; the whole little town was like a company of soldiers which had broken ranks, and it was altogether picturesque and charming, with its unexpected lilac bushes and bits of garden, and its windowed roofs and narrow, cobble-stoned streets.

Opposite the fish-house was the gray and lichened rough-shingled wall of a deserted warehouse, and as the three cap-

tains sat looking solemnly at this, and past the corner of it toward the water, there suddenly appeared the figure of a young girl against the dull background. She had been walking fast, and her face was flushed with the damp fog and her eagerness. "I've been hunting all round for you, grandfather," she said. "I suppose you forgot about that fish for the chowder? Aunt Melinda said I had better come right out and look you up, else we should n't get much of a dinner to-day."

Captain Ryder looked very sorry for this omission, and got down quickly from his barrel, while Captain Jabez put his hand to his ear, and demanded an explanation of the sudden summons. He was a little disappointed at finding it was only that his crony had forgotten to buy a fish; it seemed to him that an unexpected guest must have arrived, or that some one was taken suddenly ill, or had died, for Susan was in such a hurry. But if he had stopped to think he might have been sufficiently surprised: it was seldom that a retired shipmaster in that port forgot to order his dinner; it was too often the only real business which interfered with his idleness all day long.

"Cap'n Joe," as his friends called him, hurried off by the way of the wharves, apologizing to himself as he went; but Susan lingered behind a moment. "Do you know whether Dan Lewis is out or not to-day?" she asked Captain Downs softly, as if afraid of being overheard by her retreating grandfather; and she was answered that the fishing-smack had gone out, in spite of repeated warnings, late the night before.

"I'm afraid Dan'l will get hisself into mischief," the old sailor said, while Susan's cheeks grew brighter than ever, and old Captain Jabez looked curiously from one face to the other, and was fairly shaking with impatience. Susan had nothing more to say, but turned quickly, as if much disturbed, and went

away, slipping a little on the wet round stones of the paving; and when she had turned the corner from the alley-way into the main street, she walked as fast as she could toward home. When she reached the house she shut the door so angrily that the old brass knocker clacked, and the hanging-lamp, which the captain had brought in his young days from over seas, rattled its chains and jarred and jingled. It was not the custom of the family to come in at the front door, and Miss Melinda Downs appeared suddenly at the head of the crooked little staircase to see what the matter was. She was not dressed for visitors, and she looked relieved when she found it was her niece. "I was afraid you was an agent or somebody," she said. "Did you find father?"

"Yes, I did," said Susan, who was very much excited; her eyes were shining, and she looked as if she could hardly keep from crying. "And what's more, I found that Dan has gone off fishing, just as I supposed he would; and Heaven knows if anybody will ever see him again! Just like him, and of course he found plenty of fools ready to go with him. There's an awful storm coming, and the schooner was n't half ready for sea; he told me so last night, and they sailed before morning."

"They can't have got far," said Miss Melinda, not without some anxiety. "I guess you'd find they was laying off here in the harbor, if the fog lifted. There ain't been a breath of wind all the morning; it's dreadful close. I dare say they'll put into some other port to fit themselves out, if it's so they don't come right in here again. Just like Dan's nonsense, all fire and tow! I s'pose he thought 't would sound smart. I hope he split up a few kindlin's for his poor, feeble old mother before he went. I see her, when I come by yis-terday, hacking away in the wood-house with a dull axe. I should think he'd be ashamed to go strutting round the

way he does. Father went right off to see about the fish, I s'pose? I don't know what time he'll get his dinner. I never knew him to forgit before," she added, prudently trying to change the subject, for she saw how Susan's eyes flashed.

"I guess they ain't laying off in the harbor," rejoined the younger woman, stamping her foot with rage. "It's a mercy if they ain't gone to pieces on the rocks, before now. It blew dreadful hard along towards morning. And I'll just tell you one thing: I don't blame Dan Lewis one mite for being mad, and I ain't going to live here no longer, like a toad under a harrow. I'm just going to do as I'm a mind to; quick's ever I'm out of my time; and I'm going to marry Dan Lewis, whether anybody says I can or not. No fellow would stand what was said to him last night."

"There, there," said aunt Melinda soothingly; "don't get so worked up, Susan. Your gran'ther means to do well by you; I'm sure he always has, and he's all for your good. His bark's worse than his bite, you know 's well as I do."

"Nobody wants to hear him bark as I know on," said Susan scornfully; and Melinda escaped with the excuse of the captain's coming in at the kitchen door, fish in hand.

"Let her alone," remarked the elder woman to her father, who had an anxious look, as if he half expected a battle. "She's dreadful worked up about Dan's going off, but she'll get over it if you don't say nothing to set her going."

Nothing was farther from the captain's mind than to wish for an encounter with Susan. She did not meet him until dinner was ready, when she came down to take her seat at the table like a sulky and displeased guest. She always helped to get dinner, and that day she had told herself several times, during the hour that she spent in her own room, that she would not go down to

share the noonday meal; but the chowder's savory odor was wafted up the stairs, and proved irresistible, for she was a young person of good appetite, and she was, for some reason or other, hungrier than usual. The captain made awkward attempts at keeping up a brisk and unconscious talk, but Susan's expression was that of grim stolidity. She made herself look very ugly when it pleased her to feel so; she was at other times a pretty girl, with a fine color, as we have already seen, and bright black eyes, that took quick, sharp glances at the world. She was generally good-humored and merry, but when a cloud went over her sky it was very bad weather indeed. After dinner Captain Ryder went to sleep in his chair, as usual, and his injured grand-daughter helped clear away the table and wiped the dishes, as if it ought not to have been expected of her under the circumstances. Then she withdrew again to her bedroom, and her aunt Melinda, who never took afternoon naps, after a suitable interval put on her second-best bonnet and shawl, and went out, closing the door gently after her. The house was still, and the captain slept later than usual. When he waked it was half past three, and he had promised to be on one of the tumble-down wharves at three, to measure some firewood. His neck was stiff, and he had an uneasy sense of guilt as he wondered what had become of the women-folks, and especially of Susan.

After Susan had left the fish-house, that morning, the two captains had waited for a few minutes, to be sure she was out of hearing, and then Captain Jabez had edged his overturned bait-tub as close as possible to his companion's, and asked to hear what had been said. "I guess they must ha' had some trouble amongst 'em last night," he said, not without contempt. "I seen him a-settin' by the fore-room window, as I was

a-passin' by, near about eight o'clock, if I don't disremember. Cap'n Joe, he was out somewhere; likely he went over to inquire for Mis' Cap'n Stark. I met him a-goin' home, and it may be he turned Dan'l out o' the house, and he's made off. I could n't get no sight at what drove him out to sea this miser'ble weather. And didn't it bear on your mind that Cap'n Joe was some out o' sperits? Acted like he'd lost his reck-'nin', so he did!"

"He wa'n't out o' sperits's I know on," said Captain Peter. "I see him coming out o' Tarbell's shop just afore ten, and I guess he had his nipper aboard. 'T ain't often he forgits it; but I did think he was airlier than common to-day. P'raps he'd mistook the hour, but most like he wanted it to stay him."

"'T ain't never well to change hours, so it ain't," said Cap'n Jabez, after some reflection. "And ten's too airly; you lose all the good on't by dinner time. I don't blame Joe; he's been a saving man, and it ain't his natur' to want Dan Lewis to make ducks and drakes of his property. I suppose he must have as much as nine or ten thousand, ain't he?"

"He's got that, sure," acknowledged Captain Downs. But they had too often settled the amount of money which belonged to every man of their acquaintance to make the subject an absorbing one, if there were any other at hand. "Dan Lewis is a high-strung fellow, and I never set no great by him," he went on; "but young folks will have their way, and old folks has to stand back. I should ha' thought Susan would ha' looked higher. Dan ain't got nothing to look to from his folks; it's been all his mother could do to scratch along; and to be sure, he's got the berth o' second mate o' the Daylight, but with the plight navigation's in now it's lucky if she goes out o' her dock for a year to come. His uncle only give him the place because poor old Mis' Lewis be-

seeched him so. Dan's lazy as a flounder, naterally. He never 'd 'a' undertook to carry on fishing if he had n't wanted to stand well in Cap'n Joe's books. Susan's distressed to get him, ain't she, 's if he was an East Indiaman loaded to the water's edge? Talk about love! I should think a gal like her would have sense enough to look ahead and provide for herself accordin' to. All the Ryder girls, her father's sisters, married cap'ns, and I sh'd think she'd have some ambition. But I s'pose she's lookin' for'ard to having means enough o' her own, when Joe's done with it. I'd like to see who'll beat, though, her or Joe! They ain't neither one on 'em liable to change their minds. Susan's a reg'lar chip o' the old block."

Captain Jabez was having an unusually pleasant morning. He could hear the voice of this friend easily, and Captain Peter Downs was a good-natured, sociable old fellow, who was willing to gossip with this deafest and dullest of his neighbors rather than not gossip at all. Captain Jabez had heard this long discourse with great satisfaction. He did not often find people willing to tell him secrets; but there was a good opportunity in that secluded spot, and voices could be raised to shouting pitch and subjects discussed without fear of outside listeners.

"I s'pose she's got the right to suit herself; she's the one that's going to marry the fellow," said Captain Downs, in conclusion.

But this sentiment did not find favor with Captain Jabez, who prided himself on nothing more than his experience of life and his knowledge of human nature. "I don't agree with ye, so I don't," he remarked, looking at a great silver watch, and making ready to start for home. "Whoever a gal picks out, all her folks has to marry him as much as she does; and a gal ought to consider whether her folks wants to take a man in for better and worse as a relation.

You're a sight more beholden to relations by marriage than you be to your own folks."

"I do' know but what you're right," meekly observed Captain Downs, and the two old salts went stiffly away together in search of their dinners.

It happened that the story, in some mysterious way, found wings and flew about town that Captain Joe Ryder and Dan Lewis had had some hard words, and Susan's frame of mind was indescribable in consequence. Captain Jabez's wife, a person of great activity, met him at the door at noon with the news, and was very pleased to find that he had seen both Susan and her grandfather, and was wiser in the matter than she. He had often failed in his duty of bringing home the news since he had grown deplorably deaf. Mrs. Ryder treated him with unusual attention; she even delayed dinner a little, while she made a pudding sauce of which her partner for life was very fond, and which he usually had served him only when there was company. "I do' know but if you feel like it we'll go round to Joseph's to-night, after supper," she ventured, when dinner was nearly over, and the captain was unmistakably serene. "He's all the cousin you've got, and we ain't been there of an evening all through the summer. I've got some things I want to consult Melindy about, and like 's not they'll be glad to have us drop in if they ain't feelin' comfortable among themselves."

Captain Jabez was usually much averse to paying ceremonious visits. He was some years older than his wife, and he was generally unable to join in the conversation to any satisfactory extent: he liked to smoke his pipe and read the newspaper in peace at home. But he consented to this plan with unwonted willingness, though he felt that he must grumble at it a little at first. "I can't go to work a-rigging up just as I'm getting off to bed," he growled mildly.

But his wife took a good look at him, and said that she did n't know as there would be any need of his putting on a clean shirt; it was n't as if it was daytime. Besides, it was different, just dropping in to see your own folks; she should n't like to appear as if they made much of it.

So after Mrs. Ryder had stowed away the tea things, and had brought the captain his coat and helped him into it, they started out. It was very late in the summer, and the evenings were growing long; the fog was coming in thicker than ever from sea, and it was already dark. The captain, whose eyes were not much better than his ears, always refused to go forth after night-fall without his lantern. The old couple steered slowly down the uneven sidewalk toward their cousin's house. The captain walked with a solemn rolling gait, learned in his many long years at sea, and his wife, who was also short and stout, had caught the habit from him. If they kept step, all went well; but on this occasion, as sometimes happened, they did not take the first step out into the world together, so they swayed apart, and then bumped against each other, as they went along. To see the lantern through the heavy mist, you might have thought it the light of a small craft at sea in heavy weather.

"I'm most sorry we come out, it's such a bad night, and your rheumatism, too!" said Mrs. Ryder regretfully in the captain's best ear, which luckily happened to be next her. And the captain rejoined that anybody would think they must be put to it; but it was none o' his doing.

"I'll say to Joseph that I want to look over some papers that he keeps, and him and me's concerned in; that'll explain it, and they won't think we come a-spyin' round."

Mrs. Ryder's heart had begun to fail her; she would have turned toward home again just before this, if she could have mustered courage. She thought it was

very handsome of the captain, and said to herself that she would not forget it.

Miss Melinda Ryder and the old captain, her father, had passed a very dull day, and the evening had closed in with uncommon gloom. Susan had maintained a dignified silence at supper time, and had returned to her room afterward, and shut its door in such a manner that it was plain to see that she had not forgiven the sins of her family against her. For some reason or other the captain had failed to receive his evening paper, and he had nothing to do but look at the small, unwilling fire which his daughter had lighted in the Franklin stove in the dining-room, the evening being chilly. She had forgotten herself, and before she stopped to think had lighted the sticks that topped the careful structure made ready for the fire. They were nice-looking round sticks of white birch, and she regretted their loss very much. She was much attracted to them, beside; she had taken them off and laid them by a great many times. Everything seemed to be awry, and she and the captain both would not have grieved if they had been sure that Dan Lewis had taken himself off with the determination never to darken their doors again.

The knock at the door which they heard presently was most startling, and they could have confessed that they were afraid that the young man had come back and meant to "have it out," and decide his right to Susan. The guests, however, did not wait for an answer to their summons with the knocker, but opened the door at once, and were pleased with the look of delight and relief on the faces of their host and hostess.

"Step up and speak to Susan, will you?" said Captain Joe to his daughter. "Tell her who's here." Melinda obeyed, with much fear and trembling. Susan had forgotten to take a light upstairs with her. She was not at all sleepy, and she was very tired, to tell the truth, of sitting in the dark. Her

manner had a little loftiness, but she was very gracious, and the rest of the company took heart and were cheerful. Captain Jabez explained the object of his visit to his cousin, and the papers were at once brought out from a hiding-place in the old secretary in the dining-room, which stood in the stead of an office and counting-room to Captain Joe. He was ship's husband to a small craft in which the cousins were part owners. They talked for some time over the affairs of the *Adeline* in language intelligible only at times to the unenlightened listener, and in the mean time the three women chatted together softly, at the other side of the room.

Captain Jabez was in high spirits, and made himself most agreeable. He had always been called good company before his deafness had isolated him in the midst of society; in his young days he had been a good deal of a beau and gallant, and his wife was proud of him yet, and always said that nobody knew so well as he how to carry things off well. She refused, on this ground, to grant him permission to absent himself from her tea-parties or sewing-society suppers, which were the main features of the town festivities. He had grown very heavy and stupid of late,—at least, it seemed so to most of his neighbors,—but this evening call had awakened much of his ancient vivacity.

It was an awful moment to all the rest when he turned, with apparent innocence, to Susan, and said, "Cap'n Peter said you was inquiring about Dan Lewis and them that was out fishing?"

"Yes!" shouted Susan, with great bravery, her cheeks growing scarlet.

"I s'pose you've heard by this time that they've got in? I chanced to be down on Sand's wharf when they come ashore, and a more miser'ble-looking set o' drowned rats I never see; but they was fools to have put out in such weather, so they was, and I told 'em so. Dan'l, he said that they got outside and set their

trawls in the night; but there was an old sea a-running, and their trawls parted and caught, so they lost two thirds o' one on 'em. I don't see how they got in. They said they never see no such a fog as there is outside. They worked toward the shore somehow or 'nother, and after a while they heard the town bell ringing at one o'clock, and they steered by that. 'T was about four o'clock when they come in. Dan'l said if it had come on to blow, 't would 'a' been all day with 'em. He said he was a fool to go out. The airs seemed to be took out o' him a little for once."

"Glad of it," said Captain Joe, chuckling with delight, while the three women grew more and more uneasy. "Dan'l al'ays was all talk and no cider."

Susan looked very black. She had borne with Captain Jabez patiently; there was no knowing that he had heard the town gossip. But deaf people hear more things that are worth listening to than people with better ears; one likes to have something worth telling in talking to a person who misses most of the world's talk.

"I'm sorry you forget yourself so as to say such a thing as that," Susan said scornfully to her grandfather; and she spoke loud enough for Captain Jabez to hear. "I won't stand by and hear Dan abused. I may as well tell all of you now that I am going to marry him."

"There, there, Susan! Don't be hasty," whispered Miss Melinda Ryder appealingly. The girl looked for a minute as if she could hardly keep from crying. She had been very anxious about her lover, and she was glad enough to hear of his safety; but she said, after an awful pause of a few minutes, that she could n't see why everybody made such a touse about his going out fishing, any way. It had happened times enough before that men had gone out in the night and been caught by the fog.

"We won't talk no more about it now, Susan," commanded Captain Joe,

with an air of offended dignity, and Susan feared that she had gone too far. It was all very well to hold her own, and she had taken pride all day in her ability to make her grandfather uncomfortable; but it would not do to provoke him altogether, since he might leave his money in a way that she would regret. And he had always been very kind to her until now, when she had been calling him a tyrant, and had pleased herself with considering him her enemy.

The proverb with which Captain Joe had roused this battle about his ears had left a suggestion in his mind, and he rose from his chair, while the rest of the company were trying to collect the stray bits of conversation which were left in their shocked minds; and, taking the small hand-lamp from the secretary and a pitcher from the closet, he went down cellar, and drew some of the ale which the mention of talk and cider had made him remember.

"It's out of a little kag that Aleck Jones sent me for a present last week," he explained, as he came puffing up the stairs. "Git some glasses, will you, Melinda?"

Captain Jabez coughed gravely, and the ale proved very good, and all seemed fair weather again. Susan looked shyly up at her grandfather's face as he gave her a tumbler. She was not fond of ale, but she did not like to refuse this. She could not help noticing that the old man's hand shook, and that he looked hurt and tired. He took no notice of her, apparently; he had grown very old this last year, she thought, and she was sorry she had been so angry with him. But she would teach folks to let Dan Lewis and herself alone.

Captain Jabez and his wife set sail on their homeward voyage at an early hour. They expressed a fear that the fog might turn to rain, and the lantern went bobbing and swaying up the street. "What possessed you to get going about Dan Lewis?" asked Mrs. Jabez reproach-

fully. "You spoilt everything, and we was having such a pleasant talk, all of us."

"I wanted to stir her up," answered the captain composedly. "I never did like that girl over well. I don't think she's got no sort o' gratitude, after all that's been done for her. She got a piece o' my mind about that fellow's going on, so she did."

"It don't do no good," said his wife, "and you've got no more sense than a boy. Why didn't you tell me they'd got in?" To which the captain made no answer, taking refuge in his deafness, though he could always hear what his wife said, being so well used to her voice.

Captain Joe Ryder came back to the dining-room, after bolting and locking the fore-door behind his visitors. "I guess I'll make for bed," he said. "And, Susan, I've got one thing I want to say to you: I've treated you as well as I knew how, and I've done for your good ever since you was left a baby; and if I don't want you to fling yourself away on a worthless fellow that can't call a dollar his own, I don't know as I'm to blame for it. And I think you've let yourself down, speaking so smart to me afore folks; it hurt my feelin's."

Susan began to cry. "I'm sure you're always hurtin' mine," said she. "I can't help it if I do like him; and there's lots of fellows that start without any means, and get rich soon enough."

The captain turned back as he heard this. "He don't come of a good stock, and I should rather he showed me five thousand dollars in his hand than have him promise he was going to make it. I and my father before me lived single till we owned that much money, and if you'd seen as much of this world as I have you'd think we done right. You wait till you're as old as I be, and you'll look at most things different from what you do now. I always have cal'lated on seeing you well married and settled afore I'm laid away, and I hope

to yet; but there's no sense in marrying a fellow just because he's good-lookin' and has a smart way with him," and the captain shut his bedroom door behind him, and said no more.

Susan considered herself to be in a position of great misery, and she sat by the window and cried as long as she could, after she went up-stairs. She pitied herself very much, and yet she had a great respect for herself as the heroine of an unhappy love affair.

But in the morning affairs wore a different aspect. Dan Lewis came in soon after breakfast, looking excited and pleased, and as if he had something to say that would make him welcome. Captain Joe spoke to him civilly, and the women bade him good-morning, and looked at him curiously, for they were sure he had important news.

"I came to tell you that I got a letter from my uncle last night, sir," he told the captain, "and he says that the Daylight is going to sail as quick as they can fit her out, and he wants me aboard right away. I'm going on to New York this afternoon."

"Oh, Dan!" cried Susan, with real distress. "Can't you put it off until to-morrow?" But Dan went on talking to the captain.

"My uncle says she's going to Liverpool in ballast, but the owners are sure of getting a freight there for the East Indies. They're going to send her along, anyhow, for there's nothing doing in freights in New York, and" —

"Right they are, too," interrupted the captain. "I was reading the other day how freights were looking up on the other side, and they was short of ships, for a wonder. It was betwixt hay and grass with 'em, and bad head-winds had delayed a good many vessels bound for English ports. And you'll have a quick run across; it's a first-rate time o' year. Well, I wish you a good v'y'ge, my boy, and a safe return," said the captain, heartily, feeling the kinship of sailor

with sailor, and forgetting his dislike for the man himself.

Dan took courage from the captain's cordiality, and with a glance at Susan, who stood listening, with her eyes full of tears, he said, "If I do well, I hope you've no objections to my asking Susan" —

The old man's face looked black for a minute, but he quickly recovered himself. "Not if you do well, I have n't, Dan; but a second mate's berth ain't much of a business in the state navigation's in now. But if you show you mean to do well, and I hear a good report of you, I sha'n't have anything to say against it, if so be that you keep of the same mind, both of you. You've got just as good a chance as the next one, if you're willing to put right to; and there's money to be earnt yet followin' the sea, bad as times is. You young folks thinks that love's the main p'int, and I don't say but what it is; but there's a good deal more chance for it to hold out when there's means to make things comfortable. And you ought to want Susan to have a good home full as much as I do."

"I do set everything by her," said the young sailor; but he looked humbled at this announcement of what would be expected of him as to material comforts.

"I've only got one thing more to say to you," the captain added. "If I do hear good accounts of you, and have reason to think you've done well, I'll help you out any way I can. I know you have n't got any folks of your own to look to. It ain't as if your uncle had n't met with bad luck of late years."

"He's doing very well this past year," said Dan, with as much pride as he dared show; "and he says he means to push me ahead as fast as he can."

"Better look to yourself for that," said Captain Joe gravely. "Talk's cheap;" and, Miss Melinda having been called to the door by some one who had

come on an errand, he went out to the garden, which lay behind the house, and left the lovers to themselves. Susan cried, but the mate of the Daylight was not moved to grief; he consoled her as best he could, and with great kindness, and showed her that he carried her picture in his waistcoat pocket, and told her that he should kiss it every day. And then he kissed her several times, and promised to write and to think of her; and altogether they were very sad and affectionate, being much in love, and feeling that they were hardly used by fortune, since, if Captain Joe had ever said the word, they would have been married, and Dan would have willingly taken up his residence in the home of Susan's childhood. He meant to settle down into the business and idleness of fishing and coasting, and of doing great things with Captain Joe's savings by and by, when he had the opportunity. And he certainly was the handsomest young man in town. Susan watched him proudly through her tears, as he hurried away at last. His mind was full of going down the street to tell his acquaintances of his prospects and his long voyage; and afterward he must go home to toss his belongings into his sea-chest, and say good-by to his mother. She was old and in ill-health, and the thought struck him sharply that he might not find her there to welcome him when the voyage was over and he came home again.

By noon of that day he had gone. The people of the town were used to their neighbors going away to sea, and so Dan's departure did not make a great excitement. The subject of his relations with the Ryder family was discussed for a while, but it was decided that he was not engaged to Susan, and that affairs were left in the state they had been in for some time before.

It was many months afterward, in the middle of a September afternoon. Miss

Melinda Ryder had taken a solitary walk to the old burying-ground on the hill. As we have heard, all her sisters had married captains, and Melinda herself had been promised to a young man, who was unfortunately drowned on his first voyage as master. She had never replaced him in her affection; her love and loyalty grew stronger and stronger instead of fading away. She had been expecting to marry him in a few weeks, when his homeward voyage should have ended, and on high days and holidays ever since she had looked sadly through the old sea-chest of her father's, that held many of the treasures that her lover had given her, and what was left of her now quaint and old-fashioned wedding outfit. And once in a while, through the pleasant weather, she went to the burying-ground, where a stone had been raised in the family lot to his memory, and felt herself at such times, and in fact, at many others, to be a widow indeed. It always seemed to her as if that were his grave; at any rate, she felt a greater nearness to him in that spot than in any other. His family, with great consideration, had asked her advice in the choice of the head-stone, and though she liked marble best, she had chosen a tall, broad slab of slate, on which was cut the familiar figure of a mourner beneath a willow-tree. She identified this figure with herself always, and it was a matter of great sorrow to her that it would be out of the question for her to be buried at the side of this untenanted grave. She would have been glad if she could have been sure that she would be buried there, but she never dared to express such a wish; it would sound very strange, she thought, and yet it seemed to her to be her proper resting-place.

On this day it was very pleasant in the burying-ground. The wind was blowing in from the sea, and the tall, uncared-for grass waved this way and that; and she read the name of one old ac-

quaintance after another, as she went along a crooked path that wound among the graves. Miss Ryder was already an old woman, and she was tired with her walk, and was glad to stop to rest, as she read for the thousandth time the name of Captain Joseph Sewall: Lost at Sea. There was no one in sight, and she gently stroked the slate headstone with her hand, and picked off a gray lichen that had fastened its tenacious roots into the crevice of one of the letters, while the face of her sailor lover came clearly to her mind. She did not know why, but she felt very lonely that day. She and Susan had never been very dear to each other; it was an affection bred of attachment and kinship and long association, rather than an instinctive drawing together of their natures, and she knew that Susan's home was not likely to be hers, and that in all probability her father could not live many years longer; at his death she would be left alone. Her married sisters were all dead, and Susan's father, her only brother, had died many years before. "It's the common lot of all," she told herself, "and I ought to be thankful that it is likely father will leave me very comfortable."

Susan had been anxious of late about her lover. The letters had not come often at best, for the mate of the Daylight did not hold the pen of a ready writer, and the long voyages from port to port had caused long silences that were nobody's fault. The last report from the ship had been that the next move was undecided; she might sail for the East Indies again before coming back to the States. There had been heavy gales at sea, and Miss Melinda had felt great sympathy for her niece when she asked the old captain so eagerly every day if there was any letter, and was disappointed by his answer.

She never had pitied the girl so much as she did when the thought came to her that the ship might be lost and that

Susan would have to bear a sorrow like her own.

And Miss Ryder seated herself on the grass, and sat looking off to sea. How many times she had sat there, and how dark the world used to seem to her when she came there first to show respect for her lover and her tenderness for his memory! Yet the years had worn away one by one, and this faithful soul had in later days wondered as much about the meeting, at some not far distant time, as she had dwelt in thought over the sad farewell of many years before.

Miss Ryder made a call or two on her way home, and it was almost tea-time when she reached the house, and heard an unusual noise of voices as she hurried in. What a surprise it was to see young Lewis, grown older and broad-shouldered, with his face browned and reddened by the sea winds! Susan was beaming with happiness, and Captain Joe looked very pleased and interested, and was listening to a long story of the voyage. Miss Ryder had not prepared her mind for being kissed, but kissed she was, and her father laughed and rubbed his hands together; she thought he looked older than ever as he sat by the side of this bronzed, eager young man.

"Why, when did you get in?" she asked the sailor. And he told his story again, that the ship had reached New York only a few days before, and he wished to come home to surprise them, and so had sent no letter.

"He is going back early in the morning," said the captain. "He tells us he has been made master of the ship;" and if young Lewis had been the old man's only son he could not have looked happier or prouder; while Susan tossed her head a little, as if she were not surprised, and had always been sure of this triumph from the beginning.

It proved that the captain of the Daylight had been washed overboard in a gale the third day out, and the first mate

had been ill during the homeward voyage, and had been forced to give up his position altogether. So Susan's lover had brought the ship across, and had handled her well, too. He had taken the first mate's duties for several weeks before they had reached Bristol, and had won great respect for his knowledge of seamanship: this and his relationship to one of the owners had secured him the position of captain. More than this, he had carried away some money which his mother had given him from her little hoard, and he had traded with it, and brought her home more than three hundred dollars, while he had something of his own beside his pay, in his pocket. The elder captain was ready to hear of his future projects, and a more cheerful company never sat down to drink tea together.

The first Sunday he could be at home, he and Susan walked up the broad aisle of the church side by side to Captain Ryder's pew, and she wore triumphantly a wide red India scarf folded about

her shoulders. And on week days she was proud to show the young women of her acquaintance other timely gifts from her handsome and promising lover. So the mate of the Daylight returned to his unbelieving friends a shipmaster, and when he sailed on his next voyage, having gained the owners' permission to carry her, he had his wife for company.

But old Captain Jabez, who had been made to hear all these things with difficulty, on account of his increasing deafness, grumbled out one day, as he sat on one of the wharves in the sunshine, like an old fly who had just crawled out of a crack in the spring, "It's the next v'y'ge that'll show what stuff he's made of. You might say this was his luck, but the next'll have to be his earning. There's plenty of able shipmasters, lying idle, I should think they'd ha' took afore they did him. But I wish Dan well, so I do. I'm one that likes to see young folks prosper and have their day. I've had mine!"

Sarah Orne Jewett.

CONCORD.

MAY 31, 1882.

"FARTHER horizons every year."

O tossing pines, which surge and wave
Above the poet's just made grave,
And waken for his sleeping ear
The music that he loved to hear,
Through summer's sun and winter's chill,
With purpose staunch and dauntless will,
Sped by a noble discontent
You climb toward the blue firmament:
Climb as the winds climb, mounting high
The viewless ladders of the sky;
Spurning our lower atmosphere,
Heavy with sighs and dense with night,
And urging upward, year by year,
To ampler air, diviner light.

"Farther horizons every year."

Beneath you pass the tribes of men;
Your gracious boughs o'ershadow them.
You hear, but do not seem to heed,
Their jarring speech, their faulty creed.
Your roots are firmly set in soil
Won from their humming paths of toil;
Content their lives to watch and share,
To serve them, shelter, and upbear,
Yet bent to win an upward way
And larger gift of heaven than they,
Benignant view and attitude,
Close knowledge of celestial sign;
Still working for all earthly good,
While pressing on to the Divine.

"Farther horizons every year."

So he, by reverent hands just laid
Beneath your layers of wavering shade,
Climbed as you climb the upward way,
Knowing not boundary or stay.
His eyes surcharged with heavenly lights,
His senses steeped in heavenly sights,
His soul attuned to heavenly keys,
How should he pause for rest or ease,
Or turn his wingéd feet again
To share the common feasts of men?
He blessed them with his word and smile,
But still, above their fickle moods,
Wooring, constraining him, the while
Beckoned the shining altitudes.

"Farther horizons every year."

To what immeasurable height,
What clear irradiance of light,
What far and all-transcendent goal,
Hast thou now risen, O steadfast soul!
We may not follow with our eyes
To where thy further pathway lies;
Nor guess what vision, vast and free,
God keeps in store for souls like thee.
But still the sentry pines, which wave
Their boughs above thy honored grave,
Shall be thy emblems brave and fit,
Firm rooted in the stalwart sod;
Blessing the earth, while spurning it,
Content with nothing short of God.

Susan Coolidge.

SHALL MEMBERS OF THE CABINET SIT IN CONGRESS?

OUR President and cabinet, if not the only are at least the most conspicuous example, in the history of representative government, of an executive which is unable, either personally or by means of an official representative, to explain the wants of its different departments in the legislative branch of the government. The general of the Achaian League was commonly the leader of the Federal Assembly, the Spartan kings addressed the body of Spartan citizens, the Roman consuls led both the Senate and the Popular Assembly, and the Duke of Venice could speak in the Great Council. The members of the Swiss Federal Council can speak in either of the Swiss legislative bodies, though they have no vote therein; and the members of the Confederate cabinet exercised nearly the same privileges with success. In England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, members of the ministry sit in one or the other of the two legislative bodies.

The disadvantages of the unique lack of direct connection between the executive and legislative branches of the government of the United States were not so apparent in the early days of our constitution; but as the extent and duties of the government increase, those disadvantages become proportionally conspicuous. Prominent among them is the fact that Congress legislates on insufficient information. So complex and extended have the huge machines of the national executive departments become, that they are unknown worlds to members of Congress. So conflicting and inefficient is the mass of congressional legislation concerning the executive branch of the government, that the heads of departments have acquired such extended power in the construction and execution of laws that in executing those laws they can often defeat their spirit.

If a member of the cabinet desires that a certain bill shall be passed, for the best working of his department, he is seldom able to accomplish his purpose. Annual reports and special messages to Congress receive only little attention, and members of the cabinet are forced either to allow their departments to go to the bad, or so to execute the existing laws as to obtain the practical result of laws which they desire. Almost necessarily, therefore, the executive branch has increased its prerogative and has encroached upon the domain of the legislative, until it has become far the most important part of our national government.

Moreover, we have no convenient method by which members of Congress can call heads of departments to account for corruption, delinquency, or neglect in their offices. A committee to investigate the conduct of a cabinet officer is appointed only for grave offenses, but the most flagrant abuses are passed over, and Congress comes to look upon the faults of the executive with the same indifference with which the latter looks on the incompetency of the former. Each throws all blame upon the other; each, on account of the impossibility of improving the other, becomes careless and reckless; the country runs into evil, and the people, unable to fix the responsibility for general mismanagement, look on our national legislation with indifference and even disgust.

In a well-regulated government the executive and legislative branches should have the same general and specific spirit and should be actuated by the same spirit and enthusiasm; of the faithful execution of the laws is possible. Harmony between the national executive and the best working

and at present such harmony is too often the effect of accident.

The disadvantages and dangers of the present system are yearly increasing. The recent improvements in the means of communication have enabled all species of organizations to exist on a grander scale than formerly. As a result, the executive departments of the government have become wonderfully extended and complicated; they are rapidly coming more into the control of experts, and their management is growing more mysterious to Congress and the people. Affairs in this age are conducted with such a rush that members of Congress, who are usually active men of business, burdened with a multitude of duties, are unable, from lack of time, to look deeply into the complex executive management of the government. Moreover, as the national executive officers perceive the incompetency of Congress and of the people to deal with the expert business of their departments, they naturally act independently, beyond the scope of their authority, and often arrogantly. So great is the power of the executive, and so concealed is it from the public view, that the temptations are strong to extend it to unauthorized and dangerous limits. Every decade renders it more necessary for Congress to have the constant advice of experts on matters of legislation, and to assume, if possible, a firmer and more intimate control over our executive management.

A remedy for some of these evils might be given if members of the cabinet sat in Congress. That assembly would then have in its midst the best authority on all executive matters; heads of departments could explain the wants of their departments, and could use their personal efforts to have those wants met. Greater harmony would exist between the executive and legislative branches. Responsibility would be more clearly defined. The members of Congress, by their presence in session,

daily to question secretaries in regard to their departments. If laws were not executed in the spirit in which they were passed; if any mismanagement, abuse, or evil existed in any executive department, the injured party could report to some member of Congress, who would demand an explanation of the proper secretary, and expose the wrong to Congress and to the country. At present, members of the cabinet are called to account on questions of minor importance by letter or by private conversation; and the complaining member of Congress wins no public notice, and loses the good-will of the executive officer, who has come to consider such action by a member an impertinent interference.

The advantages of the method suggested are displayed at present in the English Parliament. Each member of the ministry is obliged to answer, on the floor of his House, any and all questions concerning the working of his department. He is surrounded by as many watchers as there are citizens; he must guard his every act; every abuse which is brought to his notice must be immediately remedied; and, as a consequence, the English executive is a model of effectiveness and official purity.

In accordance with the policy which has been here proposed, one of three changes is possible. Our constitution might be so amended that secretaries, though appointed as at present, could debate and vote in Congress. This is the most extreme method; it would give extraordinary powers to the President, and might be dangerous and unacceptable to the people. The second method is so to amend the constitution that the restriction by which members of Congress are prohibited from holding any executive office should not apply to cabinet positions. This would enable the President to choose his cabinet from members of Congress. This is the English system, and is the most feasible plan,

if the cabinet in time is to be made responsible to Congress. The third method is more moderate still, and would permit members of the cabinet to sit in Congress for the purpose of answering any questions, to explain the needs of their departments, and to discuss all questions which appertained directly to their special portfolios; but they would have no vote. They could have regular hours for attendance in Congress, and would thus be taken from their routine duties only a few hours daily during the legislative session. If any innovation is to be made, the last plan seems most desirable as a beginning; it will permit the trial of the experiment without taking any serious step. This change had the approval of President Garfield, whose long experience in the House of Representatives made him an authority on this question; and it could be made also without altering the constitution, as the members of the cabinet would not be members of Congress.

The third change is mainly valuable as introductory to the second. Members of the cabinet must be responsible to some power, and it is far better that that power should be a numerous body, like Congress, than one man, like the President. The theory that power in government should be bestowed on two or more branches, and that each should have a check on the other, produces a block system, destroys the force of the government itself, prevents incisiveness and prompt action, tends to diminish and conceal individual responsibility in the members of the government, and thus aggravates natural recklessness. A cabinet answerable to Congress would doubtless weaken the power of the President, and in the present state of aggrandizement of the power of our executive such a change should most assuredly be desired.

It is useful, in this connection, to read some appropriate remarks on the American constitution, by the most profound

living scholar on the subject of constitutional government:¹ "In America, if the President and Congress do not agree, neither party has any means of getting rid of the other. The President cannot dissolve Congress, and he is in no way called on to resign his own office. Thus it is quite possible that the executive and legislative branches may be in a state of discord for years. On the other hand, a President of whom Congress thoroughly approves may come to the end of his term of office when nothing calls for any change of men or of measures, and, though he may be reëlected, yet his continuance in office is at least jeopardied, and the country is obliged to go through the excitement and turmoil of a presidential election. . . . In truth, the evil is one inherent in the form of government; it may, by judicious provisions, be made less baneful, but it cannot be got rid of altogether. It is the weak point of presidential government,—a weak point to be fairly balanced against its strong points, and against the weak points of other systems. . . . This weak point, however, would not have been so obvious, nor would it have needed to be so much dwelled upon as it has been, if it had not been aggravated, rather than diminished, by certain provisions in the American constitution. If the President were elected by Congress, or by some body chosen by or out of Congress, if his ministers were allowed to be members of Congress, or to appear or speak in Congress, the evils of the system would be greatly diminished, while the essential principles of presidential government would remain untouched."

It is claimed by those who favor the system at present in vogue that the legislative and executive departments should be kept entirely distinct for their best working, and that, by the change which I have proposed, the powers of

¹ Freeman's *Historical Essay on Presidential Government*, page 391.

members in each department would be too widely diffused to remain effective. But at present the legislature in our national government acts without that requisite information which can be best given by the heads of departments, and there is little danger that Congress would immerse itself too deeply in the control of the executive, in these days of our complicated forms of government. Congress has already more than it can do to inform itself correctly in regard to immediate legislation. Nor would the executive department be neglected. Many of the functions which are now performed by members of the cabinet would, under the proposed change, be managed by their assistants; and assistants can easily be found who are as able in executive management as their superior officers. There is no accusation that in England Parliament interferes too much with the executive management, or that the executive department is weak on account of the time which cabinet ministers are obliged to devote to attendance in Parliament.

It is also argued that the present block system is a safeguard against the aggrandizement of the legislative over the executive branch of the national government. The fear of such legislative encroachment was the principal cause of this block system in our government. The age in which the federal constitution was adopted was characterized in Europe by an extraordinary increase in the prerogatives of legislatures, and by the turbulence and excesses of the masses. Hamilton wrote in the *Federalist*, No. 49, "We have seen that the tendency of republican governments is to an aggrandizement of the legislative at the expense of the other departments." Madison wrote in the *Federalist*, No. 48, "The legislative department is everywhere extending the sphere of its activity, and drawing all power into its tempestuous vortex." Jefferson also wrote, in the *Notes on the State of Vir-*

ginia, "The executive power in our government is not the only, perhaps not even the principal, object of my solicitude. The tyranny of the legislature is really the danger most to be feared, and will continue so for many years to come. The tyranny of the executive power will come in its turn, but at a more distant period." Since the days of Hamilton affairs have reversed, on account of the intricate complications and wide extent of our executive departments. At present it is the executive power which is stronger, and which is everywhere extending its prerogatives to an extraordinary degree. A century ago it might have appeared that the executive department needed to be independent of the legislative, in order to defend its prerogatives. But now there is no such reason for the lack of close connection between the two departments, and unless our legislature shall acquire a more intimate connection with the executive it will gradually cease to be a potent force in our government. The principal argument by which Hamilton and Jefferson supported this independence of the executive and the legislature can now be used in favor of a closer connection between them. It is singular that neither Hamilton, Madison, nor Jefferson discerned the growth of the modern cabinet. During the last hundred years that growth has been the most remarkable feature in political history. Other nations have modified their forms of government in accordance with the changes of the times; but the government of the United States, in this respect, has remained stationary. Our executive has increased its powers, necessarily, through the aggrandizement and increased complexity of its departments; but it has shared none of its powers with Congress, and its relation to that body now is nearly the same as that in which the king of England stood to Parliament a century ago. George the Third had far greater prerogatives than Washing-

ton, but to-day the power of the Queen of England is trifling in comparison with that of our President.

It is argued, on the other side that the cabinet will possess dangerous power whenever its members shall be congressmen. But they will be responsible to Congress; their power will be that of persuasion, and four hundred men will not be controlled by the votes of a dozen.

Lastly, it is objected that a system which makes the cabinet responsible to Congress will diminish the checks upon the passions and feelings of the masses. Hamilton wrote in the *Federalist*, No. 51, "A dependence on the people is no doubt the primary control in government, but experience has taught mankind the necessity of auxiliary precautions." Madison, in the *Federalist*, No. 48, writes, "It is the reason of the public alone that ought to control and regulate the government. The passions ought to be controlled and regulated by government." But how can we know what is the reason and what the passion of the people? Hamilton and Madison never perceived that the people are improved in politics by their own experience and blunders. Had these statesmen lived a century later they might have seen that order and security of

property are not the only *desiderata* in government, but that of far more importance is the attainment by the people of that prudence and foresight which is acquired only by individual political experience. It matters not so much whether this or that policy is of momentary advantage as that such a polity of government may exist by which the responsibility of all political action will be cast on the largest number. By this means alone can a people be made able and prudent; and it is better for them to obtain wisdom and prudence by grievous errors than to be children under the strict tutelage of their rulers. As Congress feels the pulse of the people more fully than can the President, it is true that every increase of the powers of the national legislature at the expense of the executive will give freer vent to the passions of the masses. But there is little danger that the people will rush to ruin by legislation. The fear of the masses has ever been a fond bugbear to constitutional students. The ruin of a country by legislation under popular suffrage is the product of long and slow experiment, and there is little reason to believe that the people of this country, if left to themselves, will rush to blind and experimental suicide.

Willard Brown.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

V.

ONE thing that I learned during my Southern journey was the fact that everywhere in the South I could talk freely with people of all classes and of both races, upon every possible subject, without producing any manifestation of irritation, hostility, or distrust. Everybody appeared to speak frankly and without concealment, and, so far as I

could judge, to express his real opinions and feelings in conversing with me regarding Southern interests and affairs. I also heard much talk of such subjects between Southern men when they were not aware that I was an interested listener, or that a Northern man was present. I traveled much of the time without finding it necessary to use my letters of introduction, or to acquaint any person with the objects of my journey.

Very few men in the South learned that I was a writer, or "correspondent for the press." It may be that some persons would have been less frank if they had known what use would be made of the information which they so freely and courteously aided me to obtain; but I dealt fairly with every one, and incurred no obligation of secrecy; but, of course, I do not use names, nor in any way designate individuals. I think I really heard what Southern men were in the habit of saying among themselves and to each other. I traveled and lived among the people of the middle and poorer classes in the roughest ways, and as if I were one of their number, which usually appeared to prevent or overcome any feeling of restraint or distrust on their part. I had plenty of reasons for my journey, but it was not often necessary to account for it at all.

FACE TO FACE.

The Southern people, of all classes, are generally so social, so fond of conversation, that I rarely had any need of special effort, or means of introduction, to enable me to obtain access to any one whom I wished to see. Commonly the mere declaration that I was a stranger, desiring to learn about the industries and resources of the country, was all that was required. Most of the gentlemen upon whom I thus called appeared to regard my having sought information from them as a highly respectful compliment, and they always received me with the utmost courtesy and kindness. Having thus effected a meeting, and in the first few moments of it established pleasant relations, I could talk of everything, and could learn all that I wished to know of the opinions, feelings, and character of the man who was talking to me. When I first reached a place I was often taken for a man who wished to buy land, and some most extraordinary bargains were offered to me. At times it was difficult to avoid a feeling of obligation

for the munificent kindness which afforded to a stranger such opportunities for the rapid acquisition of wealth. On other occasions I was supposed to be "looking for a place" as a laborer, or for land to farm on shares, or to be in quest of cotton or cattle, and I did not usually at once correct such errors. The method which I often followed was to talk as little as possible myself until I had obtained from Southern men the fullest expression of their views and ideas, and then to mention the fact that I had been in the South during the war as a Union soldier; that at that time I was an enthusiastic young abolitionist, and entered the army chiefly because I believed the war would destroy slavery. I did this in order to learn whether such an announcement would produce any change of feeling or utterance, but I was never able to observe any diminution of interest or frankness on the part of my Southern acquaintances.

TALK ABOUT THE WAR.

At other times, when entering the circle of men around the stove in a hotel, I began by saying, in answer to the question whether that was my first visit to the town, that I had never been there, but had explored other portions of the South with the soldiers of such or such a Union commander. Usually this only led to a general telling of war stories. Nobody would say anything against the North. A few things were everywhere endlessly repeated: "This country will never do nothin' till we have some Northern men and Northern capital. There would n't be any trouble between the North and the South if it was n't for the politicians and a few editors on both sides. Politics won't do us any good; the South needs more money and more enterprise." These are the expressions which I heard oftenest among the common people, and from nearly everybody, indeed, in answer to the usual Southern inquiry, among the masses, "Well, how

are ye makin' it in this part of the country?" Whenever I spoke of being a Northern man, and of having been in the Union army, all classes of persons appeared to feel a new interest in me in a social way. The common people never tired of stories of the struggle, and they were entirely indifferent as to which side was concerned; they cared only for the stories. So they always asked me where I was during the war, and what I saw in the way of adventures, either tragical or amusing. I thought it an encouraging sign of progress that the Southern people had everywhere reached this story-telling stage in their change of feeling regarding the conflict and the memory of its antagonisms. It was common in these conversations for the Southern soldiers present to mention instances of brave or chivalrous action on the part of Union soldiers and officers, which had come under their observation, or were well known to the Southern people generally. They seemed to take pleasure in recalling whatever was honorable and generous in the conduct and character of the Northern men whom they had met on the battle-field.

"GO EVERYWHERE."

Whenever I expressed my desire to see the South and the people, the answer, accompanied by an eager earnestness of manner, was, "That's right. That's just what we want. If the Northern people would only come down here and see for themselves, there would be no more trouble." When I would add that I wished to see the negroes also, and to talk with them about political affairs, so as to obtain some real acquaintance with their feelings and ideas, the answer was always, "Go everywhere. Talk with everybody. Talk with the negroes. Get everything out of them you can; and then tell the people at home what you hear." Leading Southern men and democrats appeared to feel sincerely desirous that I should see the

negroes and the poor white people under such conditions as would be most favorable to my purpose of studying directly and carefully their life and thought. They often said, "You ought to take us all as *unexpectedly* as possible. Better look at cattle or at cotton, or travel as a business man, or go to a house late in the evening, and ask to be allowed to stay all night. Then you can set people to talking." There was evidently no reluctance or sensitiveness anywhere in regard to my conversing with the negroes. Nobody appeared to have a thought of the possibility of anything incendiary or explosive in this direction. I was always urged to see them, and was advised to use all possible means to obtain from them a full and free utterance of all their ideas, sentiments, and desires. I did talk much with them, in all the principal regions in which they are most numerous, going among them in different characters at different times; and I conversed with hundreds of colored men in the great "black districts" without any white man knowing anything about it, or giving the matter the slightest attention.

POPULAR FEELING.

Another feature in the condition of the South, which appeared to be almost universal, and which made a decided impression upon my mind, was the apathy or indifference regarding politics which prevailed among people of all classes (except the office-holders and a very few others) and of both races. In Virginia there was of course much interest in politics, as the struggle of the "readjusters" for the control of the State was then in progress. I talked much with prominent men of all parties there at that time, and soon learned, as did all impartial observers of the contest, that there was no honest reason for the State's refusing to pay her debts in full, as she could without difficulty satisfy all her creditors; and that the claim that she was unable to do so was merely a

pretense on the part of selfish and unscrupulous politicians, who wished to obtain power in the State for the sake of the offices and the control of the "patronage" or "spoils." There was no oppression of the negroes at that time in Virginia, nor any interference with their exercise of the right of suffrage; and, while there were good reasons for the existence and activity of the republican party in the State, there was nothing of great importance to the nation involved in the contest of that party with the democrats or "Bourbons." To a person not a partisan it was plain that no great calamity to the State, or to the country, would have been likely to result from the success of either of these two parties. But of course Northern republicans should, properly or as a matter of consistency, have sympathized with such men as General Williams C. Wickham, and have given them all proper aid and "moral support." There was no reason for sympathy, on the part of good men in the Northern States, with the "readjuster" movement, and no ground for any expectation of benefits to the colored people to result from its success.

THE TALK OF CROWDS.

In all other parts of the South I found that the most intelligent and public-spirited citizens were not greatly interested in politics. They were hopeful regarding the administration of President Garfield, and almost universally expressed the conviction that the true course for the Southern people would be to let national politics alone in great measure, and to give all their strength to work, education, the development of Southern resources, and the improvement of the condition of the laboring classes. I heard such ideas and feelings expressed everywhere in a very earnest and decided manner, especially by the men who are known as Bourbons, and Southern men of the better classes

appeared very generally to share these sentiments. I saw many young men, from twenty-four to twenty-eight years of age, who had never voted, and they were among the best and most intelligent of the young men whom I met in the South. Outside of the State of Virginia there appeared to be but slight interest in politics, except on the part of politicians and office-seekers. The people commonly talked but little on political topics, and did not seem interested in hearing about public affairs from politicians of any party or class. Conversation was devoted to cotton raising and picking, horse-trading, and "experience in sheep;" to fights, personal adventures, apparitions, mysterious or supernatural occurrences, — everything else rather than politics. Of course the approach of an election in any of the States which I visited would have the effect of arousing the people in some measure from this apathy, and from their absorption in business and social interests; but I was impressed by the fact that throughout the South the people of all classes evidently felt much more interest in other affairs than in politics, and that this comparative indifference had, as was plain, existed for some time, — long enough, indeed, to become habitual. While everybody talked freely of the "troubled times" after the war, I could not find anywhere indications of existing or recent irritation or antagonism between the white people and the negroes. The colored people had no appearance of being "cowed" or terrorized, and to a person expecting to find evidences of excited struggle or bitter antagonisms, of recent outrages or impending collisions, the whole country, when I saw it, would have seemed not only very quiet, but extremely dull.

POLITICAL ABUSES.

But I shall now describe particularly "the political condition of the South" as I saw it last year. I did not visit

that portion of our country in the interest of any party, or of any theory of things. The journey was undertaken with the sole purpose of seeing as much as possible of the Southern people, of all classes and both races, and of reporting with colorless accuracy whatever I might observe, as it appeared to me; and with the conviction that a just and truthful account of the condition of the South would be far more important and useful than any partisan presentation could be.

I have not seen an election in the South,—though I should like to be an observer on such an occasion in some regions which I visited,—and I can therefore only report what I heard, from men of all classes and opinions, regarding the methods of action which are pursued during “political campaigns” and in the management of elections.

THE NEGROES KEPT FROM THE POLLS.

In Mississippi, in Southern Alabama, and in Louisiana the negroes are not permitted to vote without illegal interference; or, if they are allowed to vote, their vote is not fully registered and returned. They are hindered from voting; and in making records and returns their vote is to a considerable and effectual extent neutralized or excluded. I do not say that this is done everywhere, or at every election, in the States I have just named, but it has been done widely, frequently, and recently. I conclude that the negro vote is thus restricted or interfered with in those regions, because the leading citizens there, democrats, themselves told me that it was done,—that they themselves did and managed the work; and they have again and again, in conversation with me, described the methods by which it was accomplished.

CHALLENGING A NEGRO VOTER.

In Southern Alabama, prominent leaders in democratic politics said that

in the “black districts” it was common to have, at each place of holding elections, two ballot-boxes, one for white voters, and the other for the negroes. The approach to each ballot-box is by a long, narrow passage or “gangway,” inclosed by a railing on each side. If the blacks are present, and likely to vote in such numbers as to “threaten the overthrow of society,” or give cause of alarm to the leading white citizens, the offered vote of some ignorant negro is challenged. The gangway is filled behind him by a long line of negroes, pressing forward in single file, and impatient to vote. The negro selected to be challenged is always one who lives in a distant part of the township or district. Somebody is dispatched to summon witnesses from his neighborhood, or some other cause of delay is discovered. Everything is conducted with judicial quietness, dignity, and deliberateness. Of course the other negroes cannot vote until this case is decided. It comes to an end by and by, and the conclusion which is at last reached is, usually, that the challenged negro has the right to vote, and his ballot is accepted. It is not according to the plan of action to refuse the right or opportunity of voting to any individual negro. That would irritate the men of his race, and would cause “the guardians of society” to appear at a disadvantage. The challenged negro’s vote is taken, and the voting goes on quietly and peaceably, until it is necessary to repeat the performance described above. When the hour for the closing of the polls arrives there has not been sufficient time for the full negro republican vote to be polled, and the counting of the ballot shows that there is an adequate democratic majority, and that the intelligence of the country has again been successful in the effort to prevent the overthrow of society by ignorance and incapacity.

“But,” I often inquired, “what if

the negroes should become tired of this enforced waiting, and, understanding its purpose, should push forward, and demand that their votes shall be received?"

"Then," answered my informants, significantly, "there is a collision. The negroes are the attacking party, and of course they will be worsted."

FALSE ELECTION RETURNS.

In some parts of Mississippi the methods employed to prevent the overthrow of society were described by the principal actors, in talking to me, as being similar, in essential features, to those used in Alabama, though the particular arrangements by which the object is accomplished are varied to suit the circumstances. Sometimes the negroes are permitted to vote without hindrance or restriction of any kind, and society is saved by judicious elimination and substitution in making up the returns of the election. This is the method now most commonly followed in Louisiana, or in important portions of that State, as I was informed by prominent citizens and business men, democrats.

All other classes of citizens say that these accounts are true; that these are the methods which have been for some time employed for suppressing or neutralizing the negro republican vote. All agree, too, that for some years past there has been a very general desire on the part of democratic managers and citizens, nearly everywhere in the South, to avoid collisions and disturbances at elections and political meetings; it being thought best to depend upon more quiet and less objectionable methods for managing or neutralizing the political power of the negro republicans, where they are in a majority.

"WHAT IS THE GOOD OF LYING?"

In Southern Alabama and in Mississippi influential and prominent democrats said to me, "Some of our people,

some editors especially, deny that the negroes are hindered from voting; but what is the good of lying? They are interfered with, and we are obliged to do it, and we may as well tell the truth."

As it is my purpose to be altogether fair and accurate, I shall now allow these gentlemen to state their own case, to present the grounds and reason of their course of action in dealing with the negro in politics, as they everywhere did this in frank and kindly conversation with me. In speaking of this subject, the relation of the negroes to the politics of the Southern States, intelligent men in the South always begin with emphatic praise of the remarkable loyalty and kindly faithfulness of the slaves during the great civil war. Almost throughout the South the whole able-bodied white population was in the army. The homes, the property, the women and children, of the Southerners were all in the power of the negroes and at their mercy. Had they been disposed to evil or injury they could have filled the country with horrors not surpassed in history. But they worked diligently, and affectionately guarded, almost without exception, the homes and interests left to their care. Southern men everywhere say they feel lovingly grateful for all this, and with good reason. (Many Northern people were surprised when it was found that the slaves were not aroused to insurrection by the progress of the conflict which was to liberate them from oppression. An examination of this feature of the struggle might throw some light on the relations between the two races in connection with slavery and the organization of society in the South before the war, as well as upon the character of the Southern people, both white and black.)

"DRUNK WITH FREEDOM."

When the war ended, and slavery was abolished, there was a rush of events and crowding changes. The ne-

groes were generally greatly excited, and felt uncertain about the reality and security of their new freedom. Many of them moved about in troops, expecting some great dramatic or spectacular intervention of the Yankees or of Providence, for their benefit. But many soon went to work, and things connected with the condition of the negroes were becoming settled and orderly in some portions of the country ; while in others the intoxication of the emancipated people, caused by their first taste of liberty and the absence of all means of restraint, inflamed by incitements from base white men in some cases, led to the commission of horrible and indescribable outrages. I have been assured by many of the best people of the Southern States, men and women, and by both whites and blacks, that in many cases women were subjected to public insult and outrage, and the most dreadful excesses and enormities were committed. The negroes everywhere say that these accounts are true. There was almost everywhere more or less of crime and disorder among white men, which often made property and life in whole districts insecure. There was then no law ; there were no courts, no officers. Society had been in great measure dissolved, and the functions of civil government suspended. In this time of peril and powerlessness the Confederate officers in many places requested the Union officers who were still in command in the South to aid them in maintaining order, until the machinery of government could be developed or created and put in operation. In many cases the reply was, "Organize a company of good men, or retain your military organization, and the Union officers will supply you with needed arms and ammunition. Try criminals and punish them, or expel them from your communities, and you will be sustained by the military and civil authorities of the nation." I have seen some of these letters

from Union commanders, authorizing such action on the part of prominent Southerners, who had just laid down their arms.

THE "KU-KLUX KLAN" IS BORN.

Just here was the birth of the famous Ku-Klux Klan. What melodramatic fool first suggested the machinery of disguise, the masks, the silly emblems and pretenses, and whence he derived this grotesque idiocy, it is now too late to inquire. It seems to me there is a weakness of this kind in the character of many Southern men. They are too fond of posing. Even the leaders of the Confederacy sometimes attitudinized, for an awe-stricken world to see, more than thoroughly serious men ever do. Probably the inventor of these fripperies was some young editor, who had never seen service as a soldier. At any rate, the idea of disguise was a cowardly one, and its practical working proved in every way unfortunate. The testimony is universal in the South that what came to be called the Ku-Klux Klan was at first meant for good, and not for evil ; for the suppression, and not the commission, of crimes of violence ; for the protection, and not the injury and destruction, of the weak and helpless. But here the fatal folly and mischief of the element of disguise becomes apparent. The opportunity which this masked movement and method afforded for the unrecognized and secure gratification of private personal spite and malice was too obvious and tempting not to be used and enjoyed. Old quarrels and grudges were revived, and new feuds arose out of slight reasons, because it was now so convenient and apparently so safe to quarrel. Masks were worn on both sides in such petty, miserable struggles, and the "Ku-Kluxers," as the negroes call them, killed each other off in contests in which neither side had any real claim upon the sympathy of good men.

"THE HUNTING OF MEN."

For some time there was no political element, nor even any race element, in these outrages and retaliations. But acts of violence and bloodshed inflame those who commit them to a kind of insanity. The spirit of the chase was aroused by and by in large numbers of white men, of the lowest and worst class of those who had survived the war. Nothing else so exactly represents the feeling which was now developed in some regions of the South—judging from the accounts of this period which are given by all classes of those who were directly concerned—as the hunter's excitement in the pursuit and capture or destruction of his game. The negroes became its chief objects, not, as it appears to me, so much because anybody hated the negro as because the negroes were the weakest, most helpless class,—the class that could most safely be hunted. "The hunt was up," and the effects of the blood-fury of the chase came mostly upon the negroes in many cases. I do not mean that this represents or describes a state of things which existed generally or throughout the South. It seems to be certain that the history of the "Ku-Klux outrages," as usually told and believed at the North, abounds in enormous exaggerations, as might be reasonably expected in any similar condition of society.

There was enough—there was much—of horrible wrong and outrage of the helpless and innocent. I could find nobody in the South who seemed to have the least disposition to deny, conceal, or excuse these outrages, or this part of the work of the Klan. It is generally admitted, and never defended. But everybody says alike, and intelligent negroes most emphatically of all, that the published stories and the general Northern idea of the Klan outrages were distorted and exaggerated; and it is plain that no statistics of these occur-

rences, or estimate of the number of victims of violence or murder, can be set forth with any serious claim to even approximate truth. No materials exist for statistics or estimates of this nature.

After some time the methods of the Klan came to be used in connection with politics and elections. It was a method of electioneering by terrorizing the voters of the opposite party. But it had some awkward features. Everywhere the hunted negroes gradually learned self-defense, and in many instances even retaliation; and, as a negro told me in Alabama, "it made the Ku-Kluxers feel sorter solemn when the niggers tuck to Ku-Klugin' *them*." The disorder and violence in some regions became intolerable to the leading citizens, and democratic judges and juries and sheriffs used their power to break up the Klan, and to forbid its further activity.

THE SOUTHERN PLEA.

Now, to carry the analysis of the work of the Klan in politics a little farther and deeper, what are Southerners able to say for themselves in regard to it? What was the object which they sought when they encouraged, or permitted, or committed assaults upon negroes, for the purpose of diminishing the republican vote, and why did they choose and employ such means, so unworthy of civilized people, for its accomplishment? The nation can afford to hear patiently the Southern account of the matter; can afford, at this late period, and as there is now no general political excitement, to allow the Southern people to speak for themselves. Intelligent Southern men say that it was a life-and-death struggle for the destruction or preservation of civil government and of civilized society in the Southern States, and that the "carpet-baggers,"—corrupt and unprincipled Northern men,—using the negroes as tools, were the aggressors. The negroes were in many places persuaded by these adventurers

that the land now belonged to the freed-men; that their former masters would be compelled to serve them, and that the white women of the country were to belong to the negroes. It is plainly to be seen to-day that there was, some years ago, a genuine "scare," or panic, throughout the South, on account of the peril which was believed to threaten the Southern women, and there is abundant evidence that the intense and desperate feeling which was thus aroused was not without adequate reason.

A DARK PERIOD.

In many cases the negroes, as they themselves now say, attempted to put in practice the teaching of their "Northern friends" regarding this matter of the social relations between the two races. Southern men say that the South was in a hard place during "the reconstruction period;" that the carpet-baggers were — not all, but very generally — such men as would not be trusted or respected in any Northern community; that they had, by means of their power over the negroes and the support of the Federal government, almost absolute sway in important and extensive regions of the South; and that they committed with impunity the most monstrous crimes, and loaded peaceable and inoffensive individuals and communities with continual insult and intolerable injuries. They point to the enormous systems of theft, fraud, and corruption that flourished in the States which came completely under the joint dominion of the carpet-bagger and the negro, and they say that any people on earth would have resisted, and that the people of the North would not have borne a tithe of the indignities and wrongs which were heaped upon the people of the Southern States. They always lay special stress on the peril of the subversion of the social and family life of the white race in the South, and of the degradation of the white women under the power of the negroes.

THE VERGE OF RUIN.

Whatever may have been the real condition of things, intelligent Southern men evidently believe that everything that makes up civilized life, society, and government was in danger of destruction in large portions of the South, and that there was nobody to hear their appeal, or to give them relief or sympathy. The carpet-baggers, employing the negroes as instruments, set out to punish the Southern people with merciless severity and vindictiveness for having been in rebellion, and they alone had the ear of the North and of the national government. They wrote to Northern newspapers whatever fictions were convenient, or seemed necessary for their own justification, and did not scruple to create a whole literature of falsehood for the purpose of inspiring public sentiment in the North with increasing hatred of the Southern people.

GRATITUDE TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Southern men everywhere insist that at the close of the war they all accepted the verdict of battle as final; that they were unspeakably grateful for the magnanimity of the Union generals and of Mr. Lincoln; that the South was exhausted, and was in an agony of weariness of the war; that the conclusion of it brought a feeling of universal relief; and that it would have been "the easiest thing in the world" to inspire the Southern people generally, in the time of this great reaction, with a feeling of intense loyalty to the national government. It was the carpet-baggers, the political adventurers and thieves from the North, who brought a new war "and all our woe" into the South, by their efforts to establish negro supremacy there for the profit and behoof of the adventurers and thieves aforesaid. The South never believed that the North wished to oppress and ruin the Southern people, but they found it impossible

to acquaint the people of the North with the true condition of things in the South.

THE NEGRO VOTE TO BE QUIETLY NEUTRALIZED.

The best and least objectionable method of counteracting these evils, and of warding off the perils which thus threatened to engulf the South in financial, social, and moral ruin, has seemed to Southern men to be the obstruction or "management" for the time being of the right of suffrage in the hands of the negroes. So the blacks are in various ways hindered from voting the republican ticket, or their vote is in some way, neutralized after it has been cast. This may not be done at every election, but it has been done recently in several parts of the South, and it is likely to be done again. Whatever may have been true in former times, all the leading citizens of the States I have named, democrats, and actors in the management of the political power of the negroes, now appear to be sincerely desirous of accomplishing this object — the neutralization of the negro vote — without violence or bloodshed. I gave special attention everywhere to this subject of political disturbances or outrages, and I was unable to find any evidence or indication whatever of such disturbances having occurred during recent years, or of violence in connection with politics in which white men were actors.

I investigated as thoroughly as possible several accounts of important outrages, which, during the last few years, had excited our indignation in the North, and I found that the occurrences upon which these accounts were based had taken place many years before, in that almost mythical period of the first few years after the war, about which it is now safe to say almost anything; that the story of these events had been brought down to later times; and that, in some instances, a single disturbance had been utilized as the basis of stories

of three or four separate outrages, located in different States. About all these matters I learned some things which interested me much, and which I could not have understood so well by any other means as by visiting the scenes of the outrages, and talking with the people of all classes about them.

Of course I cannot speak from direct observation or with positive knowledge, and say that no disturbances or outrages had occurred recently in connection with politics in the regions which I visited last year. I mean merely that after talking with the people of all parties and political sentiments and opinions, and especially with the negroes everywhere, the impression made upon my mind was very strong that little or nothing of the kind had taken place for several years. What may have happened in out-of-the-way corners or portions of the South I do not pretend to say, but I explored all the great black districts.

THEIR REASONS.

The feeling of the leading citizens of these Southern States, who thus suppress the negro republican vote, and their reason for doing it, appear to be simply that it is necessary; that it is the only means known to them or available for preserving the life of the State. They say, and seem to believe sincerely enough, that while the negro vote is controlled by the unscrupulous politicians, who are now, for the most part, the local leaders and managers of the republican party in the States spoken of, if this vote were not in some way suppressed or neutralized these States would pass at once under the control of an organized system of brigandage, of theft under the forms of law, which would soon almost entirely destroy the whole property or wealth of the people. They say that dishonest appropriations and excessive taxation would soon be carried to such an extent that not only would all enterprise and industry be par-

alyzed, but the state debt would soon exceed the value of all the taxable property in the State. They say that they have nothing against the negro, nor against his enjoyment of the right of suffrage, although they think there are difficulties connected with this matter of negro suffrage which would be regarded as grave and trying by any Northern State. They have no wish to oppress anybody, and they feel that the methods which I am describing are objectionable. They do not like to employ them, and if anybody can suggest ways or means by which honest government can be maintained, and the difficulties connected with negro suffrage overcome, without interference with the negro's voting, they would be glad to adopt them.

**"OLD WHIGS" WHO HATE THE NAME
OF DEMOCRAT.**

These men say further, everywhere, that they do not care at all for the democratic party; that they do not care what party controls the South, if these difficulties can be overcome, and property and industry can be made secure; that anybody is welcome to hold the offices and govern their States who will do so honestly. "We simply want such state governments as you usually have in the North." This was said to me many times in the States of which I am now writing. I was somewhat surprised to find large numbers of men who are leaders in the democratic party in the South who said, as they said to me repeatedly, "We are no democrats." In meeting men of this class I constantly heard such utterances as this: "I am no democrat. For my part, my political education was that of a whig. My father was a whig, and I grew up with his ideas and sentiments regarding political matters. I despise the very name of democrat. There is not a principle or a tradition belonging to the organization which I approve. I wish to God we might have an administration party,

a republican party, in our State, that a gentleman could belong to without the sacrifice of all honesty and self-respect. What in the name of Heaven is the reason that the republican party in the South is left in the hands of such men as its local managers usually are?"

DO NOT WISH TO BE "SOLID."

They go on to say, as in Alabama, in Mississippi, and in Louisiana many of them said to me, that it is a misfortune to the South and to the nation to have the South solid; that the South does not wish to be solid, but that it really seems to be the interest or the wish of most of the local republican politicians in the Southern States to keep the South solid as long as possible. I was told of several cases in which democrats had offered to support honest republicans for office if the republican managers would allow them to be nominated, but the proposition was rejected with scorn. Some of the republican leaders spoke to me of these offers from the democrats, and said that such propositions were equivalent to saying that if the republican party in that county or district would "abandon its organization" the democrats would abandon theirs. "But," said the republicans, "we shall never relinquish our organization, nor sacrifice our principles, till the democratic party is entirely broken up."

LONGING FOR CHANGE.

There appeared to be but little partisan feeling among the democratic leaders. I could not help observing everywhere that they seemed tired of the long antagonism over the peculiar elements in Southern politics, and I think many of them would welcome any change which should not involve dishonor, or the sacrifice of what is essential to the maintenance of society and civilization. I could discover no evidence of evil feelings or designs among these men, or of the peculiar depravity which has so often

been attributed to them by Northern politicians and journalists. They are such men as, in Massachusetts and Ohio, we expect to find in the highest places in the republican party. But there is a great deal of the feeling among them that almost anything would be justifiable if it were the necessary or only means of keeping their States out of the control of the present local managers of the republican party in the South; this feeling arising from their conviction that such control would result, wherever it might be established, in the complete prostration and ruin of all the interests and institutions of civilized society.

THE NEGROES.

In the towns and near them, and wherever the white people greatly outnumber the negroes, there are some colored men who are as intelligent in regard to political matters as the average of the operatives in a New England factory town; but even in such places most of the negro voters are entirely incapable of forming opinions or judgments of their own in regard to political principles, doctrines, or activities. I met in various places a few negroes who are men of much intelligence, and who are probably not inferior, in any respect, to average members of our national legislature. There is a considerable number of colored men engaged in teaching in the Southern States, who are excellent and thoroughly competent workers in their important profession, and many of the clergymen of their race are making earnest and laborious efforts for self-improvement and the elevation of their people. I find myself dwelling lingeringly on every particular feature and fact of the favorable side of this subject, — the condition of the colored people.

THE SAD TRUTH.

But I must come to the depressing truth of the general, almost the uni-

versal, condition and character of the negroes in the black districts. They have made some improvement in regard to industry or labor. A very few in these regions have an increasing desire for the acquisition of property, and are beginning to save their earnings, or at least to expend them less recklessly than formerly. But as to any knowledge, intelligence, or judgment, such as should equip a man, even in the lowest degree, for the exercise of the right or power of suffrage, I cannot see that they know anything about it, or possess it any more than sheep do. If by a vote we mean, according to the definition long ago enunciated by Horace Greeley, "that by which the will, preference, or opinion of a person is expressed;" if we mean anything which is the voluntary and purposed act of a man, with the object of announcing a decision, choice, or judgment which he has formed or arrived at, then these negroes are not able to vote, and do not vote. They have the "right" to vote under the law, but they have no real power or ability to vote. They do not and cannot choose; they have no knowledge of what is involved on one side or the other. They have no materials for an opinion or judgment, nor any ability to form a preference or decision regarding political matters. They know nothing of the position, doctrines, history, traditions, or aims of either party, and they have no idea or notion whatever of their respective merits or principles. They simply vote as they are told to vote by the local republican managers, and that is the whole matter. So far as I can learn, it seems probable that they would vote for anything or any man bearing the republican name. They attribute whatever is good or desirable in their present condition to the influence and agency of the republican party, and hope for impossible things from the same source in the future.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

THERE is a harmless recreation, in which some like to indulge, of taking a leap of half a century or more in their lives, that they may then enjoy an imaginative retrospect. How will these days, through which we are passing, look to us and our children? they ask. We shall remember when Longfellow and Emerson died and were buried; can it be possible that we were then reading the works of men and women who now have an enduring fame, and did not recognize how surely they were in the succession of literature?

Such paulo-post future reflections are good for something if they render us cautious in our condemnation, and reader to entertain the living hospitably. Yet we gain little by attempting to borrow of the future in measuring the stature of a growing man, and we can only register our decisions to-day with the hope that we may not be compelled to record a reversal of judgment to-morrow. The perspective of time is not essential to the perception of the values of a book, yet it is certain that we do gain immensely in our confidence when we can see our contemporaries in the fading distance.

If Miss Woolson's great-uncle had written Anne¹ instead of *Precaution*, or if we were living among the grandchildren of Miss Woolson's contemporaries, how much more positively we could speak of the promise which this novel held, and what delicate criticism we could insinuate by comparing it with the author's later work! See, we might say, how the admirable candor with which Miss Woolson depicted her characters remains, and yet how much she has gained in compactness and force! She wrote Anne somewhat as one might

paint a panorama, but now her pictures are just as faithful to life, while they have an artistic consistency and purpose.

It would be pleasant to go on praising Miss Woolson's unwritten novel, but the effect might be unwittingly to disparage the actual work before us, and it is only by comparison with what the author may yet do that we are disposed to lessen our estimate of its performance. Comparing it with her previous sketches, we see a substantial advance, and the display of powers which short stories could not so well discover. For all that, Anne inevitably suggests a series of shorter stories. The reader who may chance to have followed the fortunes of the young lady who fills the title-rôle, as they were disclosed in the monthly numbers of a magazine, must have felt a series of surprises that the story did not end. From time to time the lines appeared to converge, only to open again, so that when the end really came one might have been forgiven if he thought there might possibly be a new turn of the wheel next month.

It is true that in real life the story has no end, but neither has it a beginning. One purpose of art is to present that completeness which is only implied in the series, and in the case of Anne, although we are given the development of a character under varying circumstances, and find a certain rest at length in the return of the heroine to the island home from which she set forth, we cannot resist the impression that what we get is the result of accident, and not of will. The author herself appears to set an undue estimate upon the minor antics of invention. The amusing character of Jeanne-Armande seems to have been elaborated chiefly to make her whimsical love of mystification serve as a sudden protection to Anne in an emer-

¹ *Anne*. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

gency. The ingenious detection of the murderer, who comes upon the stage in the last turn of the novel, does credit to the novelist's power of detailed invention; but the effect of it is to withdraw the reader's mind from the evolution of the novel, and to interest him in the scenes entirely independent of the heroine and the stake which she has.

We think this interest in invention is a snare to Miss Woolson, and yet it hints at a power which may possibly give her singular success. One is tempted to ask if heredity has not something to do with it. Cooper enjoys a marked distinction among American novelists through his inventive faculty. That and an imagination which dealt in large, impressive figures and scenes insure him a continuous life among younger readers; for it is they who, amidst all the change of fashion in story-telling, hold by the narrative proper. Now the faculty of invention in situation is but meagrely shown in current American fiction of the better sort. Let any one take the fine novels of Mr. James and Mr. Howells, for example, and attempt to write out the argument; it becomes resolved into the action of psychological forces, but the arena is found to be a drawing-room car, or a picnic, or a moonlight encounter in some ruin. But Miss Woolson has a fertility of invention which makes it possible for her to carry her heroine through a few months of existence with a succession of adventures which must have made Miss Douglas's hair turn prematurely gray.

It is this dexterity which makes Anne a long novel but not a strong one. The signs which look to more eminent success are happily to be found in the work. The characterization is indeed sometimes forgotten in the care to unfold circumstance, and thus we get the impression that most of the people are the sport of the wind which happens to be blowing; but there are some well-studied and well-defined personages.

Père Michaux is one, so is Tita; and indeed the Northern life with which the story opens is admirably given. Miss Vanhorn is cleverly drawn, as are all the characters which have a humorous individuality. But these are the easiest characters for a novelist to sketch. It is the people who do not at once betray themselves and have no superficial marks that test the novelist's power, and these in Anne are the least forcible. The fullness with which Miss Woolson delineates Heathcote and Dexter and Mrs. Lorrington and Rachel Bannert does not yield an adequate result in distinctness of impression.

It is here that we detect what may be called the immaturity of the book. There is an absence of a strong controlling, determining purpose, which really moulds circumstance, even when circumstance seems most supreme. Anne herself, the central figure of the book, falls to pieces. Her constancy to Heathcote does not appear to hold the book together, nor her constancy to Rast, nor her constancy to a virtuous resolution. She attains success at last, but it is by a succession of accidents, and then she gets a piece of damaged goods of a husband for all her pains. There are many acute observations, the result of a watchful mind; there are many witty strokes; the reader is not suffered to lose his interest long at a time, but after he has laid the book aside he reflects that there is not a great deal to reflect about. The mill which has been grinding so industriously, and with machinery so carefully watched, has turned out insufficient grist.

We fall back, therefore, on our anticipations, and congratulate ourselves that Miss Woolson is likely to grow not less clever, but more close in her design; that the experience of writing this book will serve her in good stead, enabling her to conceive character by its profounder qualities, to enlarge her ethical conceptions so that they shall not be con-

fined to individual development, but shall comprehend the movement of life in a drama, while her sweetness of sense, her ingenuity, her power of realizing scenes, and her heartiness and delightful freedom from morbidness of fancy will remain to remind her readers that Anne was an unusual book, but interesting chiefly as marking a stage in the author's development.

How wide the chord is which subtends the novelist's arc may be quickly seen if one passes from Anne to the two books which come almost together from Mr. Lathrop's pen. Our readers have had already the opportunity to pass their own judgment upon *An Echo of Passion*,¹ but during the appearance of that novel in *The Atlantic* there came out a longer story, of earlier construction, we surmise. In the *Distance*² is called, on the title-page, a novel, and the author, in localizing the story under Mount Monadnoc, and identifying some of his characters with a theological school, slightly veiled under a pseudonym, would appear to be availing himself of realistic aid in making his story a rescript of contemporaneous life. Yet a little consideration shows the novel to be dominated by romantic ideas; the characters, in their relation to each other and to the scenery, are distinguished not by the matter of fact, but by the ideal; and the development of the thought is through an atmospheric medium, which effectually withdraws the reader from the ordinary incidents of life.

At the very outset the story assumes a subtle and mysterious relation subsisting between human life and nature; the successive scenes in the little drama are enacted with distinct reference to this relation, and it is not the author's fault if the reader fails to add to the *dramatis personæ* a mountain, a sandy waste, and an old house, which has heart-shaped

apertures in the outer door. A certain formidableness confronts the reader; he has an uneasy sense that he must read carefully in order to understand the innuendoes of the story, and he fears that he may not give sufficient value to an old stump or a particular view of the mountain; that he may miss some essential feature of the hero's mind, as he might miss an important link in a chain of evidence.

All this implies great care on the part of the author, and our only objection is that his care has been an anxious care, and the reader is made to share in the apprehension that the story may break down. It does not break down; it moves toward a sure conclusion, but it does not move firmly and swiftly. One is almost tempted to believe that the author conceived a spiritual plot, and then cast about for some physical correspondence; for his characters, even to the most ordinary inn-keeper, have a certain ghostliness of behavior.

Nor does it appear as if the characters were studied from life. We know of no author whom Mr. Lathrop has followed in composing this work, but he could scarcely have reproduced more cleverly, if he had purposed it, the effect which the singular Sylvester Judd used to produce, or does, at any rate, now upon the modern reader of his books. There is the same curious reverberation of nature; the characters have a quaint way of being souls in ill-fitting New England dress; the essential in life is studiously sought, and a gravity of manner, even when joking is going on, conveys the impression that life, even in a romance, is a very meaning thing.

Mr. Lathrop is, however, a finer writer than Mr. Judd, who had an astonishing power only at intervals and by accident. In the *Distance* is, in many ways, an unusual book. If the reader is

¹*An Echo of Passion*. By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

²*In the Distance*. A Novel. By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

made to feel the significance of trivial incidents and words, he is for all that led by a style which is full of fancy and suggestiveness. For instance, when a mysterious girl is asked if a certain man is her husband, we are told that she "shook her head with a dark smile, in which a hidden scorn lurked, like the bitter dregs in wine." The reader stops to think; he does not remember to have seen that particular smile, yet the description is seen to be intelligible and poetic. Again and again one is surprised by some charm of manner, some delicate fancy, but, when all is said, we suspect the chief value of the book to lie in its singularly apt reflection of the ideal period of youth in New England. We add New England simply to emphasize the serious and conscientious element which is so large an ingredient in the book, and is accepted as characteristic of New England. The enormous importance which youth attaches to its own personal affairs was never better expressed than in this story. Mr. Lathrop has succeeded perfectly in portraying the soul of the theological student and of the young lady who is his contemporary; he has not done quite so well by the gay young civil engineer, who is not nearly so gay as he was meant to be, and whose Mephistophelian character is too lightly assumed. A stronger sense of humor would save Mr. Lathrop from going so near the edge in his serious writing, and would make his readers follow him more confidently. There are occasional expressions which may be called slightly humorous, but the humor which gives light and warmth to the author's conception is wanting.

Is it rash to guess that the immaturity of the young people in this book is a somewhat unconscious testimony to the date of the composition? If the book had not been printed and were to be discovered in manuscript a century hence, we are quite sure that the historical critics of the day would place it, upon

internal evidence, in the early period of Mr. Lathrop's career, and would seek, in their speculative wisdom, to account for the positive advance in his next work, *An Echo of Passion*. At any rate, the contemporaneous critic, though he reads the two books in the month in which they were both published, has no hesitation in calling the latter work much the more mature of the two. It deals, it is true, with more mature characters, but then the author's hand is firmer, and the story moves forward in a singularly swift and unhesitating way. Not only this, but the half-fanciful profundity of *In the Distance* is replaced here by a real depth of insight. The quaint mannerisms of the earlier book have been followed by imaginative beauty of a high order. One will not lightly read or soon forget the passage in which the effect of the wood-thrush's note is given:

"The note was that of a wood thrush. Its lonely, exquisite refrain made the listeners think of a shattered ray of sunlight falling pensively into the recesses of greenery whence the notes issued; and a blending of sorrow, or it may be of longing, streamed into the light mood of the previous moment."

There are passages also of strong dramatic power, which move one by the very slightness of the means employed; and the conversations, while charged with meaning, are not of the teasing character of those in the former book, because they come from a more real and intense feeling. But the strength of the work is in its masterly development of the central *motif*; its unhesitating disclosure of the subtle self-deceit of Fenn, making the lie tell itself through the story; its fine rendering of the noble wife and of the half-willing temptress, whom we may honorably love and admire if we do not happen to be in Fenn's situation. The ebb and flow of the passion, its apparent checks yet real accumulation of power, are true to nature, and the whole story is remarka-

ble for the skill with which very natural and probable incidents are made to present a spiritual conflict. The force of the narrative is sufficient to sweep away the slight fancy which is conveyed in the title, and made to serve as a light overture. That fancy is a reminiscence of the earlier days in which Mr. Lathrop wrote *In the Distance*; we look to see his fancy steadily fade before the stronger light of an imagination which kindles *An Echo of Passion* into a positive flame.

We have the advantage, in Mr. Lathrop's case, of that view from the

side of posterity which was denied us when considering Miss Woolson's *Anne*, for *In the Distance* serves to give us the necessary perspective. That was a romance; this is a novel, and in its closeness to real life it easily dispenses with the mystic and fantastic lenses through which we were invited to look when examining the persons and scenes of *In the Distance*. *Anne* and *An Echo of Passion* make one well content with the promise of recent American fiction; we are almost persuaded that we have something better than promise even in them.

BARTOLOZZI.

It is a little singular that a man so celebrated in his time as Bartolozzi should have left so meagre material for biography. We know that his work was highly prized during his life, and that it fell into comparative neglect shortly after his death. Of the artist personally, his surroundings, his *vie intime*, we know next to nothing. He has formed the subject of innumerable studies, but they have necessarily been inadequate, since those of his contemporaries who might have furnished us with authentic data failed to do so. Perhaps the most satisfactory account of him is that of Mr. Tuer, who has managed to make two large volumes¹ out of Bartolozzi, — with very little of Bartolozzi, and a great deal of everything else. Mr. Tuer has conscientiously collected and sifted such sparse biographical facts as were attainable, and we are not disposed, under the circumstances, to quarrel with him because he has eked out his memoir with much merely collateral matter. The author's wise hints to print-buyers,

his dissertations on line and stipple engraving, and his remarks on Cipriani, the Boydells, Angelica Kaufmann, and the pupils of Bartolozzi are very interesting reading, though they cannot be said to constitute very good biography. Indeed, Bartolozzi's biography is a thing that may be served up in a nut-shell.

On the founding of the Royal Academy of Arts in London, in 1769, there was, among the eminent artists crowding to the leadership of Sir Joshua Reynolds, an Italian painter, designer, and engraver, Francisco Bartolozzi, whose invitation to original membership of that important body brought upon him the abuse which a few evidently thought he deserved for the double offense of being a foreigner and a masterly engraver. He had come to London from Venice four years previously, at the solicitation of the king's librarian, Dalton, who engaged Bartolozzi for three years on his own personal account, and had him appointed engraver to George III. Bartolozzi, confident of his position and

¹ *A Biographical and Descriptive Account of Francisco Bartolozzi, R. A.* By ANDREW W.

TUER. 2 vols., 4to. London: Field & Tuer. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1882.

reputation, and being, besides, a person of great gentleness, made no other reply to his assailants than is to be found in his engraving of the Royal Academy Diploma, which is still in use, and is considered one of the best of his exquisite line engravings. Strangely enough, this diploma was also designed by an Italian, Gio. Battista Cipriani, a fellow student and life-long friend of Bartolozzi. The two had met first at Florence, when Bartolozzi, at the age of fifteen, entered the Academy to study under Hugford. Cipriani became one of the most popular designers of the day, while Bartolozzi was, by every inclination, painter as well as designer, and engraver by force of circumstances. At Florence they pursued similar studies. Bartolozzi could even then speak of work that he had done, for at the age of ten years he had engraved two heads, much to the delight of the good goldsmith, his father. The latter, by watching the boy's attempts to copy prints that came in his way, was led to abandon the hope of making a goldsmith of Francisco, and was wise enough to encourage the child's artistic impulses. Therefore, after a brief preparatory course, young Bartolozzi went to the Academy at Florence, where he studied anatomy with perseverance, learned to paint well, and acquired a freedom and an accuracy in drawing that never deserted him. He left the Academy when eighteen years old, and was articled for six years to Joseph Wagner, an historical engraver and print-seller, in Venice. At the end of that apprenticeship, which had been of the greatest importance to his development as an artist, Bartolozzi married a Venetian lady of good birth, and, upon the invitation of Cardinal Bottari, they went to live in Rome for a time. While there he studied the Italian masters, more particularly Domenichino, and it was upon his return to Venice, in 1764, that he met Dalton, and agreed to go to London. At this time his reputation

had extended over Europe, and had brought favors from Francis I. of Austria, Ferdinand IV. of Naples, and the Medici. Cipriani had gone to London four years earlier, and was well established there, so that upon Bartolozzi's arrival the two renewed their comradeship. Bartolozzi's first important work for Dalton was a series of plates from Guercino's drawings, the famous line engraving *Silence*, after Annibal Caracci, and *The Sleeping Boy*, after Sirani.

Bartolozzi reached London just in time to witness a most remarkable change in the art of engraving (and one in which he was to figure as the master); for it was at this period that Ryland and Picot introduced into London the "red chalk" style, which they had learned of Demarteau in Paris. Almost immediately it became the fashion. Every one talked of the beauty of these stipple engravings printed in reddish-brown ink. Angelica Kaufmann enlisted the enthusiasm of her wealthy friends, and many of her own drawings were reproduced by the new method. Bartolozzi had made his reputation by line engraving, and naturally was little inclined to abandon it, even temporarily, for a different school; but the pressure of demands from the print-sellers and the public finally compelled him to adopt the stipple style, which had turned the heads of all engravers, to the almost entire neglect of line work. It is not uncommon to hear Bartolozzi mentioned as the inventor of the stipple style, although it was practiced in Paris when he was in Venice; and he is frequently spoken of as "the engraver in stipple" by those who forget that his lasting fame was earned by the line. Finding a fascination in its unexpected and wonderful capabilities, he bent his genius to the effort, and made the new method an art. He became the master in stipple, and produced prints that were rarely equaled. At the conclusion of his engagement with Dalton, he began to en-

grave for himself. Commissions came to him freely, especially from Alderman Boydell, the renowned print publisher, whose services for art at this time were an incentive to all other laymen. Bartolozzi's income was large, but his prices were very moderate, and, by his consent, were often determined by the publisher. Bartolozzi was astonishingly prolific. For thirty years after the founding of the Academy he sent drawings and prints to its exhibitions, and to that of the year 1792 he contributed a proof of *The Death of Chatham*, engraved after the painting by John Singleton Copley, who finished it in 1779, just before he was made a full member of the Academy. This plate was one of the most important, although not the most popular, of all of Bartolozzi's. It contained upwards of sixty portraits. Copley refused fifteen hundred guineas for the picture, and employed Bartolozzi to engrave it for two thousand pounds, which, as it was a work of four years, was not profitable to the engraver. Between 1780 and 1791 he engraved in stipple one hundred examples from the Marlborough Gems, in intaglio and cameo, after Cipriani's drawings. This work was for the Duke of Marlborough, who privately issued the prints in two volumes. At various times Bartolozzi engraved portraits, fanciful subjects, musical and benefit tickets, — which were the fashionable extravagance, — several of Hogarth's drawings, and innumerable designs by Cipriani. His fellow engravers frankly gave him the first place in their estimation, and were content to learn from his work.

He was the most untiring of diligent workers, and no less remarkable for the rapidity with which he handled the point than for the delicate effects which appeared on the plate. At that time, when with the introduction of stipple nearly every one fell to copying by that method, the influence of this man, who worked conscientiously to ele-

vate the method, was of inestimable value. Considering the fact that he had the best of friends among the nobility as well as in his profession; that he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted three portraits of him; that he was unable to keep up with the demands for his work, we find it difficult satisfactorily to account for his leaving England at the age of seventy-five, to accept the invitation (the third) of the Prince Regent of Portugal, who offered him a pension and knighthood. It is said that through his unreflecting generosity to needy Italian artists in London he became financially involved; but, judging from the contented life which he led in Portugal, he went there because he preferred to rest and to live at ease after years of toil. He left England November 2, 1802, and on reaching Lisbon wrote, "I am most perfectly contented, and hope to God I shall be able to show by my exertions, old as I am, my gratitude for the celebrity with which all my friends are pleased to distinguish me." He continued to work, in spite of his age, with a celerity and a delicate firmness that showed how completely he was master of the graver. When eighty-seven years old he was engaged upon a large plate portrait of Wellington. He was then so infirm that he could not move about without difficulty, and his memory had begun to fail him, while his hand was yet steady. He died March 7, 1815, in comfortable circumstances, in Lisbon, and was buried there.

To analyze his style it would be necessary fully to understand the constantly changing caprices of the day, which sometimes compelled him to produce work that did no credit to his best powers. The fact is, he worked in all styles. In his reproductions he interpreted freely, often correcting bad drawing, and with such success that Sir Joshua Reynolds once said, when showing a proof of Bartolozzi's engravings of

one of his portraits, "The hands in my picture are very slight, but here they are beautifully drawn and finished; Mr. Bartolozzi having made them what they really should be. We are all much indebted to him."

It is only within a few years that print-collectors have awakened to the

rare and incontestable merits of Bartolozzi's prints. To such persons Mr. Tuer's work will be of deep interest; it is essentially addressed to them, though its rose-tinted plates, vellum binding, and luxurious margins will not fail to capture the fancy of the mere bibliomaniac.

A STUDENT'S LIBRARY OF ART.

READERS of English or German hand-books of art may wonder, on reading the prospectus of M. Quantin's new *Bibliothèque*,¹ that he professes to be entering an unoccupied field. But French literature is less supplied with such books than English or German, and the French standard, being less popular, is more exacting. The French public has not learned to call, as we have, for amateur manuals, and has too great faith in special training to much approve them, not being so far gone in intellectual democracy as to believe that all subjects are open to all writers. M. Quantin is justified when he quotes Charles Blanc's remark, made twenty years ago in his *Grammaire des Arts de Dessin*, that public teaching is silent on questions of art, and complains of the continued lack of fit text-books for pupils or amateurs in all departments of art.

In English literature, comparatively well supplied as it is, there is the difficulty that too much of the supply is the work of book-makers writing without special knowledge, and has at best the qualities of magazine writing. Index learning makes the art of instructing the world easy. With the aid of cyclopædias and books of reference, reinforced by moderate cramming, the clever book-maker does his work with a readiness

and neatness that commends him to the publisher, and suits a not over-exacting public. But it has become proverbial that to shape a good text-book or a good abstract needs the hand of a master. Or if we cannot always find the master ready for popular instruction, we can at least have the advanced pupil working under the teaching of the master, perhaps with his coöperation.

The first requisite, then, for a satisfactory collection of treatises on the arts and their history is that it should be throughout the work of writers who are of authority on their subjects. This is not more important in the technical treatises, where it goes without saying, than in the historical ones, of which there will be many in Mr. Quantin's series. So far as we can see by the prospectus, this has been provided for. We recognize the names of several writers whose authority is well known: for instance, MM. Paul Mantz, of the Ministry of the Fine Arts, Guillaume and Delaborde of the Institute, Muntz, the scholarly librarian of the School of Fine Arts, MM. Chipiez, Havard, Collignon; and we may infer from the official positions of those whose names are less familiar that they have special qualifications for their task. The "Library" is to include a hundred volumes, duo-

¹ *Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux Arts*. Publiée sous le Patronage de l'Adminis-

tration des Beaux Arts. Paris: A. Quantin. New York: J. W. Bouton.

decimo, of moderate size, — three hundred pages or so, — separate treatises, historical, technical, and critical, in the various arts. Four volumes are already received, — on Dutch Painting, Greek Archæology, Mosaics, and Artistic Anatomy. No full list of titles or authors is given in the prospectus, but we are promised within the year, besides an introductory compendium of the history of art, by M. Guillaume, the six general treatises, or *volumes de tête*: that on Sculpture, by M. Ronchaud; Painting, by M. Mantz; Engraving, by the Viscount Delaborde; Architecture, by M. Chipiez; Ornamentation, by M. Burtz; and Music, by Professor Bourgault-Ducoudray. Special treatises, nearly a score of them, are also promised during 1882: on French Painting, Italian Painting, Spanish Painting, English Painting, Modern French Painting, Ceramics, Italian Sculpture, French Sculpture, the Artistic Inventory of France, Mythology, Etruscan and Roman Archæology, Byzantine Art, Oriental Archæology, Tapestry, the French Styles, Gothic Architecture, the Processes of Engraving. We are told that volumes will follow on ancient architecture, on the later architecture of Italy and the North, on wooden sculpture, on gems and medals, construction, jewelry and goldsmith's work, glass, textiles, ivories, bronzes, costume, and the like.

This collection is intended, we are told, as text-books for the pupils of advanced public schools, "*la jeunesse de nos lycées, qui consacre dix ans aux humanités*," for those in special schools of art, and for amateurs generally. We suspect that the person for whom they will be most in requisition will be the intelligent amateur, unless he be the high-school pupil in whose curriculum they are required. Not that such books are not of value to the pupils of technical schools; on the contrary, it is desirable to insist on the use of them; and if these are as good as they promise to

be, we may hope that the supply will create the demand, which, so far as our observation goes, is not as great as it might be. It is a characteristic experience in teaching the arts that pupils are not students. They give themselves up, if they are zealous, to the work of execution, and neglect book-study altogether. The preference is natural and reasonable, but goes too far. In the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, in our schools of art at home, and, we suspect, in others, the lectures are looked on by the students as mainly perfunctory, and, except so far as they are required, are but little attended, while the reading of technical books is almost unknown. As M. Duval complains, in the treatise of anatomy which is before us, young painters study the plates in their books, copy the figures, but never read the text. This is the tendency in every vocation for which one gets, or may get, his training in the midst of actual work, and is peculiarly tempting in all kinds of artistic work. Painters and architects look over their illustrated books and professional journals with a quick eye for the prints in them, but are apt to pay little heed to the letterpress, no matter how valuable. This is true not only of those who are mature, and busy in the full course of active production, but even more, probably, of those who are in the stage of leisure and study. This neglect is answerable for much narrowness and want of grasp in the minds of artists, to say nothing of gaps and discontinuity in their knowledge and ideas. Mr. Hamerton has given us a clever discourse on the text that certain artists should write about art; there is room for the preacher who shall insist that all young artists should read about art.

The plan of this series of books is simple, orderly, and natural. Perhaps no very different one is practicable for a set of hand-books by different authors, in which each is to be complete and independent. It has also this advantage

for the popular market, and in its kind for educational use: that the reader will find the whole discussion of a particular subject compacted in a separate volume. It has this necessary disadvantage: that it tends to sink the interdependence of the arts, their mutual influences, common progress, and, in a word, solidarity. The influence of nation upon nation, the way in which all the arts have at every epoch moved hand in hand, their parallel progress, their family likeness in each place and period, the intimate connection of all in the study of history, — these, with the position of art in general history, are the phenomena (notably illustrated in Semper's great unfinished work, *Der Stil*) which modern study of the progress of art brings out most strikingly. The illustration of them, which is cardinal to instruction in this branch of education, will doubtless be provided for in the volumes de tête we have mentioned, and we may expect to see them borne in mind by the writers of special treatises; yet it is difficult to keep them clearly in view where each art and country is discussed by itself, or to illustrate them adequately in the compass of a general volume. The necessity of adjusting every treatise to the Procrustean standard of uniform volumes is itself a disadvantage, to which readers of such an educational series have to submit, but one which probably is not unprofitable to the publishers.

The make-up of the books is attractive. At the low price put upon them (three francs and a half per volume) they must be economically manufactured, and the slightly brownish paper on which they are printed will look familiar to persons who are used to French school-books. But it is not disagreeable to the eye, is firm, and takes the ink well. The type is clear, the press-work good, and the illustrations are more than fairly printed — uncommonly well, we should be likely to say if the books were American. Of these illustrations part, no doubt, are

made specially for the books, but many also are evidently culled *un peu partout*. They seem well chosen, however, are genuine illustrations, not ornamental pictures, clear, and usually well drawn, as might be expected. Some persons would have preferred the ordinary French paper cover and uncut leaves to the much decorated cloth binding; but many will think differently, and the covers doubtless make the volumes more serviceable as the text-books for which the publisher recommends them.

M. Havard, in his volume on Dutch Painting,¹ covers no new ground, but his heart is evidently with his subject, and his work is fresh and interesting. The book comes as near as its purpose will allow to being an essay rather than a historical summary, and thereby gains much in attractiveness. The narrow chronological range of painting in Holland permits the writer to group his painters more by subjects and classes than by years. His introductory account of their art and the chapters on its various phases are clear, spirited, and seem to us judicious. His loyalty to the Dutch painters, their country and their art, makes him a sympathetic and inspiring guide, and his enthusiasm will offend no one. He takes issue with the critics who, in pity of the continual moist gloom which they ascribe to the Low Countries, have attributed the lowland painters' fondness for color to a reaction against their surroundings. He maintains, to the contrary, that, so far from being dull, the scenery of Holland is, by virtue of its broken mists, exceptionally full of luminous effect and passages of telling color, — a claim that need not rouse the jealousy of dwellers in mountainous countries, remembering the glories which wayward mist and cloud add to highland landscape. Painters, indeed, know that luminous effect, particularly such as the Dutch painters

¹ *Histoire de la Peinture Hollandaise* Par HENRY HAVARD.

aim at, is better got by leading up to light through a breadth of half-tint than by pouring in a full glow of sunlight, broken only by positive shadow; and also that color is better seen in half tint than either in sun or in shadow. M. Havard traces cleverly the development of painting in Holland; its debts to the early Flemish painters, to those Dutch painters who traveled and worked in Italy, and to the temper and habits of the Dutch people; with ready acknowledgment to Dr. Waagen and other writers, whose researches have lately helped to clear up their history. He might well, if he had not held to a historical treatment, have given still more prominence to *genre*, which is Holland's most characteristic contribution to the world's art, and that which has most influenced the painting of other countries. The Dutch, in truth, being thoroughly democratic, with no privileged and cultivated class to fix the fashion of art, being altogether practical and given to homely indulgences, were not the people to foster heroic art, but turned more naturally, as such communities always will, to *genre* or to portraiture, in one form or another. M. Havard sketches the salient points of their art well, and sums up neatly by saying, "Nature took care to make them clever colorists, and the band of learned Italianists trained them pitilessly in drawing, while the influences about them held them fast to naturalism. These three elements, equally blended, gave their art its novelty, its force, its importance, its character, its grandeur."

The accounts of individual artists are to the point, not overburdened with technicalities, compact, but generally adequate, for M. Havard has the French art of being brief without seeming hurried. We may say, in passing, that he has a respect for the spelling of foreign proper names that Frenchmen do not always show. Other connoisseurs may disagree with him on points of criticism,

and to some his praise of Rembrandt and Ruysdael may sound a little gushing; but usually his judgment is sober, and his position on points of controversy is guarded. The illustrations in this volume are less uniformly successful than in the others, from being more ambitious. They are evidently mostly borrowed, and of unequal merit. The temptation to photographic reproduction of etchings is obvious in the case of Rembrandt and Van Ostade, but the result is not always rewarding, especially in the print labeled *fac-simile* from Rembrandt's Raising of Lazarus. One cannot have everything for three francs and a half, and many of the less ambitious illustrations are as good in their way as could be asked. There is an apparently full index of artists' names, a very necessary thing in such a book.

One turns with interest to the volume on Greek Archæology,¹ by M. Collignon; for the subject is fresh and unexhausted, essentially a study of our own time, one which a good part of the literary world is busily following up at this moment. A manual of archæology must needs always be a little behind the time, for discovery goes on so continuously that no general treatise can fully keep pace with it. But M. Collignon keeps his work well up with what has been published; he not only notices Schliemann's, Di Cesnola's, and Wood's explorations, the later excavations at Olympia and Pergamos, the Hermes of Praxiteles and the Gigantomachia, but also mentions the curious statuette of Athene found at Athens not long ago, in which archæologists see a copy *in parvo* of the famous chryselephantine Athene Parthenos of Phidias. The work is scholarly and well digested. It gives as good an idea of its whole subject as could well be presented in a duodecimo of three hundred and sixty pages. The subject is in truth rather large and

¹ *Manuel d'Archéologie Grecque*. Par MAX COLLIGNON Ancien Membre de l'Ecole Française.

crowded with detail to be well presented in the compass of such a volume, — though the purpose of the series would hardly admit of more, — and the author has been obliged to pass over ornamental and conventional forms, which more than anything else illustrate the Oriental affinities and origin of Greek art. Its plastic and graphic side is the one which M. Collignon has in mind, and except for fifty pages given to architecture the volume is devoted to the arts which represent the human figure, — sculpture, vase painting, and glyptics. This is indeed the most characteristic side of Greek art, and is enough for one such volume.

The chapter on architecture sounds a little perfunctory, and as if its topics lay just outside the writer's domain. It gives a very good outline of the history of the orders and a fair account of the chief forms of Greek architecture, but is not quite irreproachable when it ventures into detail. There is among the frequent illustrations no view of a Greek temple, though there is a plan of the Parthenon; some restorations are given without caution, which are at least questionable; and though the Erechtheum is mentioned two or three times, the cuts of its details which are shown in illustration of the Ionic order are not credited to it, and the only mention of its caryatid portico is made a hundred pages farther on, under the head of sculpture. It would have done little harm if the discussion of architecture, which, though intelligent seems not entirely adequate nor quite at home in the book, had been remanded altogether to another volume. The book, which, except for this, is altogether homogeneous, would have gained in unity, at no great sacrifice.

In his other archæological studies M. Collignon is on his own ground, and his work is excellent, so far as we can see. His use of authorities is wide, and by no means confined to his own countrymen, as has often been the case with

French writers, to their injury; his material is well arranged and well handled. A manual of archæology, trustworthy and of convenient size, is a thing the general student may be thankful for, and readers who have pastured on such books as Westropp's *Handbook of Archæology* may be thankful for the change which this will give them. An excellent feature is the short bibliography given at the head of each chapter, and the references to authorities in the foot-notes. These show the catholicity of the author's reading, and include most of the known writers on the subject of the book, French, German and English, though some writers are unmentioned whom one would expect to see in so large a company, — Bötticher and Reber, for instance. The first forty pages give a rapid sketch of the origin and affinities of Greek art. The reader naturally looks to see what is said of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, and finds them unhesitatingly accepted as the earliest specimens of prehomeric art, with no reference indeed to the opinions which ascribe them to its decline or to Northern invaders. On controverted questions, however, M. Collignon's usual attitude is cautiously neutral. The chapters on sculpture, terra cotta, and vases are clear, and give the general reader an excellent *résumé* of their subjects. Those on coins, gems, bronzes, and jewels are very condensed, but tell the main facts. The sequence of styles is well shown, and the important point of the relation of the lesser and till lately unregarded forms of art to the greater is well brought out.

The illustrations are liberal and to the point, better drawn than we are apt to find them in books of like aim, though, like those in the other volumes, they vary in style and excellence. Some which are subscribed by the author show that he can draw as well as write. A second edition will give an opportunity to correct a considerable number of wrong references and other typograph-

ical errors, especially in Greek quotations; and also to supply the indexes which such a book ought to have.

Mosaic decoration, being a subject of narrower range, can be more amply treated in a small volume. M. Gerspach's work¹ is well done. It is a historic account of mosaic decoration in its monumental forms from its beginnings until now. The history of mosaics is taken up century by century, and well illustrated, from the earliest classic period, and brought down through Roman, Byzantine, mediæval, Renaissance, and modern work to that of our own day. Much of the story must be succinctly told, but the most important periods and examples are well displayed, in some cases from the author's own observation; while foot-notes give a good range of authorities, old and new, to which the reader who wishes to follow out a particular branch of the subject may refer. The reader could bear a fuller characterization of the different schools and periods; he is left to do most of his generalizing for himself. M. Gerspach has, however, a clear eye for differences of style or of school, and convictions of his own. He shows due appreciation of the classic and early Christian work, and of the Byzantine examples which have made Ravenna famous; but his enthusiasm seems most moved by the Italian mosaics of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, the earliest of which, not now sufficiently valued, as he thinks, "prepared the way for the first Renaissance." He adds that "a hundred years before Niccolò Pisano, longer still before Cimabue and Giotto, the mosaicists produced better drawn figures, greater and more generous compositions, than the first Tuscan masters." He exalts far above contemporary Byzantine work the purely Italian school, which, he says, was born self-poised

and independent when Innocent II. revived the neglected mosaic for the decoration of Sta. Maria in Trastevere. But "with the dawn of the Renaissance," he adds, "began the dying agony of mosaic," when those who practiced it undertook the imitation of oil-painting. The illustrations, which are very good, set forth more or less amply most of the noted examples up to the end of the mediæval period, with some later ones, and give a good many others that are less known, but interesting and significant. Lists of the mosaics in St. Marc's and St. Peter's are given, and some account of the work in our day in Italy, Russia, Germany, and France. There is a good description of the technical processes of mosaic-working in the last chapter but one. The last offers some very judicious remarks on the artistic treatment of mosaics: it might be wished that everybody would read them who would, in this age of revivals, provide mosaic decoration. The reader will be glad to find indexes both of artists and of places.

The only one of the series yet published which is not historical is M. Duval's *Anatomy for Artists*.² The author's position and reputation as professor of anatomy at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* are sufficient surety of its technical merit. It is not a book to which the draughtsman new to the figure may turn for general directions concerning proportions, attitudes, action, and modeling; but is meant, says M. Duval, in his preface, to give to artists who have already, from observation, some knowledge of the form and movements of the figure a scientific idea of them. "Therefore," he says, "it is not so much the modeling of this or that region as the anatomical explanation of that modeling that is kept in view." Structure rather than form is upper-

¹ *La Mosaïque*. Par GERSPACH.

² *Précis d'Anatomie à l'Usage des Artistes*. Par MATHIAS DUVAL, Professeur d'Anatomie à

l'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Agrégé de la Faculté de Médecine, Directeur du Laboratoire d'Anthropologie à l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes.

most in the book, but only those parts of the body, the bones and muscles, which concern the figure-draughtsman are treated, and there is always an eye to their outward shape and action. The general proportions of the figure, the canons that have been proposed for them, the relations and measures of its parts, — these are discussed, but secondarily and briefly. No account is made of attitude, and but little of modeling. The mechanism of the bony and muscular system is the subject of the book, and is set forth with a clearness and directness that give more interest than the untechnical reader might expect. The book betrays the professor: it is divided into lessons, and is a model of orderly statement and precision. The artist's criticism is likely to be that it has the defects of its qualities; that out of deference to system and symmetry too many details are introduced that are not of use to him, attention claimed by minutiae of structure which are hidden and do not tell at all on outside form; that things are separated in explanation which must be taken together both in conception and representation. There is a considerable amount of matter in the nomenclature of unimportant bones or muscles, or of details of structure hidden from everybody but the anatomist, which to the artistic reader is irrelevant; and to instance a result of its arrangement, if he wishes to study the conformation of the knee, he must look for its anterior and lateral aspect on page 144, where the bones of the knee are described, but for its posterior aspect he must turn to page 261, in the lesson on its muscles. In like manner, he will find the flexure of the fore-arm described in one chapter, and its rotation in another.

In the plan of the book the skeleton is made the point of departure. The author begins with it, explains it most at length, giving it three fifths of his space, and refers everything to it, in-

stead of studying the figure from without and working inward to the skeleton, as is common. The final chapter, on the muscles of expression, has necessarily more regard than the rest to the artist's point of view. One is surprised at first at the subordinate position to which M. Duval relegates the muscles, which to the artist's eye make up the whole figure. Nevertheless, we may not forget that the skeleton determines the attitudes and proportions of the figure, if not its modeling, and that it is the portion of the structure which must be studied apart, since it is not visible in the model. The illustrations in this volume are uncommonly good; very clear both in drawing and in arrangement. Here, too, one may complain a little of a rigorous subdivision, for there are no plates which show an *ensemble*. There is no general view of the skeleton, and no assemblages of its parts, not even a cut which shows the femur attached to the pelvis, or the scapula and clavicle to the thorax, the bones of the hand to the arm, or the foot to the leg. The drawings of muscles show the trunk and limbs as wholes, but the position of the bones is not marked in them. This, however, is consistent with the plan of the book, which may well have a volume on the exterior aspect of the body to supplement it. Its symmetry of arrangement, it should be said, makes the book easy of reference, and an index helps.

Here, then, are four excellent handbooks, general and special, historical and technical, which give, as we may assume, a fair criterion of the quality of those that are to follow. We might wish, for the interest of the general reader, that the form of the historical treatises had been something less categorical; that the books had been rather more like essays, and rather less like manuals. But the form of the manual is that which is consecrated to the uses of instruction, for which these books are intended. It is of no use to quarrel

with a hand-book because it is not an essay; what is lost as a discussion is gained as a book of reference. The volumes are worth buying and reading to whoever is interested in their subjects unless he be already learned. If he would like a more philosophical arrange-

ment of matter, he may still acknowledge the truth there is in a shrewd remark with which the late Dr. Walker, of Harvard, used to instruct his students: that it is not the logical, but the chronological, arrangement which reaches most minds.

LODGE'S SKETCH OF HAMILTON.

MR. LODGE, in performing the task assigned him by the editor of *American Statesmen*, has had the advantage not only of Mr. Morse's excellent initial volume, but of his painstaking study of Hamilton, published six years ago. Mr. Morse called his work *The Life of Alexander Hamilton*, but, as we pointed out at the time,¹ he assumed in his readers the kind of interest which he himself plainly felt in his subject, and was less concerned to throw a strong light upon Hamilton than to illuminate the problems which were met and solved by Hamilton as the spokesman of the Federalists.

Mr. Lodge,² within the brief space at his command, has essayed a somewhat different task. The volumes of this series of *American Statesmen* are not, we judge, to be regarded as lives, but as literary portraits, which shall make the characters to be conspicuous by a clear projection from the background of the times in which they lived, and upon which they had a formative influence. Any picture of Hamilton, to have value for the reader of history, must present his striking figure boldly mastering the political situation, and taking the position of an intellectual general upon a field less picturesque than the battle-field of the Revolution, but wider in its relation to national destiny. In

comparing this work, therefore, with Mr. Morse's *Life*, we find a general agreement of conclusions regarding the political questions discussed, and the estimate of Hamilton's ability and influence is substantially the same in both cases. The advantage on the side of Mr. Morse is that he had more room in which to show the nature of Hamilton's statecraft; on the side of Mr. Lodge, that, having Mr. Morse's work before him, he could content himself with a bolder outline, and could use his material with closer reference to Hamilton's personal equation. The sketch, then, is a free, vigorous portraiture of Hamilton as a statesman. It touches but lightly on the earlier years, and then mainly to hint at the early-developed lines of Hamilton's character and genius. The disposition of the story of Hamilton's quarrel with Washington is a good though slight illustration of the historical insight which Mr. Lodge shows. By simply recalling the two persons before the public he makes their presence give at once all the solution which the exaggerated problem requires.

"Let us look at the pair a moment," he says, "as they stand there at the head of the stairs in the New Windsor House. One is a boy in years, although of wonderful and manly maturity of mind. He is a stranger in the land, who

¹ *The Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xxxviii. p. 242.

² *Alexander Hamilton*. By HENRY CABOT

LODGE. [*American Statesmen Series*.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

has shown himself possessed of great and promising talents; he has proved himself an able writer, a brave soldier, an excellent secretary. This small, slight, dark-eyed stripling is facing George Washington, and brimming over with a sense of offended dignity. Washington stands there, in the prime of his middle age, large and imposing in personal appearance. He is one of the foremost men in the world, a great general and statesman; grave and impressive, as becomes a man who has carried in his hands the life of a nation. Some of Hamilton's biographers have referred to this affair as one of Washington's outbursts of passion. Like all great men, Washington had strong passions; like very few great men, he had them under almost complete control. When they did break forth, as happened now and then in great stress of feeling, they bent everything before them, and there was a hush among those who listened. If Washington had spoken to Hamilton as he did to Lear about St. Clair's defeat, that fine reply, we are inclined to think, would not have been uttered. But deep waters are ruffled, not stirred by a passing breeze. Washington spoke to Hamilton in a tone of sharp but proper reproof. Few generals, probably, would have spoken so courteously and gently to a young aide, who had kept them waiting, and thus sinned against the first of military virtues, prompt obedience. The event in itself is trivial enough."

The good sense, the just deliberation, which mark Mr. Lodge's work, and above all the wise proportions of the outline, are of great value in any study of such a life as Hamilton's, which has scarcely less power to excite partisanship now than Hamilton himself had when he was active among men. There is an honest blame which does quite as much to confirm our confidence in a historian as an honest praise, and Mr. Lodge's comments upon Hamilton's course in his newspaper attacks on Jef-

erson and his proposed intrigue in the New York state election are direct contributions toward a clear historical view.

His extenuation of Hamilton's course in accepting Burr's wager of battle is more than ingenious; it turns a repulsive subject into a positive illustration of Hamilton's character. Mr. Lodge has shown historical sagacity in his use of the duel, and literary judgment by carrying the reader's mind forward after the duel into a clear conception of Hamilton's nature. He accepts the customary explanation that the code of honor then prevalent sufficed to account for two public men thus meeting each other, but he rescues Hamilton from the position of an unworthy acquiescence in an ignoble code by taking Hamilton's own apology, and showing its wide and profound bearings upon his character and political thought.

The temper in which this work is performed gives us a high respect for Mr. Lodge's historical acumen. If to the mature judgment and insight which he displays there were added a vivid pictorial imagination, we should congratulate ourselves still more; but even within the short space of this volume we notice instances where opportunities were not used for giving warmth of tone to the picture. There was a dramatic intensity about the struggle over New York's acceptance of the constitution which is not sufficiently impressed upon the reader, and the incidents of Hamilton's professional skill are not used with the power which might have done much to give vividness to the image of Hamilton's personality. The judicial temper, however, is almost necessarily somewhat deliberate in its exhibition; and if Mr. Lodge is not always as swift in his writing as an interest impels us to wish, we have a sense of security in the pace at which he moves. We are not likely to be upset on the way, and, after all, in history soundness is more lasting than brilliancy.

FROUDE'S CARLYLE.

THERE is no biography as interesting as an autobiography, and Mr. Froude's life of Thomas Carlyle¹ is essentially an autobiography, and a very frank and full one. In his will, Carlyle expressed the desire that no biography of him should be written. But he had preserved all the materials for one, and when he found that, whether he wished it or not, a life, perhaps several lives, would appear, he made over to his friend, Mr. Froude, his memoir of his wife, and the other biographical papers which have since been published with it as *Reminiscences*, and also a collection of her letters, covering the period of his life in London, with his own introductory explanation and notes, and with them his journal and other correspondence. The thought of misrepresentation, whether of praise or blame, was intolerable to him, and not long before his death he arranged with Mr. Froude that the *Reminiscences* should be printed as soon as he had gone, in the glow of feeling that his death would kindle, and that his memoir and letters should appear later. It is in pursuance of this plan that Mr. Froude has acted. The *Reminiscences* have been published, and now we have two volumes describing the first half of Carlyle's life, — the Scottish part, while success was still uncertain; soon to be followed by the letters, and to conclude with an account of his last years, when Mr. Froude was in constant intercourse with him. Thus these papers come to us with the highest authority, Carlyle's own.

The manner in which the task was to be done was not left doubtful. Carlyle's manly hatred of shams would not endure a half truth about himself,

¹ *Thomas Carlyle. A History of the First Forty Years of his Life.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M. A. Two vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

however flattering. He never hid his faults. He hated the "delicate, decent . . . English biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles sword of *Respectability* hangs forever over the poor English life-writer (as it does over poor English life in general), and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. . . . The biographer has this problem set before him: to delineate the likeness of the earthly pilgrimage of a man. He will compute well what profit is in it, and what disprofit; under which latter head this of offending any of his fellow creatures will surely not be forgotten. . . . But, having found a thing or things essential for his subject, and well computed the for and against, he will in very deed set down such thing or things, nothing doubting; having, we may say, the fear of God before his eyes, and no other fear whatever." And, says Mr. Froude, "as an illustration of his own wishes on the subject, I may mention that I consulted him about a passage in one of Mrs. Carlyle's letters, describing an eminent living person. Her judgment was more just than flattering, and I doubted the prudence of printing it. Carlyle merely said, 'It will do him no harm to know what a sensible woman thought of him.'" Mr. Froude's work was thus laid out for him on principles very different from those which usually guide the English, and still more the American, "life-writer." He had to justly delineate a life of few events, but intense individuality; a man of genius, whose freely displayed defects were an essential part of his character, before the grief which made his death seem a personal loss had been wholly tempered by time. And Mr.

The same in one vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Froude must have known that the bitterness of many passages would be resented, and the blame for them laid upon the biographer rather than the hero; and that the criticism would be sharpened by the acerbity with which the church partisans in England have attacked his own previous historical works.

These considerations give an apologetic tone to Mr. Froude's pages at times, and yet his is a wonderfully interesting story. Not even Johnson or Pepys has been more fully shown to us. Mr. Froude's sympathies are keen, but they are not allowed to overpower his justice. And taking these volumes with the *Reminiscences* and the letters, we have one of the fullest soul pictures ever drawn. The absolute candor with which Carlyle insists on revealing himself makes the drawing wonderfully complete and vivid. No one but Carlyle could so have shown Carlyle to us. No doubt it weakens his moral authority to see him so human, but that does not make the history less interesting. It is a painfully pathetic story, this of the first thirty-nine years of Carlyle's life, with which these two volumes deal; full of the struggle, and not reaching the triumph. They leave Carlyle tormented by ill-health, solitary in his tastes, and "caviare to the general," when he makes his last despairing attempt to win the London world, in 1834. Failure seemed certain when success was nearly won. Burning with the fire of genius, he could not rest. "Except when writing I never feel myself alive," he said. He had never hesitated in his devotion to literature. He had sacrificed to it the years in which men generally do their best work. He had, indeed, introduced German literature to England, but the reputation that he had won by the exuberant splendor of those essays had been nearly destroyed by the *Sartor Resartus*, which no Englishman would read. And the great work of his

life was still to be done. Those long years at Craigenputtock seemed wasted, — years passed in a bleak prison, in a mental solitude more gloomy than the desolate moors that surrounded him. And how sad those years were! Sick, without books to satisfy his mental craving, raging against the bars, unable to admit even his wife to companionship, his egotism and arrogance seemed to separate him from mankind and forbid success. Had he died then his life would have been a sad failure.

Sad it had always been. His youth was full of gloom. For his mother he had a devoted love, but his family were humble peasants, in no way companions for him. Edward Irving was his only friend, and they were seldom together. His early attachment to Miss Gordon, had it not been so soon broken, might have been invaluable in giving him a healthier view of life; for his nature was not then insusceptible to feminine influence, and indeed needed it profoundly. An attachment then, before his character had finally hardened, to some charming woman, who would have wiled away his bitterness, smoothed his rugged manners, and quickened or at least directed his aspirations, might have brightened his whole life. But Miss Gordon was so much his superior in rank that their intercourse was soon broken off, and his life in Edinburgh was darker than ever. He was very poor and very proud. "Heaven knows that ever since I have been able to form a wish the wish of being known has been the foremost," he early wrote to a friend. Uncertain how to reach his aim; dissatisfied with every attempt, with the ministry, with teaching, with the law; unassured of literary power; doubtful and despondent, he yet aspired to something better than the sordidness around him. He had "a sense that revolt against such a load of unveracities, impostures, and quietly inane formalities would one day become indispensable;" and so for

years he struggled on, alone and wretched, until that singular incident occurred in Leith Walk, when he was twenty-five years old, which he describes in Sartor Resartus as follows. In a doubtful, palpitating mood, all at once there rose in him the thought, "What art thou afraid of? . . . Death? . . . Tophet? . . . Let it come, then, and I will meet it and defy it. And as I so thought there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base fear away from me forever. I was strong; of unknown strength; a spirit; almost a god. Ever from that time the temper of my misery was changed; not fear or whining sorrow was it, but indignation and grim fire-eyed defiance. Thus had the everlasting NO (*das ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, of my ME; and then it was that my whole ME stood up in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest. . . . It is from this hour I incline to date my spiritual new birth; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man." Whether this attitude of "fire-eyed," defiant self-assertion was as noble as Carlyle believed it to be we may doubt, but that he meant this account to be taken quite literally is certain, — a real change of soul, and self-caused. With all his enthusiasm, he did not think for a moment of attributing it to a higher influence. But we can hardly doubt that it was his introduction to the charming Miss Welch, a few weeks before, and the long evening talks with that "bright and earnest" girl, enthusiastic for literature and full of animation, that inspired the change.

Froude's picture of her is very pleasant. When a child she wanted "to learn Latin, like a boy," but her mother objected. "The question was settled at last in a characteristic fashion by herself. She found some lad in Haddington who introduced her to the mysteries of nouns of the first declension. Having mastered her lesson, one night, when she

was thought to be in bed, she had hidden herself under the drawing-room table. When an opportunity offered the small voice was heard from below the cover:

"*Penna*, a pen.

"*Penna*, of a pen, etc., etc.

"She crept out, amidst the general amusement, ran to her father, and said, 'I want to learn Latin; please let me be a boy.' And learn it she did, though not exactly boy fashion; for her tutor, after a time, was Edward Irving, and his teaching of Virgil made her change her religion to a girlish paganism. One of her old note-books tells how, when she was tempted to do wrong, she used simply to say to herself, 'A Roman would not have done it,' and that sufficed under ordinary temptations; and when she had withstood a severer trial she felt that she deserved a civic crown. Her account of the death of her dolly is charming: —

"'It had been intimated to me by one whose wishes were law that a young lady in Virgil should, for consistency's sake, drop her doll. So the doll, being judged, must be made an end of, and I, doing what I would with my own, like the Duke of Newcastle, quickly decided how. She should end as Dido ended, that doll! — as the doll of a young lady in Virgil should end! With her dresses, which were many and sumptuous, her four-posted bed, a fagot or two of cedar allumettes, a few sticks of cinnamon, a few cloves, and a nutmeg, I, *non ignara futuri*, constructed her funeral pyre, *sub auris* of course; and the new Dido, having placed herself in the bed with help, spoke through my lips the last sad words of Dido the first, which I had then all by heart as pat as A B C. . . . The doll, having thus spoken, *pallida morte futura*, kindled the pile, and stabbed herself with a pen-knife by way of Tyrian sword. Then, however, in the moment of seeing my poor doll blaze up, — for, being stuffed with bran, she took fire and was all over

in no time, — in that supreme moment my affection for her blazed up also, and I shrieked, and would have saved her and could not, and went on shrieking, till everybody within hearing flew to me and bore me off in a plunge of tears.”

Her devotion to her tutor ripened, as she grew older, into a passionate attachment, which he returned, although engaged to another young girl; and the unfortunate affair dragged along for some years before Irving's marriage to his betrothed put an end to it. It was before Irving's marriage that he introduced Carlyle to her; “a red, dusky evening, the sky hanging huge and high, but dim as with dust or drought,” Carlyle says. She attracted him powerfully at once, and in return appreciated the ability and friendship of this “Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,” without returning his affection. After half a dozen years of devotion he won her consent, though never her passionate love, — a thing, indeed, which he would hardly have known what to do with. She had many reasons for her hesitation. Superior to him in family and position, and accustomed to a luxurious home, she would give up a great deal in becoming the wife of a selfish, rough-mannered student, who at thirty-one had done nothing to show his ability but mere hack work, translation from the German and the like. But she loved her power, nevertheless, over this masterful genius, who talked like a demi-god. “In serious moments she would tell him that their meeting had made an epoch in her history, and had influenced her character and life. When her humor changed she would ridicule his Annandale accent, turned his passionate expressions to scorn; and when she had toned him down again, she would smile once more, and enchant him back into illusions. She played with him, frightened him away, drew him back, quarreled with him, received him again into favor, as the fancy took her,” till at last, after

being particularly provoking once, she gave way, being moved thereto by a busybody who told Carlyle of her *tendresse* for Irving, which he had not had sympathy enough with her to discover himself.

To tell the truth, sympathy with her he never had, though he wished hers to be ready when he felt the want of it for himself. His correspondence with her about marriage in 1825 was sadly characteristic. His dyspepsia troubled him, and he thought that if they could marry and take a poor farm of hers he should be in good health, and find time for literature besides. Her sound sense rejected the plan at first: the hardships would be great; neither of them was fit for such a life, and it could be avoided by his coming to live with her mother. He, however, was determined to be master in his own house, and thought she ought to sacrifice herself to him in such a matter. “For these many months,” he wrote her, “the voice of every persuasion in my conscience has been thundering to me as with the trump of the archangel: Man! thou art going to destruction. . . . Thy nights and days are spent in torment; thy heart is wasting into entire bitterness. Up, hapless mortal! Up, and rebuild thy destiny if thou canst!” and so on. Only it did not occur to him that it would be well for him to think a little of her destiny, too, — the brilliant woman whom he won and neglected, and sorrowed over too late. She did not hold back very long. In 1826 things looked a little brighter for a time, and they were married; but their married life was not happy. “For the forty years which these two extraordinary persons lived together their essential conduct to the world and to each other was sternly upright. They had to encounter poverty in its most threatening aspect, — poverty which they might at any moment have escaped if Carlyle would have sacrificed his intellectual integrity, would have carried his talents to

the market, and written down to the level of the multitude. If he ever flagged it was his wife who spurred him on; nor would she ever allow him to do less than his very best. She never flattered any one, least of all her husband; and when she saw cause for it the sarcasms flashed out from her as the sparks fly from lacerated steel. Carlyle, on his side, did not find in his marriage the miraculous transformation of nature which he had promised himself. He remained lonely and dyspeptic, possessed by thoughts and convictions which struggled in him for utterance, and which could be fused and cast into form only (as I have heard him say) when his whole mind was like a furnace at white heat. The work which he has done is before the world, and the world has long acknowledged what it owes to him. It would not have been done as well, perhaps it would never have been done at all, if he had not had a woman at his side who would bear without resenting it the outbreaks of his dyspeptic humor, and would shield him from the petty troubles of a poor man's life — from vexations which would have irritated him to madness — by her own incessant toil.

The victory was won, but, as of old in Aulis, not without a victim. Miss Welch had looked forward to being Carlyle's intellectual companion; to sharing his thoughts and helping him with his writings. She was not overrating her natural powers when she felt being equal to such a position and deserving it. The reality was not like the dream. Poor as they were, she had to work as a menial servant. She who had never known a wish ungratified for any object which money could buy; she who had seen the rich of the land at her feet, and might have chosen among them at pleasure; with a weak frame, withal, which had never recovered the shock of her father's death, — she after all was obliged to slave like the wife of her husband's friend Wightman, the hedger, and cook

and wash and scour and mend shoes and clothes for many a weary year. Bravely she went through it all; and she would have gone through it cheerfully if she had been rewarded with ordinary gratitude. But if things were done rightly Carlyle did not inquire who did them. Partly he was occupied, partly he was naturally undemonstrative, and partly she, in generosity, concealed from him the worst which she had to bear. The hardest part of all was that he did not see that there was occasion for any special acknowledgment. Poor men's wives had to work. She was a poor man's wife, and it was fit and natural that she should work. He had seen his mother and sisters doing the drudgery of his father's household without expecting to be admired for doing it. Mrs. Carlyle's life was entirely lonely save so far as she had other friends. He consulted her judgment about his writings, for he knew the value of it, but in his conceptions and elaborations he chose to be always by himself. When he was at work he could bear no one in the room; and, at least through middle life, he rode and walked alone, not choosing to have his thoughts interrupted. The slightest noise or movement at night shattered his nervous system; therefore he required a bedroom to himself: thus from the first she saw little of him, and as time went on less and less; she too was human and irritable. Carlyle proved, as his mother had known him, "ill to live with." Generous and kind as he was at heart, and as he always showed himself when he had leisure to reflect, the devil, as he had said, continued to speak out of him in distempered sentences, and the bitter arrow was occasionally shot back. No wonder that, late in life, she said, "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him, — and I am miserable."

The next nine years, up to the final removal to London, were years of severe

struggle, during which at times it was hard to keep the wolf from the door, and Carlyle's generosity to his brothers was unbounded. He was a pure and true man, of noble ideals, which he would not diminish by one jot. His mind gained in strength in the solitude of those barren moors, and his wonderful essays on German authors and on Voltaire and Diderot were well received; for the English critics appreciated that these men were truly seen and truly painted for them for the first time. Carlyle had made them live again. But he was too far from books, too remote from the correcting influence of other minds, and he let his enthusiasm run riot in the Sartor Resartus to an extent that disgusted the public, and shut against him the pages of the magazines whose generous treatment had been his sole means of support. And so the scene had grown very dark when he resolved to make a final struggle in London with his historical projects; a grandly successful one, as the event proved. It was well that he went. The great works upon which his fame rests, the French Revolution and Frederick the Great, could hardly have been written on his Scottish farm. In London for a time he worked much better. But that unwavering fight in Scotland against frightful odds was a grand sight. Year after year he went on, unfaltering, sick, in utter solitude, the books and essays which the publishers dared not touch lying tied up in his desk. He was not altogether right. His work might have been better, as well as more popular, could he have profited by the advice of his publishers; but to him it seemed degradation. He had faults enough, — he insists on our seeing them. He could not endure "the common woes of humanity. Nature had in fact given him a constitution of unusual strength. He saw his ailments through the lens of his imagination, so magnified by the metaphors in which he described them as to seem to him something supernatu-

ral; and if he was a torment to himself, he distracted every one with whom he came in contact." Every annoyance was exaggerated. When he was teaching he talked vehemently of breaking the backs of the "brats." When he went to town he wanted to cut the throat of the watchman, whose cries disturbed his sleep, because he was so "loud, hideous, and ear and soul piercing, resembling the voices of ten thousand gibcats all molten into one terrific peal." His criticisms upon the distinguished men of his time were bitterly caustic, with scarcely any praise; for his hero worship did not extend to his own time. Barry Cornwall, Campbell, Coleridge, De Quincey, Rogers, Moore, Bentham, even gentle Elia, have their little personal weaknesses magnified into damning vices. His dearest friend was etched with the same biting acidity. It is safe to say that we should not have the portrait that he gave us of Frederick the Great had Carlyle ever met him. He drew his own picture with the same savage keenness. Sometimes it was with deliberate abuse: "On the whole, art thou not among the vainest of living men, at bottom among the very vainest? Oh, the sorry mad ambitions that lurk in thee!" Often unconsciously, as in that passage in the *Reminiscences* referring to his mental change in 1825: This year I emerged "free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether, where, blessed be Heaven, I have for the spiritual part ever since lived, looking down . . . [with] no feeling of my own except honest silent pity for the serious or religious part of them, and occasional indignation for the poor world's sake at the frivolous, secular, and impious part, with their universal suffrages, their nigger emancipations, sluggard and scoundrel protection societies, and unexampled prosperities for the time being. What my pious joy and gratitude then was let the pious soul figure." Well had it been for Carlyle if the soaring of his soul had borne

him to some nobler height than that of scornful pity and wrath for the noblest movements of his time.

We cannot, on the whole, blame his friend Jeffrey, as Froude seems inclined to do, and as Carlyle himself certainly did, for not procuring a professorship for such a man, if he had the power. Carlyle was, in truth, utterly unfit for it. He was right when he called himself a Bedouin. He had learnt neither how to command nor how to obey, still less how to work harmoniously side by side with others. He never could long lay aside his obscure philosophy, but must ever be showing

"How every-day matters unite

With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night."

His rough manners, his dislike of teaching, his irregular habits of labor, all made him unfit for such a post, at least until the mighty force of his genius had set him above its ordinary demands. But what a man he was! He never failed to impress his magnificent personality on every one who knew him. His power of speech was unsurpassed. "Carlyle first, and all the rest nowhere," was the description of him by one of the best judges in London, when speaking of the great talkers of the day. "His vast reading, his minute observation, his miraculously retentive memory, gave him something valuable to say on every subject which could be raised. What he took into his mind was dissolved and recrystallized into original combinations of his own. His writing, too, was as fluent as his speech. His early letters — even the most exquisitely finished sentences of them — are in an even and beautiful hand, without erasure or alteration of a phrase. Words flowed from him with a completeness of form which no effort could improve. When he was excited it was like the eruption of a volcano, — thunder and lightning, hot stones, and smoke and ashes. He had a natural tendency to exaggeration, and although at such times

his extraordinary metaphors and flashes of titanesque humor made him always worth listening to, he was at his best when talking of history, or poetry, or biography, or of some contemporary person or incident which had either touched his sympathy or amused his delicate sense of absurdity. His laugh was from his whole nature, voice, eyes, and even his whole body. And there was never any malice in it. His own definition of humor, 'a genial sympathy with the under side,' was the definition also of his own feeling about all things and all persons when it was himself that was speaking, and not what he called the devil that was occasionally in possession. In the long years that I was intimate with him I never heard him tell a malicious story or say a malicious word of any human being. His language was sometimes like the rolling of a great cathedral organ, sometimes like the softest flute notes, sad or playful, as the mood or the subject might be; and you listened, — threw in, perhaps, an occasional word to show that you went along with him; but you were simply charmed, and listened on without caring to interrupt. Interruption, indeed, would answer little purpose, for Carlyle did not bear contradiction any better than Johnson. Contradiction would make him angry and unreasonable. He gave you a full picture of what was in his own mind, and you took it away with you and reflected on it."

He threw himself into his work with an enthusiasm that amounted to actual passion. "It is an agitating, fiery, consuming business when your heart is in it. I can easily conceive a man writing the soul out of him," he said, "writing till it evaporated like the snuff of a farthing candle, when the matter interests him properly." In his concentration he became narrow. He made high art the target of his wit, and had even less tolerance for science. But he had a wonderful power of historical analysis and dramatic

description, and his pictorial imagination, by which, in a word or two, he could call up a life-like image of his hero king or some nameless fellow traveler on a journey, kept its power remarkably late in life. It is a great misfortune that the French Revolution and Frederick the Great should have been his only important historical works.

Yet he could never have been a historian of the first rank, for he had no grasp of impersonal causes. His mind was too impatient of correction from another to grow symmetrically. Hardly any one can safely disregard contemporary criticism. Carlyle certainly did not do it with impunity. His appetite for extravagance grew on him. His instincts became more perverted. The exaltation of strength in his earlier work became an apotheosis of violence later in life, when the slave-driver became a hero and the murderer a saint. That he did not do more of such work is no matter of regret.

It would have been difficult, however, to correct a nature whose faults were such an integral part of it as Carlyle's were. To have moderated his over-vehemence and arrant individualism would have made him a pleasanter and broader man, but it would have weakened his power. Had he been a wider student, with a clearer grasp of abstractions and the power of absorbing more from others, he would have been a greater historian; but it would probably have lessened his influence upon his own generation, for it was his unconquerable individuality and his concentration of imagination that made him such a power. To have given him a true sympathy with humanity, a profound power of thought, would have been reconstruction, not correction. We should have had a greater man, but we should not have had Carlyle.

He could not fall in with the current of his time, as Emerson and Victor Hugo did: his philosophy was reactionary, and his influence short-lived. He

united with German mysticism and romanticism an English worship of force and a caustic Scotch humor that were quite foreign to it, and the compound of foreign philosophy and native practice was not a stable one. Mr. Emerson had the mysticism without the pugnacity, and he elevated our souls. Victor Hugo had the vehemence for action without the passive philosophy, and he swept the French people on in a flood-tide of passion. Carlyle united both, and did not reach either mind or heart so perfectly. While Emerson was teaching individualism and avoiding self-assertion, Carlyle preached hero worship with unbounded egotism, and urged action while he flouted reform. An idealist, he grew to scorn ideas. He threw himself into the past to create a world that no present could ever give.

These three men, Emerson, Hugo, and Carlyle, belonged to the same general awakening, and need to be studied together: the first representing the ideal, the second the real, and the third the reactionary elements. They were all three men of strong imagination, though of very different kinds. They were almost poets. Neither Carlyle nor Victor Hugo had the lofty and refined spiritual insight of Emerson, but they had far more pictorial imagination. Both of them, and especially the Frenchman, could conjure up before our eyes the scenes of their fancy with a life-like reality and vividness that no other author of our time, except Hawthorne, has approached. But both, in their weaker moments, load their pages with an intolerable mass of detail, from which Emerson's are free.

The intellectual methods of the three men had much similarity. They each broke away from the old creeds without losing their reverence for the Divine. Neither of them was a vigorous reasoner or a sound critic. They swayed us by their eloquence, not their logic. But their individualism led them into an ex-

travagance and an egotistic brusqueness of style that at times became harshly abrupt.

The dreams of Carlyle and Emerson and Victor Hugo were an epoch in the intellectual growth of the century, but the world moves on by more substantial means than dreams. It has left them behind, and we do not believe that it will ever return to them. We turn back often to the sound thought, the careful reasoning, of the past, but not to its conjectures, however splendid. For permanent progress is made by accurate reasoning, in which each successive step is firmly fixed, and not by soaring intuition, however lofty its flight.

In Carlyle, as in Emerson and in Victor Hugo, there was the same unconquerable rebellion against the narrow and tyrannous spirit of the time, and a return to humanity, a devotion to it, an adoring love of it, as the motive of life. But the manly enthusiasm for reality of the followers of the Scotchman has faded before a new gospel of clothes ;

and in America transcendentalism melts away before the positive spirit of the new culture. In France, in a general way, Victor Hugo has triumphed, for he threw himself into the democratic current of the time, and now the stage is free from the classic fetters that he struggled with in youth ; and the democracy that he gave his maturer life to has gained at last not only the sceptre, but the power to use it, as well. The new literary elements, however, that he contributed, the romance, the melodrama, the horrible violence, have not been lasting either in plays or novels. All his wondrous powers of enthusiasm and imagination have not founded a school, or reconciled gay Paris to the terrible conceptions of *Le Roi s'Amuse*.

These men were the prophets of a new era, which they felt rather than saw ; and the world hailed them with delight. But it soon craved something solidier than prophecy ; something which neither Carlyle, nor Emerson, nor Victor Hugo could give, — science.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is curious, the love some people have of definitions. They are the delight of persons who think, but whose thinking has not gone a great way. It is not hard to understand why definitions are in such favor. To begin with, they save a good deal of trouble ; it is pleasant to know that we have the result of much patient thought and careful investigation put up for our use in a neat, compact little bundle, easily portable without fatigue. Definitions are compressions of large truth into small compass, and it is plain that they may be very useful things ; but the difficulty with them is that they are not always trustworthy, and it is just this essential

point about them which the definition-lover is incompetent to decide. He wants a sure rule of judgment in a certain matter, because he himself does not understand it well enough to do without a definition, or to make one for himself. Oddly enough, he is often ignorant of what a definition is ; he needs, first of all, to have the meaning of that word defined for him. For instance, I come upon a sentence in a notice of William Morris's new book on art, in which the reviewer says that Mr. Morris gives a definition of art which is "singularly lucid," and one which is "not easily forgotten," and then proceeds to quote the same as follows : "That thing which

I understand by real art is the expression by man of his pleasure in labor." The reviewer thinks this "goes to the root of the matter," and he is much pleased to get hold of this definition, because he thinks that Mr. Morris ought to know what art is, and that he, the reviewer, has gained precisely what he wanted. Now it may be possible that Mr. Morris does not set this forth as a real definition of art, but uses the words only descriptively of his own feeling about art; the reviewer, however, who takes the words to define art, needs to be told that it is no definition at all. A definition sets limits or boundaries to a thing, thereby placing it apart and distinguishing it from every other thing; to define something by terms which apply equally to some other thing is not to define it at all. Mr. Morris's phrase is certainly lucid and easily enough remembered; the only trouble with it is that we are no wiser with regard to the essential nature of art than we were before, and the "root of the matter" is left quite untouched. The definition-lover would do well to learn that there are several things it is not worth while to define, — not that art is one of these things, *bien entendu*, — and which we may manage to comprehend very fairly without the aid of definitions. Sometimes the farther we go in our study of a given subject, and the more deep and thorough our understanding and knowledge of it is, the less need we have of definitions for ourselves, however we may care to make them for the sake of others less advanced in the same line of thought. A certain French historian of philosophy once asked of Hegel a succinct account of his philosophic system. "Mais, monsieur," the German replied, "ces choses ne se disent pas succinctement." I fancy that this little story may wake a smile at the vain expectation of the historian that a German could be got to express his thought with the felicitous brevity of a Frenchman.

But Hegel was in the right in not attempting the impossible, and in his implied demand that those who thought his system worth inquiry should cease to look for any royal road to its comprehension, and be at the pains instead of arriving at it by their own labor.

— The only haunted house I was ever in was one not made with hands. It had been built I know not how many generations before the birth of the oldest inhabitant, the architecture a mixture of Greek and Gothic. It had numerous porticoes, long colonnades, winding corridors, many inner courts, halls, and secret passages. Its partitions were of tapestry, sometimes closely woven and wholly impervious to the eye, but often of a sleazy embroidered fabric, which scarcely intercepted the arched and columnar vista. The carpets were of plush or velvet, the woof of which was so thrown up as to suppress all sound of footsteps. I have been often in this haunted house, have seen and heard much of its spiritings and sorceries, but am no more able now than at first to account for them; on the contrary, with every successive visit the mystery deepens, and my perplexity increases. I have to complain of the capricious treatment which I receive. On certain occasions I am made most welcome; bidden to ask all the questions that occur to me; entertained by all manner of pretty illusions and pageants; instructed in cabala and hieroglyph; and entrusted with the profoundest state secrets. The queen of all the hamadryads is faithful to the place and hour of tryst. Like the favored peasant youth in the ballad, I cry out, —

"Ye million leaves of the wildwood wist
How Beauty Rohtraut's mouth I kissed!"

The next time I go to the woods all is changed. I am treated with cold unfamiliarity; none admits my acquaintance; the humblest retainers and servants will not deign to answer my civil questions; all gossip is hushed, or is

carried on in confused whispers, unintelligible to me; the queen of the hamadryads laughs my pretensions to scorn. I beat a humiliating retreat, feeling baffled and misused.

With a comrade it is still the same.

We rove up and down the woods, snapping the flower from its stem, thrusting aside the branch and the brier. The squirrel barks at us like a sort of sylvan *canis minor*; the brooding bird starts away with an aggrieved and accusing cry; everything protests at our ruthless and unmannerly haste, our eagerness and curiosity. But let us sit down somewhere in the depths of the woods, quietly observant and grateful-minded; keeping our note-books in our pocket, since the powers that be here are marvelously close and conservative, and always distrustful of the interviewer. It is not long before we are the centre of an increasingly curious circle of spectators. The snappish squirrel comes back to look at us, silent and alert, but not inimical; the chipmunk darts down before us, and dives through his trap-door, giving us the impression that the devouring earth has made a clean morsel of him. The birds perch lower, eyeing us with not unfriendly glances; we even catch glimpses of that shy party-colored woodlander, the redstart, flitting among the branches overhead. It is so quiet that the slightest noise becomes significant and noteworthy.

"My music is the buzzing of a fly,"

as that droning insect sails in from the hot sunshine for a moment's cool refreshment. Or the wood-pewee, who is a strange little mystic, may be heard in some leafy recess urging its childish, unanswerable query, — always with a rising inflection of voice, as though expecting to be answered by yes or no. So lorn and pathetic is the quality of this wood-note that we sometimes fancy the pewee, like the poet's nightingale, sings with its breast against a thorn.

The woods are full of mysterious

stirs, even when there is no wind. A quick, rustling undulation among the low plants and vines hints that the timorous snake is making all haste to get out of our way. (Does the groveling creature think that we still hold the Adamic grudge?) There is no wind, so what can it be but black sorcery which keeps yonder leaf dancing like a dervise among its motionless and listless comrades? And what spirit of mischief lives in that clump of fern, to keep one lusty plume in continual oscillation? The fern, we would say, is the magician's own plant. Although we have never tested its occult powers on St. John's Eve, we should not be surprised if told that there are those who walk these woods, rendered invisible through its aid. A dense growth of ferns always puts us in mind of the South American tropics. A mystery lurks under the mandrake, also, whether in May it bears its subtly-fragrant white flower, or in August ripens its apple of mellow gold. A cluster of mandrakes crowning a knoll suggests a grove of dwarf palms, sheltering who knows what race of grotesque hop-o'-my-thumbs.

If the time be midsummer, we shall probably find in some warm hollow ground the pale waxen pipes of the monotropa. How uncanny is this plant, that has not one drop of green blood in its veins, no fragrance, not a leaf susceptible to the flattering zephyr! A flower brought up in the garden of night, under the rays of a gibbous moon, would look like this; and yet there is sometimes a faint blush on its livid cheek, as though it had spied the dawn a long way off. There is no legend told of the monotropa, so we may assign one: say that some evil eye of the woods long ago cast its spell upon a fresh-blooming flower, changing it into the stark effigy of a flower.

In speaking of mythology we ordinarily qualify it as *ancient*, as though disclaiming participation in the error;

but if the Pantheon had not descended to us, would we not have constructed it ourselves, at first hand? There is an implied myth, a paganish personification, in nearly all our allusions to nature. Within these common haunts of ours, how easy to recreate the whole race of woodland deities and genii! That is a pretty account of the popular origin of field and forest myths given in the Fourth Book of *The Excursion*. Swift alternations of sunshine and cloud shadows on the distant hills appeared as "fleet oreads, sporting visibly." Gnarled dead branches, projecting from a crag or starting out of deep woody shade, figured as Fauni and Panes. The herdsman, stretched out on the summer turf, if he happened to hear a sweet and distant music, instantly accredited it to Apollo's lute. Have we not seen and heard all these marvels? Or shall we admit that the imagination of Greek peasants in the old time was of a quicker and more generous order than our own?

We have said that the woods are haunted. Looking up through an opening in the dense leafy roof, what is that fine point of white light we see in the blue zenith? Surely, a star! After this revelation we feel that the woods are in Night's province, and jealously watched by her Argus eyes. That keen sentinel posted on the meridian is to us as thrilling a surprise as a chance glimpse of Dian and her nimble attendants, seen or fancied by the superstitious forester of old.

It is in vain that we plunder the woods; all that we bring hence slips from our possession like coin picked up in fairy-land. This handful of wood-flowers, how frayed and pale, even common, when seen by the light of outside day! How drooping these ferns, how tawdry this moss! The truth is, the spirits of these are not with us, having parted from us when we left the woods; we carry away nothing but their poor remains. Thus the forest holds its own.

— While all this talk about art is going on, would it not be well for us to stop and ask if we really have any clear notion of what art is? Perhaps we amateurs do not know so much about it as we fancy, for apparently artists themselves and professed devotees of art cannot define its essential nature or cannot agree in their definitions. Mr. William Morris says that "real art is the expression of man's pleasure in labor;" Mr. P. B. Marston has just told us that art is the worship of a certain kind of beauty; while a Methodist minister, whom I lately heard discoursing on the subject, maintained with tremendous earnestness that art exists essentially to give pleasure. Among diverse theories like these we may pick which we choose, and I don't know but we conveniently could hold them all at once. Part of the art talk we hear is the idle chatter of persons to whom art is merely the latest fashion; a good deal of it is the froth of a pretentious sentimentalism, without genuine earnestness or any true apprehension of the art idea. The cultus of beauty of the "mystic" sort is of recent importation with us, and happily does not count many worshipers; but it is some time since Mr. Pater advised his English readers, in carefully-culled phrase, that, "while all melts under our feet [!], we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange flowers, and curious odors, or the work of the artist's hand, or the face of one's friend." There is a false ring in language like this; it does not speak a sane delight in pure beauty, but a kind of counterfeit, unwholesome sentiment, which is worse than no sentiment at all. We are in a transitional state with regard to art just now, and much of what passes at present for intelligent discussion and acute criticism will by and by be seen to be the feeblest "catching

at" the subject by those who have not had the power or the will to seize upon it with a firmer grasp. Art is not life, though it should be a part of the lives of all of us. The terms of a true definition are convertible, and therefore Mr. Morris's language is inadequate to its purpose; for not every expression by man of his pleasure in labor is an art product. Art is the revelation of beauty, but by that word must be understood something more than the merely external or sensuous beauty which Mr. Marston worships. That a poet should choose for a theme the simple life and honest love of a sweet-natured country girl seems to Mr. Marston an impudent desecration, the "emptying of a coal-sack" on the sacred pavement of the temple of beauty. Dorothy is an "outrage on poetry," for no reason given by Mr. Marston, unless it be that, because she had hard red hands, the girl herself was not a perfectly beautiful creature. This is curious logic indeed, and remarkable criticism.

The truth is that the refined sensuousness which has lost its relish for simple delights, and searches after the stimulus of "strange dyes and curious odors," has also lost its sensibility to the appeal of the higher forms of beauty; and however it may laud them in words has in reality ceased to understand or be in sympathy with their deepest meaning.

We may agree with the Methodist parson that art gives pleasure, but we join issue with him at once when he makes the giving of pleasure its end and aim. He might with equal truth preach to his people that because true goodness brings with it the highest happiness, therefore happiness is the object which must be directly sought by the good man. If we really care to know anything of art, let us begin at the beginning, and learn something of its essential nature and fundamental principles, before we set up to be artists or critics

of art. Something is required of us before we can be even simple connoisseurs. "Il faut avoir de l'âme pour avoir du goût."

—There are certain good English words which seem to have lost their real meaning, and to have been degraded by long use. The other day I said, with a good deal of enthusiasm, that a person of my acquaintance was a most respectable woman, and my companions looked shocked, as if I had done her great injustice. "I don't know anybody for whom I have a higher respect," I added, feeling that I ought to explain myself; and the faces of my audience brightened at once, and the conversation went on as before. The word "respectable" means, in the sense in which I had used it, that a person is a plain, ordinary human being, of an every-day sort, who pays his bills and behaves himself decently, but whom nobody would think of admiring. The word seems to belong to the middle and lower classes in society, but why should we not use it literally, and bravely call any person respectable (whom we can), in the highest rank or in any other? It is a fine tribute to any character when we can heartily call it respectable.

Words come to have definitions of their own, as if they had been cut from their roots and were growing elsewhere, on their own account and with new properties, like transplanted herbs. It seems sometimes that the early English writers had the chance of using our language while it was fresh and unworn. The words had the clear cutting and shininess of new coins, but after many years' use they are like the smooth old shillings and sixpences, that are marked with a cross, and will no longer be taken at their first value. When we read the old authors we are delighted with the exactness of their language. There is a quaintness which delights us; but we are most pleased at discovering for ourselves the real meaning of words which we have hitherto mistaken. It

is a good thing if we learn something from every page, and drop the false meanings as fast as we learn the true. It is worth while to stop and think what words really were made to mean in the first place. One can hardly look through five lines, or listen to five sentences, without finding some expression that is really wide of the idea which was meant to be conveyed. Preciseness in speech or writing need not show either primness, or self-consciousness, or painstaking, and it would really give one much more liberty. One need not be a Latin scholar, or able to tell himself everything about a word's derivation and history; a minute's thought will serve to take a fresh coin from among the worn ones whose value has been lessened, and to buy with it his reader's or listener's quicker and more grateful attention.

— In reading *Comus*, I am always reminded of Shakespeare's fairy-land and its elfin agencies. In *Comus*, the action takes place in the night-time, the scene being laid in an enchanted forest. The same may be noted of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. *Comus* is prince of nocturnal revel, having the same delight in whimsical frolic and miscreancy that we observe in Puck. Both are zealous to accomplish their malicious spells before "Aurora's harbinger" or the "blabbing eastern scout" discovers and denounces them. In the *Mask*, the lady is lost, and becomes the victim of sorcerous charms; in the *Dream*, Helena and Hermia wander about the

woods, sorely abused in their wits by the magic practice of Puck.

In Shakespeare's flora, there is a little western flower, wounded by Cupid long ago, and ever since called "love-in-idleness," the juice of which, misapplied by Puck, produces such a series of lamentable complications. In Milton's flora, also, there is a plant of occult properties,—the herb *hæmony*, very potent against all "enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp."

I am impressed with a certain family resemblance traceable in the *Attendant Spirit* and in the *Ariel* of the *Tempest*. The former, to be sure, has a moral gravity and a reasoning faculty not possessed by the other; but fancy *Ariel* to to have taken a serious turn, to have mastered Prospero's books of magic, to have studied some works on humanity and divinity, — would not such a curriculum place him on a level with the *Attendant Spirit*? Both are glad to be released from responsibility in the affairs of mortals. Listen to *Ariel* slipping away into elemental liberty:—

"I do fly,
After summer, merrily,"

And the spirit in *Comus* is no less eager to be off:—

"Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end."

but not without a parting word of counsel, characteristic of a Miltonian spirit:

"Mortals that would follow me
Love virtue."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Art. The initial volume of *L'Art* for the present year (J. W. Bouton, New York) is unusually rich in the department of etching. If the letterpress of *L'Art* were not so carefully prepared and so valuable in material, one would be tempted to remove some of these elegant *planches* from the context and frame them. For this purpose we should

certainly select Teyssonnière's Piazza of St. Mark, the Pont des Saintes-Pères of Lucien Gautier, Leon Gaucherel's La Lande de Kerrenic, the San Giorgio Maggiore, by Boulard *fils*, and Un Début à l'Atelier of Edward Ramus, after the original by Maurice Bompard. The volume contains twenty-six full-page plates, fifteen of which are

etchings. The latter prove what we have long suspected, that the French artists of to-day are more skillful with the steel-point than with the graver. That precision and rapidity of touch which are necessary to the etching belong by nature to a Frenchman. Though there are many finished wood-cuts in the present volume, they by no means represent its highest excellence. The literature of L'Art is always unexceptionable; the collected numbers of a few months constitute a library of admirable critical, historical, and archaeological papers. Among the more important articles in the issue under consideration are the conclusion of M. Hédou's notice of Noel le Mire, M. August Weber's *Souvenirs de Quelques Galeries Romaines*, and M. Monceau's studies on *Les Tapisseries de l'Ancien Chapitre d'Auxerre*. — Mr. Bouton sends also a copy of the *Catalogue Illustré du Salon for 1882* (L. Basché, Paris), a full catalogue of titles, with a liberal collection of rude memoranda of the paintings and statues in the form of photolithographic plates. It is a pity that these have no index.

Biblical Criticism. Onesimus, *Memoirs of a Disciple of St. Paul*, by the author of *Philochristus* (Roberts), is one of the reproductions of early Christianity in literary form, which appear to have come again into favor, after nearly a generation of silence. It is difficult in such works to avoid the labor of educating the readers who are to enjoy the book. — Porter & Coates have improved the *Comparative New Testament*, which they were one of the first to issue after the appearance of the *Revision*, by incorporating in the text the readings preferred by the American Committee, by furnishing a history of the *Revision*, and in minor ways rendering their edition more complete. — The Gospel according to Matthew is the first volume in the series of *The International Revision Commentary on the New Testament*, edited by Dr. Philip Schaff. (Scribners.) It is simply the *Illustrated Popular Commentary* reproduced with the *Revision* text. Such works may serve to fasten the *Revision*, but the excuse for a new commentary does not seem to us very important. We are repeatedly told that the *Revision* disturbs no truth in the *New Testament*. Why, then, should it require a commentary of its own?

Political Economy. Pleas for Protection Examined, by Augustus Mongredien (Cassell), is one of the pamphlets of the Cobden Club. Mr. Mongredien gives notice that these are chapters taken in advance from a larger work upon which he is engaged. He considers the question purely as a commercial one, apparently. — *The Social Law of Labor* (Roberts) is the title which Mr. W. B. Weeden gives to his book, in which he endeavors to present the questions of capital and labor with direct reference to the society in which the questions are asked. He has, he thinks, discovered in society an order which transcends the church, the state, the family, and the individual. Whatever may be the worth of his discovery, he is right in this, that no solution of the problem of capital and labor can possibly be reached which regards them, as so many writers appear to regard them, as distinct individualities. It is only as an

order, as relations, are apprehended that such questions can even be asked fairly. We think, however, that he does not sufficiently regard the distinction between the state and the nation. — *Capital and Population*, by Frederick B. Hawley (Appletons), is a study of the economic effects of their relations to each other. The book is substantially a critique of Mill's *Principles*, carrying forward those principles, as the author conceives, into their logical consequences. — *Currency, or The Fundamental Principles of Monetary Science*, postulated, explained, and applied, by Hugh Bowly Willson (Putnams), aims to demonstrate the possibility of a purely automatic method of supplying both coined and paper money through a universal monetary system. His book will receive the attention of students. — The seventh of the *Economic Tracts*, published by the Society for Political Education in New York, is *Money and its Substitute*, by Horace White, an essay prepared originally for Mr. Lalor's *Cyclopædia*. Mr. White's training as a journalist gives him an advantage in presenting his subject, and within brief limits he furnishes a clear outline.

Travel and Adventure. The Gypsies, by Charles G. Leland (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will be received with interest by all who know Mr. Leland's long familiarity with the subject; and so much entertaining and curious information about this people cannot elsewhere be found. — Osgood's *Pocket Guide to Europe* (Osgood) condenses travel advice almost to a memorandum. It reads as if compiled by various persons, or by an editor who has his strong preferences. Warwick, for instance, has more notice than Amsterdam. As a rule, one who goes to a small town is likely to see everything without any other than local advice; it is in the large cities where he will waste his energies in finding the most important sights. The book, however, seems business-like. — Among the Azores, by Lyman H. Weeks (Osgood), has the advantage of a fresh subject; and though Mr. Weeks is not a specially graceful writer, he is a faithful one, and his little book will carry a substantial knowledge of the islands and the life on them. — *Orient Sunbeams, or From the Porte to the Pyramids*, by Way of Palestine (Putnams), continues the journey taken last summer by S. S. Cox. Mr. Cox is an irrepressibly good-natured traveler. — *The Index Guide to Travel and Art-Study in Europe*, by Lafayette C. Loomis (Scribners), is a compendium of geographical, historical, and artistic information for the use of Americans. It deals with art, scenery, history, legend, and myths; it has plans and catalogues of galleries, and it draws up routes of travel. The alphabetical arrangement of the greater part of the contents is a feature which is gradually being accepted as the most convenient in such books. The compactness of this work and its comprehensiveness are likely to make it useful and popular.

History and Biography. Mr. Jebb's Richard Bentley, in the series *English Men of Letters* (Harpers), will do something toward affording the general reader some notion of the racy material which gathers about the life of Bentley, and will give a little more definiteness to a figure which

scholars have cherished as their humorist. — Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York, by Abram C. Dayton (Harlan), is the reminiscences of an old gentleman whose memory was sound for all events up to 1837, which he makes the date of the end of the Knickerbocker dynasty. The pictures which he draws of life in New York are full of interesting material, and the reader will amuse himself with them even though he find the narrator sometimes a little garrulous and prosy. — The Naval War of 1812, or The History of the United States Navy during the last War with Great Britain, by Theodore Roosevelt (Putnam's), is an interesting and needed contribution to our history, written by a man who is cool enough to be an impartial narrator, and patriotic enough to recognize the true import of the struggle. — Victor Hugo and his Time, by Alfred Barbeau, translated from the French by Ellen E. Frewer (Harpers), is scarcely an anticipation of the poet's biography. Call no man happy until he is dead, when he can no longer, it is to be hoped, read the gushing praise of his too ardent followers, and see the text interspersed with dismal engravings of, by, and about him. Still this volume will furnish the reader with a variety of details respecting Victor Hugo and contemporary comment, although the spirit in which it is conceived renders one skeptical of its accuracy of statement. — Some Experiences of a Barrister's Life, by Mr. Serjeant Ballantine (Holt), is a somewhat disappointing book. It is apparently an index to a lost memory. The writer names one man after another whom he knew, and tells what a fine fellow he was, but just as the reader settles himself to enjoy this comrade he sees him walk off, leaving nothing but his name and an air of excellence behind him; or Mr. Serjeant Ballantine tells us that he has a good story to tell, and begins to laugh over it, but the story does not get told, and our laugh is postponed. — Montesquieu's Consideration on the Causes of the Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans is a new translation, together with an introduction, critical and illustrative notes, and an analytical index, by John Baker. (Appletons.) The work, while containing Montesquieu's treatise unimpaired, has also a large embroidery of notes by the translator, who makes it the occasion for a philosophical study of considerable acuteness. — The second volume of Mr. James Schouler's History of the United States of America under the Constitution (William H. Morrison, Washington) carries the work forward from 1801 to 1817, and is, like the previous volume, furnished with many curious details, which the author's diligence has accumulated from a variety of material. This and a singularly rococo style for a historian are the first characteristics to impress the reader. — The Russian Empire, its Origin and Development, by S. B. Boulton (Cassell), is a small hand-book of combined history and description; it is well written and interesting, more than could be expected of so concise a work. — Giovanni Rufini is a biographical and literary study, by Professor Arturo Linaker. A lithographic portrait of Rufini's fine head fronts the title-page. (Fratelli Bocca, Florence, Turin, and Rome.) — John C. Calhoun, by Dr. H. von Holst, is the latest issue in the

series of American Statesmen. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — Henry W. Longfellow, Biography, Anecdotes, Letters, Criticism, by W. Sloane Kennedy (Moses King, Cambridge), is a compilation drawn from the multitudinous sources which have been opened, especially since the poet's death. The editor has taken pains, and though the labor of reading so many newspaper extracts is somewhat fatiguing, there is some interest attaching to the survey thus permitted. The biography at the close is a valuable feature, for which the editor is mainly indebted to that published in the Literary World. — Mr. F. H. Underwood's sketch of Longfellow (Osgood) is a more deliberate and orderly production, although by the author's confession its final form is a concession to the supposed need of the public for early intelligence. There is more criticism in this work, but it is nearly all Mr. Underwood's. The preface also contains an interesting piece of autobiography, and since the work includes comment upon the poet's contemporaries, it is a pity that this bit of personal history could not have been expanded as a contribution to literary history. — Mr. E. A. Freeman brings nearly to a conclusion his history of the Norman Conquest of England in the Reign of William Rufus and the accession of Henry the First, in two volumes. (At the Clarendon Press, Oxford.) With maps. — The ninth volume of Campaigns of the Civil War (Scribners) is Atlanta, by Jacob D. Cox, LL. D.

Fiction. Family Fortunes, a domestic story, by Edward Garrett (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a refined story of sentiment, with the customary Scotch figures. It would seem as if Scotland had invented no new characters since story-books began to be written, but perhaps what we vaguely want is a new Scotch language. — Edmond de Goncourt's *La Faustin* has been translated by John Stirling. (Petersons.) The English version, with all its erasures and coverings, seems to make the story even more gross than the original, for the bouquet of the French has disappeared, and so long as that lasted one might feel an illusion of the super-sense. — Plain-Speaking, by the author of John Halifax, Esq. (Harpers), is a collection of studies, stories, sketches, and essays, which are apparently the chips of Mrs. Craik's workshop, or, more accurately, the snippings of her piece-bag. What an extraordinary difference between the moral tone of this and the last book, and between the technical excellence of the two! — Nicholas Minturn and Miss Gilbert's Career have been added to the new and neat series of Dr. Holland's complete writings. (Scribners.) — The Revolt of Man (Holt) is Number 136 of the Leisure Hour Series; a satirical novel, in which the author performs the mental gymnastic of landing in the next century at a point when men, who have been excluded from their present position, regain the ascendancy in affairs. The story moves in shackles, and can scarcely be recommended as more than a somewhat trying piece of ingenuity. — The Villa Bohemia, by Marie Le Baron (Kochendoerfer & Urie, New York), is the light and trifling story of how several girls who set up a declaration of independence in the country were captured by their

natural enemy. It is written in school-girl English. — A Reverend Idol (Osgood) represents a somewhat higher grade of the same order. It is a diffuse feminine novel. — Dick's Wandering, by Julian Sturgis (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will be agreeably welcomed by those who have read this young author's former story of John-a-Dreams. — Guernale, an Old Story, by J. S. of Dale (Scribners), is likely to give a flip to the palate of the satiated novel-reader. — Recent numbers of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are Mary Cecil Hay's Dorothy's Venture, Beggar my Neighbor, by E. D. Gerard, Mount Royal, by M. E. Braddon, and Trollope's latest two, Marion Fay and Why Frau Frohmann Raised her Prices, and other stories. — South-Mountain Magic, a narrative by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (Osgood), is a collection of sketches of life and superstitions, drawn by the writer from her residence among the dwellers about South Mountain of the Blue Ridge. — Barriers Burned Away, by E. P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is issued anew in a revised edition, which bids for a large public, since it is published in a three-columned paper style, and, like other large paper books, is strictly limited in number, a hundred thousand copies only being printed. — There is no English word quite vile enough to characterize the vileness of Zola's last novel — in the original. In the translation, by John Stirling (T. B. Peterson & Bros.), the vileness is veiled in a manner that will be disappointing to the class of readers to which Pot-Bouille is addressed; for the translator, evidently having the fear of the police in his eyes, has stopped short of actual obscenity. He has managed, however, to add to the book a vulgarity which it does not possess in the original French, — a vulgar prose style. "A crowd of carriages stopped the fiacre, on which were three trunks, and in which was Octave on his way from the Lyons station." Octave in three trunks! It is a dull story at best; in Mr. Stirling's hands its dullness is phenomenal. — The fourth volume of Bret Harte's collected writings (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) contains the author's single essay in the field of the novelist, Gabriel Conroy. This novel is now for the first time placed in book-form in the hands of the trade, it having previously been issued only by subscription.

Theology and Philosophy. The Book of Enoch, translated from the Ethiopic, with introduction and notes, by Rev. George H. Schodde, Ph. D., professor in Capital University, Columbus, Ohio (Draper, Andover), will be welcomed not only by scholars, but by all who would use the small store of genuine literary monuments of the earliest ages of Christianity. — The Present Religious Crisis, by Augustus Blauvelt (Putnams), is the first of three volumes, in which the author, who appeared a few years since in one of the magazines as an alarmist, intends to arouse religious-minded men from their blindness to the perils of the hour, to reëxamine the foundations of religious belief, and, let us hope, to discover a common ground upon which the believer in Christianity may stand with all past believers; otherwise his work will fall to the ground. — Westminster Sermons is the title of a collection of sermons preached on special occa-

sions in Westminster Abbey by the late Dean Stanley (Scribners), and the reason for the collection on this basis may readily be found in Stanley's felicitous use of occasions to illustrate his favorite theme of historic Christianity. — The Creation and the Scripture, the Revelation of God, by Gilbert Chichester Morrell, M. D. (Putnams), is a posthumous work, which records the author's labor in securing a foothold for himself in Christianity when Christian writers seemed determined to undermine the structure by their denials of science. It is the work of a serious and conscientious man, but throws no singular light on the controversy implied. — The Stars and the Earth, or Thoughts upon Space, Time, and Eternity (Lee & Shepard), is a little work which years ago was introduced to the American public, by Dr. Thomas Hill, who now furnishes a new introduction. He makes some slight emendations called for by the new state of knowledge on the subject, but the ingenious application of science to philosophy remains unaltered. We say ingenious, for the whole argument is likely to impress some minds as a bit of fancy.

Books for Young People. The Young Nimrods around the World, by Thomas W. Knox (Harpers), is a profusely illustrated book of travel, chiefly in the Pacific, — a literary menagerie without the objectionable features of the circus.

Criticism. Human Life in Shakespeare, by Henry Giles (Lee & Shepard), is a reissue of a book which ought not to want readers. The lecture form is a little destructive of compactness of statement, and one is apt to be irritated at diffuse comments on Shakespeare, but the insight of Mr. Giles is valuable, and a favor has been done the public in the reissue, which has an introduction by Mr. O'Reilly. — Essays from the Critic (Osgood) is a collection of seventeen papers upon topics of immediate interest, from the files of the Critic journal. The authors are Messrs. Burroughs, Sanborn, Stoddard, Whitman, Stedman, Bellows, Eggleston, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Howe, and others.

Poetry and the Drama. Summer Gleanings, compiled and arranged by Rose Porter (White and Stokes), may be placed under the head either of Poetry and the Drama, or of Blank Books. It opens like a reporter's note-book, is furnished with a little verse under each day's date, with a neatly marked off blank space for one's own poetry or prose, and two other blank spaces on the page for a pencil sketch and pressed flowers. One may thus render his or her summer unerringly sentimental, and as the book is furnished with guards between the leaves the pressed flowers ought not to prevent it from staying shut at the end of the summer. The method of this sentiment is curdling. — Californian Verses, by Charles H. Phelps (San Francisco Publishing Company), is a thin volume of verse, some of it not unmusical, but none of it apparently necessary. — The Defence of the Bride and other Poems, by Anna Katharine Green (Putnams), will be a surprise to those who know Miss Green only as a novelist; but the surprise will give way in part when it is seen that the poetry is largely a novelist's poetry, that it rests for its interest upon the

same general love of narrative and sensation which makes Miss Green choose such subjects as *The Leavenworth Secret*. One may call the poems spirited; they have an energy about them at times which suggests violent exercise. — *The Story of a Hunchback* and other Poems is so modestly made known that we are unable to tell readers where they can get a copy, or who is the author. J. L. stands on the title-page to represent the poet, but there is no publisher's name, and even the printer's imprint has cautiously been suppressed. The book is, in Coleridge's words, as good as manuscript. The verse, though never rising to unusual height, is melodious, and the sentiment pure and tender. The shyness of this singer gives a value to the song, which we might have cared for less if it had seemed intended to disclose the singer. — One passes into different company when taking up *The Vision of Esther*, by Charles De Kay (Appletons), which the author explains to be a companion, and in some degree a continuation of, *The Vision of Nimrod*. Mr. De Kay's poetry has a cosmic intention, and the reader is warned at the outset that he must pack his mind for a bolder and severer journey than he is accustomed to take in contemporary verse. The book is one of three continents, apparently; the third is to emerge from the waters, if the other two prove strong enough to hold the public. — *A Red-Letter Day* and other Poems, by Lucius Harwood Foote (A. Williams & Co., Boston), contains the verses of a man who has traveled and known the world, and read poetry, and transmutes his experience and reading into thirty poems, which are sometimes spirited, but do not seem to forget themselves in inspiration. — *Poems*, by Mary E. Blake (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the title of a volume in which a warm and religious nature gives varied expression to sentiment in forms of verse which are familiar and unstrained.

Domestic Economy and Health. *The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning*, by Ellen H. Richards, Instructor in Chemistry in the Woman's Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (Estes & Lauriat), is a manual for housekeepers, which will interest them by giving not detailed directions, but scientific reasons. — A less adorned manual is *Good Things* made, said, and done, for every home and household, sent by Goodall, Backhouse & Co., of Leeds. No author's name is given; perhaps the publishers prepared it. — *Bible Hygiene, or Health-Hints* (Blakiston, Philadelphia), is the work of a physician who not only has an honest belief in the Bible, but reads it, especially the Mosaic books, with a sense of its practical character. Probably the greater number of people who have read Leviticus faithfully, a chapter at a time, have been entirely oblivious to the fact that the sanitary laws laid down in it are not a matter merely of ritual. The theme is a good one, and we do not think this author has exhausted its capacity.

Sport and Humor. *Twenty Questions*, a short treatise on the game, to which are added a code of rules and specimen games for the use of beginners, by Hotspur (Holt), is a witty and really serviceable book on the important subject which it discusses. Veteran players, after they have recounted their triumphs, may spend the rest of the day profitably in reading this treatise. — *A Comic History of the United States*, by Livingston Hopkins (Cassell), has so much of wit as consists in brevity. The pictures by the author are occasionally funny, but there is a misplacement of wit in most cases.

Lexicography. *An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M. A. (Macmillans), is modestly announced by the learned compiler as "undertaken with the intention of furnishing students with materials for a more scientific study of English etymology than is commonly to be found in previous works upon the subject." To secure compactness a very small type has been used, and either plates, ink, press-work, or paper are at fault, for the general effect is muddy. This is of less importance in a book of reference, but it is simply inexcusable. The greater the mechanical difficulties assumed in such a case, the more imperative is success. — Harper & Brothers issue Skeat's *Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, which the compiler claims is not an abridgment of his larger work, but, so far as we can see, a briefer work, designed for the general rather than the scientific student.

Education and Text-Books. *On Horseback*, in the school and on the road, by E. L. Anderson (Holt), is better than the usual handbooks on the subject, for it is written by a gentleman, and has reference to a gentleman's use of the horse. — *An Etymology of Latin and Greek*, by Charles S. Halsey (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is intended for a school hand-book, to accompany the customary work in the classics, and to systematize a study which has usually been treated in too desultory and fragmentary a fashion. It is made up of principles, of tables of substitution of sounds and of the application of the principles of the Indo-European method. — *Primary Helps*, being No. 1 of a new series of Kindergarten manuals, by W. N. Hailmann (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse), has the customary grasp of the science; it begins with the philosophy of a Kosmos, and comes down to sticks and peas. — In Rolfe's English classics (Harpers), Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and Timon of Athens have been reached. — *Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with Logarithmic and other Mathematical Tables, and Examples of their Use and Hints on the Art of Computation*, by Simon Newcomb (Holt), is a volume in the author's mathematical course, and its scope is limited to the subjects and treatment necessary in the fullest course of mathematics usually taught in our colleges and technological schools.



A New Volume from Mr. Longfellow. —

The multitude of Mr. Longfellow's admirers will be glad to know that he left a sufficient number of poems to form a new volume, which is just ready for publication. It includes the several poems which have been published in the *Atlantic Monthly* or elsewhere since the appearance of "Ultima Thule," together with many poems which have never before been printed. Mr. Longfellow had anticipated the publication of the volume, and chosen for it the title "In the Harbor: Ultima Thule, Part Second." The title would indicate that in "Ultima Thule" he had reached the limit of his voyage, but while waiting in the harbor had used the brief additional opportunity he enjoyed in writing a few more lyrics, which it seemed to be as easy and natural for him to write as to breathe. Those who have read the poems printed since "Ultima Thule" was published need not be told that the poems in the new volume have the same deep feeling and exquisite grace which that volume possessed; and as this is the last volume of lyrics which the world can ever receive from Longfellow's pen, it cannot fail to be welcomed and cherished with peculiar gratitude.

Out-Door Books. — Everybody knows that the interest of a book depends largely upon the circumstances under which it is read. A book describing a historic scene, the field of Waterloo, the Pass of Thermopylæ, or Gettysburg, will be read with an intelligence and interest vastly greater if read on the spot, so that the writer's descriptions can be at once verified and emphasized by a sight of the objects he mentions. So, a book describing out-door life, the development of leaves and blossoms, all summer sights and sounds, though it may be charming to read within doors, or in the winter, is far more delightful to read in the open air, in the midst of the grateful sights and sounds which it describes. The narrative of Thoreau's experiences at Walden derives a peculiar interest from a visit to the beautiful pond by which his hermit cabin was built. His record of a "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" gains vastly in freshness and force if one can follow his course along the rivers themselves; and though his "Cape Cod" cannot fail to be read with interest by any one, yet when read amid the sandy wastes, the pine groves, and the ocean sights which the book describes with such marvelous felicity, it is one of the most fascinating books in American literature. Likewise one may read the works of John Burroughs with great satisfaction in

his study, yet when he goes forth into the open air, and observes the habits of the birds and animals with Burroughs's eyes and his own, and is fanned by the breezes and warmed by the sun and refreshed by the pictures in which Burroughs so delights, and which he describes with so excellent skill, these books take on quite new charms, and are at once both literature and interpretation of nature.

On other pages will be found a list of out-door books published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., which embrace so great variety of authorship and subject that they must commend themselves to the attention of those who wish books of a peculiarly engaging character to read during the charming summer days which we hope are before us.

"Dick's Wandering." — Mr. Julian Sturgis is already favorably known to English and American readers of fiction as the author of several delightfully written novels. His new story, "Dick's Wandering," is an engaging story of a young Englishman, the carefully nurtured heir of large estates, who is sent to Eton, but, wearying of school life, sets out on his wanderings — first in company with his scampish young cousin, and afterwards with a romantic tutor — on the Continent, in the East, and in the wilds of London society. In the course of his travels he meets a charming young American, Miss Holcroft, of Beacon Street, Boston; and this young lady is the heroine of the story. The author is thoroughly at home in his sketches of English town and country life, as well as in the less familiar scenes of travel, and his conversations are full of delicate points and bright turns of expression.

Mr. Sturgis has peculiar advantages for making a close study of society on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is an interesting fact that he has chosen an American girl for his heroine.

Life of Thoreau. — The third volume in the series of American Men of Letters is devoted to the life, character, and literary influence of Thoreau. Although the best readers know the principal facts in his life, and have read with unusual gratification the writings by which he won for himself a distinct, and almost unique place in American literature, there was yet needed a more complete and symmetrical statement of the principles both of literature and of life which were illustrated in his career.

Fortunately, the work has been done by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who was for years a neighbor of Thoreau, intimately acquainted with his mode of life, and a hearty admirer of those

features of his character, both as a man and a writer, which have gained him his peculiar distinction. The circle of Thoreau's readers is enlarging every year, and the influence of his vigorous and unconventional thought is manifestly impressing itself more and more upon the literature not only of America, but of England, and we feel confident that this record of his life, written by one who knew him so intimately and admired him so heartily, will be welcomed with unusual cordiality by a host of people who will be glad to be more fully informed concerning this positive American man of letters.

"Niagara and Other Poems" is the title of a new volume by Mr. George Houghton, whose "Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk" many readers will recall as an engaging and spirited reproduction of a Scandinavian tradition. The leading poem of his new volume is devoted to Niagara Falls, and will be read with special interest by all who have visited that world-marvel. The remaining poems are on a large variety of themes, and prove anew Mr. Houghton's lyrical skill and poetic fancy.

Mrs. Blake's Poems, though appearing in a very unpretentious manner, are much above the average of ordinary volumes of verse. They display so much thought, sympathy, sense of beauty, religious sensibility, joined with so much fitness and felicity of expression, that they will be read with positive pleasure by all who enjoy poetry.

John C. Calhoun is the subject of the third volume in the series of American Statesmen, of which the first two numbers—Mr. Morse's "Life of John Quincy Adams" and Mr. Lodge's "Life of Alexander Hamilton"—have been received with remarkable favor, as being at once valuable contributions to the political history of the United States, and admirable biographies of men who were closely identified with many of the important discussions and movements of the times in which their public lives fell. The volume on Calhoun necessarily discusses theories of government which have been the themes of the ablest and most passionate arguments ever addressed to the American people,—theories involved in and settled by the late civil war. Recognizing the profound difficulty of finding any American who could treat the questions involved in writing the "Life of Calhoun" with candor and impartiality, the editor, Mr. Morse, was so fortunate as to secure the coöperation of Dr. von Holst, who, by his residence and studies in this country, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of the nation, especially with the constitutional questions which have been more or less agitated from the formation of the government until the present time. Dr. von Holst has written the "Life of Calhoun" in the spirit of perfect fairness, and though undoubtedly his work will cause no little discussion, it can hardly fail to commend itself to the earnest study of all, at the North or the South, who desire to consider the theories and public efforts of Mr. Calhoun as they will appear to

the generations which will follow us. This volume confirms the impression made by the preceding volumes, that this series, when completed, will be one of very great historical value, while possessing the special charm which belongs to biography.

Stories from the State Papers.—Alexander Charles Ewald, author of "The Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart," and for years connected with the Record Office in London, out of the materials which have been brought to light in the calendars of state papers, has written several stories of remarkable interest and value, connected mostly with the political history of Great Britain, though some of them are social, and others have a romantic interest. Perhaps the most conclusive proof of the attractive character of the volume is found in the list of subjects, as follows: "Our Waste Paper Office," "The Youth of Henry the Fifth," "The Captive of Castile," "A Love Match," "The Sweating Sickness," "A Holy Mission," "A Princess of the Period," "The Invincible Armada," "The Earl of Essex Rebellion," "The Gunpowder Plot," "A Perished Kernel," "The Massacre of Amboyna," "The Gathering of the Storm," "The Lancashire Witches," "The Great Fire of London," "A National Scare."

The Battle of Waterloo has a wonderful and perennial fascination. It is one of the most interesting battles which the annals of wars record. For this reason, and because of the great intrinsic excellence of the book, Mr. Dorsey Gardner's work on "Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo" has been received with remarkable attention. The *Nation* says of it:—

It is, perhaps, the most complete narrative of the Waterloo campaign that has yet appeared. It is, of course, in great measure, a compilation,—there are long extracts from Siborne, Thiers, Kennedy, and Charras in its pages; but it is well worked up, and the reader will find it no mere piece of mosaic. He will, on the contrary, find that, by a diligent search among the authorities, Mr. Gardner has been able to set before him the various views in which all, or nearly all, the chief questions connected with the campaign are seen by the principal writers on the different sides.

The most unique feature of the book consists in the notes and appendix. In these the author has inserted extracts from the descriptive and poetical literature which this famous battle has called forth. Byron, Scott, and Southey contribute largely from their poems, so celebrated at the time; extracts from Victor Hugo's wonderful description of the battle in "Les Misérables" are inserted in the appropriate places; Mercer's entertaining diary is largely used; the familiar chapters from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" greet us at the beginning of the action; even Erckmann-Chatrian's novel, "Waterloo,"—in which the experience of the soldier, which is most graphically told, leads him through the crises of the battles of Ligny and Waterloo,—is largely made use of for illustrating the fortunes of the fight. The result is a really very interesting book, unique in its plan, and successfully carried out. It cannot be said, perhaps, to add much to our knowledge of the events of the campaign, but it does put within the covers of a single volume all the narrative parts of the most authoritative works on the campaign of which it treats. And

the story is illustrated throughout by personal experience, and by the prose and poetry which this most dramatic of all military catastrophes has evoked from the most brilliant writers of our times.

A Good Series Well Begun. — The series of American Statesmen was projected with so much care, and with a purpose to give, in the most attractive form, a history of the leading political acts and discussions under the American government, combining with the facts of history the more picturesque interest of biography, that it is gratifying to announce that the public has welcomed the series very heartily, and the most competent critics have prophesied for it a genuine success in itself and as a commercial venture. The *Penn Monthly*, in noticing the first volume, said: —

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers, and Mr. Morse, the editor, well deserve the best thanks of the public for projecting so valuable a series of books. In his life of John Quincy Adams, Mr. Morse has performed his difficult task extremely well. For it is a task of more than ordinary difficulty to treat so large a subject in so small a compass; and the crowning excellence of the book is to be found in the fact that the biographer presents to us in this small volume a life-like picture of the subject of his pen, such as could not otherwise be obtained, except by a careful study of the whole diary of the great statesman as well as of the historical events occurring during the long period of his public life. Although Mr. Morse is an enthusiastic admirer of the subject of his portraiture, his delineation of his life and character is thoroughly just and truthful, both in its outline and in all its details.

Of the second volume in the series the *Philadelphia Bulletin* remarks: —

No brief biography of a great American that we can recall is so fine an example of faithful report, historical accuracy, calm judgment and manly style as this of Mr. Lodge's on Hamilton. His is a style not picturesque or epigrammatic, like Macaulay's, but it is all the more trustworthy; and honest critical readers will call it a better work for its simple, virile vigor of manner, as well as for its freedom from narrow partisan feeling. Hamilton, in spite of some weaknesses, is a great figure in our history, and Mr. Lodge's biography of him furnishes a splendid chapter of such a history, in which are recorded many of the greatest events of the Revolutionary period.

An Important Feature. — A new edition of the "Satchel Guide" (1882), corrected to date, has just been published. It contains many changes and additions. The most important of the latter is a list of the most famous paintings in Europe. The list names the artists in chronological order, gives the dates of their births and deaths, and specifies the city and gallery in which their most celebrated works are to be found. It is the intention of the author of this popular guide to make all additions that can in any way aid European travelers in search of information, and the Guide may always be relied upon as correct to date.

A Notable Book of Criticism. — Professor Shairp's lectures, "Aspects of Poetry," have attracted marked attention, in both England and America. The *London Literary World* says: —

Such lectures as these deserve a wider circle than those to whom they were originally addressed at Oxford. As a criticism of the bearings of poetry on the age, and as an interpreter of its best thoughts, they deserve careful perusal. Culture, as it is now called, is the power of entering into and enjoying this subtle element of poetry which gives it its perpetual charm. To this Professor Shairp has already contributed in former works, and the present will only advance his reputation as the interpreter of that which is best and most permanent in the poetry of our age.

The *London Spectator* remarks: —

His essays make no pretensions to be elaborate works of art in themselves. They are the simple overflowings of a full and a refined mind, saturated with poetical feeling and lucid thought on the various topics which such a professorship as his suggests. What he has to say he says in pure and delightful English, and often with very great point and effect. . . . Mr. Shairp talks to us as an accomplished man, with a great store of central heat in him, and a passionate love for poetry, would talk of the various aspects of his favorite study. . . . Many of Mr. Shairp's lectures go straight to the heart. And when you look at the range of his poetic enthusiasm, which is as keen for Burns as it is for Cardinal Newman, for Sir Walter Scott as for Virgil, one can see at once that in this delightful volume there is no stint of eager thought and fresh enthusiasm. Wordsworth, no doubt, is Mr. Shairp's poet of poets; and few understand Wordsworth as he understands him. But it is impossible to rise from this volume without feeling the charm of the external poetry of Scott with a new vividness, as well as without entering into the spell of the interior poetry of Wordsworth with a new intelligence.

Dr. John Brown, who has just died in Edinburgh, is best known in America as the author of two essays remarkable for their simplicity, humor, deep sympathy, and pathos. "Rab and his Friends" and "Marjorie Fleming" have been read with admiration and with tears wherever the English language is known. Though these are the most famous of Dr. Brown's writings, they do not surpass in interest, certainly not in value, many other papers which in England were published under the title of "Horæ Subsecivæ," and most of which were reproduced under Mr. Fields's editorship in this country with the title "Spare Hours." These two volumes contain some of the freshest and most delightful reading that modern English literature can show, and it is pleasant to add that all the nobleness and simplicity and charm of character indicated in the essays were realized in the most beautiful manner in the life of the author.

Bret Harte's Works are completed in the new and desirable edition by the issue of the fifth volume, containing Condensed Novels and Stories. The Condensed Novels are marvelously skillful travesties of the styles of Dickens, Bulwer, Reade, Cooper, Lever, Dumas, Charlotte Brontë, Marryat, Wilkie Collins, Victor Hugo, and others. Among the Stories is "Jeff Briggs's Love Story," which appears first in book form in this edition. The hosts who admire Bret Harte's writings cannot fail to be glad that these are now to be had in so excellent a form.

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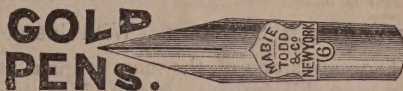
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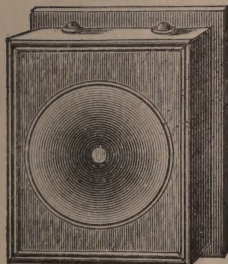
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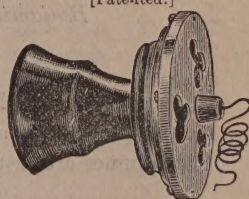
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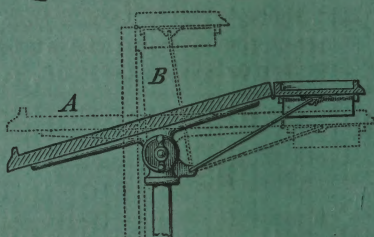
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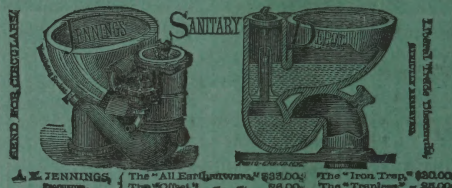
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THE

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TWO ON A TOWER.

XVI.

AFTER this there only remained to be settled between them the practical details of the project. These were that he should leave home in a couple of days, and take lodgings either in the city of Melchester or in a convenient suburb of London, till a sufficient time should have elapsed to satisfy legal requirements; that on a fine morning at the end of this time she should hie away to the same place, and be met at the station by St. Cleeve, armed with the marriage license; whence they should at once proceed to the church fixed upon for the ceremony, returning home independently in the course of the next two or three days.

While these tactics were under discussion, the two and thirty winds of heaven continued, as before, to beat about the tower, though their onsets appeared to be somewhat lessening in force. Himself now calmed and satisfied, Swithin, as is the wont of humanity, took sener views of Nature's crushing mechanics without, and said, "The wind seems indisposed to put the tragic period to our hopes and fears that I spoke of in my momentary despair."

"The disposition of the wind is as vicious as ever," she answered, looking into his face with pausing thoughts on,

perhaps, other subjects than that discussed. "It is your mood of viewing it that has changed. 'There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.'"

And, as if flatly to stultify Swithin's assumption, a circular hurricane, exceeding in violence any that had preceded it, seized hold upon Ring's-Hill Speer at that moment with the determination of a conscious agent. The first sensation of a resulting catastrophe was conveyed to their intelligence by the flapping of the candle-flame against the lantern-glass; then the wind, which hitherto they had heard rather than felt, rubbed by them like a passing fugitive. Swithin beheld around and above him, in place of the concavity of the dome, the open heaven, with its racing clouds, remote horizon, and intermittent gleam of stars. The dome that had covered the tower had been whirled off bodily, and they heard it descend, crashing, upon the trees.

Finding himself untouched, Swithin stretched out his arms towards Lady Constantine, whose apparel had been seized by the spinning air, nearly lifting her off her legs. She, too, was as yet unharmed. Each held the other for a moment, when, finding that nothing further happened, they took shelter in the staircase.

"Dearest, what an escape!" he said, still holding her.

"What is the accident?" she asked. "Has the whole top really gone?"

"The dome has been blown off the roof."

As soon as it was practicable he relit the lantern, which had been extinguished, and they emerged again upon the leads, where the extent of the disaster became at once apparent. Saving the absence of the inclosing hemisphere, all remained the same. The dome, being constructed of wood, was light by comparison with the rest of the structure, and the wheels which allowed it horizontal, or, as Swithin expressed it, azimuth motion deprived it of a firm hold upon the walls; so that it had been lifted off them like a cover from a pot. The equatorial stood in the midst, as it had stood before.

Having executed its grotesque purpose, the wind sank to comparative mildness. Swithin took advantage of this lull by covering up the instruments with cloths, after which the betrothed ones prepared to go down-stairs. But the events of the night had not yet fully disclosed themselves. At this moment there was a sound of footsteps, and a knocking at the door below.

"It can't be for me!" said Lady Constantine. "I retired to my room before leaving the house, and told them on no account to disturb me."

She remained at the top, while Swithin went down the spiral. In the gloom he beheld Hannah.

"Oh, Master Swithin, can ye come home! The wind have blown down the chimley that don't smoke, and the gable with it; and the old ancient house, that have been in your family so long as the memory of man, is bare to the wide world. It is a mercy that your grammer were not killed, sitting by the hearth, poor old soul, and not long to be with us, — for 'a's getting feeble on her pins, Mr. Swithin, as folks do. As

I say, 'a was all but murdered by the open elements, and doing no more harm than the babe in the wood, nor speaking one harmful word; and the fire and smoke were blowed all across the room like a chapter in Revelation; and your poor reverent father's features bescorched to flakes, looking like the vilest ruffian, and the gilt frame spoiled. Every fitch, every eye-piece, and every chop is buried under the walling; and I fed them pigs with my own hands, Master Swithin, little thinking they would come to this unnatural end. Do ye collect yourself, Mr. Swithin, and come at once!"

"I will, — I will. I'll follow you in a moment. Do you hasten back again and assist."

When Hannah had departed, the young man ran up to Lady Constantine, to whom he explained the accident. After sympathizing with old Mrs. Martin, Lady Constantine said, "I thought something would occur to mar our scheme!"

"I am not quite sure of that yet."

On a short consideration with him, she agreed to wait at the top of the tower till he could come back and inform her if the accident were really so serious as to interfere with his plan for departure. He then left her, and there she sat in the dark, alone, looking over the parapet, and straining her eyes in the direction of the homestead.

At first all was obscurity; but when he had been gone about ten minutes lights began to move to and fro in the hollow where the house stood, and shouts occasionally mingled with the wind, which retained some violence yet, playing over the trees beneath her as on the pipes of an organ. But not a bough of them was visible, a cloak of blackness covering everything netherward; while overhead the broad windy sky looked down with a strange, disguised face, the three or four stars that alone were visible being so dissociated

by clouds that she knew not which they were.

Under any other circumstances Lady Constantine might have felt a nameless fear in thus sitting aloft on a lonely column, with a forest groaning under her feet, and palæolithic dead men feeding its roots; but the recent passionate decision stirred her pulses to an intensity beside which the ordinary tremors of feminine existence asserted themselves in vain. The apocalyptic effect of the scene surrounding her was, indeed, not inharmonious, and afforded an appropriate background to her intentions.

After what seemed to her an interminable space of time, quick steps in the staircase became audible above the roar of the firs, and in a few instants St. Cleve again stood beside her. The case of the homestead was serious. Hannah's account had not been exaggerated in substance: the gable end of the house was open to the garden; the joists, left without support, had dropped, and with them the upper floor. By the help of some laborers, who lived near, and Lady Constantine's man Anthony, who was passing at the time, the homestead had been propped up, and protected for the night by some rick cloths; but Swithin felt that it would be selfish in the highest degree to leave two lonely old women to themselves at this juncture. "In short," he concluded despondently, "I cannot go to stay in Melchester or London just now; perhaps not for another fortnight!"

"Never mind," she said cheerfully. "A fortnight hence will do as well."

"And I have these for you," he continued. "Your man Green was passing my grandmother's, on his way back from Warborne, where he had been, he says, for any letters that had come for you by the evening post. As he stayed to assist the other men, I told him I would go on to your house with the letters he had brought. Of course I did not tell him I should see you here."

"Thank you. Of course not. Now I'll return at once."

In descending the column her eye fell upon the superscription of one of the letters, and she opened and glanced over it by the lantern light. She seemed startled, and, musing, said, "The postponement of our — intention must be, I fear, for a long time. I find that after the end of this month I cannot leave home safely, even for a day." Perceiving that he was about to ask why, she added, "I will not trouble you with the reason now; it would only harass you. It is only a family business, and cannot be helped."

"Then we cannot be married till — God knows when!" said Swithin blankly. "I cannot leave home till after the next week or two; you cannot leave home unless within that time. So what are we to do?"

"I do not know."

"My dear, dear one, don't let us be beaten like this! Don't let a well-considered plan be overthrown by a mere accident! Here's a remedy. Do *you* go and stay the requisite time in the parish we are to be married in, instead of me. When my grandmother is again well housed, I can come to you, instead of you to me, as we first said. Then it can be done within the time."

Reluctantly, shyly, and yet with a certain gladness of heart, she gave way to his proposal that they should change places in the programme. There was much that she did not like in it, she said. It seemed to her as if she were taking the initiative by going and attending to the preliminaries. It was the man's part to do that, in her opinion, and was usually undertaken by him.

"But," argued Swithin, "there are cases in which the woman does give the notices, and so on; that is to say, when the man is absolutely hindered from doing so; and ours is such a case. The seeming is nothing; I know the truth, and what does it matter? You do not

refuse — retract your word to be my wife, because, to avoid a sickening delay, the formalities require you to attend to them in place of me?"

She did not refuse, she said. In short she agreed to his entreaty. They had, in truth, gone so far in their dream of union that there was no drawing back now. Whichever of them was forced by circumstances to be the protagonist in the enterprise, the thing must be done. Their intention to become husband and wife, at first halting and timorous, had accumulated momentum with the lapse of hours, till it now bore down every obstacle in its course.

"Since you beg me to, — since there is no alternative between my going and a long postponement," she said, as they stood in the dark porch of Welland House before parting, — "since I am to go first, and seem to be the pioneer in this adventure, promise me, Swithin, promise your Viviette, that in years to come, when perhaps you may not love me so warmly as you do now" —

"That will never be."

"Well, hoping it will not, but supposing it should, promise me that you will never reproach me as the one who took the initiative when it should have been yourself, forgetting that it was at your request; promise that you will never say I showed immodest readiness to do so, or anything which may imply your obliviousness to the fact that I act in obedience to necessity and your earnest prayer."

Need it be said that he promised never to reproach her with that or any other thing as long as they should live? The few details of the reversed arrangement were soon settled, Melchester being the place finally decided on. Then, with a warm audacity which events had encouraged, he pressed her to his breast, and she silently entered the house. He returned to the homestead, there to attend to the unexpected duties of repairing the havoc wrought by the gale.

That night, in the solitude of her chamber, Lady Constantine reopened and read the subjoined letter, — one of those handed to her by St. Cleeve: —

— STREET, PICCADILLY, }
October 15, 18—.

DEAR VIVIETTE, — You will be surprised to learn that I am in England, and that I am again out of harness, — unless you should have seen the latter in the papers. Rio Janeiro may do for monkeys, but it won't do for me. Having resigned the appointment, I have returned here, as a preliminary step to finding another vent for my energies; in other words, another milch cow for my sustenance. I knew nothing whatever of your husband's death till two days ago; so that any letter from you on the subject, at the time it became known, must have miscarried. Hypocrisy at such a moment is worse than useless, and I therefore do not condole with you, particularly as the event, though new to a banished man like me, occurred so long since. You are better without him, Viviette, and are now just the limb for doing something for yourself, notwithstanding the threadbare state in which you seem to have been cast upon the world. You are still young, and, as I imagine (unless you have vastly altered since I beheld you), good-looking: therefore make up your mind to retrieve your position by a match with one of the local celebrities, and you would do well to begin drawing neighboring covers at once. A genial squire, with more weight than wit, more reality than weight, and more personalty than realty (considering the circumstances), would be best for you. You might make a position for us both by some such alliance; for, to tell the truth, I have had but in-and-out luck so far. I shall be with you in little more than a fortnight, when we will talk over the matter seriously, if you don't object. Your affectionate brother,

LOUIS.

It was this allusion to her brother's coming visit which had caught her eye in the tower staircase, and led to a modification in the wedding arrangement.

Having read the letter through once, Lady Constantine flung it aside with a vigor that shook the decaying old floor and casement. Its contents produced perturbation, misgiving, but not retreat. The circumambient glow of enchantment shed by the idea of a private union with her beautiful young lover killed the pale light of cold reasoning from an indifferently good relative. "Oh, no," she murmured, as she sat, covering her face with her hand. "Not for wealth untold could I give him up now!"

No argument, short of Apollo himself from the clouds, would have influenced her. She made her preparations for departure as if nothing had intervened.

XVII.

In her days of prosperity Lady Constantine had often stayed at Melchester, either frivolously, for shopping purposes, or musico-religiously, to attend choir festivals in the cathedral; so there was nothing surprising in her reverting to an old practice. That the journey might appear to be of a somewhat similar nature she took with her the servant who had been accustomed to accompany her on former occasions, though the woman, having now left her service, and settled in the village as the wife of Anthony Green, with a young child on her hands, could with some difficulty leave home. Lady Constantine overcame the anxious mother's scruples by providing that young Green should be well cared for; and knowing that she could count upon this woman's fidelity, if upon anybody's, in case of an accident (for it was chiefly Lady Constantine's exertions that had made an honest wife of Mrs. Green), she departed for a fortnight's absence.

The next day found mistress and maid settled in lodgings in an old plum-colored brick street, which a hundred years ago could boast of rank and fashion among its residents, though now the broad fan-light over each broad door admitted the sun only to the halls of a caretaker. The lamp-posts were still those that had done duty with oil lights; and rheumatic old coachmen and postilions, that once had driven and ridden gloriously from London to Land's End, ornamented with their bent persons and bow legs the pavement in front of the chief inn, in the sorry hope of earning sixpence to keep body and soul together.

"We are kept well informed on the time o' day, my lady," said Mrs. Green, as she pulled down the blinds in Lady Constantine's room, on the evening of their arrival. "There's a church exactly at the back of us, and I hear every hour strike."

Lady Constantine said she had noticed that there was a church quite near.

"Well, it is better to have that at the back than other folks' winders. And if your ladyship wants to go there it won't be far to walk."

"That's what occurred to me," said Lady Constantine, — "if I should want to go."

During the ensuing days she felt to the utmost the tediousness of waiting merely that time might pass. She went to and from shops, with Green as her companion. Though there were purchases to be made, they were by no means of a pressing nature, and but poorly filled up the vacancies of those strange, speculative days, — days surrounded by a penumbra of fear, yet poetized by sweet expectation.

On the fourteenth day she told Green that she was going to the cathedral close, and leaving the house she passed in under the nearest archway to that spot, where, wandering about beneath the rooks' nests till her courage was screwed

to its highest, she went round to the other side, and searched about for a certain door, which she reached just at the moment when her heart began to sink to its very lowest, rendering all the screwing up in vain.

Whether it was because the month was October, or from any other reason, the deserted aspect of the close in general sat specially on this building. Moreover, the pavement was up, and heaps of stone and gravel obstructed the footway. Nobody was coming, nobody was going, in that thoroughfare: she appeared to be the single one of the human race bent upon marriage business, which seemed to have been unanimously abandoned by all the rest of the world as proven folly. But she thought of Swithin, his blonde hair and ardent eyes and eloquent lips, and was carried onward by the very reflection.

Entering the surrogate's room, Lady Constantine managed at the last juncture to state her errand in tones so collected as to startle even herself; to which her listener replied also as if the whole thing were the most natural in the world. When it came to the affirmation that she had lived fifteen days in the parish, she said with dismay, "Oh, no! I thought the fifteen days meant the interval of residence before the marriage takes place. I have lived here only fourteen days and a half. Now I must come again!"

"Oh — well — heh-heh — I think you need not be so particular," said the surrogate. "As a matter of fact, though the letter of the law requires fifteen days' residence, many people make five sufficient. The provision is inserted, as you doubtless are aware, to hinder runaway marriages as much as possible, and secret unions, and other such objectionable practices. You need not come again."

That evening Lady Constantine wrote to Swithin St. Cleeve the last letter of the fortnight: —

MY DEAREST, — Do come to me as soon as you can. By a sort of favoring blunder I have been able to shorten the time of waiting by a day. Come at once, for I am almost broken down with apprehension. It seems rather rash at moments, all this, and I wish you were here to reassure me. I did not know I should feel so alarmed. I am frightened at every footstep, and dread lest anybody who knows me should accost me, and find out why I am here. I sometimes wonder how I could have agreed to come and enact your part, but I did not realize how trying it would be. You ought not to have asked me, Swithin; upon my word, it was too cruel of you, and I will punish you for it when you come. But I won't upbraid. I hope the homestead is repaired that has cost me all this sacrifice of modesty. If it were anybody in the world but *you* in question, I would rush home, without waiting here for the end of it, — I really think I would! But, dearest, no. I must show my strength now, or let it be forever hid. The barriers of ceremony are broken down between us, and it is for the best that I am here.

And yet, at no point of this trying prelude need Lady Constantine have feared for her strength. Deeds in this connection demand the particular kind of courage that such perfervid women are endowed with; the courage of their emotions, in which young men are often lamentably deficient. Her fear was, in truth, the fear of being discovered in an unwonted position; not of the act itself. And though her letter was in its way a true exposition of her feeling, had it been necessary to go through the whole Melchester process over again, she would have been found equal to the emergency.

It had been for some days a point of anxiety with her what to do with Green during the morning of the wedding. Chance unexpectedly helped her in this

difficulty. The day before the purchase of the license, Green came to Lady Constantine with a letter in her hand from her husband, Anthony, her face as long as a fiddle.

"I hope there's nothing the matter?" said Lady Constantine.

"The child's took bad, my lady!" said Mrs. Green, with floods of water in her eyes. "I love the child better than I shall love all them that's coming put together; for he's been a good boy to his mother ever since twelve weeks afore he was born. 'T was he, a tender deary, that made Anthony marry me, and thereby turned hisself from a little calamity to a little blessing! For the man were a backward man in the church part o' matrimony, my lady; though he'll do anything when he's forced a bit by his manly feelings. And now to lose the child — hoo-hoo-oo-oo — What shall I do!"

"Well, you want to go home at once, I suppose?"

Mrs. Green explained, between her sobs, that such was her desire; and though this was a day or two sooner than her mistress had wished to be left alone, she consented to Green's departure. So, during the afternoon, her woman went off, with directions to prepare for Lady Constantine's return in two or three days. But as the exact day of her return was uncertain, no carriage was to be sent to the station to meet her, her intention being to hire one from the hotel.

Lady Constantine was now left in utter solitude to await her lover's arrival.

XVIII.

A more beautiful October morning than that of the next day never beamed into the Welland valleys. The yearly dissolution of leafage was setting in apace. The foliage of the park trees, as it had rapidly resolved itself into this

complexion and that through the subtle grades of decay, reflected wet lights of such innumerable hues that it was a wonder to think their beauties only a repetition of what had been exhibited on scores of previous Octobers by predecessors, which yet had been allowed to pass away without a single dirge from the imperturbable beings who walked among them. Far in the shadows semi-opaque screens of blue haze made mysteries of the commonest gravel-pit, dingle, or recess.

The wooden cabin at the foot of Ring's-Hill Speer had been furnished by Swithin as a sitting and sleeping apartment, some little while before this time; for he had found it highly convenient, during night observations at the top of the column, to remain on the spot all night, not to disturb his grandmother by passing in and out of the house, and to save himself the labor of incessantly crossing the field.

He would much have liked to tell her the secret, and had it been his own to tell would probably have done so; but sharing it with an objector who knew not his grandmother's affection so well as he did himself, there was no alternative to holding his tongue. The more effectually to guard it he decided to sleep at the cabin during the two or three nights previous to his departure, leaving word at the homestead that in a day or two he was going on an excursion.

It was very necessary to start early. Long before the great eye of the sun was lifted high enough to dip into the Welland valley, St. Cleeve arose from his bed in the cabin and prepared to depart, cooking his breakfast upon a little stove in the corner. The young rabbits littered during the foregoing summer watched his preparations through the open door from the gray dawn without, as he bustled, half dressed, in and out under the boughs, and among the blackberries and brambles that grew around.

It was a strange place for a bridegroom to perform his toilet in, but, considering the unconventional nature of the marriage, a not inappropriate one. What events had been enacted in that earthen camp since it was first thrown up, nobody could say; but the primitive simplicity of the young man's preparations accorded well with the prehistoric spot on which they were made. Embedded under his feet were possibly even now many rude trinkets that had been worn at bridal ceremonies of the early inhabitants. Little signified those ceremonies to-day, or the happiness or otherwise of the contracting parties. That his own rite, nevertheless, signifies much is the inconsequent reasoning of many another bridegroom than Swithin; and he, like the rest, went on with his preparations, in that mood which sees in his stale repetition the possibilities of an original move.

Then through the wet cobwebs, that hung like movable diaphragms on each blade and bough, he pushed his way down to the furrow which led from the fir-tree island to the wide world beyond the field.

He was not a stranger to enterprise, and still less to the contemplation of enterprise; but an enterprise such as this, dictated by the grand passion, he had never even outlined. That his dear lady was troubled at the situation he had placed her in by not going himself on that errand he could see from her letter; but believing an immediate marriage with her to be the true way of restoring to both that equanimity necessary to serene philosophy, he held it of little account how the marriage was brought about, and happily began his journey towards her place of sojourn. Passing through a little copse before leaving the parish, the smoke from the newly lit fires of which rose like the stems of trees out of the few cottage chimneys, he heard a quick, familiar footstep in the path ahead of him, and,

turning the corner of the bushes, confronted the foot-post on his way to Welland. In answer to St. Cleeve's inquiry if there was anything for himself, the postman handed out one letter, and proceeded on his route.

Swithin opened and read the letter as he walked, till it brought him to a standstill by the sheer weight of its contents. They were enough to agitate a more phlegmatic youth than he. He leant over the wicket which came in his path, and endeavored to comprehend the sense of the whole.

The large long envelope contained, first, a letter from a solicitor in a northern town, informing him that his paternal great-uncle, who had recently returned from the Cape (whither he had gone in an attempt to repair a broken constitution), was now dead and buried. This great-uncle's name was like a new creation to Swithin. He had held no communication with the young man's branch of the family for innumerable years,—never, in fact, since the marriage of Swithin's father with the simple daughter of Welland Farm. He had been a bachelor to the end of his life, and amassed a fairly good professional fortune by a long and extensive medical practice in the smoky, dreary manufacturing town in which he had lived and died. Swithin had always been taught to think of him as the embodiment of all that was unpleasant in man. He was narrow, sarcastic, and shrewd to unseemliness. That very shrewdness had enabled him, without much professional profundity, to establish his large and lucrative connection, which lay almost entirely among a class who neither looked nor cared for drawing-room courtesies.

However, what Dr. St. Cleeve had been as a practitioner matters little. He was now dead, and the bulk of his property had been left to persons with whom this story has nothing to do. But Swithin was informed that out of it

there was a bequest of £400 a year to himself, — payment of which was to begin with his twenty-first year, and continue for his life, unless he should marry before reaching the age of twenty-five, in which precocious and objectionable event his annuity would be forfeited. The accompanying letter, said the solicitor, would explain all.

This, the second letter, was from his uncle to himself, written about a month before the former's death, and deposited with his will, to be forwarded to his nephew when that event should have taken place. Swithin read, with the solemnity that such posthumous epistles inspire, the following words from one who, during life, had never once addressed him : —

"DEAR NEPHEW, — You will doubtless experience some astonishment at receiving a communication from one whom you have never personally known, and who, when this comes into your hands, will be beyond the reach of your knowledge. Perhaps I am the loser by this life-long mutual ignorance. Perhaps I am much to blame for it; perhaps not. But such reflections are profitless at this date: I have written with quite other views than to work up a sentimental regret on such an amazingly remote hypothesis as that the fact of a particular pair of people not meeting, among the millions of other pairs of people who have never met, is a great calamity either to the world in general or to themselves.

"The occasion of my addressing you is briefly this: Nine months ago a report casually reached me that your scientific studies were pursued by you with great ability, and that you were a young man of some promise as an astronomer. My own scientific proclivities rendered the report more interesting than it might otherwise have been to me; and it came upon me quite as a surprise that any issue of your father's marriage should

have so much in him, or you might have seen more of me in former years than you are ever likely to do now. My health had then begun to fail, and I was starting for the Cape, or I should have come myself to inquire into your condition and prospects. I did not return till six months later, and, as my health had not improved, I sent a trusty friend to examine into your life, pursuits, and circumstances, without your own knowledge, and to report his observations to me. This he did. Through him I learnt, of favorable news: —

"(1.) That you worked assiduously at the science of astronomy.

"(2.) That everything was auspicious in the career you had chosen.

"Of unfavorable news: —

"(1.) That the small income at your command, even when eked out by the sum to which you would be entitled on your grandmother's death and the freehold of the homestead, would be inadequate becomingly to support you as a scientific man, whose lines of work were of a nature not calculated to produce an income for many years, if ever.

"(2.) That there was something in your path worse than narrow means, and that that something was a woman.

"To save you, if possible, from ruin on these heads, I take the preventive measures detailed below.

"The chief step is, as my solicitor will have informed you, that the sum of £400 a year be settled on you for life, provided you do not marry before reaching the age of twenty-five, — the annuity to begin at the end of the first six months after you reach the age of twenty-one; and, *vice versa*, that if you do marry before reaching that age you will receive nothing thenceforward.

"One object of my bequest is that you may have resources sufficient to enable you to travel and study the Southern constellations. When at the Cape, after hearing of your pursuits, I was much struck with the importance of

those constellations to an astronomer just pushing into notice. There is more to be made of the Southern hemisphere than ever has been made of it yet; the mine is not so thoroughly worked as the Northern, and thither your studies should tend.

"The only other preventive step in my power is that of exhortation, at which I am not an adept. Nevertheless, I say to you, Swithin St. Cleeve, don't make a fool of yourself, as your father did. If your studies are to be worth anything, believe me, they must be carried on without the help of a woman. Avoid her, and every one of the sex, if you mean to achieve any worthy thing. Eschew all of that sort for many a year yet. Moreover, I say, the lady of your acquaintance avoid in particular. I have heard nothing against her moral character hitherto; I have no doubt it has been excellent. She may have many good qualities, both of heart and of mind. But she has, in addition to her original disqualification as a companion for you (that is, that of sex) these two serious drawbacks: she is much older than yourself" —

"*Much older!*" said Swithin, resentfully.

"— and she is so impoverished that the title she derives from her late husband is a positive objection. Beyond this, frankly, I don't think well of her. I don't think well of any woman who dotes upon a man younger than herself. She's half, or quarter, a foreigner, is she not? — or is it only her name? To care to be the first fancy of a young fellow like you shows no great common sense in her. If she were worth her salt, she would have too much pride to be intimate with a youth in your unassured position, to say no worse. She is old enough to know that a *liaison* with her may, and almost certainly would, be your ruin; and, on the other hand, that a marriage would be preposterous, — unless she is a complete fool, and in that

case there is even more reason for avoiding her than if she were in her few senses.

"A woman of honorable feeling, nephew, would be careful to do nothing to hinder you in your career, as this putting of herself in your way most certainly will. Yet I hear that she professes a great anxiety on this same future of yours as a physicist. The best way in which she can show the reality of her anxiety is by leaving you to yourself. Perhaps she persuades herself that she is doing you no harm. Well, let her have the benefit of the possible belief; but depend upon it that in truth she gives the lie to her conscience by maintaining such a transparent fallacy. Women's brains are not formed for assisting at any profound science: they lack the power to see things except in the concrete. She'll blab your most secret plans and theories to every one of her acquaintance" —

"She's got none!" said Swithin, beginning to get warm.

"— and make them appear ridiculous by announcing them before they are matured. If you attempt to study with a woman, you'll be ruled by her to entertain fancies instead of theories, air-castles instead of intentions, qualms instead of opinions, sickly prepossessions instead of reasoned conclusions. Your wide heaven of study, young man, will soon reduce itself to the miserable narrow expanse of her face, and your myriad of stars to her two trumpery eyes.

"A woman waking your passions just at a moment when you are endeavoring to shine intellectually is like stirring up the mud at the bottom of a clear brook. All your brightness and sparkle are taken away; you become moping and thick-headed; obstructions that before only brought out your brilliancies now distort and disfigure your each dull attempt to surmount them.

"Like a certain philosopher, I would, upon my soul, have all young men from

eighteen to five-and-twenty kept under barrels: seeing how often, in the lack of some such sequestering process, the woman sits down before each as his destiny, and too frequently enervates his purpose, till he abandons the most promising course ever conceived.

"But no more. I now leave your fate in your own hands. Your well-wishing relative,

"JOCELYN ST. CLEEVE,

"Doctor in Medicine."

As coming from a bachelor and hardened misogynist of seventy-two, the opinions herein contained were nothing remarkable; but their practical result in restricting the sudden endowment of Swithin's researches by conditions which turned the favor into a harassment was, at this unique moment, discomfiting and distracting in the highest degree.

Sensational, however, as the letter was, the passionate intention of the day was not hazarded for more than a few minutes thereby. The truth was, the caution and bribe came too late, too unexpectedly, to be of influence. They were the sort of thing which required fermentation to render them effective. Had St. Cleeve received the exhortation a month earlier; had he been able to run over in his mind, at every wakeful hour of thirty consecutive nights, a private catechism on the possibilities opened up by this annuity, there is no telling what might have been the stress of such a web of perplexity upon him, — a young man whose love for celestial physics was second to none. But to have held before him, at the last moment, the picture of a future advantage that he had never once thought of, or discounted for present staying power, it affected him about as much as the view of horizons shown by sheet-lightning. He saw an immense prospect; it went, and the world was as before.

He caught the train at Warborne, and moved rapidly towards Melchester; not

precisely in the same key as when he had dressed in the hut at dawn, but, as regarded the mechanical furtherances of the journey, as unhesitating as before. And with the change of scene even his gloom left him; his bosom's lord sat lightly in his throne. St. Cleeve was not sufficiently in mind of poetical literature to remember that wise poets are accustomed to read that lightness inversely. Swithin thought it an omen of good fortune, and as thinking is causing in not a few such cases he was perhaps, in spite of poets, right.

XIX.

At the station Lady Constantine appeared, standing expectant; he saw her face from the window of the carriage long before she saw him. He no sooner saw her than he was satisfied to his heart's content with his prize. If his great-uncle had offered him, from the grave, a kingdom instead of her, he would not have accepted it. Swithin jumped out, and nature never painted in a woman's face more devotion than appeared in my lady's at that moment. To both the situation seemed like a beautiful allegory, not to be examined too closely, lest its defects of correspondence with real life should be apparent.

They almost feared to shake hands in public, so much depended upon their passing that morning without molestation. A fly was called, and they drove away.

"Take this," she said, handing him a folded paper. "It belongs to you rather than to me."

At crossings, and other occasional pauses, pedestrians turned their faces and looked at the pair (for no reason but that, among so many, there were necessarily a few of the sort who have eyes to note what incidents chance holds before them as they plod on); but the two in the vehicle could not but fear

that these innocent beholders had special detective designs on them.

While driving round the close a fine-looking man, of middle age, came from the palace gates, and struck across the grass by a footpath. He wore a corded shovel hat of glossy beaver, and black breeches.

"Who is he? The bishop, I suppose," said Swithin.

"Yes," Lady Constantine replied.

"Dr. Helmsdale. I have seen him two or three times since my arrival. He is but lately consecrated, as you know."

Nothing further happened, and they were set down opposite a shop, about fifty yards from the church door, at five minutes to eleven.

"We will dismiss the fly," she said. "It will only attract idlers."

On turning the corner and reaching the church, they found the door ajar; but the building contained only two persons, a man and a woman, — the clerk and his wife, as they learnt. Swithin asked when the clergyman would arrive.

The clerk looked at his watch, and said, "At just on eleven o'clock."

"He ought to be here," said Swithin.

"Yes," replied the clerk, as the hour struck. "The fact is, sir, he is a deputy, and apt to be rather wandering in his understanding as regards time and such like, which he's stood in the way of the man's getting a benefit. But no doubt he'll come."

"The regular incumbent is away, then?"

"He's gone for his bare pa'son's fortnight, — that's all; and was forced to put up with a weak-talented man or none. I'll tell ye what, sir: I think I'd better run round to the gentleman's lodgings, and try to find him."

"Pray do," said Lady Constantine.

The clerk left the church; his wife busied herself with dusting at the further end, and Swithin and Viviette were left to themselves. The imagination travels so rapidly, and a woman's fore-

thought is so assumptive, that the clerk's departure had no sooner doomed them to inaction than it was borne in upon Lady Constantine's mind that she would not become the wife of Swithin St. Cleeve, either to-day or on any other day. Her divinations were continually misleading her, she knew; but a hitch at the moment of marriage surely had a meaning in it.

"Ah, — the marriage is not to be!" she said to herself. "This is a fatality."

It was twenty minutes past, and no parson had arrived. Swithin took her hand. "If it cannot be to-day, it can be to-morrow," he whispered.

"I cannot say," she answered. "Something tells me *no*."

It was almost impossible that she could know anything of the deterrent force exercised on Swithin by his dead uncle that morning. Yet her manner tallied so curiously well with such knowledge that he was struck by it, and remained silent.

"You have a black tie," she continued, looking at him.

"Yes," replied Swithin. "I bought it on my way here."

"Why could it not have been less sombre in color?"

"My great-uncle is dead."

"You had a great uncle? You never told me."

"I never saw him in my life. I have only heard about him since his death." He spoke in as quiet and measured a way as he could, but his heart was sinking. She would go on questioning; he could not tell her an untruth. She would discover particulars of that great uncle's provision for him, which he, Swithin, was throwing away for her sake, and she would refuse to be his for his own sake. His conclusion at this moment was precisely what hers had been five minutes sooner: they were never to be husband and wife.

But she did not continue her ques-

tions, for the simplest of all reasons: hasty footsteps were audible in the entrance, and the parson was seen coming up the aisle, the clerk behind him wiping the beads of perspiration from his face. The somewhat sorry clerical specimen shook hands with them, and entered the vestry; and the clerk came up and opened the book.

"The poor gentleman's memory is a bit topsy-turvy," whispered the latter. "He had got it in his mind that 't were a funeral, and I found him wandering about the cemetery a looking for us. However, all 's well as ends well." And the clerk wiped his forehead again.

"How ill-omened!" murmured Viviette. But the parson came out robed at this moment, and the clerk put on his ecclesiastical countenance and looked in his book. Lady Constantine's momentary languor passed; her blood resumed its courses with a new spring. The subdued thunder of the church then rolled out upon the palpitating pair, and no couple ever joined their whispers thereto with more fervency than they.

Lady Constantine (as she for some time continued to be called by the outside world, and may therefore be still called here) had told Green that she might be expected at Welland in a day, or two, or three, as circumstances should dictate. Though the time of return was thus left open, it was deemed advisable, by both Swithin and herself, that her journey back should not be deferred after the next day, in case any suspicions might be aroused. As for St. Cleeve, his comings and goings were of no consequence. It was seldom known whether he was at home or abroad, by reason of his frequent seclusion at the column.

Late in the afternoon of the next day he accompanied her to the Melchester station, intending himself to remain in that city till the following morning. But when a man or youth has such a tender article on his hands as a thirty-

hour bride, it is hardly in the power of his strongest reason to set her down at a railway, and send her off like a superfluous portmanteau; wherefore, the experiment of parting so soon after their union proved excruciatingly severe to these. The evening was dull; the breeze of autumn crept fitfully through every slit and aperture in the town; not a soul in the world seemed to notice or care about anything they did. Lady Constantine sighed; and there was no resisting it,—he could not leave her thus. He decided to get into the train with her, and keep her company for at least a few stations on her way.

It drew on to be a dark night, and, seeing that there was no serious risk, after all, he prolonged his journey with her so far as to the junction at which the branch line to Warborne forked off. Here it was necessary to wait a few minutes, before either he could go back or she could go on. They wandered outside the station doorway into the gloom of the road, and there agreed to part.

While she yet stood holding his arm a phaeton sped up to the station entrance, where, in wheeling round, the horse suddenly jibbed. The gentleman who was driving, being either impatient, or possessed of a theory that all jibbers may be started by severe whipping, because that plan had answered with one in fifty, applied the lash; as a result of it, the horse thrust round the carriage to where they stood, and the end of the driver's sweeping whip cut across Lady Constantine's face with such severity as to cause her an involuntary cry. Swithin turned her round to the lamplight, and discerned a streak of blood on her cheek.

By this time the gentleman who had done the mischief, with many words of regret, had given the reins to his man and dismounted.

"I will go to the waiting-room for a moment," whispered Viviette, hurriedly; and, loosing her hand from his arm, she

pulled down her veil and vanished inside the building.

The stranger came forward and raised his hat. He was a slightly built and apparently town-bred man, of twenty-eight or thirty; his manner of address was at once careless and conciliatory. "I am greatly concerned at what I have done," he said. "I sincerely trust that your wife" — but observing the youthfulness of Swithin, he withdrew the word suggested by the manner of Swithin towards Lady Constantine — "I trust the young lady was not seriously cut?"

"I trust not," said Swithin, with some vexation.

"Where did the lash touch her?"

"Straight down her cheek."

"Let me go to her and humbly apologize."

"I'll inquire." He went to the ladies' room, in which Viviette had taken refuge. She met him at the door, her handkerchief to her cheek, and Swithin explained that the driver of the phaeton had sent to make inquiries.

"I cannot see him!" she whispered. "He is my brother Louis! He is, no doubt, going on by the train to my house. We must wait till he is gone."

Swithin, thereupon, went out again, and telling the young man that the cut on her face was not serious, but that she could not see him, after a few words they parted. St. Cleeve then heard him ask for a ticket for Warborne, which confirmed Lady Constantine's view that he was going on to her house. When the branch train had moved off, Swithin returned to his bride, who waited in a trembling state within.

"Is he gone?" she asked; and on being informed that he had departed showed herself much relieved.

"Where does your brother come from?" said Swithin.

"From London, immediately. Rio before that. He has a friend or two in this neighborhood, and visits here occasionally. I have seldom or never spoken

to you of him, because of his long absence."

"Is he going to settle near you?"

"No, nor anywhere, I fear. He is, or rather was, in the diplomatic service. He was first a clerk in the foreign office, and was afterwards appointed attaché at Rio Janeiro. But he has resigned the appointment. I wish he had not."

"Why did he resign?"

"He complained of the banishment, and the climate, and everything that people complain of who are determined to be dissatisfied, — though, poor fellow, there is some ground for his complaints. Perhaps some people would say that he is idle. But he is scarcely that; he is rather restless than idle, so that he never persists in anything. Yet if a subject takes his fancy he will follow it up with exemplary patience till something diverts him."

"He is not kind to you, is he, dearest?"

"Why do you think that?"

"Your manner seems to say so."

"Well, he may not always be kind. But look at my face; does the mark show?"

A streak, straight as a meridian, was visible down her cheek. The blood had been brought almost to the surface, but was not quite through, that which had originally appeared thereon having possibly come from the horse. It signified that to-morrow the red line would be a black one.

Swithin informed her that her brother had taken a ticket for Warborne, and she at once perceived that he was going on to visit her at Welland, though from his letter she had not expected him so soon by a few days. "Meanwhile," continued Swithin, "you can now get home only by the late train, having missed that one."

"But, Swithin, don't you see my new trouble? If I go to Welland House to-night, and find my brother just arrived

there, and he sees this cut on my face, — which I suppose you described to him ” —

“ I did.”

— “ he will know I was the lady with you ! ”

“ Whom he called my wife. I wonder why we look husband and wife already ! ”

“ Then what am I to do ? For the ensuing three or four days I bear in my face a clew to his discovery of our secret.”

“ Then you must not be seen. We must stay at an inn here.”

“ Oh, no ! ” she said timidly. “ It is too near home to be quite safe. We might not be known ; but *if* we were ! ”

“ We can’t go back to Melchester now. I’ll tell you, dear Viviette, what we must do. We’ll go on to Warborne in separate carriages ; we’ll meet outside the station ; thence we’ll walk to the column in the dark, and I’ll keep you a captive in the cabin, till the scar has disappeared.”

As there was nothing which better recommended itself, this course was decided on ; and after taking from her trunks the articles that might be required for an incarceration of two or three days, they left the said trunks at the cloak-room, and went on by the last train, which reached Warborne about ten o’clock. It was only necessary for Lady Constantine to cover her face with the thick veil that she had provided for this escapade, to walk out of the station without fear of recognition. St. Cleeve came forth from another compartment, and they did not rejoin each other till they had reached a shadowy bend in the old turnpike road, beyond the irradiation of the Warborne lamplight.

The walk to Welland was long. It was the walk which Swithin had taken in the rain when he had learnt the fatal forestallment of his stellar discovery ; but now he was moved by a less desperate mood, and blamed neither God nor

man. They were not bound for time, and passed along the silent, lonely way with that sense rather of predestination than of choice in their proceedings which the presence of night sometimes imparts. Reaching the park gate, they found it open, and from this they inferred that her brother Louis had arrived.

Leaving the house and park on their right, they traced the highway yet a little further, and, plunging through the stubble of the opposite field, drew near the isolated earthwork bearing the plantation and tower, which, together, rose like a flattened dome and lantern from the lighter-hued plain of stubble. It was far too dark to distinguish firs from other trees by the eye alone, but the peculiar dialect of sylvan language which the piny conclave used would have been enough to proclaim their quality at any time. In the lovers’ stealthy progress up the slopes a dry stick here and there snapped beneath their feet, seeming like a shot of alarm.

On being unlocked, the hut was found precisely as Swithin had left it two days before. Lady Constantine was thoroughly wearied, and sat down, while he gathered a handful of twigs and spikelets from the masses strewn without, and lit a small fire, first taking the precaution to blind the little window and relock the door. Lady Constantine looked curiously around by the light of the blaze. The hut was small as the prophet’s chamber provided by the Shunammite : its size was about seven feet by eleven ; in one corner stood the stove, with a little table and chair, a small cupboard hard by, a pitcher of water, a rack overhead, with various articles, including a kettle and gridiron ; while the other end of the room was fitted out as a dormitory, for Swithin’s use during late observations in the tower overhead.

“ It is not much of a palace to offer you,” he remarked, smiling. “ But at any rate, it is a refuge.”

The cheerful firelight dispersed in some measure Lady Constantine's anxieties. "If we only had something to eat!" she said.

"Dear me," cried St. Cleeve, blankly. "That's a thing I never thought of."

"Nor I, till now," she replied.

He reflected with misgiving. "Beyond a small loaf of bread in the cupboard, I have nothing. However, just outside the door there are lots of those little rabbits, about the size of rats, that the keepers call runners. And they are as tame as possible. But I fear I could not catch one now. Yet, dear Viviette, wait a minute; I'll try. You must not be starved."

He softly let himself out, and was gone some time. When he reappeared, he produced, not a rabbit, but four sparrows and a thrush. "I could do nothing in the way of a rabbit without setting a wire," he said. "But I have managed to get these by knowing where they roost."

He showed her how to prepare the birds, and, having set her to roast them by the fire, departed with the pitcher, to replenish it at the brook which flowed near the homestead in the neighboring Bottom.

"They are all asleep at my grandmother's," he informed her, when he re-entered, panting, with the dripping pitcher. "They imagine me to be sixty miles off."

The birds were now ready, and the table was spread. With this fare, eked out by dry toast from the loaf, and moistened with cups of water from the pitcher, to which Swithin added a little wine from the flask he had carried on his journey, they were forced to be content for their supper.

XX.

When Lady Constantine awoke, the next morning, Swithin was nowhere to

be seen. Before she was quite ready for breakfast she heard the key turn in the door, and felt startled, till she remembered that the comer could hardly be anybody but he. He brought a basket with provisions, an extra cup and saucer, and so on. In a short space of time the kettle began singing on the stove, and the morning meal was begun. The sweet resinous air from the fire blew in upon them, as they sat at breakfast; the birds hopped round the door (which, somewhat riskily, they ventured to keep open); and at their elbow rose the tall, lank column into a realm of sunlight, which only reached them in fitful darts and flashes.

"I could be happy here forever," said she, clasping his hand. "I wish I could never see my great gloomy house again, since I am not rich enough to throw it open, and live there as I ought to do. Poverty of this sort is not unpleasant, at any rate. What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking about my outing this morning. On reaching my grandmother's, she was only a little surprised to see me. I was obliged to breakfast there, or appear to do so, to divert suspicion; and this food is supposed to be wanted for my dinner and supper. There will of course be no difficulty in my obtaining an ample supply for any length of time, as I can take what I like from the buttery without observation. But as I looked in my grandmother's face this morning, and saw her looking affectionately in mine, and thought how she had never concealed anything from me, and had always had my welfare at heart, I felt — that I should like to tell her what we have done."

"Oh, no, — please not, Swithin!" she exclaimed piteously.

"Very well," he answered. "On no consideration will I do so without your assent." And no more was said on the matter.

The morning was passed in applying wet rag and other remedies to the pur-

ple line on Viviette's cheek; and in the afternoon they set up the equatorial under the replaced dome, to have it in order for night observations.

The evening was clear, dry, and remarkably cold by comparison with the day-time weather. After a frugal supper, they replenished the stove with charcoal from the homestead, which they also burnt during the day, — an idea of Viviette's, that the smoke from a wood fire might not be seen more frequently than was consistent with the occasional occupation of the cabin by Swithin, as heretofore.

At eight o'clock she insisted upon his ascending the tower for observations, in strict pursuance of the idea on which their marriage had been based, namely, that of restoring regularity to his studies.

The sky had a new and startling beauty that night. A broad, fluctuating, semicircular arch of vivid white light spanned the northern quarter of the heavens, reaching from the horizon to the star Eta in the Great Bear. It was the Aurora Borealis, just risen up for the winter season out of the freezing seas of the north, where every autumn vapor was now undergoing rapid congelation.

"Oh, let us sit and look at it!" she said; and they turned their backs upon the equatorial and the southern glories of the heavens to this new beauty in a quarter which they seldom contemplated. The lustre of the fixed stars was diminished to a sort of blueness. Little by little the arch grew higher against the dark void, like the form of the spirit-maiden in the shades of Glenfinlas, till its crown drew near the zenith, and threw a tissue over the whole wagon and horses of the great northern constellation. Brilliant shafts radiated from the convexity of the arch, coming and going silently. The temperature fell, and Lady Constantine drew her wrap more closely around her.

"We 'll go down," said Swithin. "The cabin is beautifully warm. Why should we try to observe to-night? Indeed, we cannot; the Aurora light overpowers everything."

"Very well. To-morrow night there will be no interruption. I shall be gone."

"You leave me to-morrow, Viviette?"

"Yes; to-morrow morning."

Indeed, with the progress of the hours and days, the conviction was borne in upon Viviette more and more forcibly that not for kingdoms and principalities could she afford to risk the discovery of her presence here by any living soul.

"But let me see your face, dearest," he said. "I don't think it will be safe for you to meet your brother yet."

As it was too dark to see her face on the summit where they sat, they descended the winding staircase; and in the cabin Swithin examined the damaged cheek. The line, though broken up into dashes, and so far attenuated as not to be observable by any one but an intimate, had not quite disappeared. But in consequence of her reiterated and almost tearful anxiety to go, and as there was a strong probability that her brother had left the house, Swithin decided to call at Welland next morning, and reconnoitre with a view to her return.

Locking her in, he crossed the dewy stubble into the park. The house was silent and deserted; and only one tall stalk of smoke ascended from the chimneys. Notwithstanding that the hour was hardly nine, he knocked at the door.

"Is Lady Constantine at home?" asked Swithin, with a disingenuousness now habitual, yet unknown to him six months before.

"No, Mr. St. Cleeve; my lady has not returned from Melchester. We expect her every day."

"Nobody staying in the house?"

"My lady's brother has been here; but he is gone on to Budmouth. He will come again in two or three weeks, I understand."

This was enough. Swithin said he would call again, and returned to the cabin, where, waking Viviette, who was not by nature an early riser, he waited on the column till she was ready to breakfast. When this had been shared they prepared to start.

A long walk was before them. Warborne station lay five miles distant, and the next station above that nine miles. They were bound for the latter; their plan being that she should there take the train to Filton Junction (where the whip accident had occurred), claim her luggage, and return with it to Warborne, as if from Melchester. The morning was cool, and the walk not wearisome. When once they had left the stubble-field of their environment and the parish of Welland behind, they sauntered on comfortably, Lady Constantine's spirits rising as she withdrew further from danger.

They parted by a little brook, about half a mile from the station; Swithin to return to Welland by the way he had come.

Lady Constantine telegraphed from Filton to Warborne for a carriage to be in readiness to meet her on her arrival; and then, waiting for the down train, she traveled smoothly home, reaching Welland House about five minutes sooner than Swithin reached the column hard by, after footing it all the way from where they had parted.

XXI.

From that day forward their life resumed its old channel in general outward aspect. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in their romantic exploit was its comparative effectiveness as an expedient for the end designed, — that of restoring calm assiduity to the studies of these astronomers. Swithin took up his old position as the lonely philosopher at the column, and Lady Constantine

lapsed back to immured existence at the house, with apparently not a friend in the parish. The enforced narrowness of life which her limited resources necessitated was now an additional safeguard against the discovery of her relationship with St. Cleve. Her neighbors seldom troubled her; as much, it must be owned, from a tacit understanding that she was not in a position to return invitations as from any selfish coldness engendered by her want of wealth.

At the first meeting of the secretly united pair after their short honeymoon, they were compelled to behave as strangers to each other. It occurred in the only part of Welland which deserved the name of a village street, and all the laborers were returning to their midday meal, with those of their wives who assisted at out-door work. Before the eyes of this innocent though quite untrustworthy group, Swithin and his Viviette could only shake hands in passing, though she continued to say to him in an undertone, "My brother does not return yet for some time. He has gone to Paris. I will be on the lawn this evening, if you can come." It was a fluttered smile that she bestowed on him, and there was no doubt that every fibre of her heart vibrated afresh at meeting, with such reserve, one who stood in his intimate relation to her.

The shades of night fell early now, and Swithin was at the spot of appointment about the time that he knew her dinner would be over. It was just where they had met at the beginning of the year, but many changes had resulted since then. The flower-beds that had used to be so neatly edged were now jagged and leafy; black stars appeared on the pale surface of the gravel walks, denoting tufts of grass that grew unmolested there. Lady Constantine's external affairs were just that aspect which suggests that new blood may be advantageously introduced into the line; and new blood had been introduced, in good

sooth, — with what result remained to be seen.

She silently entered on the scene from the same window which had given her passage in months gone by. They met with a concerted embrace, and St. Cleeve spoke his greeting in whispers.

"We are quite safe, dearest," said she.

"But the servants?"

"My meagre staff consists of only two and the boy; and they are away in the other wing. I thought you would like to see the inside of my house, after showing me the inside of yours. So we will walk through it instead of staying out here."

She let him in through the casement, and they strolled forward softly, Swithin never before having gone beyond the library. The whole western side of the house was at this time shut up, her life being confined to two or three small rooms in the southeast corner. The great apartments through which they now whisperingly walked were already that funereal aspect that comes from disuse and inattention. Triangular cobwebs already formed little hammocks for the dust in corners of the wainscot, and a close smell of wood and leather, seasoned with mouse-droppings, pervaded the atmosphere. So seldom was the solitude of these chambers intruded on by human feet that more than once a mouse stood and looked the twain in the face from the arm of a sofa, or the top of a cabinet, without any great fear.

Swithin had no residential ambition whatever, but he was interested in the place. "Will the house ever be thrown open to gayety, as it was in old times?" said he.

"Not unless you make a fortune," she replied laughingly. "It is mine for my life, as you know; but the estate is so terribly saddled with annuities to Sir Blount's distant relatives, one of whom will succeed me here, that I have practically no more than my own little private income to exist on."

"And are you bound to occupy the house?"

"Yes; that was one of the capricious conditions."

"And was there any stipulation in the event of your remarriage?"

"It was not mentioned."

"It is satisfactory to find that you lose nothing by marrying me, at all events, dear Viviette."

"I hope you lose nothing, either, — at least, of consequence."

"What have I to lose?"

"I meant your liberty. Suppose you become a popular physicist (popularity seems cooling towards art and coquetting with science nowadays), and a better chance offers, and one who would make you a newer and brighter wife than I am comes in your way: will you never regret this? Will you never despise me?"

Swithin answered by a kiss, and they again went on; proceeding like a couple of burglars, lest they should attract the attention of the cook or Green.

In one of the upper rooms his eyes were attracted by an old chamber organ, which had once been lent for use in the church. He mentioned his recollection of the same, which led her to say, "That reminds me of something! There is to be a confirmation in our parish in the spring, and you once told me that you had never been confirmed. What shocking neglect! Why was it?"

"I hardly know. The confusion resulting from my father's death caused it to be forgotten, I suppose."

"Now, dear Swithin, you will do this to please me, — be confirmed on the present occasion."

"Since I have done without the virtue of it so long, might I not do without it altogether?"

"No, no!" she said earnestly. "I do wish it, indeed. I am made unhappy when I think you don't care about such serious matters. Without the church to cling to, what have we?"

"Each other. But, seriously, I should be inverting the established order of spiritual things; people ought to be confirmed before they are married."

"That's really of minor consequence. Now, don't think slightly of what so many good men have laid down as necessary to be done. And, dear Swithin, I somehow feel that a certain levity which has perhaps shown itself in our treatment of the sacrament of marriage — by making a clandestine adventure of what is, after all, a solemn rite — would be well atoned for by a due seriousness in other points of religious observance. This opportunity should therefore not be passed over. I thought of it all last night; and you are a parson's son, remember. In short, Swithin, do be a good boy, and observe the church's ordinances."

Lady Constantine, by virtue of her temperament, was necessarily either lover or *dévôté*, and she vibrated so gracefully between these two conditions that nobody who had known the circumstances could have condemned her inconsistencies. To be led into difficulties by those mastering emotions of hers, to aim at escape by turning round and seizing the apparatus of religion (which, however, could only rightly be worked by those emotions already bestowed elsewhere), — it was, after all, but Nature's well-meaning attempt to preserve the honor of her daughter's

conscience in the trying quandary to which the conditions of sex had given birth. As Viviette could not be confirmed herself, and as the first Sunday in the month was a long way off, she urged Swithin thus.

"And the new bishop is such a good man," she continued. "Do you remember seeing him in the cathedral close? I liked the look of him much."

"Very well, dearest. To please you I'll be confirmed. My grandmother, too, will be delighted, no doubt."

They continued their ramble; Lady Constantine first advancing into rooms with the candle, to assure herself that all was empty, and then calling him forward in a whisper. The stillness was broken only by these whispers, or the occasional crack of a floor-board beneath their tread. At last they sat down, and, shading the candle with a screen, she showed him the faded contents of this and that drawer or cabinet, or the wardrobe of some member of the family who had died young early in the century, when muslin reigned supreme, when waists were close to arm-pits, and muffs as large as smugglers' tubs.

These researches among habilimental hulls and husks, whose human kernels had long ago perished, had gone on about half an hour, when the companions were startled by a loud ringing at the front door bell.

Thomas Hardy.

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AT THE SUMMIT.

SISTER, we bid you welcome, — we who stand
On the high table-land;

We who have climbed life's slippery Alpine slope,
And rest, still leaning on the staff of hope,
Looking along the silent Mer de Glace,
Leading our footsteps where the dark crevasse
Yawns in the frozen sea we all must pass, —
Sister, we clasp your hand!

Rest with us in the hour that Heaven has lent
 Before the swift descent.
 Look! the warm sunbeams kiss the glittering ice;
 See! next the snow-drift blooms the edelweiss;
 The mated eagles fan the frosty air;
 Life, beauty, love, around us everywhere,
 And, in their time, the darkening hours that bear
 Sweet memories, peace, content.

Thrice welcome! shining names our missals shew
 Amid their rubrics' glow,
 But search the blazoned record's starry line,
 What halo's radiance fills the page like thine?
 Thou who by some celestial clew couldst find
 The way to all the hearts of all mankind,
 On thee, already canonized, enshrined,
 What more can Heaven bestow?

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ACROSS AFRICA.

WHEN we determined to cross the Dark Continent, we wisely chose one of the narrowest parts of it. This feat has become so common in these days that one feels like apologizing for engaging in it, and still more for describing it. But it may mitigate the offense by confessing, in advance, that our adventure involves neither perils nor geographical surprises, and did not have for its object the opening of new channels for the cottons and Christianity of Manchester or Lowell.

We selected for our passage that portion of Morocco which lies between Cape Spartel and the Bay of Tetuan; but as we were already at the city of Tangier, it would have been mere bravado to begin our journey at the lighthouse on the cape. We saved a ride of two hours by starting from Tangier. The mule path from Tangier to Cape Spartel is over breezy downs, through Moslem cemeteries and fields of cactus and hedges of aloes, and winds along the side of Mount Washington, with

the broad expanse of the Atlantic always in view. The accomplished linguist who acted as guide informed us that Mount Washington takes its name from the fact that the women of the vicinity resort to the streams that flow from it to do their washing. It is certain that the landscape owes much of its picturesqueness to the women who are pounding clothes and chattering on every stream, or strolling along the white paths in easy-going groups. Draped in flowing white garments, with shawls drawn obliquely across the face, these dark-eyed, creamy-skinned daughters of the desert, loitering along the highway in clusters perpetually shifting as they go, embody much of the grace, the leisure, and the mystery of the Orient.

No sooner does one land in Africa than he passes into a sphere of tranquillity, and enjoys a state of rest and calm to which all parts of Europe are strangers. The haste and flurry of life fall off, like an irksome garment shed on a hot day; time is of no more account;

and worry is impossible amidst a population which moves with dignified slowness, and defers all unnecessary exertion till to-morrow. Whatever may be the bustle of arrival, the clamor of boatmen, the indescribable noise and tumult and vociferation of the swarm that assails the stranger, seizes his property with a hundred hands, and threatens to scatter it all over Morocco; whatever may be the tumult of the market-place, with its camels, and donkeys, and dervishes, and conjurers, and beggars in clouds, sellers of lentils and greens, and bundles of stick for firewood, grain, sugar-candy, dates, oranges, pottery, and "truck" of all sorts powdered with dust; whatever may be the importunity of sellers, and the eagerness to act as guides of bright-eyed boys, who have a smattering of half a dozen languages, and often the courtly manner of young princes, there is, nevertheless, in all this noise and rout a sense of underlying calm, of absence of hurry, very grateful to Europeans, whose nerves, in the development of civilization, have all worked out upon the surface. There is even something soothing in the ceaseless and monotonous tom-tom of the drums, and the skirmishing and plaintive attempts of the flutes to suggest the minor air they are too lazy to play, and in the spasmodic and die-away ejaculations of the musicians, who sit upon the ground, worrying away at the tunes that are a thousand years old, and will be played with the same industrious idleness a thousand years hence. It requires less energy for the performers to go on with this sort of music than to stop.

It was difficult to summon resolution enough to break this contagious spell of repose, and make the journey to Tetuan. For the trip is not an easy one, and can always be performed better to-morrow than to-day. Tetuan is forty-five English miles from Tangier. The road is a model one for Morocco, and there is no decent halting-place on the way for

the night. It is necessary, therefore, to push through between sunrise and sunset. With a good road and good horses this would be no hardship. But the government refuses to make the one, and circumstances denied us the other.

It was the time of the year for the annual pilgrimage of the European legations to the court of the emperor at Morocco. Each legation travels across the desert with considerable state and pomp, requiring for its train a large number of riding animals and beasts of burden, horses, mules, and camels. These caravans move very slowly, and consume nearly a month in the journey, making usually not more than fifteen miles a day on the march. As the legations remain at the court several weeks, about three months are spent in the trip. The caravans are furnished with tents and all the luxuries attainable, and, the march being slow, the excursion is much liked by the ladies of the different legations. The novelty of the desert journey and the visit to the thoroughly Oriental city of Morocco are pleasing inducements, but not the least of the attractions are the presents expected from the emperor to the individuals of the suites, in return for the costly gifts of arms and goods which the European governments send the emperor by the legations. The emperor's presents are not always judiciously chosen. Last year one of the attachés of the Spanish legation so wormed himself into the favor of the emperor that he received a couple of superb pearl necklaces, of great value. On his return, the thrifty Spaniard, instead of giving one or both to his wife, turned them both into hard cash in the market. My informant, a Portuguese lady, who made the journey, received from the Morocco sultan a mule.

The expense of these costly expeditions, so far as transport is concerned, is borne, I was told, by the Morocco government; that is to say, the poor people have to be taxed for them. Their

fitting-out sweeps off from Tangier and the region all the good saddle horses and mules. The English and some other legations had already gone, and the Italian was about to start. I saw at the Italian camp, outside the city, many fine horses and mules; the requisition for them made it impossible for us to procure decent riding animals for Tetuan. As we have only a consul-general in Morocco, the American government is not represented in these pilgrimages. If our government had any care for deserving travelers, it would furnish us the means of visiting the interesting city of Morocco in style befitting the citizens of the republic.

The government undertakes only to secure the safety of foreign travelers to Tetuan who are under escort of a soldier. This arrangement gives the soldier a dollar a day, which is paid by the traveler, throws around the latter the panoply of the law, and adds a certain state to his movements. The necessity of putting ourselves under the protection of the army, was pleasing to us, and we commissioned our landlord to furnish us a man of war for our caravan. Our host assured us that he had procured the best beasts and equipments for our cavalcade, and we awoke early on the morning of our start, with excited anticipations of state and show.

When I glanced out of my windows at dawn, the view disclosed was exquisitely lovely. The comfortable hotel of M. Bruzeaud, where we stayed, is on a hill outside the Bab-el-Sok, or gate of the market-place, and above that busy exchange. One of my windows looked out on the garden, and the other upon the town and harbor. The garden is an orderly wilderness, a series of terraces of fruit-bearing trees, — oranges, lemons, figs, and palms; of flowering shrubs, — acacias, geraniums, carnations, pepper-trees, and rose-bushes, heavy with the weight of every form and color of this queen of the flowers. As soon as I had

opened my window there came in a flood of sweet odors and a gush of bird notes. On the seats under the gigantic, wide-spreading sycamore that shades the front terrace were lounging three or four turbaned idlers, praising Allah, I hope, for the freshness of the morning, while they waited the advent of their prey, the foreigner.

From the seaward window the prospect was wide, varied, and most charming. Indeed, I scarcely know anywhere so pleasing a morning picture. The flat-topped roofs of the white-housed town, the even lines broken by a few pointed towers and minarets, and rising on the left to the ancient portions and castle, with the Alcazar; the little harbor, green and blue in patches, in the early light, with half a dozen sailing vessels and a steamer or two; to the left, the open Mediterranean and the high coast of Spain, and to the right the sand-hills of Morocco, rising by gradations and lofty mountains, over which the dawn was reddening, — this picture, for outline, color, repose, and Oriental suggestion, can hardly be equaled elsewhere. I think one might be content to spend a winter amid the color and perfume of this garden, with such a view to rest his tired senses. Already, as I looked, the life of the place was beginning to stir: trains of camels were wending their way up the hill into the country; donkeys, with bundles of fagots and country produce, driven by women, or lazily bestrode by bare-legged men, were drifting into the market-place, where the crowd began to swarm, and buzz, and shift about like the occupants of an ant-hill; and I could hear the confused murmur and stir of beggars, and traffickers, and sluggards, unrolling themselves from their bundles of rags, in which they had slept beside their patient beasts. It was a market-day, and before I was dressed the idle business of the day had begun, and a circle was already formed about the snake-charmer, called together by

the throb of the rude drum. If the Orientals go to rest with the sun, they rise with it.

It was five o'clock when we descended to the court-yard to mount. The cavalcade was ready: the beasts nodding with their heads against the wall, — mules and donkeys appear to be always asleep, — and our attendants squatting about in angles of the inclosure, not in the least impatient to go, wrapped in their burnouses against the fresh morning air. Whatever notion I may have formed of this outfit, I must have been disappointed. There were three mules for our party; a horse to carry the guide and the baggage; a footman, a tall, handsome-featured, bare-legged Arab, to run along and "whack" the mules; and the Morocco soldier, with his barbed steed. The mules were small, ill-conditioned beasts, with rickety saddles; the one I mounted was intended to be of a mouse color, but he had not been cleaned since he was a mule.

The soldier, however, came up to my ideas of military grandeur in Morocco. Seated on the ground, he was a mere bundle of dingy white garments, the capote of his burnous drawn over his turban. Gun he had none, and we felt wronged by the absence of this long and showy weapon. The idea of a soldier without arms seemed to us undignified. No doubt our safety was increased, but our pride of appearance was touched. His steed was a piebald animal resembling those hairless purple horses that you may see performing at an English country fair. When our soldier rose, we perceived that he was bare-legged, but wore ruined slippers; and when he climbed into his broad saddle, elevated on a pile of rugs, we noticed with rising spirits that his gown protruded, and the red end of a sword scabbard showed out of his garb of peace. This bundle of soiled rags on horseback, and armed symbol of peace and good will to men, slowly led the way out of the court-yard

and down the cactus-covered hill, never looking behind him, and we meekly followed in his train. I think it was the sorriest cavalcade that ever crossed Africa. The west wind was blowing softly and sweet, the air was full of life, the sea sparkled, the white town glistened, as we rode down through the now swarming market-place, and through the narrow, ill-paved streets of the city, in search of adventure. I do not know why it was that our man of war reminded me of the mounted trooper who sits immovable at the Life Guards gate in Westminster. Both figures are my ideal of a soldier. Neither is of the slightest use, except to assert the presence of the law, and both, I presume, are harmless. Our Life Guardsman moved on at a snail's pace, till we were free of the town, over the wide sandy beach of the harbor, and turned southward into a broad valley that winds among the low hills.

There are old Roman remains on the bay opposite the city, and a bridge of the solid architecture of the Roman period. Probably the ancient conquerors built roads and kept open good highways through this fertile country, but now there is not a road worthy of the name in all Morocco. If good roads are a sure sign of civilization, then Morocco is no more civilized than some parts of our own country. Perhaps the Moorish government is not altogether to blame for this want, though it is certainly unwilling to spend anything on highways or on the streets of the cities. For there is no popular demand for roads; if roads were made, it would be long before the people procured vehicles to run on them; they prefer the ancient method of transport by asses and camels. The way to Tetuan is exactly such a way as used to be made over our Western prairies, when every traveler found a path to suit himself, avoiding the corn and wheat fields, and describing a circuit to get over the marshy streams; that is, there are lines of wandering foot-paths, some of them

deeply worn by ages of travel. In the rainy season the donkeys and camels make new paths, diverging here and there for firmer footing, so that the country is gridironed by chance roads.

The scene is animated as we advance. We meet hundreds of country people, in groups of twos and threes and dozens, with laden donkeys, on their way to town; all the women, however ugly and shabby and bare-legged, making a pretense of drawing their shawls over their faces as we pass. There are wide expanses of wheat, green and waving; flocks of sheep and herds of goats are grazing on the downs, and large numbers of the small cattle of the country, — the sort that takes nineteen to make a dozen, — such as are shipped to Gibraltar for beef. You may see them transferred from small boats to the steamers in the shallow harbor of Tangier, swung on board by a rope around the horns.

The land is vocal with the singing of innumerable birds; a very pretty warbler is a brown bird, the size of a meadow lark, with a peaked top-knot; flocks of ravens are circling about; and here and there in the fields stands a tall black and white bird, with red legs, a species of stork, the *sigñana* in Spanish. These domestic birds have their homes on the huts of a straggling Arab village, high up on a hill, which we pass, — thatched huts of brown earth, half hidden in the vast fields of luxuriant cactus.

After we pass this town on its high perch, the country is still largely cultivated, animated with the sounds of labor and the presence of flocks and herds, but there are no signs of habitations. Where do the people live who own these flocks and cultivate the ground? The absence of fences, or boundary hedges, and of houses makes the picture a strange one to Western eyes. For hours we saw only two or three brown hovels.

The country is rolling, like a Western prairie, but the soil is stony, and before

us, to the south, are lines of serrated mountains. We pass over miles of the monotonous route, where the only verdure consists of stiff patches of palmetto, varied occasionally by yellow broom and gorse in bloom, and again interminable oleanders, budding, but not yet in flower, which grow as profusely as alders on the banks of our meadow brooks. Two weeks later their crimson blossoms, contrasted with the vivid yellow of the gorse, must make a brilliant show.

Is that a caravan wandering over the plain before us? As we approach, the procession resolves itself into a couple of dozen of camels, without loads, and with only two drivers, leisurely returning to Tetuan. The beasts are shambling along in their ungainly fashion; craning their long necks, nipping bits of grass, strolling about in a dozen paths, in no order of march. They do not march, but flow along, changing places, falling behind, and moving ahead, like figures in a kaleidoscope. I have noticed that a group of Orientals on the road saunters along in the same shifting order. The ancients of days lift up their supercilious heads, and disdainfully regard us as we pass by.

Notwithstanding that large tracts of the stony land are neglected, we are never long out of sight of cattle, sheep, and people, and cultivated fields. Occasionally there are olive-trees, but for the most part the land is treeless. From the slopes, however, come the cheerful notes of labor: workmen are calling to each other, or singing the plaintive minor songs of Egypt. Plowing is going on. The plow is the primitive stick of wood, with an iron point, that only scratches up the soil on the surface. The motive power is a couple of small bulls, yoked wide apart, — the yoke in front of the horns instead of on the neck; and progress is made by as much noise and clamor as is needed to move a house by rollers and handspikes elsewhere.

The man of war rides through all this with imperturbable gravity and slowness. Much of the way has been fair trotting-ground; it is necessary to make speed when we can, but the soldier is moving under the accumulated weight of three thousand years of leisure. When I urge him to advance, and push my mule upon him, — an effort which causes me much pounding and exhortation, — the Old Tortoise will raise his lumpy bulk in the saddle, lean forward like an old woman, and lift himself in his stirrups so as not to feel the jar; whereupon his steed will swing into a slow jog, which, slow as it is, seems very distasteful to our brave defender. At such times the red point of his scabbard sticks up behind in a military manner, lifting his burnouse, the bundle of clothes is animated by motion, and, as I urge on my mule with whacks and ejaculations of encouragement, we present for a moment a martial appearance. But it is only for a moment. The seat of this hardy defender of his country, protected as it is by piles of rugs, is not inured to this sort of violent campaigning, and he soon subsides into a walk. It is only by taking the lead, and forcing the train to follow my forced pace, that we get over the ground at all.

We have been several hours in the saddle, the sun is hot, the morning breeze has ceased, the scenery has become monotonous, when our spirits are raised by the sight of the Fondak, where we are to take our luncheon and midday rest, — a white building on the side of the mountain, in the jaws of the pass we are to scramble through. It seems very near, but we ride an hour and a half, through hot gullies and stony ravines and over steep paths, before we reach it. After five hours of this sort of work we are quite willing to throw ourselves on the ground under the scant shade afforded by a fine old ilex-tree at midday.

Our halting-place was not the Fon-

dak, which is half a mile beyond, but the spring, which is the resort of all the people and the cattle of the region. The place is wild and rugged, and not picturesque, but the view from it over the rolling country we had traversed, and the mountains beyond, was fine. This might be made, with a little trouble, a pleasant resting-place, and one would think that on a highway so frequented as this some pains would be taken to make it comfortable. It is, however, like every Oriental place of the sort, shabby and dirty.

The Fondak itself, which has no water near it, is worse, although natives and Spanish men and women, who are no more fastidious, do spend one night there. The Fondak would be called in New England a cow-yard. It is simply a large square inclosure, built of stone and whitewashed. Within are some open arches, that afford a slight shelter to man and beast in stormy weather. A couple of the arches are inclosed, forming dark chambers, where we are told people sleep. Like the rest of the place, these rooms are full of vermin, filth, and fleas. This is, and has been, I suppose, for ages, the only sort of resting-place between two large cities that have daily communication and considerable commerce. We met, on our return, a gay cavalcade, Spanish ladies and gentlemen, going down to visit the consul at Tetuan, who had spent the night in this khan; also a company of Jews, among them some very handsome women, who had also passed the night in that filthy place. Oriental and Spanish women can do this sort of thing, and still look pretty, — look even like the painted rose.

It was two hours and a half after midday when we aroused our nodding train, and the Life Guardsman put himself again valiantly in the advance. The beasts had not been fed. It is a piece of Oriental cruelty to let working animals toil all day without food. The

path was as rugged as it could be, and be a path, like the bed of a mountain torrent, up and down sharp hills and through desert ravines. The old bridle path up Mount Washington in its best days was not so bad. We went on miles and miles, stumbling and sliding over the rocks; and I had always before me that hateful bundle of soldier, with his capote down over his head, having only this one trait of a great soldier, that he was as silent as a fish. The only exclamation he made all the afternoon was when we came to the summit of a sharp ridge. Turning in his saddle, and pointing forward, he cried out, "Tetuan!" And there, over the intervening mountains, like a vision in the sky, was the fair town of our pilgrimage, lifted up on a mountain ridge, a long, white streak, white as chalk, and beyond it the sapphire blue sea. Even at this distance — and we must have been over fifteen miles away — the walls and houses of the town shone dazzling white, and hung in the sky like a city dropped out of heaven. Not so glorious for situation as the New Jerusalem, doubtless, but more glorious than the old Jerusalem from any point of view I ever beheld it. We were so elevated that the sea beyond it seemed close to its walls, and we did not know then that between the city and the sea lay a flat plain, at least six miles across.

Inspired by this glorious picture, we felt that we were almost at our journey's end; but the sight was like a cup of cool water presented to the lips of a thirsty traveler, and then withdrawn. The city disappeared as we plunged down the steep path, and it was weary hours before we saw it again.

The sun was getting low when we emerged into a windy plain, cultivated, and traversed by a considerable stream. Here were signs of life again: laborers on foot and on donkeys were moving over the plain, and groups of women and girls in white garments, idling by

the stream, told us that we were near habitations. On the spur of a mountain opposite appeared the white houses of a Moorish village. We must be near Tetuan at last. On this plain was fought the last battle between the Spaniards and the Moors, in the war of 1860-61, and before the capture of Tetuan. I urged the Old Turtle over it at a livelier gait, much against his will. We crossed a substantial bridge with Moorish arches, turned the spur of the mountain that we had been approaching for hours, and again beheld Tetuan, a long, white mass on its hill, apparently close at hand. In a few moments we should enter its white gates, and, thanks to the protection of our dollar-a-day Moslem knight, be safe from the numerous wild boars, monkeys, hyenas, jackals, gazelles, and ostriches promised us as sure to be encountered on the way, by the guide-book, — none of which, owing to our protector, had put in an appearance. The plain on which we had now entered, a rich bottom-land, watered by a winding river, and inclosed on every side by high mountains, seemed one continuous wheat field, — an emerald in a gray setting. Here and there on the hills to the right were white villas, and at the southern end the white town rose beautified in the slanting rays of the sun.

The plain proved of vaster extent than we supposed. Our road along the hillside was far from level. We descended into gorges and emerged again, we caught sight of the town and lost it again and again, until, in our weariness, it seemed a very will-o'-the-wisp of a city, shown to us and removed by the enchantment of a genius. It was over an hour and a half from the time of striking the plain that the road became so cut up and utterly abominable that we knew we must be near a large city. We were now involved in cactus lanes, and splashing along through muddy pools; crowded and jostled by laborers and

donkeys, and herds of cattle and sheep being driven inside the walls for the night. Within the outer wall of all these Oriental cities and the first row of houses is usually a vacant space for the herding of cattle.

Ascending the last slippery slope, we found ourselves under the high city wall. Behind and above the town on the hill rose a harmless-looking citadel. On our left, projecting from the wall, was what is called a battery, which looked like a school-house with guns in the second story. We followed the wall to the right, and entered by a great gate, in which a lot of loafers playing soldier were lounging. They hailed us and ran after us, demanding an entrance fee; but we took no heed of their necessities, pushed on through the herds of cattle, entered, and crossed the big market square of the city, surrounded by shabby buildings and resembling a stock-yard, — a place humming with Oriental life, with whose fantastic squalor and picturesqueness all travelers in the East are familiar. We turned from this square into a narrow street, into other and yet other narrow streets, lined with little shops and dens where human beings labor and sleep, into a region swarming with life, swimming in grease, and over cobble-stone pavements slippery with refuse, into the quarter of the Jews, and alighted at the house of Isaac Nahon, Jew by religion, British vice-consul by title, keeper of a house of entertainment by occupation. O Tetuan, Tetuan, we said, that shone so white and pure in the distance, what a whited sepulchre you are!

But the street and the house of Isaac were clean. We were admitted (the mules, for a wonder, staying outside) into a house thoroughly Moorish in design, — a court in the centre, open up to the stars above, upon which all the rooms in all the stories opened. From the gallery on the second floor, upon which our rooms opened, we talked with

the family in the court below, and held communication with the kitchen. Our rooms were long, narrow, and high, with little windows at one end (for these houses are built to exclude the sun), Moorish-arch doorways and hangings, and the walls ornamented with strips of the painted wood, cut in Arabic designs, for the manufacture of which Tetuan has a reputation. In the morning I was surprised to see how much light came in at my diminutive window, but the secret of it was explained when I looked out. All the houses are white-washed; all the flat roofs, every inch of them, are whitewashed; and this reflected glare of the sun makes every room luminous to which a ray of light is admitted.

The charms of Tetuan, which is a city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, exist somewhat in the imagination. Only a little over half the people are Moors; there are resident here several hundred Spaniards, and some eight thousand Jews. But Tetuan is the city of Barbary most romantically connected with Spain. In every city of Andalusia is a street called Tetuan. Tetuan was in fact founded by the Moors when they were finally expelled from Granada by the religious zeal of Ferdinand and Isabella, — a loss of skillful artificers and chivalrous poetical people from which Granada has never recovered. The only things in Granada worthy of the traveler's interest are the reminiscences of the Moors. It is always said that the expelled Moors, who carried away with them such wealth as they could save from the rapacious Spaniards, and endeavored to reproduce their luxurious houses in Tetuan, expected some day to return to Granada and the Alhambra. We are told that their descendants to-day cherish the same hope, and that they preserve the title-deeds to their Spanish possessions, and the keys to their houses in Granada. I think the latter part of the statement is apocry

phal. It is hardly probable that keys would be preserved hundreds of years, in the hope of using them, to houses that have not existed for centuries; and it is doubtful if the intelligent Moors of Morocco have to-day any higher ambition than getting what they can out of the government, escaping taxation, and living at ease.

When one sees the beggars and the commonplace and shabby condition of Spanish Granada, and regrets the expulsion of the Moors, he may perhaps give a new turn to his reflections by visiting Tetuan. What have the Moors done since they left Granada? Have they not retrograded in every art and refinement of life? Had the race not culminated in the splendor of the Alhambra? Had not the Moorish civilization run its natural career, and come near to its close at the time of the conquest? What have the Moors ever done since, anywhere, that has been of the least service to the world? Moors and Spaniards alike went into a decline after the brilliant epoch of the conquest and of discovery; and if Spain recovers, it will be owing wholly to the actual contact with modern civilization, which has been wanting to the Moors. If, when the Moors departed, the stately and luxurious Alhambra could have been locked up, saved from the destruction and the neglect of the Spaniards, and preserved to modern curiosity and intelligence, the traveler might be content, and regret neither the expulsion of the Moslems nor the occupation of the Christians.

The street where we lodged was, as I have said, clean; but it was very narrow, and the line of high whitewashed houses on either side, presenting a surface of solid wall broken only by small grated windows, was entirely Moorish in its character. Few other portions of the compact city were so clean. It was market-day, the day we spent in Tetuan, and the best occasion for seeing the country people and the life of the place.

The open squares and streets of shops swarmed with buyers and sellers and calm waiters on Providence. The crowd had a certain picturesqueness, but it wanted the color of many Oriental populations, for the uniform dress is white, or dirty white and dirty brown, and of very coarse material. The exceptions are the Jews, who wear, as in Tangier, black skull-caps, and the few Moorish gentlemen and rich shop-keepers, whose voluminous turbans and amply flowing robes of spotless silk and linen present the true Oriental type of luxurious magnificence.

The guide-books are always beseeching the traveler to admire the Jewesses of Tangier and Tetuan. As these women go unveiled, it is easy to do so. They use color in their street apparel, a sort of broad embroidered bands worn longitudinally on the dress. Those past youth are usually rather gross in form and face, but the young women have regular features, — some of them a faultless form, fine eyes, and a good complexion; and all of them are many shades lighter than the men. A really handsome woman, however, is usually such a surprise to the traveler in Africa, as she is in Southern Spain, that he is apt to fall into an extravagance of gratitude for the sight. The Moorish women may be equally alluring, but they cover all of the face except the eyes. I noticed here, as I had noticed on the plain the evening before, that the women wore short leggins of red leather. These are survivals of the Roman *fasciæ*, and are exactly such as were worn by the Moorish women of Granada, as may be seen in a curious bas-relief representing the baptism of Moslem women, after the conquest, in the chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella, at Granada.

Tetuan has not many good shops, though it has in one quarter a nest of narrow streets lined with tiny rooms, just big enough to hold the dealer and his stuffs, and roofed over by trellises

covered with grape-vines, which will pass for a bazar. It is a cool and agreeable retreat out of the glare of the sun and the dust and clamor of the market squares, and it is a pleasure to sit down and bargain with a coolly dressed, regular-featured Moslem, who is in no haste to sell, and whose courtesy is rather that of the gentleman than the shop-keeper. These dealers have intercourse with Rabat, Fez, Timbuctoo, and other towns in the interior, and can offer you barbarous embroideries and other curiosities. Tetuan is famous also as a manufactory of red and yellow bags of the soft leather which takes its name of morocco from this country in which it is made. Part of the traffic on market-day is done by auctioneers, who carry their goods upon their arms, and push about in the crowd, asking for bids. They repeat continually their last offer, and sell only when their price is obtained. If the original bidder desires to raise his bid and compete for the article, he must follow the auctioneer. I believe the fellows are quite honest in stating the latest offer.

Tetuan is no more pleasing interiorly than any other Oriental town. It is a mass of lanes, abominably paved, and presents to the sight-seer only dead walls, with here and there a door. But looking up the narrow streets, we saw, above the flat roofs, the sharp mountain peaks, which seemed in the clear air very near, and reminded us of the situation of Innsbruck in the Tyrol. One might walk the streets forever, and have no hint of the luxury and even magnificence of the dwellings masked by the dead walls. The opening of a door, and the passage of a winding entrance, tiled and decorated, may admit one to an earthly paradise, — a palace amid gardens sometimes occupying an entire square. By the courtesy of the Spanish consul, whose residence and garden are of considerable extent in the heart of the town, we were taken to see some of

the best Moorish palaces. For spaciousness, elegance, and sumptuousness there is nothing comparable to them in Tangier. One was a specimen of the best old Moorish houses: open courts with fountains, surrounded by light colonnades, and galleries above; cool recessed apartments, open to the air and the sight of falling water, and yet shaded from the sun, — apartments with the dado of slightly lusted tiles, the walls painted in toned colors, the ceilings of carved old wood, gilded and softly colored, furnished with divans and luxurious rugs. The courtly old Moor who showed us his apartments, and did not offer to show us his harem, looked as if he had passed a long and useful life in voluptuous repose. As we went about the house — time had been given, while we waited in the vestibule, to warn the women — we could hear scurrying of slipped feet, and there was a great opening and shutting of doors, through the openings of which we saw curious female eyes peering at the foreigners. But the proprietor did not think it necessary to hide from our view the numerous female slaves, who had charge of the children, or were engaged in other domestic work. The house contained many delightful pieces of the old wood-work, ancient inlaid doors and latticed windows. The charm of the house was completed by a large walled garden, delicious to the senses with the odors of the orange, the lemon, the jessamine, and the rose, and marble ponds and fountains of sparkling water.

Another Moorish house that we visited was quite new, and built and occupied by the late finance minister of the emperor, whose finances had thrived, whatever had happened to his master's. The house was equal in extent and stateliness to the old one, but lacked the subdued taste in decoration. It was over-gilded and over-splendid, and its noblest apartments were incongruously furnished with French clocks, French

chairs, rows of mirrors, and staring rugs. Yet one of its long and gilded apartments, notwithstanding its somewhat oppressive luxury, would be a charming retreat in the warm season. Through its arches on one side we saw the open pillared court and the fountain, while from a row of windows level to the floor, on the other side, we looked over the vast extent of green plain to the blue Mediterranean, from which a refreshing breeze entered this abode of luxury, the owner of which probably never troubled himself with the query, *Is Life Worth Living?*

We ascended the hillside to the citadel, which commands the town. The city spread out below us, and was larger than we thought it when looking at it from without; and the entire prospect was one of the most interesting to be beheld anywhere. The uniform flat roofs of the entire city and its dazzling whiteness were broken only by a few towers and a dozen minarets, some of them octagonal and covered with green tiles. We stood upon the end of a long spur of the Riff Mountains. Fertile plains spread away on either side, bounded by the blue sea and by bold serrated hills.

When we descended the steep and winding streets we had a fleeting vision of beauty. From a high window, just large enough to frame her face, looked out a Moorish woman, with dark eyes of fascination and perhaps of sin; for no woman of a well-regulated harem will show her face to a man. If she was as handsome as she was painted, she was a dangerous person. The native women of Tetuan, our guide said, are famous for their beauty, and the town lends itself to adventure. Over the flat roofs one can with ease and security go all over the city, and the Moorish girls not seldom evade the watch of doors and windows, and cross the house-tops at night to keep appointments with their lovers.

Still descending, we encountered in a

narrow street, for contrast, a funeral procession. The body of a woman, scantily wrapped in a white cloth, and resting on a light, rude bier, was borne upon the shoulders of men, who advanced at a rapid pace. The bier was followed by a motley procession of men and women, chanting a lament in an unearthly, shrill, minor key. The haste, the shabbiness, the mournful notes, were fit to wring one's heart, breaking in as they did upon the careless life of the buzzing streets, and it was long before the sad refrain passed out of our memory.

The house of Nahon, the Jew, was a pleasant place of shelter, in our brief stay. Although it is Moorish in style, and the iridescent tiles of the interior doorways recall the skill of another race than the Jewish, there is a Hebrew atmosphere throughout. On the side of the doorways to two of our rooms, I discovered a tiny recess, not more than three inches long and an inch deep. It contained a little roll of parchment, transcribed with Hebrew, and I remembered the injunction of Jehovah to this ancient people: *Write my words on thy doorposts.*

With our dessert at dinner we were served with a new confection, — orange blossoms cooked in honey. Nothing could be more appetizing in the sound than this truly Oriental sweetmeat; it tasted like sweetened turpentine. The house of Nahon, like other houses in the city, distills a great quantity of orange-flower water from the blossoms. The oranges of Tetuan are very large, fine of skin and firm of flesh, and delicious. After eating the sour fruit of Southern Italy and Sicily, one appreciates the luscious oranges of Malta and Barbary.

We were off at an early hour for Tangier, for we had before us the endurance of eleven hours in the saddle, exclusive of the noon siesta, over a route which had lost its charm of novelty. The Life Guardsman, whom we had not seen since he came in the morning

after our arrival to kiss our hands, — a truly knightly hint for backsheesh, — turned up, smiling, after a day of repose from the actual hardships of war of the first day. But to our disgust, when he mounted and led the way out of town, we saw that his fiery military ardor had abated. He no longer wore his sword, — our sole dignity of appearance, — but had given it to the mule driver to carry. I had the curiosity to examine this weapon of war, upon which we had relied. It took the united and prolonged effort of the guide and myself to draw it from its scabbard, in which it was firmly rusted. I do not suppose it had been drawn before in all the wars our brave trooper had engaged in. With the sword in the hands of the mule driver, our martial appearance fell to zero.

We were five hours in reaching the Fondak. The Turtle had evidently made up his mind that his carcass should not be jolted by a trot in returning. The only new objects we saw during the morning were a species of bird, that kept close to the cattle in the plain where the natives were plowing. The Arabs call them cow-birds, because they always attend the cattle, as the crocodile-birds do the Egyptian saurians.

Before setting out, after our halt of one hour and a half at the Fondak, I insisted that the mules, who had drank nothing since morning, should be watered. The soldier refused to permit it, and moved off. I asked the reason, and was told that the beasts were too warm, and that they could be watered in the river, which was just ahead. Knowing that Orientals seldom give the true reason for anything, I asked again. The reply was that the water in the spring was too low, but they would get water directly. I could not see how the mules would be any cooler with more travel in the heat, but I was obliged to yield, although my animal was evidently distressed for drink. It was over an hour

and a half before we reached the river, and there the animals had to drink from a stagnant pool. Why this cruelty was practiced, I could not understand.

When we set out from the Fondak we took a different route from the one we had come by. I inquired the reason, and the answer was that this route was shorter and better. It was the track I had noticed as diverging from ours, on the morning we left Tangier. I then asked where it led, and was told that it went to Tetuan, but that it was a longer and more difficult road! This was Orientalism, pure and simple. This return route, we found, was in fact an hour longer; it was hilly and stony, with hardly a rod of it that we could trot over. I have no doubt that our protector took this long and rough way out of revenge, because I had pushed his pace on the journey out, and because it was impossible to move over it faster than a walk.

I was never so tired of anything as I was of that soldier's back. But there is an end to everything, says the proverb, except the tongue of woman, and before sunset we came out upon the vast and lovely plain near Tangier. The western sky was flecked with light clouds of burnished crimson and gold. The broad fields of wheat waved green in many shifting shades, interspersed with patches of a yellow bloom, in the slanting rays. It was a marvelous effect of color. Long shadows were cast over the plain by the flocks of sheep, goats, and cattle, and the slowly moving groups of peasants, returning from labor to the Arab village on the hill, upon the roofs of which the storks were already perched for evening meditation. Good-by, lazy, picturesque Africa!

As we rounded the last ridge, there were the sea beach, the sands of gold burning in the light, the waves white-capped and racing before an eastern breeze, and, beyond, the purple mountains of Spain.

Charles Dudley Warner.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THOMAS TUCKER.

"Whom now seekinge, O Diogenes! have I found: ye Sunne's shine Beinge more Discoverable untoe that whiche is Sunne-like, than Thy poore Blinkinge Lanthorne."

MARRIAGES OF YE DEADE.

AMASA TUCKER and his wife lived on a lonely farm in Vermont, remote from villages or neighbors. Amasa's work was that hardest of all work, forcing from rocky and reluctant fields enough produce to feed and clothe his family; to do more, with the most strenuous exertion, was impossible, and he did not expect it. To him life was a brief and bitter pilgrimage toward heaven. If it had amenities, they were snares; its pleasures were unknown to him. Rugged, stern, hard as the granite rocks beneath the sward he tilled, he found no consolations in the outer world, on which he walked as they that have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, nor even human interests to cloud their awed and reverent look into the world which is to come. Alone in his arid fields, Amasa Tucker revolved within himself the vast problems of theology, — free-will, election, infant damnation, the origin of evil, and like dogmas; for to such thoughts had he been trained from childhood by the widowed mother who owned and inhabited this solitary mountain farm. Duty was ground into the very bone and sinew of his life. He walked always between a dreadful hell and an awful heaven, set aside from the ordinary temptations of life, and taught to believe that every leaning toward transgression was the whisper of an omnipresent devil, eager to enlist him in his own service; and learning to feel that untruth, disobedience, a thought he could not utter to his mother, or a wish that could not be uplifted to God, were crimes of total and fatal depravity.

He plowed the brown sod of the sad New England hills under the full force

of the primeval curse: uncomplaining, because Adam had sinned for him, and he must bear the doom; and unquestioning, because Job, under a worse pressure of suffering, had taught him that he who challenges the will of God does so in vain.

He saw the sun rise above the purple mountains, and wheel its splendid way through the sky, life-giving and wonderful, with only a sombre thought of that impending day when the sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood, for which it behooved him to be ready and waiting. The melancholy glory of the moon and the keen sparkle of the starry heavens gave him no joy; their story was alone of that creative and judging Lord who should roll them away as a scroll. To him the fear of God was not only the beginning of wisdom, but its course and end; the perfect love that casteth out fear was strange to him as heaven; he knew not its soft steppings about him, nor its clear shining in the beauty that beset his path. He lived only to prepare for death, and to see that his kindred followed in that straight way.

Philura, whom he had married from a sense of the fitness of things, was a meek, spiritless creature, with no sentiment and little feeling; always conscious that she was an unprofitable servant, afraid to love her children lest it should be idolatry, and struck with as keen a pang as her slender nature could know if her butter was streaky or her cheese crumbled.

She considered her husband lord and head, after the old-fashioned Scriptural order, and listened to his daily prayers with deep reverence for such striking piety; though she knew very well that Amasa was a hard man, gathering where he had not strewed, and reaping where

he had not sown, and a tyrant where a man can be tyrannical in safety, — in his own home.

Two children out of ten survived to this pair. Abundant dosing, insufficient food, and a neglected sink drain had killed all the others who outlived their earliest infancy; but these two evaded the doom that had fallen on their brothers and sisters by the fate which modern science calls the survival of the fittest, and spindled up among the mullein-stalks of their stone-strewn pastures as gray, lank, dry, and forlorn as the mulleins themselves, with pale eyes, straight white hair, sallow faces, and the shy aspect of creatures who live in the woods, and are startled at a strange foot-step.

They were taught to work as soon as they could walk, to consider sin and holiness the only things worth consideration, to attend meeting as a necessity, and take deserved punishment in silence. To obedience and endurance their physical training, or want of training, conduced also; alternate pie and pork are not an enlivening diet to soul or body, and play was an unknown factor in their dreary existence. Keziah grew up a repetition of her mother, dull, simple, and dutiful; but Thomas, from the moment he entered the little red school-house, two miles away, to complete the education his father had begun by the evening fire at home, showed a hunger for books and knowledge that amounted to a passion.

Not a particle did he care for the girls who laughed at him, or the boys who tried to torment him. His soul was filled with the joy of the born student, to whom every fresh study is a rapture that never palls, every new book a possession outvaluing gold; to whom the daily needs and pangs of life are as a tale that is told.

It was but a very little while before Thomas knew all his teacher could impart far better than the teacher herself

knew it, but his thirst was scarcely appeased. He longed for ampler opportunity, for better instruction, as earnestly as Amasa longed for the kingdom of heaven, and at last plucked up shame-faced courage enough to beg his father that he might go to the Academy at Bantam, ten miles down the valley.

If one of his oxen had made a like request, Amasa Tucker could not have been more astounded. What his boy could want with more knowledge than sufficed himself was past his imagining. To farm an upland in Vermont, after the hereditary fashion of those lonely hills, did not seem to him to require any especial science. Hard work, perpetual battle with the elements and the soil, primarily doomed to bear thorns and thistles, — surely this could be carried on with no higher education!

Yet, though he neither answered the boy's request nor the entreating look in his eyes, his inmost heart softened with pride in his son. No genuine New Englander ever despises a desire for knowledge, or sneers at learning without an inward feeling of having been profane; and Amasa Tucker was a typical New Englander of the old sort, now so fast passing away.

When Thomas turned back to his work, in that habit of dumb obedience which is stronger than nature, he did not know that he had dropped into his father's mind a seed that would take root and grow as surely as the corn he had just dropped into the furrow, or that the harvest of its planting would be for him; and it was not till that corn had sprouted, grown to rustling, glittering blades, tasseled out, ripened, been husked, and heaped in shining golden ears in the corn-house, till the apples were brought in to their long bins, and purple-streaked turnips and yellow carrots stored in the barn cellar, that the boy knew how this other grain had at last come to the full ear.

One Saturday night, as they put the

last cow into the stanchions after milking was done, his father said, grimly,

"Thomas, ef you want more edication than what you have had, and can pay your way to go to Bantam 'Cademy this winter, why I'll give ye your time."

Thomas was not demonstrative; the dark blood rushed up to his face, and it seemed to him as if the sudden joy seized him by the throat; but he only answered, "I'll try."

So the next week he walked down to Bantam, applied at once to Parson Lathrop for advice, and, arriving at the nick of time, when Semanthy Pratt, the parson's old housekeeper, was threatened with her annual attack of "rheumatiz," he was taken at once into the minister's house to "do chores" for his board. His schooling was free, since he lived in the county of which Bantam was the shire town; for Parsons Academy was an endowed school, and only pupils from other counties paid for instruction; and there were many such, for the school had a wide reputation.

Perhaps Thomas was not the best chore-boy in the world. Absorbed in pure mathematics, Greek roots, or the proportions and problems of chemistry, he too often forgot the kindlings, or neglected to comb and curry the old white horse. But then he never went out nights; no husking, or apple-bee, or quilting frolic, no sleigh-ride or turkey-shoot, tempted him from his beloved books.

If anybody complained of him it was Semanthy, who declared to her cronies, "Well, he's good enough, for 't I know. He don't fault his vittles, nor yet he don't set by 'em no great. He's as big a dreamer as Joseph in the Bible. I don't more 'n half believe he knows what he doos eat. But land! he ain't no company; you might as well set down along of a rake-tail, an' try to visit with it; he's dumber 'n a dumb critter, for they do make a sound. I say, mabbe, 'Come, Thomas, you fetch me in

a pail o' water, real spry; and take that air squash off 'n the hooks, and get me a piggin o' soft soap down sullar.' Well, he'll lay down his book, and fetch them things slow as molasses, — not a peep nor mutter, — and smack right to ag'in at that book o' his'n, and peg away at it till bed-time. I do mistrust he takes it to bed along with him; he would ef I'd let him have a taller dip! I'd jest as lives have old Bose around, as fur as talkin' goes; p'raps ruther, for he does wag his tail real knowin', jest as though he'd speak ef he could; but Thomas, he would n't ef he could, now I tell ye!"

Parson Lathrop grew interested in the lad because he was such a student, for there was nothing lovable about Thomas. His aspect was more ungainly than ever since age had added to his height, without rounding or filling out his lank and angular figure; and by long study in imperfect light — for Semanthy's "taller dips" served for little more than to show the darkness — he had become very near-sighted, winking and blinking like an owl when he looked away from his book, and wearing the perpetual anxious frown of imperfect vision. In the summer he returned to his work on the farm, more dull than ever to the outer world's beauty and joy. One thing alone possessed his soul, — an eager longing for winter and his return to the precious opportunities of Bantam; regardless entirely of Semanthy's scorn, the laughter of his companions, or any lack or discomfort in his daily existence, if he could resume the study that was his delight and life. Before the second winter was over, Parson Lathrop, observing the boy as he had done from day to day, made up his mind as to Thomas's vocation, and determined to come up to his aid in fulfilling so marked and earnest a call. So one day he had the old white horse put into the high-backed sleigh, bundled himself up in his fox-skin coat, put in a

hot brick to set his feet upon, tied his otter cap close about his ears, drew on his double-knit mittens, and, tucking a big buffalo robe closely about him, set off for the Tucker farm.

It is a great strain on a man's benevolence to drive an old horse ten miles of an up-hill country road, with the thermometer below zero; but Parson Lathrop was one of the uncanonized saints who used to glorify the waste places of New England, and of whom the world was not worthy. It was enough for him that he was about his Master's work; in that, he did not consider himself or his inconveniences.

It was "borne in upon his mind," as he phrased it, that Thomas Tucker's devotion to study was an open indication of Providence concerning his future career, and therefore he must talk with his father about it. Amasa had met the parson now and then, when business took him to Bantam, so they were not strangers. He laid down the axe with which he was chopping wood when the parson drove into the yard, and went out to meet him. A man of softer nature and less faith might have feared that this visit meant some harm had happened to his boy, but Amasa's soul was firm in a confidence that was half nature and half grace; he was not afraid.

"'Mazin' cold weather, Parson Lathrop," was his greeting; and after hospitably stabling the old horse he followed the minister into the house, where, before the blazing kitchen fire, and over a mighty mug of steaming flip, still hissing from its hot guest the poker, the two "reasoned high" as the recalcitrant spirits of hell, and on the same themes, until the parson, at least, wearied of mystic theological doctrine, and came to the point of his errand. He set down the blue and yellow mug, and opened the subject abruptly: "Well, Brother Tucker, I came up especially to say to you that I believe your son Thomas hath a call to minister in divine things."

"I dono!" said Amasa. Thomas was as yet his boy; he could not look upon him in any other light without further experience.

"I think it is even so," went on the parson. "He is like Samuel of old in that he was early called; I have found him a close walker, strict in attention to ordinances, well grounded in Scripture; not given to foolishness such as youths are too apt to seek after, but one that studies to be quiet. And such a lover of knowledge, such a hungerer after learning, I have skerce ever met with."

"Well, Parson Lathrop, I should as lieves take your judgment as any man's. I had calc'lated on Thomas's keepin' right along here, and cultivatin' the airth in the sweat of his brow, same as I do, and his grandsir did afore me. I don't want to stand in the way ef he's got a call to the ministry, though. I would n't hold him back from the Lord's work, no way; but yet I ain't clear in my mind, I'm free to confess, how to fetch it. This farm has gi'n me and mine a livin', no more; it's 'sows, an' grows, and goes,' as the sayin' is: but I have striv' always, havin' food and raiment, therewith to be content, but I hain't laid up a cent, nor I ain't in debt, nuther. I did n't rightly know how to spare Thomas to the 'Cademy; I could n't, only that he paid his way; and I don't know how he can get through college. Seems as though there was a lion in the path, don't there?"

"I foresaw this, Brother Tucker," answered the parson gently. "It has been a trial to me that in that day I cannot say to the Master, 'Lo, here am I, and the children that thou gavest me.' I have a silent house. My beloved wife was under a weary dispensation of bodily ailment all her days, and it pleased the Lord to deny us offspring. It was the last drop in her bitter cup of suffering that she had to leave me, humanly speaking, alone; and I have always

purposed to use the small portion of earthly riches she left behind her for the good of those who had the blessing I wanted, and needed the gifts I had. If so be you can spare Thomas, I will help him to his desired education; not so that he shall cease from self-help, — I would not have him weighted with a sense of utter dependence. I propose to have him teach a school when his academic course is over, and remain with me till I can fit him for college myself. He will have laid up something then, and can further teach in vacations. I will see that his funds do not come short. All this if you consent."

Amasa pushed back his chair with a sharp, creaking scrape, his face set, his eyes cold and stern as ever. The most acute observer could not have seen one softening quiver, one tremulous line, to indicate gratitude or assent; yet the heart within him glowed, chill and rayless as it seemed. "I'm obleeged to ye," he said at last, in the driest fashion, tilting his chair back against the wall and clearing his throat, as if that said all. But Parson Lathrop knew the man and the race; nor was he himself one of those uneasy souls who exact their pound of effusive gratitude for every ounce of good expended on their fellows. His left hand did not know nor inquire what his right hand did, nor even shake that comrade palm in self-congratulation. He had obtained the father's consent to take care of Thomas; now he would go home and do it. So, with a kindly farewell, the good man replaced his wraps, and took his way down the mountain, meditating on heavenly things, an unconscious saint, if indeed saints ever are conscious!

Thomas Tucker's school-teaching, however, did not prove efficient. Wrapped up in his studies, he was so absent-minded that he lacked that modified omniscience which is the *sine qua non* of a country school-teacher. The boys played marbles under his very nose, and he did

not see them; they told him the most audacious lies, and he believed them, because he had never told a lie himself; they filched his pens and spilt his ink; they put burrs in the crown of his hat, and smeared his mittens with pitch scraped from the pine-logs in the open fireplace; they ate his dinner, and tied his comforter into knots. But he endured it all with amazement and patience, never thinking his pupils could or would be hard of heart. Then they began to serenade him with the old nursery rhymes of Little Tommy Tucker; to draw pictures of him on the slate, with that vivacious legend attached; and in short to learn so little and misbehave so much that after one term Thomas was "advised to resign," and Parson Lathrop saw that his *protégé* would never earn even the clothes needful to his college course. But the good man had counted the cost when he set out to build this tower of learning, and he sent Thomas at once to the nearest college; becoming answerable for all his expenses, which were somewhat lessened by the fact that a brother clergyman at Deerford gave Thomas his board, on condition that he did the "chores" of the family and took care of the horse.

During his first year in this institution the mountain farm where he was born, always heretofore considered beyond the reach of fevers such as haunted the lowlands, was suddenly stricken. Amasa Tucker and his wife both fell ill with one of those malignant diseases that were once regarded with a mystical horror as "visitations of God," but are now referred to contaminated wells and neglected drainage. Amasa came in from the woods where he was chopping, one afternoon, livid and ghastly with pain, exclaiming, like the child of the Shunammite woman, "My head! my head!" and fell upon the bed senseless. He lay there unconscious all night, and the next morning Keziah set out at dawn to walk two miles to the nearest

neighbor, and send him to Bantam for a doctor. He went at once, but when she got home her father was still senseless, and her mother sat by his side, with both hands clasped about her own head, and her face scarcely less changed than her husband's. Amasa was dead when Dr. Knight arrived, and in twenty-four hours Philura had followed him; both dying speechless, without one parting word or look for their bereft daughter, and before Thomas could come from Deerford. It was a strange, sad funeral at which Parson Lathrop officiated, early on a sweet spring day, the air fragrant with the new buds and fresh scent of the upturned earth, birds twittering among the lofty pine-trees, that set the north winds at defiance on two sides of that quiet grave-yard, and the tiny lake below repeating the fair blue heaven above. A divine peace seemed to fill that solitude among the sheltering mountains, and as the good man looked about him he reverently removed his hat, and before the dead were laid among their kindred dust he burst involuntarily into the sublime cadences of that psalm so fitted for the time and place:—

"Lord! Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world,

Even from everlasting to everlasting,
Thou art God."

But the triumphant submission, the lofty ascription, awoke no thrill in Thomas's heart. He stood by the double grave like one in a dream; no tear dimmed his eye, no quiver moved his set lips. He knew well that these deaths were no real loss to him, and he was too vitally and thoroughly honest to put on any outward aspect of mourning. Neither father nor mother had ever tried to awaken in their children one spark of affection. Duty, grim, hard duty, had been the spring of Amasa Tucker's life toward God and man. He had toiled, and prayed, and striven to fulfill his tale of

debt toward One whom he knew only as an exacting Master, and to "set loose by the things of this world," as he expressed it, lest he might not be ready for the summons to another; and from him Keziah had learned to dread the indulgence of natural affection as idolatry and a weakness of the carnal heart, which was always "at enmity with God." Consequently the children had grown up unloving, because they were unloved. There were no tender recollections to wring their souls to-day; no unspeakable longings for the hand that had been ever ready to guide, or the voice always eager to cheer. Even Parson Lathrop was astonished and grieved to see that prim composure of the one and dreamy indifference of the other, and forbore to pray that God would bind up the broken in heart, being too honest to be conventional.

Happily for Keziah, Parson Lathrop's widowed sister had come to Bantam to "make it home with him," as the country phrase is; and, never weary in well-doing, the good man took Keziah home, and sent her to Parsons Academy; and in due time she became a school-teacher, more successful than Thomas, for she only attempted to teach little children, whom her dull, quiet nature enabled her to drill in their earliest education with unwearied patience and smiling endurance.

Thomas himself went on in his college course, utterly unmoved by the tricks of sophomores or the contempt of seniors. He was called "little Tommy Tucker" through the recurring terms in every tone of scorn, amusement, and disgust, without seeming to know that it was not his proper title. Nothing interested him but his books. Society was a meaningless waste of time in his eyes, and he respected holidays only because he could spend them undisturbed in the college library, without need to stir for any purpose save the necessities of food and rest, always at their minimum with him. He

went to the end of the career here with absolute success as far as learning goes, graduated with the highest honors, and passed on into the theological seminary in Hartland, an epitome of learning, but without a single friend.

Here he reveled in Greek and Hebrew; became still more lank, bent, pale, and introverted than ever; and when he was at last through with his divinity course knew more of his studies and less of his fellow-creatures than any other man of his class. He was temporarily placed in charge of the college chapel when he returned to Deerford, its pulpit being vacant for the time, and he preached to the students before him such discourses as might have edified a body of old Puritan divines; erudite, doctrinal, logical, orthodox, but without one spark of human sympathy or divine love. The eager crowd refused such husks, and expressed their disgust, as a crowd of boys will; but Thomas Tucker took no more notice of their scuffling feet, their laughter, their feigned sleep, or their simultaneous attacks of cold in the head or distressing cough than he took of the wintry winds without that dashed the elm-tree boughs against the lofty chapel windows, or the streaming rain that pattered on its roof. He was there to preach, and preach he did; gladly, however, retiring from the office when the clergyman for whom he had been *locum tenens* arrived. It was evident to those who knew him best in the city that it was not his vocation to preach; and as he was respected among those learned men for his devotion to study and his vast acquisition of knowledge for so young a man, and as the professor of ancient languages was about to resign his position, and his life too, it was brought about that Thomas Tucker should be offered his place. It was true, he was comparatively young; but there was no real youth about him. He went his way with the absorption of a sexagenarian, only that his were the cares

of learning and meditation rather than of this world and declining years.

Soon after his acceptance of the professorship he was sent for to say good-by to Parson Lathrop. For this good man, who had been a real father to him in the best fatherly sense, Thomas felt all the affection in his power; and as he stood by his death-bed, the dreamy, deep-set eyes sparkled with unshed tears, and the melancholy lips trembled. He could not speak; he could only grasp the emaciated and burning hand held out to him, and see through a dim haze the faint, sweet smile on the old man's face.

"I am going home, my son," whispered the parson. "I sent for you to say it is best now that you should take Keziah to be with you. Sister Keery has gone before me, having had an abundant entrance into the kingdom." Here he paused, and Keziah gave him a sip of restorative. "My tongue is parched, even as the tongue of Dives, but I am not afraid of his fate. I know in whom I have believed. Thomas, as I said, take Keziah home with you. Well sayeth the Apocrypha, though it be not with inspiration, 'Without women cannot men live.' It is better for you, in this new honor that hath come to you, to have the dignity of a home, and it is best that she should have its comfort. 'He setteth the solitary in families,' and what better earthly thing could he do for them?"

"I will!" said Thomas, as solemnly as if this were a marriage ceremony.

The parson smiled, but the wandering of death was on him. It seemed as if his will had controlled the fluttering of the spirit, eager to break its chrysalis and soar, until he had finished his good work on earth; now he ceased from his labors, but his heart yet beat, and his disordered mind babbled on those clay-cold lips.

"They're all in the yard, Celia," he said; "and the sun isn't down yet; it's above Saltash; and I cocked all the hay

on the lower meadow. Tell Semantha to fetch the milk-pails." Then he muttered something they could not hear. Celia was his wife's name, and that recurred audibly over and over. Suddenly his look changed, his eyes opened, a radiant gleam broke across the pallid face, and, lifting one hand upward, he said, "Why, Celia! Come! rise! let us be going; the Master calleth for thee;" so he went as bidden.

Thomas and Keziah walked behind the coffin, when Parson Lathrop's funeral train wound its way along the shore of the tranquil lake to the same lonely grave-yard where their parents lay, feeling in their hearts that here and now they buried a nearer and dearer friend than either father or mother had been; and the silent crowd who followed them were all alike mourners, for the parson had been a power and a presence of goodness in their midst for many a long year. They stayed, too, after they had lain the worn-out body to sleep in the tender shadow of the hills he loved, to hear his funeral sermon, preached by a neighboring brother, who was in such pathetic earnest that his misuse of speech could not stir a smile in the attentive audience, even when he said, in describing the good man's last hours, that "a heavenly smile eradicated his countenance."

Then the brother and sister went back to Deerford, and, hiring a small house, began their life together. Parson Lathrop had left his little property to Keziah, and these few thousands, added to the yearly rental of the old farm and the house in Bantam, kept her independent soul from feeling that she was a burden upon Thomas, and his salary was more than sufficient for their daily needs. So for a year or two they lived in peace, until Satan, or some lesser minion of evil, put it into the head of a student, whose mischief always overrode his manners, to play a joke upon "old Tommy."

Professor Tucker, throughout his college life, had never been known to address the least attention, scarcely the least civility, to any woman; he avoided all society but that of his books, refused all invitations, and lived in his room like a hermit in his cell. But when his sister arrived, and he became a householder, the maids and matrons collateral to the faculty of which he was a member at once felt it their duty to call on Keziah, and welcome her to their social enjoyments. But she was as shy as her brother, and proved impracticable to almost every one. Her nearest neighbor alone, a maiden lady, of good family and fine, cheerful presence, well-to-do, and having the courageous *aplomb* that all these gifts bestow on a woman, made some headway in the good graces of the quiet rustic spinster. Miss Eleanor Yale would, welcomed or not, invade Keziah's solitude now and then, insist on driving her out to show her the beautiful environs of Hartland, send her flowers from her own elaborate garden and fruit from her peach and pear trees, all out of the most frank and free benevolence; for she pitied the solitary creature, knowing in her own heart how forlorn loneliness is to any woman, though all the other good things of life be poured out abundantly into her hands. Miss Keziah had a heart, — somewhat torpid for want of exercise, perhaps, but still a heart, — and she felt Miss Yale's kindness, without finding words to express it to that lady; but she spoke of her so often to the professor that he learned to know her name, and thereby precipitated a certain impending catastrophe, set in motion by Jack Mason, the aforesaid student. On Valentine's Day — a day of which Thomas Tucker was no more conscious and no better informed than Confucius or Aristotle — he received by mail a flowing ditty, of the most tender sort, written in a woman's hand, and signed "Eleanor." The professor stood aghast.

Poetry had no charms for him; he had not the remotest idea of its figurative speech, its license, or its "tricks and manners;" to him it was merely curiously arranged prose, and this devoted and tender valentine seemed neither more nor less than an offer of marriage. His hair fairly stood on end, and his forehead was knit with perplexity. Who could have done this thing? Suddenly he remembered that Eleanor was the name of his sister's friend, and even on his learned and abstracted soul dawned a glimmer of the man's instinctive contempt for women, as he bethought himself how this woman had sought his sister's friendship and done her such kindnesses all for his sake. Still, being an exceptional man, he was moved rather to pity than scorn, on further reflection, thinking of all this wasted trouble and useless feeling on the lady's part. There was but one thing to be done. He did not want to marry any one; he had not planned or intended any such thing; his life and love were all centred in his studies, his books, his profession. And was not Keziah able and willing to do for him all those services which some men had no sisters to attend to, and therefore were obliged to marry?

But this poor woman, — she must not be deluded with so futile a hope. It was unpleasant to contemplate, but Thomas Tucker never shrank from duty; he must be honest or die. So he put on his hat and coat, and, presenting himself at Miss Yale's door, asked to see that lady. Miss Yale was astonished, but she received the professor a little more kindly because she was astonished, and afraid she should not put him entirely at his ease. But he was more formal, more awkward, more stiff, than ever before. He sat down on the highest chair in the room, and, drawing the luckless missive from his breast-pocket, plunged at once into the middle of things.

"Madam!" he began, sternly. "I have received this epistle, bearing your

name in superscription, which doubtless you recognize. I thank you for the regard herein expressed, but as an honest man, and one who is in bonds to the truth, I come to say to you that marriage has not entered into my plans at any time, nor is there any likelihood that it will."

Miss Yale looked at him with wide eyes. "What?" she cried, in amazement.

"I refer to this letter you have sent me, couched in the mode of verse," replied the professor, grim as a lion on a sign-post of old time, and full as wooden.

"Give me the letter, if you please," said Miss Yale, her color rising, and her eyes full of a dangerous glow. But the professor knew nothing of the sex and its ways, except theoretically; he handed her the document, without any fear of its explosive tendencies. Miss Yale read it through, and looked up at him. He was already lost in some problem, or evolving some theory, but her voice roused him.

"Do you think I sent you this?" she asked, in a very quiet voice, — altogether too quiet to be reassuring.

"Is not that your given name by which it is signed?" returned the professor.

"Yes. But I want to understand what you considered this letter to mean," she went on, with the same ominous quietness of manner, holding herself in leash, as it were, till the time for a spring.

"I think it has but one meaning, which he that runs may read: that you are desirous of entering the state of matrimony."

"With you?"

"With me," responded Thomas Tucker, with curt and ghastly honesty.

Miss Yale rose to her feet, and her clear eyes flashed. The professor felt danger; he shrank visibly into himself, yet fixed an undaunted gaze upon her. She looked at him a moment, and, with

the vivid speed of thought, remembered herself, her position, his nature and his habits. Her anger died; she threw herself back on the sofa, and laughed till the tears rolled down her fair face.

The professor was entirely speechless; he knew not what to say, but at last, in honest indignation, opened his mouth, much like his Scriptural prototype, to the angel in the path:—

“It seems, madam, unsavory subject for mirth. I am in earnest.”

“And so am I,” said Miss Yale, drying her bedewed cheeks, and trying to be sober. “Professor Tucker, I did not write that letter. Some silly and impertinent boy sent it to you to deceive and disturb you. If I wished to marry you, I should not take that method of obtaining my wish. I am a woman and a lady: good women and true ladies do not do such things.”

She looked directly at him as she said this, and her eyes sparkled. Some manly shame stirred in the professor’s bosom; he extracted a great red and yellow handkerchief, with much contortion, from his coat-tail pocket, and used it sonorously.

Miss Yale’s lips quivered a little, and a sudden dimple flashed in her cheek; but she went on, certain, with her own perfect tact, that this man must be treated with absolute truth, like his own: “Moreover, in order to show you convincingly that I had no such intention, beside not having written that letter, I will tell you, in confidence,—a trust I feel will be safe in your hands,—that I have promised to marry President Winthrop some time next summer.”

As Professor Tucker looked at the warm flush that covered the fine face of Eleanor Yale, and perceived the soft glow of her eyes, he thought that the widowed president was a happy man, but he did not say so. “Madam, I ask your pardon,” he said, humbly. “And for that son of Belial, who hath

made me his music, I trust due punishment is somewhere reserved,” he gloomily added, and departed in a shambling fashion, that once more provoked Miss Yale’s dimples and set her eyes dancing. And, alas for the feminine malice of which a grain lurks in the best woman’s heart, that very night President Winthrop was entertained with a *résumé* of her afternoon’s experience; and that genial gentleman roared and rolled with laughter, for he knew Thomas Tucker far better than Miss Yale did, and could more thoroughly enjoy the situation.

After this occurrence, which Hebrew points and crabbed Syriac idioms soon drove from the professor’s mind, he went his way for a while quite undisturbed; but he was so unsuccessful as a teacher that, on some excellent pretext, it pleased the trustees of the college to remove him from his position. They recommended him to a church in the city, seeking for a clergyman to fill its pulpit, and then advised him to accept the call. It was at first an irksome employment for the professor, but he did not love teaching; it was far easier for him to produce two sermons a week, in the seclusion of his study, than to face daily a class of youths, more or less refractory, if they were students, and try to beat into them the beauties and intricacies of the dead languages.

The social duties of a settled clergyman might have pressed on him onerously, but as if Providence saw that he was best fitted for a life of solitude, just as the Green Street church had listened to their learned and pious pastor for the first time after his installation in their pulpit, Keziah, his sister, was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness. The kind women of the church rallied around Thomas Tucker in this hour of his need, and nursed Keziah with unremitting kindness; but all in vain. She dropped out of life as silently and patiently as she had endured living, and it remained only to say that the place

which knew her should now know her no more; for she left behind her no dear friends but her brother, and not an enemy. Even Thomas missed her rather as a convenience than a companion; profiting in a certain sense by her death, as it aroused keenly the sympathy of the church for his loss and loneliness, and attached them to him by those links of pity that are proverbially almost as strong as love. In any other circumstance the Green Street church would no doubt have discovered, early in their relation, that Mr. Tucker was as unfit for any pastoral position as he had been for that post in the college chapel; but much was forgiven him out of his people's abundant kindness; and their respect for his learning, his simplicity, and his sincere piety forbade their objecting at first to his great deficiencies in those things considered quite as needful to pulpit success as the power of preaching and the abundance of knowledge. It happened, soon after Keziah's death, that Mr. Tucker was called to officiate at the funeral of one of his wealthiest parishioners, a man who had just come back from Europe, and been killed in a railroad accident on the way to his home in Deerford. He was personally unknown to Thomas Tucker, but his character was notorious. He went to church, and bought an expensive pew there, merely as a business speculation; it gave him weight in the eyes of his fellows to be outwardly respectable as well as rich; but he was niggardly to his family, ostentatious, overreaching, and cruel as death to the poor and struggling who crossed his path or came into his employ.

The Reverend Mr. Tucker improved the occasion. He took for the text of that funeral address, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" and after a pungent comparison between the goods of this world and the tortures of a future state, he laid down his spectacles, and wound up with, "And now, beloved, I

have laid before you the two conditions. Think ye that to-day he whose mortal part lieth before you would not utter a loud Amen to my statement? Yea, if there be truth in the word of God, he who hath left behind him the gain of life and greed is now crying aloud for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue, and longing for an hour of probation wherein to cast off the fetters of ill-gotten gold, and sit with Lazarus gathering crumbs in the company of dogs. Wherefore, seeing that God hath spoken sharply to you all in the sudden requirement of this rich man's soul, let his admonition sink into your souls; seek ye first the kingdom of God, and cast in your lot with the poor of this world, rich in faith, and be ready to answer joyfully when the Master calls."

Of course, the community was outraged; but for a few kindly souls who stood by the poor parson, and insisted that Keziah's death had unsettled his mind, and not a few who felt that he had manfully told the truth, without fear or favor, and could not help feeling a certain respect for him, he would have been asked, forcibly, to resign, that very week. As it was, the indignant widow went over to another denomination without delay. "I will never set foot in that church again!" she said. "How can one be safe where a man is allowed to say whatever he chooses in the pulpit? A ritual never can be personal or insulting. I shall abide by the Prayer Book hereafter!"

In due time this matter faded out of the popular mind, as all things do in course of time, and nothing came between pastor and people, except a gradual sense on their part that Solomon was right when he said, "Much study is a weariness to the flesh;" not only the student's flesh, but also theirs who have to hear reiterated all the dry outcome of such study.

But Parson Tucker's career was not to be monotonous. His next astonishing

performance was at a wedding. A very pretty young girl, an orphan, living in the house of a relative, equally poor but grasping and ambitious, was about to marry a young man of great wealth and thoroughly bad character; a man whom all men knew to be a drunkard, a gambler, and a dissolute fellow, though the only son of a cultivated and very aristocratic family. Poor Emily Manning had suffered all those deprivations and mortifications which result from living in a dependent condition, aware that her presence was irksome and unwelcome, while her delicate organization was overtaxed with work whose limits were as indefinite as the food and clothing which were its only reward. She had entered into this engagement in a sort of desperation, goaded on by the widowed sister-in-law with whom she lived, and feeling that nothing could be much worse than her present position. Parson Tucker knew nothing of this, but he did know the character of Royal Van Wyck; and when he saw the pallid, delicate, shrinking girl beside this already worn-out, debased, bestial creature, ready to put herself into his hands for life, the "daimon" laid hold upon him, and spake again. He opened the service, as was customary in Hartland, with a short address; but surely never did such a bridal exhortation enter the ears of man and woman before.

"My friends," he began, "matrimony is not to be lightly undertaken, as the matter of a day; it is an awful compact for life and death that ye enter into here. Young man, if thou hast not within thyself the full purpose to treat this woman with pure respect, loyal service, and tender care; to guard her soul's innocence as well as her bodily welfare; to cleave to her only, and keep thyself from evil thoughts and base indulgences for her sake, — if thou art not fit, as well as willing, to be priest and king of a clean household, standing unto her in character and act in God's

stead so far as man may, draw back even now from thine intent; for a lesser purpose is sacrilege here, and will be damnable infamy hereafter."

Royal Van Wyck opened his sallow green eyes with an insolent stare. He would have sworn roundly had not some poor instinct of propriety restrained him; as it was, he did not speak, but looked away. He could not bear the keen, deep-set eyes fixed upon him; and a certain gaunt majesty in the parson's outstretched arm and severe countenance daunted him for the moment. But Thomas Tucker saw that he had no intention of accepting this good advice, so he turned to Emily.

"Daughter," he said, "if thou art about to enter into this solemn relation, pause and consider. If thou hast not such confidence in this man that thy heart faileth not an iota at the prospect of a life-long companionship with him; if thou canst not trust him utterly, respect him as thy lord and head, yield him an obedience joyful and secure next to that thou givest to God; if he is not to thee the one desirable friend and lover; if thou hast a thought so free of him that it is possible for thee to imagine another man in his place without a shudder; if thou art not willing to give thyself to him in the bonds of a life-long, inevitable covenant of love and service; if it is not the best and sweetest thing earth can offer thee to be his wife and the mother of his children, stop now; stop at the very horns of the altar, lest thou commit the worst sin of woman, sell thy birthright for a mess of pottage, and find no place for repentance, though thou seek it carefully and with tears."

Carried away with his zeal for truth and righteousness, speaking as with the sudden inspiration of a prophet, Parson Tucker did not see the terror and the paleness deepening, as he spoke, on the bride's fair countenance. As he extended his hand toward her, she fell in a dead faint at his feet. All was confusion

in an instant. The bridegroom swore and Mrs. Manning screamed, while the relations crowded about the insensible girl, and tried in vain to revive her. She was taken at once up-stairs to her room, and the wedding put off till the next day, as Mrs. Manning announced.

"And you won't officiate at it, old fellow! I'll swear to that!" roared the baffled bridegroom, with a volley of profane epithets, shaking his fist in the parson's calm face.

"Having taken the sword, I am content to perish thereby, even as Scripture saith," answered Thomas Tucker, stalking out of the door.

That night, as he sat in his study, the door opened softly, and Emily Manning came in and knelt at the side of the parson's chair. "I have no place to go to, sir," she whispered, with trembling lips. "You saved me to-day; will you help me now? I was going to sin, but I did n't know it till you told me."

"Then it was not sin, my child," said Parson Tucker, gently. "Sin is conscious transgression, and from that thou hast instantly departed."

"But what could I do?" she asked, her eyes full of tears. "I have no home. Marcia is tired of me, and I have no other friends. I wanted a home so much. Oh, I was wrong, for I did not love him. And now I have run away from Marcia, — she was so dreadful, — and what shall I do?"

"Poor child!" he said, tenderly. "Sit here. I will help. My old woman, in the kitchen below, shall fetch thee to a chamber. Keziah brought her with us; she is kind, and will care for thee, while I go to bring a friend." So saying, the parson rung his bell for old Jane, gave the girl over to her care, and set out himself for President Winthrop's house.

"I have brought you a good work," he said abruptly to Mrs. Winthrop. "Come with me; there is a soul in need at my house."

Mrs. Winthrop was used to this sort

of summons from the parson. They had been good friends ever since the eccentric interview brought about by Jack Mason's valentine, and when charity was needed, Eleanor Winthrop's heart and hand were always ready for service. She put on hat and shawl, and went with the parson to his house, hearing on the way all the story.

"Mr. Tucker," she said, as he finished the recital, "are n't you going to make much trouble for yourself by your aggressive honesty?"

Thomas looked at her, bewildered.

"But the truth is to be spoken!" he replied, as if that were the end of controversy. And she was silent, recognizing the fact that here conventions were useless, and self-preservation not the first law of grace, if it is of nature.

All Mrs. Winthrop's kindliness was aroused by the pitiful condition of Emily Manning. She consoled and counseled her like a mother, and soon after took her into her household as governess to the little girls whom Mr. Winthrop's first wife had left him; making for the grateful girl a happy home, which in after-years she left to become the wife of a good man, toward whom she felt all that Parson Tucker had required of her on that painful day which she hated now to remember. And as the parson performed this ceremony he turned, after the benediction, to Eleanor Winthrop, and said, with a beam of noble triumph on his hollow visage, "Blessed be the Lord! I have saved a soul alive!"

But long before this happy sequel came about, he had other opportunities to distinguish himself. There came a Sunday when the service of infant baptism was to be performed; and when the fair, sweet babes, who had behaved with unusual decorum, were returned to their mothers' arms, and the parson, according to order, said, "Let us pray," he certainly offered the most peculiar petition ever heard in the Green Street church. After expressing the usual de-

sire that the baptized children might grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, he went on: "But if it please thee, O Father, to recall these little ones to thyself in the innocence of their infancy, we will rejoice and give thanks, and sound thy praises upon the harp and timbrel. Yea! with the whole heart we will praise thee; for we know the tribulations and snares, the evil and folly and anguish, of this life below; and we know that not one child of Adam, coming to man's estate, is spared that bitter and woful cup that is pressed out from the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, which our progenitors ate of in thy garden of Paradise, and thereby sinned and fell, and bequeathed to us their evil longings and habitual transgression. They are the blessed who are taken away in their infancy, and lie forever by green pastures and still waters in the fields of heaven. We ask of thee no greater or better gift for these lambs than early to be folded where none shall hurt or destroy in all thy holy mountain, and the love that is above all mother's love shall cradle them throughout eternity. Amen!"

Not a mother in that congregation failed to shiver and tremble at this prayer, and tears fell fast and thick on the babes who slumbered softly in the tender arms that had gathered them home, after consecrating them to that God whom yet they were so unwilling should literally accept their offering. Fifty pairs of eyes were turned on Parson Tucker with the look of a bear robbed of its cubs, but far more were drowned in tears of memory and regret, poignant still, but strangely soothed by this vivid presentation of the blessedness wherein their loved and lost were safely abiding.

Much comment was exchanged in the church porch, after service, on the parson's prayer.

"We ought to hold a special meeting to pray that the Lord will not answer such a petition!" cried one indignant

mother, whose little flock were clinging about her skirts, and who had left twin babies, yet unbaptized, at home.

"It is rather hard on you, aunty!" said graceless Jack Mason, the speaker's nephew, now transformed into an unpromising young lawyer in Hartland. "You'd rather have your babies sin and suffer with you than have 'em safe in their little graves, had n't you? I don't go with the parson myself. I did n't so much mind his funeral gymnastic over old Baker, and his disposition of that party's soul in Hades, because I never before supposed Roosevelt Baker had a soul, and it was quite reassuring to be certain he met with his dues somewhere; but he's worse than Herod about the babies!"

However, the parson did not hear or know what was said of him, and in an ignorance that was indeed bliss continued to preach and minister to his people in strict accordance with his own views of duty. His next essay was a pastoral visit to one of his flock, recently a widow, a woman weak in body and mind both; desirous above all things to be proper and like other people, to weep where she must, smile when she ought, wear clothes like the advance guard of fashion, and do "the thing" to be done always, whether it was the right and true thing or not.

Her husband had spent all her fortune in speculation, taken to drink as a refuge from folly and reproach at home, and, under the influence of the consoling fluid, had turned his wife out-of-doors whenever he felt in the mood; kicked her, beaten her, and forced her, in fear of her life, over and over to steal from her own house, and take refuge with the neighbors, and ask from them the food she was not allowed at home. At last the end came. Parson Tucker was sent for to see the widow and arrange for funeral services. She had not been present at the Baker funeral, or indeed been in Deerford for some

years after that occasion, so she adhered to the conventions; and when Parson Tucker reached the house he was shown into a darkened room, where the disconsolate woman sat posed already in deep mourning, a widow's cap perched upon her small head. A woman would have inferred at once that Mrs. Spring had anticipated the end of Joe's last attack of *mania a potu*, and prepared these funeral garments beforehand, but Thomas Tucker drew no such conclusions. He sat down silently and grimly, after shaking hands with Mrs. Spring, and said nothing. She began the conversation:—

"This is a dreadful affliction, Mr. Tucker. I don't know how I shall live through it."

"It is terrible indeed," said the parson. "I do not wonder, madam, that you mourn to see your partner cut off in his sins, without time for repentance; but no doubt you feel with gratitude the goodness which hath delivered you from so sore a burden."

"What!" screamed the widow.

"I speak of God's mercy in removing from your house one who made your life a terror, and your days full of fear and suffering; you might have been as others, bereaved and desolate, and mourning to your life's end."

"I don't know what you mean, Parson Tucker," said Mrs. Spring, sharply, removing a dry handkerchief from unwet eyes. "Poor dear Joseph is taken away from me, and I'm left a desolate widow, and you talk in this way! I'm sure he had the best of hearts that ever was; it was only, as you may say, accidental to him to be a little overcome at times, and I'm — I'm — O—h!"

Here she gave a little hysterical scream, and did some well-executed sobbing; but the parson did not mind it. He rose up before her, gaunt and gray. "Madam, did not this man beat, and abuse, and insult, and starve you, when he was living? Or have I been misinformed?"

"Well — Oh dear, what dreadful questions!"

"Did he?" thundered the parson.

"He did n't mean to; he was excited, Mr. Tucker. He" —

"He was drunk. And is that excuse? Not so, madam. You know, and I know, that his death is a relief and a release to you. I cannot condole with you on that which is not a sorrow," and he walked rigidly out of the door.

Is it necessary to say that Mr. Spring's funeral did not take place in Deerford? His widow suddenly remembered that he had been born in a small town among the hills of West Massachusetts, and she took his body thither, to be "laid beside his dear payrents," as she expressed it.

Things had now come to a bad pass for Parson Tucker. The church committee had held more than one conference over their duty toward him. It was obvious that they had no real reason for dismissing him but his ghastly honesty, and that hardly offers a decent excuse to depose a minister of the gospel. They hardly knew how to face the matter, and were in this state of perplexity when Mr. Tucker announced, one Sunday, after the sermon, that he would like to see the church committee at his study on Tuesday night, and accordingly they assembled there, and found President Winthrop with the parson.

"Brethren," said Thomas Tucker, after the preliminary welcome had passed, "I have sent for you to-night to say, that having now been settled over your church eight years, I have found the salary you pay me so much more than was needed for my bodily support that I have laid by each year as the surplus came to hand, that I might restore to you your goods. The sum is now something over eight thousand dollars, and is placed, to the credit of your chairman, in the First Deerford Bank." The committee stared at each other as if each one were trying to arouse him-

self from sleep. The chairman at last spoke : —

"But, Mr. Tucker, this is unheard of! The salary is yours; we do not desire to take it back; we can't do it."

"That which I have not earned, Brother Street is not mine. I am a solitary man; my expenses are light. It must be as I said. Moreover, I have to say that I hereby withdraw from your pulpit, of necessity. I have dealt with our best physicians concerning a certain anguish of the breast, which seizes me at times unawares, and they all concur that an evil disease lieth upon me. I have not much time to live, and I would fain withdraw from activities and duties that are external, and prepare for the day that is at hand."

The committee were pained as well as shocked. They felt guilty to think how they had plotted this very thing among themselves; and they felt, too, a certain awe and deep respect for this simple, unworldly nature, this supernatural integrity. Mr. Street spoke again; his voice was husky : —

"If this is so, Mr. Tucker, we must of course accept your resignation; but, my dear pastor, keep the money! You will need care and comforts, now this trouble has come on you. We can't take it back."

Parson Tucker looked at him with a grave, sweet smile. "I thank you, brother, but I have a private store. My sister left her worldly goods to me, and there is enough and to spare for my short sojourn," he answered.

"But it is n't according to the fitness of things that we should take your salary back, Parson Tucker," put in bustling Mr. Taylor. "What upon earth should we do with it?"

"Friend," said the parson, "the eternal fitness of things is but the outcome of their eternal verity. I have not, as I said, earned that wage, and I must restore it: it is for you to decide what end it shall serve in the church."

A few more words passed between them, and then each wrung the parson's hand and left him, not all with unmoved hearts or dry eyes.

"I don't wonder he's going to die!" exclaimed Mr. Street, as the committee separated at a street corner. "He's altogether too honest to live!"

From that day Thomas Tucker sank quietly toward his grave. Friends swarmed about him, and if delicacies of food could have saved him, the dainty stores poured in upon him would have renewed his youth; but all was in vain.

President Winthrop sat by him, one summer day, and, seeing a sad gleam in his sunken eye, asked gently, "You are ready and willing to go, Brother Tucker?" nothing doubting a glad assent.

But the parson was honest to the last. "No," he said, "I do not want to die; I am afraid. I do not like strange and new things. I do not want to leave my books and my study."

"But, dear brother," broke in the astonished president, "it is a going home, to your Father's house!"

"I know not what a home is, friend, in the sense of regret or longing for one. My early home was but as the egg to the bird, a prison wherein I was born, from which I fled; nor was my knowledge of a father one that commends itself as a type of good. I trust, indeed, that the Master will take me by the hand, even as he did Peter upon the water; but the utterance of my secret soul is even that of the apostle with the keys: 'Lord, save, or I perish!'"

"Yet you have been a power for good and a close follower of Peter's Lord," said Mr. Winthrop, altogether at a loss for the proper thing to say to this peculiar man.

"One thing alone have I been enabled to do, Brother Winthrop, for which I can with heart and soul thank God even at this hour. Yea, I thank him that I have been enabled to speak the truth even in the face of lies and

deceptions, through his upholding." A smile of unearthly triumph filled every line of the wasted face, and lit his eyes with a flash of divine light as he said this. He grasped close the friendly hand he was holding, turned his cheek to the pillow, and closed his eyes; passing into that life of truth and love that awaited him, even as a child that lies down in the darkness, trembling, fearful, and weary, but awakes in the dawn of a new day, in the heart of home.

"Still," said President Winthrop to his wife, as they walked home, after the

funeral, "I believe in the good old proverb, Eleanor, that the truth is not to be spoken at all times."

"And I never believed in it so little!" she cried indignantly. "Think what a record he has left, what respect hangs about his memory! Do we know how many weak souls have relied on his example, and held to the truth when it was hard, because he did and could? It is something to be heroic in these days, even if it is unpopular!"

The president shrugged his shoulders.

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE WEATHER-VANE.

To what shall I compare
The veering mind I bear?
Yon minion of the air,

Yon gilded shaft, my chosen emblem I declare!

I turn about, about;
Controlled by every rout
That trains with Hope or Doubt;

Who smiles, I smile again, or answer flout with flout.

Within the draft I'm caught
Of all prevailing thought;
By many masters taught,

Their varying precepts I confuse, and bring to naught.

A changeling me they call;
I have no stay, in all,—
No shield, no rampart-wall;

I safely drift about,—let others stand, or fall!

I bend, I do not break;
I light obeisance make
To scourging storms, that rake

The harvest from the field and shattered forests take.

Since nothing here I see
Save mutability,
With it I will agree;

Yea, I on Change's cap the nodding plume will be!

Some good remains behind :
 The clear-perceiving mind
 In me, at least, shall find
 An index true of all the tempers of the wind !

Edith M. Thomas.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

VI.

NEGRO "BULL-DOZERS."

AMONG the more intelligent negroes in the towns, the feeling of loyalty to the political party which gave them their liberty is still strong, but I could not find much of this sentiment among the negroes in the great black districts. I was much interested in trying to learn what were the chief influences which still held these masses, incapable of thought, in the ranks of the dominant party. I found the party organization and discipline among them everywhere most careful, vigorous, and repressive. Many of them are influenced, so their own leaders state, by "free drinks" during the campaign or electioneering season. There is also, in many places, much violent treatment, by the negroes themselves, of those of their own race who are guilty of defection from the party. They "bull-doze" and "ku-kluk" any "fool nigger" that "votes ag'in hisse'f an' his own intruss." "We 'll run 'em out, shoah," they say of negroes who may vote the democratic ticket in the black districts. I could not learn that white men of either party give any attention to this negro "bull-dozing," or care anything about it. The "punishment" administered by the negroes for defection from the republican party is usually, as I was everywhere told by the negroes themselves, whipping or beating; but when the man to be punished has stock or property of any kind, it is sometimes destroyed, fences are

opened, and animals are turned into the fields to destroy his growing crop; or it is burned after it has been gathered.

NEGROES AND SHEEP VOTING.

If a man who owns a hundred sheep could pin a ballot into the wool of each, drive the flock to the polls, and have the ballots accepted and counted, the process would be "voting" on the part of the sheep as truly as is the carrying of tickets to the ballot-box by multitudes of these negroes the exercise of the right of suffrage on their part. Their mental relation to the act of voting differs little from that of the sheep in the case supposed.

Many of the local republican politicians with whom I conversed said that it was not desirable to give these negroes any political education or enlightenment, and that if it were desirable it would not be possible; that no means or effort could ever give them an intelligence or judgment of their own regarding political matters. "They will never know a thing about politics, if you talk to them till doomsday," these men say. "If we do not control them, the democrats will: that's the long and the short of the matter." I was everywhere impressed by the fact that the republican politicians of the South are much less hopeful regarding the improvement of the negroes, and their capabilities in the direction of the duties of intelligent citizenship, than are the democrats or "Bourbons." A word here regarding these local republican politicians. I do not mean that

what I am about to say applies to all the republican managers and office-holders whom I saw in the South; there are some exceptions; but it does apply to a very considerable proportion of those whom I met. From all these men — the most objectionable as well as the best — I received uniform courtesy and kindness, and I acknowledge my great indebtedness to most of them for information which nobody else could possibly have given me.

Most of the men whom I am here obliged to describe unfavorably are of Northern origin. Those of them who are postmasters appear to consider it their official business and duty to cause the people about them as much inconvenience and discomfort as they can, by way of punishing them for having been rebels, and for still being "Southerners" and democrats.

NORTHERN OFFICE-HOLDERS IN THE SOUTH.

Many times I was told, in answer to inquiries about the people of the town and its vicinity, "If I had my way they should n't have any facilities for business. They don't deserve any mail service, nor anything else, from the government they tried to overthrow." "But," I suggested sometimes, "the war was over a good while ago, and we must some time let the past alone, and begin anew. We whipped the South pretty thoroughly, did n't we? We can't go on forever punishing these people for what was done so long ago." And the answer was often, "The Southerners are just as bitter against the government and against the North as they were in '63. The war is not over yet, and it never will be while these people vote the democratic ticket. It was a great mistake that the government did not hang all the leading rebels at the close of the war."

I was talking with a man of this type, in an important Southern town, one day,

when three or four prominent democratic citizens of the place passed near where we were standing in the street. They saluted us civilly, and one of them asked my republican acquaintance what he thought of a recent friendly utterance, on the part of a distinguished Northern republican politician, regarding the Southern people and their industries and business interests. His reply was, "Yes, damn you, you've greased and swallowed him, but you can't swallow me. You ought to have been hanged when the war was over, and you deserve it now as much as you did then." The men merely bowed to me in silence, and passed on. This very radical gentleman was the postmaster of the town, and had held that office for several years.

In some instances, when I saw that the postmaster was a dissipated man, or in a marked degree uncivil or incompetent, I asked the leading business men of the place how they managed to endure the inconvenience and discourtesy to which they were subjected. They always said that there had been a great improvement within a few years, and that they trusted that time would still further relieve them, as a better class of men came to the South. In cases where a postmaster's want of adaptation to his position was manifest at once, even to a stranger, the business men, for some reason, showed great reserve and unwillingness to make any considerable criticism. I do not know whether this was because they were not disposed to speak freely to a stranger (they talked to me with wonderful frankness upon almost all other topics), or because they thought I might make trouble for them by reporting their unfavorable utterances; but I was not able to draw from Southern business men any direct criticism or complaint regarding particular persons connected with government offices in their own community, — that is, not from democrats.

A POSTMASTER COMES TO GRIEF.

In a prominent Southern city I had much talk with the postmaster. He was a young man from the North, and was glad to see a traveler from that region. He spoke very contemptuously of "society," and of the leading citizens; but he told me with much vivacity about the "sporting men" of the place, and of his adventures with the women of the town. I learned from him that he thought much of his proficiency in play; that he was "learning very fast," and had already won considerable sums in the gambling-houses of the city. I observed that he was rude and dictatorial in his business intercourse with the people, and many persons of his own political party spoke to me of his dissolute habits and character. When I last talked with him I made this entry in my note-book: "From what this man tells me of himself, it seems almost certain that he will use, or is using, the revenues of his office for the expenses of his way of living." Since then I have seen in the newspapers an account of his arrest for embezzlement of the money passing through the office or belonging to it.

A CLUMSY METHOD.

But, notwithstanding all the difficulties connected with negro suffrage, and with the unworthiness of many republican politicians in the South, I think the practice of hindering or neutralizing the negro vote, which I have described, a very clumsy method of dealing with these difficulties,—somewhat stupid or unintelligent, and entirely unprofitable and unnecessary so far as Southern interests, even those of the white people of the South, are concerned.

FAILURE OF THE SOUTHERN PLAN.

After much investigation of everything connected with the subject, I con-

clude that all illegal interference with the right of black men to vote in the Southern States is a mistake and a blunder on the part of those engaged in it. As a method of overcoming the difficulties or counteracting the evils connected with negro suffrage, it is unwise and mischievous. It has fatal defects, and, in practice, does more harm than good. I think it is entirely true, as Southerners so often urge, that the people of the Northern States do not generally appreciate or rightly understand the gravity of the problems involved in this matter of negro suffrage for the people of the South. How to maintain good government, and to secure the honest execution of the laws and the impartial administration of justice; how to preserve the institutions of civilized society where a great majority of the "free and sovereign citizens" are, as I have here described them, incapable of any real or intelligent use of the right of suffrage, is a problem that might well tax to the utmost the wisdom and energies of any people.

It does not seem to me wonderful or unpardonable that the people of some of the Southern States have made mistakes and failures in dealing with this matter. I am not certain that anybody else, in their place and circumstances, would have done much better than they. There are measures taken by them which I should be quite ready to denounce with the greatest severity, if such denunciation appeared to be adapted to produce improvement and reform. My present purpose, however, is to point out the course which, as it seems to me, is most likely to be useful to the Southern people themselves, of both races, in their relations to these questions.

EVADING THE DIFFICULTIES.

Some of the Southern States have tried to solve these problems, or rather they have tried to escape the difficulties involved, by means of laws, which,

in their practical effect, exclude a large proportion of the negro voters from the polls. This can be done, and this desired object can be attained under the forms of law. It is accomplished in some of the Southern States by poll-tax laws; by requiring all voters to pay an annual "capitation tax" as a condition of admission to the polls. These laws have the effect of disfranchising a great proportion of the negroes; were enacted for this special purpose, as leading Southern men everywhere frankly avow. This is, perhaps, better than violence and murder as a method of "protecting the ballot-box and preserving civilized society," but it does not really meet or overcome the difficulties of the situation. It is merely an endeavor to avoid or postpone them.

THE BEAM IN NEW ENGLAND'S EYE.

It was very frequently suggested by Southern men, in talking with me of this subject, that the people of New England employ methods somewhat similar in dealing with difficulties far less serious and pressing than those which beset the course of the people in the great black regions of the South. These gentlemen reminded me that even in New England the laws do not everywhere allow all men to vote; that "qualifications" are imposed, which, in their practical effect, exclude and disfranchise many who would otherwise have a right to vote. I have not thought it necessary, in such cases, to defend everything that is done in the Northern States, or everything belonging to New England. I have, on the contrary, preferred to admit that such qualifications and consequent exclusion and disfranchisement have been found unprofitable and mischievous wherever they have been adopted in the North; that they foster discontent, beget a feeling of enmity and rebellion against the commonwealth, and furnish opportunity for demagogues to inflame and mislead

the working people, especially in times of disturbed and depressed conditions of business and finance.

It is better to meet the difficulties of popular ignorance in the South and in the North fairly and justly than to try to evade them. It is the American political idea, or principle, to distribute sovereignty as widely as possible, and in accordance with this principle all men not criminals or insane should have equal voice in choosing their rulers, no matter what their color or race, or their condition of poverty, misfortune, ignorance, or other disability. Any modification of this principle involves the relinquishment of something which is essential to a system of government by the people.

Men learn faster how to use power rightly by possessing and using it than by being deprived of it and excluded from it; and any manifest inequality or injustice in the exclusion of a particular class always produces various unwholesome effects.

It was doubtless natural and to be expected that the white people of some of the Southern States should try to escape from the difficulties which result from negro suffrage by means of poll-tax laws, and other legislation having for its object the exclusion of most of the black men from the polls. Probably most of the Northern States would have done the same thing in the same circumstances. Nevertheless, I am certain that such a method cannot be permanently successful in this country; and even if something of the kind was several years ago inevitable at the South, it is now time to abandon it, and to accept in full the American political principle of universal suffrage. If Southern white men think it unsafe to permit the negroes to exercise or possess the right of suffrage, let them disfranchise them, and then surrender so much of their congressional representation as is based on the black population of their States.

This would at least be honest, though I think it would be unwise, because unnecessary.

BETTER TO GIVE EVERYBODY A FAIR CHANCE.

I am convinced that from this time forward it would be better for all the interests of the Southern people, better for the white race, that all men who are citizens of the United States, not insane persons or criminals, should enjoy and exercise the right of suffrage in the Southern States in which they reside, and that their use of this right should not in any way be restricted, interfered with, or neutralized, on account of their color or race, or even of their ignorance or incapacity. We shall be obliged, I think, to include the negroes in the great experiment of democracy.

THE REMEDY.

The first feature of the remedy which I would apply, for all the evils of ignorant negro suffrage, is publicity. Let the negroes vote; arrange everything connected with elections fairly and without discrimination against them on account of race; and then let Southern writers and newspapers report and describe, fully and accurately, all the actions, proceedings, and characteristics of the negroes in politics and in public and civil life, including their follies and improprieties and the mischiefs that result from their possession of political rights and power. A real acquaintance on the part of the American people in general with the essential facts in the case must be the basis of any method or course of action which is to lead to real improvement in "the Southern situation," or to any genuine solution of its difficulties. After studying these matters in every part of the South, I am obliged to conclude that the people of our country have never been adequately informed in regard to the condition of things in that region. There is still need

for much more extensive, accurate, and definite knowledge of the state and character of the South than is yet possessed by the Northern people in general; and it is also true that many of the people of the Southern States, even of the intelligent classes, are very imperfectly acquainted with the real condition of large classes of the people of their own States.

I found everywhere strong reasons for a new study of the facts of the time; for observations pursued with the sole wish to obtain the truth and the whole truth, with no partial or partisan purpose or interests in view; and for a report which should be simply accurate and faithful, as the necessary basis for all valuable judgment or opinion. This need of reporting, as distinguished from advocacy or argument, and from novel-writing, cannot be too strongly emphasized. There is excellent opportunity and abundant material for the construction of novels and romances dealing with Southern life and its conditions; but such works do not furnish the best method for conveying to the Northern people the knowledge which they require to enable them rightly to understand the actual facts of life in the South and of the relations between the two races there. It is knowledge which is needed, wide observation of facts, accurate, photographic reporting, and then such comparison and discussion of the results, of the facts of the situation, as the thoughtful people of our country are abundantly capable of conducting when they are possessed of sufficient information.

SOUTHERN WRITERS.

When I suggested this view of the matter to Southern men, they usually lamented their lack of writers of ability who could adequately present the facts of the Southern situation for the consideration of the Northern people; but surely, Southern men can observe, can study,

existing conditions and activities in their own country, and can report the facts accurately, without coloring, distorting or suppressing them. If they cannot now do this they must learn, for herein lies their salvation. But they have already shown (or some of their journalists have shown) that they have sufficient ability for such work. It only remains for them to use their powers in the direction here indicated. It cannot be too much insisted upon that no such study or presentation of the facts of Southern life and political and social conditions has yet been made by Southern men, and that the people of the South need such information quite as much as the people of the North, perhaps more.

NORTHERN DESIRE FOR LIGHT.

I observed that Southern men often expressed a feeling of distrust or uncertainty regarding the disposition or willingness of the Northern people to receive, and of Northern editors to publish, the real truth in regard to the South, without partisan manipulation. But I assured them that in this respect they were in error; that the people of the Northern States wished to know the exact truth regarding the whole state of things in the South; and that the editors of the most influential publications in the North were not only willing to publish the exact truth, but were most desirous to obtain it. The people of the South should present their own case, if they feel that they have one. They may be sure that this work of observing and reporting the facts of Southern political conditions and activities will be taken up more and more extensively, and performed more and more thoroughly, by Northern men; and it would be an excellent thing for Southern interests if Southern men would lead in this field. There is a desire throughout the North for fuller knowledge of Southern affairs. This desire

is certain to increase. There will soon be many workers in this field, and the educated and patriotic young men of the South could not desire opportunity for service more worthy of their best powers, or more important for the welfare of the communities in which they live.

PROGRESSIVE JOURNALISM.

The South needs an independent press; not merely two or three great newspapers in the largest cities, but journals in every State, for the thorough, fearless discussion of political subjects in a truly national and unpartisan spirit. It is also most necessary that Southern men of ability and thoughtfulness should everywhere throw off the feeling of helplessness and depression, in regard to the evils of the political condition of their States, which has characterized so many of them. There should be no incurable evils in this country. However great may be the obstacles in the path of the Southern people, they can be removed, or greatly diminished, by the means which I have here indicated. There is still far too much of a disposition among Southern men to excuse themselves from all effort for improvement in political matters on account of the abuses and wrongs connected with the "carpet-bag governments" and the enfranchisement of the negroes. But the time for helplessness and for mere complaining is past.

COMING PERILS.

I do not doubt that serious inconveniences will yet, in many instances and in various ways, result from the unrestricted use of the ballot by the ignorant black voters, so many of whom are, as I have pointed out, entirely incapable of any real exercise of the right of suffrage. It may be true that it was a most ill-advised and mischievous proceeding to give the emancipated slaves the ballot, but that is not now a very practical or interesting question. It

has been done, and there is not the slightest probability that the ballot will ever be taken from them. There will be no permanent peace or prosperity in the South until the mass of the Southern people, or their leaders, accept equal political rights for the negro as something inevitable. They need not say they like it if they do not, or that they believe "the reconstruction measures" were wise, or that Northern politicians are all saints and incorruptible patriots; but negro suffrage is an accomplished fact. It will be a part of all that the South can do or become in politics. The negro is in the South, and is in her political life, and has come to stay.

If leading Southern men will declare themselves in favor of honesty in political action, of equal political rights for both races, and of the protection of all classes of voters in the unabridged exercise of the right of suffrage, and will work for these ends, they will have the most vital sympathy and assistance of the people of the North, under any evils or abuses that may come upon the South, or any portion of it, as the result of negro suffrage. But the best people of the North, the real North, will never believe that fraud and intimidation are necessary as permanent features of the political life of any community in our country. Northern men who are entirely free from passion and prejudice against the South, — and there are many of them, — and who wish to aid the Southern people to attain the highest possible prosperity, can do little for this end while the practice of suppressing or neutralizing the negro vote is maintained. Any political system which includes and tolerates such practices is a hopeless quicksand, upon which nothing can be made to stand; a bottomless pit of corruption, which must ultimately swallow up the civil institutions of a people blind enough to believe that injustice can be made a means of security.

THE WORK MUST BE DONE IN THE SOUTH.

Let Southern men everywhere go to work to expel from politics all dishonest and corrupt leaders, whether they are from the North or the South; let them use all means in their power to increase and diffuse intelligence among the people of both races, to educate and develop public sentiment in accordance with the principles of justice and right; and especially let them inculcate and practice obedience to law. They can then maintain self-respect under whatever temporary evils may still afflict them, and their attitude and course of action will develop such influences and methods as are best adapted to correct and remove all such evils.

I believe that these suggestions embody a practicable and adequate remedy for the "troubles of the South" so far as they are connected with negro suffrage, or are produced by its results or accompaniments. These things will require time and patience, but they can be done, and must be, if our national experiment of government by the people is to succeed. I think that what cannot be cured in America by honesty, justice, intelligence, and public spirit will have to be endured; for no evil can be removed by injustice, except by substituting a worse evil than the one which is expelled. The day of the old order of things, the time for suppressing or neutralizing the negro vote by illegal or unjust means, has passed away.

SIGNS OF A CRASH.

It was evident to me, throughout the South, that existing conditions in regard to politics and the organization and relations of parties were extremely unstable, and their duration uncertain. Even the leaders and principal supporters of the dominant or successful organizations appeared to be weary of present arrangements, and desirous of change.

There was everywhere a sense of hollowness, of the unreality of the issues and grounds of dispute between the parties; a half-suppressed cry — sometimes almost agonizing in its intensity — for “new issues,” for some development or combination, which would give opportunity for a change of front on the part of the democratic party. But it did not seem probable that the republican party, as now constituted in the Southern States, would be able, in many instances, to combine the various elements of disaffection and revolt. It appeared to me that in most cases the first successful insurrection against the existing order of things in politics in the South would not be made on the ground of any very elevated or important principles, but would be chiefly a struggle for power and “the spoils” on the part of “new men.” I saw many of these in every part of the South. They were “waiting for a chance,” to use an expression which one constantly hears from them. I often asked them, “What shall you try to do? What will be the basis or aim of the new movement in your State?” And the answer nearly always was, “Don’t know; we shall go in for anything, for a new deal. That we’re bound to have.”

THE “NEW MEN.”

Perhaps it is what we should naturally expect under the circumstances, but nevertheless the evident unscrupulousness of many of these new men, their indifference to the obligations of honesty, their lack of public spirit and of regard for law, are not favorable signs of the times. In personal honor, probity, public spirit, and most of the qualities of good citizenship, they are very commonly inferior to the Bourbon leaders, whom they are likely soon to displace. One cannot help seeing this, however strongly he may be opposed to the political principles and methods of the democratic party in the Southern States.

What I have presented regarding the condition and needs of the South has reference to the course which, as it seems to me, should be pursued by the Southern people. But no honest report of the existing state of things in that region can be made which does not recognize those features of the situation which are produced by the agency and character of Northern men holding office in the South. There are many of these, in most or all of the Southern States, who are a source of weakness, and not of strength, to any national administration which appoints them. Their real character and methods of action cannot be known, I think, to the highest authorities in the government, or they would at once be dismissed, and would disappear from political life forever. There is something abnormal and unwholesome, it seems to me, in the practice of rewarding a politician for services rendered to his party in New Hampshire, for instance, by appointing him postmaster in a town in Alabama. There are good, loyal, moderate men, of irreproachable character, everywhere in the South, — enough of them to fill all such offices; and the republican party would, in my judgment, be greatly strengthened by the selection of such men for most of the local offices in the South, which are filled by appointment in Washington.

SOUTHERN EDUCATION.

There is much to encourage all thoughtful and patriotic men in the present attitude and activities of the people of the Southern States relative to education. The increase of popular interest and of accomplished results is everywhere manifest and vital. All educational work in the South, whatever the obstacles and discouragements in this field may be, has the advantage of a constantly rising tide, and of being done on widening lines of advance. It is a time of growth, of new undertak-

ings, more comprehensive plans, and, generally, of increasing revenues and resources of all kinds. The very fact that our educational work has been going on so long, and that our educational institutions are established so firmly and securely, is, in most Northern communities, a reason for a somewhat languid popular feeling in regard to education. "The machinery runs itself." But in the South there is a newness about much of the educational work now going on, which gives opportunity for personal earnestness and self-sacrifice; and for the development of popular enthusiasm, and thus the situation has its advantages as well as its disadvantages.

MORE PRACTICAL THAN IN THE NORTH.

I observed also, nearly everywhere, a feature of great interest and importance in the fact that the new education in the South is tending to become more practical and industrial than is the education which is obtained in most of the schools of the Northern States. The Southern people are compelled, by the peculiar conditions and circumstances of life in their communities, to inquire more closely than is usually done in the North what kind of knowledge and instruction will be most useful to the young in after-life. The new education in the Southern States is, in many instances, better suited to the needs of the people there than is the average Northern school education to the needs of the masses here.

Of course there is still a vast amount of popular ignorance and indifference almost everywhere in the South; there are many incompetent teachers; and there is the general discouragement of inadequate revenues for pressing needs. But, considering the recent extreme impoverishment of the country, and the violent displacement of the old system of social life and of the institutions of all these States, the results actually attained in the establishment and admin-

istration of new systems of popular education are remarkable and highly gratifying. The Peabody Fund has produced immeasurable benefits in the Southern States. I visited many of the men who are chiefly concerned in its administration, and it is evident that this work is generally in the hands of gentlemen who are admirably fitted for its management, and that the proceeds of this endowment are distributed with scrupulous fidelity, and with a wise perception of the chief needs of the time.

EDUCATING THE NEGROES.

The foremost men in the Southern States — I mean those who are foremost in business, and in the social and moral life and activities of the local communities — are everywhere taking up the subject of education for the negroes in a serious and business-like spirit. I did not find anywhere, except in Southwestern Texas, any manifestation of prejudice against negro education, or feeling of jealousy regarding the advancement of the colored people in intelligence or capability for self-elevation. The Southern people are divided in opinion regarding the capacity of the negroes for continued or permanent intellectual improvement; some of them holding that, while the negroes readily acquire the rudiments of knowledge on account of their imitative ability, they are much inferior to the white people in whatever requires sustained and complex mental activity. This is probably true, but no such rule can be of universal application, and Southern men say everywhere that many individuals among the colored people are capable of using profitably the best educational facilities that can be placed within their reach, and that it is necessary for the welfare of the white people that the negroes should be educated as fast and as fully as possible.

Many of the Southern people appear to me to be rather sanguine and extrav-

agent in their expectations regarding the results of popular intellectual enlightenment. They talk very much as Horace Mann and his fellow-laborers talked, when they were beginning the intellectual revival which led to the establishment of the New England public-school system. They will of course find, as has been shown in the Northern States, that even after the public schools have educated the mass of the people, other problems of a serious nature remain.

A CLASS WITH NO FRIENDS.

The negroes are being educated more rapidly, in large portions of the South, than are the people known as "poor whites." More interest is felt and greater efforts are made in behalf of the negroes than for this class of white people. The negro has the advantage of being in the world's eye and mind. He is somewhat picturesque, and occupies a position of historic interest. He has powerful friends. The poor whites have no friends; there is no picturesqueness, no historic interest, connected with their situation. The leading white men of the Southern States, democrats, seem to me to feel a more kindly interest in the negroes than in this class of poor people of their own race. They know much more about them. Greater effort is likely to be made, for a long time to come, for the education and improvement of the negroes than for the advancement of the poor whites; and yet the class is not at all so degraded or so worthless as is popularly believed. These people are *primitive* in character, and in the conditions and methods of their life, but they are not degraded. There is, however, great danger that many of them will be debased under the changed conditions of the new order of things in the South. No other class in that portion of our country is so little understood, or would better repay careful study. It is highly important that

the attention of thoughtful, philanthropic and patriotic men, both North and South, should be directed to their position and probable tendencies in relation to the new life of the country in which they live. In blood and inherited qualities they are not, generally, vicious or low. But they have no friends, no sympathy, either North or South.

"OPEN THE NATIONAL TREASURY!"

Leading Southern democrats almost everywhere believe that aid from the national government in the education of the negroes is desirable, and indeed indispensable. To one accustomed in the North to hear democrats oppose all avoidable interference of the general government with the affairs of the States and of local communities, it is startling to hear Southern democrats so generally and so vehemently advocate a national system of education, to be sustained by the national treasury. When I suggested to these gentlemen that many even among republicans in the North think it unwise to make any greater changes than are absolutely necessary, on account of the war, in our institutions and our methods of public administration, they were sometimes almost impatient.

"Whether anybody likes it or not," they said, "one of the results of the war is centralization, a great development of the power and functions of the national government. The sphere of state governments and of state activities will decline more and more, and the powers and duties of the state governments will pass, in increasing measure, to the national executive." And they always went on to urge that just as the people along the Lower Mississippi cannot adequately protect the country from destructive inundations, and therefore the care of the river and the maintenance of a system of levees are properly a work for national subsidies, so the work of the education of the negro race will

be so stupendous in its requirements that it will be impossible for the Southern people to provide for its inevitable cost. They also often urge that as the national government freed the slaves, and then gave them the ballot, it is justly under obligation to pay the expense of educating the race.

GONE TO THE OTHER EXTREME.

It is evident that the "subsidy view" of government is everywhere strongly held in the South, and that henceforth the most determined champions of "centralization" will be found in that portion of our country. There is not anywhere in the South such fealty to the traditions or doctrines of the democratic party as to make this change, or any other, in the least difficult or unnatural. This disposition to enlarge the powers and functions of the national government, to make it as strong as possible, and to diminish the scope of the functions and sovereignty of the States has already reached an extreme development in the South. I found very little trace of a healthful, intelligent spirit of respect for the constitutional position and powers of the separate States, except in Texas. The best people in that State are opposed to its division into two or more States, as they wish to make it as strong as possible in the national House of Representatives, and they seem to have a wholesome sense of the importance of maintaining the proper balance and constitutional relations between the spheres of the national and state governments. It would be well for thoughtful men in New England and throughout the Northern States to recognize the need of cultivating a rational and practical doctrine and sentiment of "state rights," and of respect for the fundamental provisions of the national constitution relating to this subject, as a corrective to the extravagant and somewhat fantastic advocacy of centralization which has been developed in the South.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The University of Virginia is an institution worthy of the interest of cultivated and public-spirited men everywhere, North as well as South. It is doing excellent work. Many of its students are poor, and are struggling hard, with painfully limited means, to acquire an education. It greatly needs additional endowment. I obtained, by personal investigation, the knowledge of several cases of remarkable self-denial, of heroic endurance of hardship, among the students of this university, and of other institutions in the Southern States. They are precisely such as were familiar in so many New England country towns in the old times, where the people were poor; a boy starved, and the whole family starved, that he might go to college.

WHAT HORACE MANN WOULD FEEL.

While visiting the colleges in Mississippi, Texas, Alabama, North Carolina, and Virginia, I was constantly reminded of Horace Mann, and I thought everywhere of the happy enthusiasm which he would feel if he were alive to-day, and could see what I have seen of the work of the friends of popular education in the Southern States. I do not wish, by naming the University of Virginia, to convey the impression that other institutions in the South are not worthy of Northern sympathy and confidence. In all the other States excellent work is done, and the colleges and universities, though sadly crippled by lack of means, are still everywhere centres of light, and of wholesome, vivifying culture. Whatever Bourbonism there may be in other departments of Southern life, I found no signs of evil result from its influence in the work of Southern schools and colleges. Many of the best of these institutions are under the control of men of the class to whom the term Bourbon is always

applied by many Northern journals, and it would be well for the interests of education if they could remain under the same management. Many signs in the South indicate that, under the control of the new men who will come into power "when Bourbon rule is broken up," educational endowments and trusts are likely to be less secure and less valuable than they are now.

SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

The female seminaries, or boarding-schools for young women, are doing excellent work throughout the South. The one at Staunton, Virginia, is a good type of the class. I should like to describe a visit to this school, but what is best about it is in so great degree of a personal and domestic nature that I cannot speak of it very fully. But the school, like several others which I visited in different Southern States, is the life-work of a good woman, and everything about it is pervaded and inspired by her personal qualities. The education which is given in these seminaries seems a little old-fashioned to a New England man, a little more feminine than that which is given to the daughters of the North in our day, but it may be none

the worse for that. Certainly the spirit of the pupils seems everywhere to be remarkably wholesome and satisfactory, as a visitor is sometimes privileged to see when dining in the great hall with the whole school. In several of these seminaries I observed that the rules forbid all novel-reading during the term.

KEEP WHAT IS GOOD.

Many changes are in progress in the South, and more will doubtless come within a few years; among other things, changes in the education of girls, and in popular taste and sentiment regarding the position, culture, and work of women. But some things which the South has brought down from a former time are good and admirable, and it is to be hoped that the Southern people will not be in haste to relinquish them.

An interesting and valuable book might be written on the history, endowments, character, personal equipment and work of Southern schools, colleges, and universities. Each State in the Union should prepare and publish for the use of its people, and as a part of its system of education, a history of its school system, and of the institutions of learning within its domain.

NEW FAITHS.

NEW? So, O Lord, thy tender mercies are,
So freshly blooms in heaven each evening's star.
New?—yet from everlasting Truth is true;
Ever, of old, the wise thy wisdom knew.

Newly man's plummet sounds the gracious deeps,
Clearer his eye may catch the glorious steep;
'T is the same mountain-top serene above,
The same still ocean of eternal love.

S. W. Weitzel.

DOCTOR ZAY.

X.

THEY had come out now upon the open road. Faint colors remained in the west,—ashes-of-roses and alloyed gold. There was a young moon sinking behind the forest. The untrodden street stretched on, dimly defined in the immature light. The windows of the near village glimmered ruddily beyond.

"Drive faster," said Yorke. "I must get home." He had the heavy, painful pant of an exhausted man. She gave one glance at him, and one flick of the whip to the pony, who put down her head, and took to her slender feet the wings of the wind. The night air came in warm gusts against their faces as they flew over the solitary road. She drove directly to her own side of the house, tied the horse, and resolutely presented her shoulder.

"I have hurt you," she said gently. "You must let me help you—this once."

He did not repulse her; he felt too sick. It seemed to make little difference what happened, and so he got into the house. She helped him through into the parlor, and shut the outer doors. Only one low lamp burned somewhere; in the office, he thought. She groped for matches; he lay and listened to the fine rustle of her linen dress. As more light flashed into the room, he saw her standing in her white clothes. She looked very tall and pale. She brought him a tablespoonful of brandy, which he swallowed obediently, and for which he felt better. Then, without perceptible hesitation, this remarkable young woman took out her medicine-case.

"Are you a woman?" he panted.

"I am a doctor."

"Take away your sugar-plums!"

She drew the rubber strap over the case.

"As you please. Your condition calls for a remedy. I can't have you subject to these nervous sinking-turns."

"I need no remedy—but one. It is the only one,—the Divine Remedy in deed and truth. You refuse it to me."

"I have refused you nothing."

"True; I have asked for nothing. But you would deny me, if I did."

"Yes," she replied solemnly, "I should."

"Sit down by me," pleaded Yorke. "I want to finish this."

"You had much better wait," she urged with decision, but not without tenderness,—that ready, cruel, professional tenderness; he would rather she had poisoned him.

"I will not wait. I am stronger. See!—I am all right now, although, as you said, not strong enough to—What a merciless thing that was to say!"

"I know it must have seemed so, Mr. Yorke. Believe, if you can, that I mean to be kind."

"It seems to me," said Yorke, struggling up against the bright *bizarre* sofa pillows, and turning his haggard face towards her, "that the only thing I *am* strong enough to do, yet, is to love you. I believe it is the only thing I have ever done strongly in my life. It will not be the last. I can see already how it is going to alter everything. Good God! What is a man going to do, with life before him, and such a feeling in it! It will take the work of ten to hold him. There is n't a woman of the whole of you that knows what it is. There's more of you than any other woman I ever knew, but you don't know; you *can't* know."

She sat on the edge of the chair, a

little sidewise, leaning back, just as she had dropped there when he asked her to sit by him, her hands clasped over the medicine-case, with whose rubber strap she had bound her fingers down. She watched him with a look which no plummet in his soul could fathom.

"You are wrong!" he cried. "You are cold, unnatural! It was unwomanly in you to tell me I was only nervous!"

"It is not the first time that a woman has been called unwomanly for saying the truth," said Doctor Zay, without flinching. "I do not doubt I have seemed unwomanlike to you in many other respects. Your ideal and my fact are a world's width apart."

"You have never seemed unwomanly to me, in all that we have been through, — never once!" said Yorke. "I have thought you, from the very first — you have been to me the loveliest woman I ever knew!" His voice shook. She sat, without a change either in her attitude or expression, regarding him with narrow, inscrutable eyes.

"I have not thought," he went on, with gathering strength, "I have not dared to think, that I had won anything from *you*, — a sick man whining on your little bottles for the breath of life! And I know that others, other men — I understand my cruel disadvantage; it is that that galls me so!"

"Other men have nothing to do with it," she said gravely. "I have had different things to do from thinking what would be pleasing to men. My life is not like other women's. It is not often that I am troubled in this way. I do not mean to treat you harshly, believe me. But I do not say hard things easily; perhaps I am out of practice."

"Surely," said Yorke, smiling despite himself at this, "you have known what it is to be loved."

"Yes, I have been beloved," she answered simply. "I suppose no woman avoids that. If I had not, I should have no right to tell you that you are

not in love. I should not have any standard."

"Nothing can give you any such right!" he repeated feverishly.

"I do not know how to continue this discussion," she said, after a painful pause. "I seem to have few ideas and fewer words for such a purpose. I can find nothing to tell you but what I said in the carriage. My professional responsibility gives me my right."

"And I reiterate what I said in the carriage, — that I relieve you of what you call your responsibility."

"Then I must renew my answer, — that this is a thing you cannot do. So we are repeating ourselves, like history; and proving how worse than vain it is to talk in this way."

"You speak as if I were a creature lent to you, — entrusted to you, soul and body!" blazed the young man.

"So you were," said the physician quietly. "So you are."

"If anything could make me *unlove* you," said Yorke, with calm desperation, "such a speech as that would do it. But it works just the other way. Listen to me, Miss Lloyd. I *will* love you. You cannot help it. I will tell you so. You cannot help that. You must accept it. You must endure it. You must remember it. I shall not allow you to forget it."

One swift, dangerous gleam darted from her guarded eyes. The whole woman seemed impelled by some elemental instinct, mightier than he, mightier than herself, to warn him off. She did not trust herself to speak, and this gave him the first advantage he had felt; he hastened to avail himself of it.

"It is insufferable that any woman should treat any man as you treat me. Because I am a patient, am I not a man? Because I dislocated my ankle and concussed my brain (as is quite evident now, if it never was before), am I to be set aside like a hysteric girl, for the state of whose limp emotions her medical at

tendant feels in honor bound to look out?"

"Can you tell me any reason," asked Doctor Zay serenely, "why I should *not* feel the same sense of honor that a man would in the case you describe? But I have never called you hysteric."

"You consider my love a symptom, I suppose, — another symptom; like a nervous sinking-turn, or my afternoon headaches."

"Since you press the question, Mr. Yorke, I do, indeed. That is just what I consider it."

"It's a pretty serious one," fiercely, "as you will find out before you have done with me. It is beyond the reach of any pellet in your little case; the remedy is not included in your *Materia Medica*."

"That may be true. But Nature has her own unerring prescriptions. A single dose of absence — even in the first attenuation — will work a recovery which will astonish yourself, sir. It will not surprise me."

She said the last five words with a vague sadness, elusive as the sigh of a ghost, which did not escape the lover's fine ear. She rose as she spoke, and pushed back her chair. She stood looking down at him. For a silent moment his suffering and weakness seemed to plead with her splendid nerve and strength, and to find them implacable; yet to urge her, perhaps, against her own determination, into the tone of something like self-defense, in which she said,

"What should I be, if I could take the charge of a man like you, — a sensitive man, stricken down in perfect health by such a serious nervous shock, knowing nothing of its subtler effects; a man brought up from the grip of death inch by inch back to life, dependent on the creature who saves him, confusing his gratitude and his idleness and his suffering with other feelings so much greater, — what sort of a woman should

I be, if I did not feel responsible for him? I should despise myself, Mr. Yorke, if I let you drift into such breakers as those; if I *allowed* you to believe that this is love you feel for me. I should think it was the most unwomanly thing I ever did in my life!"

He had risen to reply to her, and they confronted each other, flashing and pale.

"Not a word more to-night," she said authoritatively. "It is unsafe and wrong; I cannot permit you to talk in this way another moment. Go back to your room, and go to bed. Sleep if you can. Go home next week; as you intended. It will be the wisest thing you have done for a long while."

"I must see you again to-morrow," said Yorke, stretching out his hand blindly.

"Very well," she replied, without hesitation. "I do not advise it, but I will not refuse it. Only go now, and — I hope you will sleep," she added sorrowfully.

She stood watching him as he tottered to the door. Had he seen the expression of her face he would have got no comfort from it; he would not even have understood it; yet he would have felt it to be an indefinable gain that he had not missed it.

"Mr. Yorke!" He turned drearily around. "Put yourself in my place for a moment. Reverse our positions."

Her words died before his protesting, passionate man's eyes. Just then she pitied them more than any woman's she had ever seen.

"I can't," he said hoarsely. "It makes a madman of me!"

XI.

The next morning it rained. Mr. and Mrs. Butterwell therefore experienced astonishment when their invalid lodger appeared at breakfast with the request that Mr. Butterwell would drive

him out to conduct some business relative to his uncle's estate.

"You look fitter to be abed and tended up," said his hostess, halting at that stage of latent sympathy which we are moved to express to the sick by active severity. "I'll read to you, if that will keep you home and teach you sense. I'll read poetry, if you like. I can. Isaiah has a copy of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* (I gave it to him Christmas), though I must say I never could find head nor tail on it more'n on a roasted chicken. I'll read you anything but the Bible. It's against my principles to read Bible to sick folks. It ain't cheerful enough. Mr. Butterwell had the liver complaint once, and he got such a shine for readin' in the *Minor Prophets* and the *Imprecatory Psalms* I told the Doctor it was the most serious symptom about him; and it was. He'd have pined right along if I had n't got him into the genealogies in *Matthew*, and so eased off on to the secular page of the *Congregationalist*, and slipped him up one day into *Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad*."

"Why, *Sar-ah!*" said Mr. Butterwell patiently. But he went out to harness his big sorrel at once, since, if Mr. Yorke wished to ride, that ended the matter. Mr. Butterwell failed to see what his liver complaint had to do with poor Jed's estate, and more than ever realized his own deficiencies in general conversation.

"It is time I began to thank you for an infinite series of obligations, Mrs. Butterwell," said Yorke, pushing back his chair from the breakfast table. "I am going home next week."

"Infinite fiddlesticks!" retorted Mrs. Butterwell. "Going to—*Surinam!*" Her soft eyes peered at him gently as a bird's over these terrible words. "Why, Doctor has n't got half through with you!"

"I am afraid she has, quite through," said the young man. "I am going by

Monday's boat, if I can get over to Jonesboro' in season to take it. I shall find the best man I can round here, and leave Uncle Jed's affairs in the hands of a local lawyer. I am not strong enough to be bothered with them. I have written to my mother that I shall join her at Nahant as soon as possible."

"Does Doctor think you're fit to take the journey?" asked Mrs. Butterwell, after some studious consideration.

"I did n't ask her. She approves of my going."

"Doctor knows best about things in her line," replied Mrs. Butterwell, closely regarding her lodger. "But between you and me, there's one thing that ain't in it."

"What is that?" asked Yorke, with a pale smile.

"Men-folks," said Mrs. Butterwell succinctly. She considered this a truly scholarly reply, which it was not precise to amend by foot-notes. Her shrewd, homely face lengthened as Mr. Yorke limped away. Mrs. Butterwell had received a shock.

Doctor Zay was called out early that day, and kept out late. Yorke attended to his business, and made no effort to see her till night. She was away at dinner, and he took tea in his own room. The storm continued. He passed an idle, almost an entirely solitary day. He had some scientific books of Wallace's, which she had lent him: he tried to read; the thing was impossible. The rain came in gusts upon the windows, with lulls between; he listened to it with a sense of personal irritation at the nervous combat of sound and silence, which served as a shallow outlet to the steady torrent of his feeling.

We find it in our way, as we get well past these sharp alternations of shine and shade, to miss something of sympathy with what time has blurred into gray backgrounds for ourselves; to see less of the dignity, less of the pathos, more of the frailty, and more of the

folly of the great passions before which youth and vigor and hope and rectitude are beaten down like breath before the oncoming of cyclones. And yet I think it is not the best way of aging, to grow so gray at the heart, and that it were what might almost be called a coarse thing to smile at our young fellow here, writhing in the grip of his first clench with life. He loved, or thought he did. It is better to be off with our hats and down on our knees to illusions that we have long since overthrown, than to withhold from the most transparent of them the reverence which is the eternal due of human conflict.

He sought her in the evening, through the steady downfall of the storm. She had never invited him to make use of that other door, which connected her parlor with the body of the house. It was so wet that he ventured to go before the office hours were over, thinking that no one would be there. He found himself mistaken. A patient was in conference with her, and he waited awkwardly in the office till the woman had gone.

This little misstep seemed, when they were left alone together, to give him an unnecessary disadvantage before her. He stood, embarrassed and savage, midway between the office and the lighted parlor. "I thought there was nobody here," he said confusedly.

"And there is n't," she answered, smiling up at him as if nothing had happened. Her sweet womanly graciousness, which set him at ease again, seemed subtly to put her out of it, and to give him a vague sense of having gained a mastery of the moment, which he did not see his way to use.

He did not try to use it, and followed her into the parlor, cursing his inadequacy.

"Won't you take the lounge?" she asked, wheeling it lightly towards him.

"No. I must learn to sit up, if I am going Monday."

"Monday?" She could not, or did not, control a slight movement of surprise. He tried in vain to interpret it as one of regret.

"If I can. The sooner the better. You agree with me, I am sure."

"As a person, yes. As a physician, no. It would be safer for you to wait till the next boat. You are hardly ready for the journey. You are living on nerve."

"And shall till I get away from you," said Yorke bluntly.

"Perhaps so," returned the doctor, sighing; "I am of course a little at sea in such a case as this. I wish to facilitate your departure as much and as fast as I can." She stiffened into her professional manner. He felt as if he had struck a glacier in a clover-field.

"I want to talk this out before I go," proceeded Yorke doggedly.

"It only wastes nerve-fibre," said the doctor in an undertone.

"The physiological basis is not the only one on which life is to be taken, Doctor Zay. I have told you before that I am a man as well as a patient. Try to remember it, if you can."

"What is the *use* in remembering it?" she said unexpectedly. He held his breath for a moment, scrutinizing her averted face.

"Do you mind," he asked suddenly, "my asking whether I am so far too late in the declaration of my feeling for you, that some other man would have a right, or think he had, to" —

"I am not going to marry Dr. Penhallow, if that is what you mean," she interrupted calmly.

"Thank you," said Yorke, after what seemed to her a long silence. He could not keep the rebellious hope out of his pale face. It dashed at her like a sunlit shower.

She looked up, saw it, and shook her head at it, as if it had been a word or outcry.

"It is not impossible, then," persisted

he, "that you might some time begin to love me" —

"It is like the miracles," replied the doctor. "It is not logic to assume their impossibility. Their improbability is so great that it amounts to about the same thing. Put aside the thought of my loving you, Mr. Yorke, in justice and in mercy to yourself. I cannot demonstrate to you the futility of your hope. I can only state it. The sooner you accept it, the better for us both. Let us consider this a case of aphonia and aphasia, and be done with it."

"Explain yourself to the ignorant, my learned physician."

"Aphonia is inability to speak" —

"Oh, yes; my Greek might have stood me for that. And aphasia is inability to hear?"

"Precisely."

"That is a scientific reply," said Yorke, regarding her keenly. "I am not sure that it is" — He checked himself. She did not ask him to finish his sentence, but sat with downcast, troubled lids before him.

"Suppose you could love me," he urged, "in the course of time, after a good while; suppose you did not thwart or deny the feeling of kindness which I hope I may say you have for me; suppose you reconsidered the reasonableness of the miracle."

"It would make no difference; none at all!" She lifted her head, and her eyes, like sleepless sentinels, forced him off. All his manhood roused itself to defy them. He felt himself swept along by a power as mysterious to him as if he only out of the world had ever come into helpless and beautiful contact with it. All his lot, like a Pagan fate, moved on in its destined way to its appointed end. He experienced the terrible acceleration of a passion, and found that neither nature nor observation had given him any more prevision of the force of the torrent than they had power wherewith to stay it.

"I love you," he repeated, — "I love you!" as if the fact itself must be an appeal inexorable to her as the laws of light, or gravitation, or any natural code which she could not infringe without penalty.

She made a slight gesture, which seemed one of entreaty rather than of impatience, rose, and walked over to the window, which she flung open. A dash of rain swept through. She stood in the gust for a moment. The light from the globed lamps struggled out against the darkness, and Yorke could see a wet honeysuckle staring in; the yellow flower dripped and nodded at him.

He got up and followed her, half unconsciously.

"You would not want to give up your profession," he began. "You should not give it up! I would not ask it" —

A slow, slight smile curled the delicate corners of her lips.

"You will take cold," she said. She shut the window, and, turning, faced him. Her hair was wet with the rain, and glittered.

"Have you *nothing* for me?" he cried.

"Nothing that you would care for. Men do not value a woman's friendship. They do not understand it. They do not know what to do with it."

"No! I will not have your friendship!" He turned his back to her, and stood, trembling.

"It would be perfectly useless to you, if you would," said Doctor Zay, a little drearily. "You are not well enough to try difficult experiments. Make up your mind to let them all alone, — and me, too."

"I will never let you alone!" said the lover, under his breath.

"Oh yes, you will," said the woman of science quietly. "In a few months you will find it easier to let me alone than to shatter your nervous system over me in this way. Nothing could be

worse," she added, "for those spinal symptoms."

"I believe they are right," answered Yorke, with dull bitterness; his imagination at that moment was denuded of hope. "A woman cannot follow a career without ruin to all that is noblest and sweetest and truest in her nature. Your heart is as hard as your lancet. Your instinct has become as cruel. If I had a fair chance, it should not be so. I would compel you to feel my presence, to recognize my claim. You should be wounded by a bullet that you could not find,—that slipped, and defied your probe, and rankled till you respected it."

He had made his way back, weakly, as he spoke, to the sofa, upon which he sank, pale and panting.

"The sick are at such horrible odds!" he cried. "It must be bad enough for a woman, but for a man"—

He stopped, startled. She had floated to him with an impetuous motion. He saw her outstretched hands; she leaned above him; her resolute features broke.

"Stop!" she said. "Please stop!"

"What should I stop for?" He held up his arms. She retreated like a dream, and stood towering above him, like a statue. The agitation of her face contrasted singularly with the massiveness of her attitude. He was sure that he saw tears before she dashed them away, as if they had been ignoble impulses.

"Mr. Yorke," she said, in a tone of infinite gentleness, "the time will come when you will bless me for what I am doing now,—for my 'heartlessness,' my 'cruelty,' my 'unwomanliness.' They are three words easy to remember. I shall not forget them—at once. You will retract them some time. You will tell me that perhaps I deserved a—milder phrase. But never mind that! It is not a question of what I deserve. It is a question of what you require. Beyond doubt, that is absolute sepa-

ration from all this pathological sentiment, and the exciting cause of it. I insist upon this separation. I will not receive any more expressions of your supposed feeling for myself. Go home to your mother and your own people,—to the kind of women you are used to, and understand. As you grow physically stronger, you will rebound to your own environment as naturally as you will walk without crutches. I have been nothing but a crutch to you, Mr. Yorke!"

He raised himself upon the pillows, leaning his head upon his hand and shading his eyes, watching her intently; he did not interrupt her. She went on, in a low, controlled voice:—

"Take it away, and go alone, and you will learn what you would never learn as long as you depended on it. I think you will always remember me gratefully and affectionately. I hope you will. Nothing is more valuable in life to a physician than the fidelity of a patient; it is surprising how little there is of it, after all. They go their ways when they need us no longer, and drop us out of their thoughts. After all, it is a solemn tie to fight with death together, as you and I have done. We will not break it flippantly. Believe me, that I shall—remember you. And some time, when you have righted all this little delusion about me,—somewhere, perhaps,—we may meet on fairer ground, when our views of one another would not, could not, be subject to this law of refraction which acts upon them now. You do not love me. You have needed me. I have been useful to you; I have occupied your thoughts. You may miss me. But that is not love. Go home, and find it out. Get well, and find it out."

While Doctor Zay was speaking, an increasing calmness had settled upon Yorke's face. It seemed to her that she could see the tide turning in his soul, for whose ebb she had watched.

She felt that it was her duty to welcome it, as it had been her fate to foresee it. He still sat with his hand above his eyes, which he had not once removed from her. He roused himself, and confusedly said, —

"You may be right, for aught I know. I will go, as you bid me; and thank you, as you suggest, whenever I can. I am able even now to appreciate your position. You are the only woman I ever saw who was able to save a man from himself!"

He took her hand with more self-control than he had shown for many days; and they parted, heavily and silently.

He went by the Monday's boat. Mr. Butterwell drove him to Jonesboro' on Sunday. Doctor Zay had been out all night, and most of the day. She was lying on the parlor sofa when he went to say good-by. She had flung herself down, exhausted, craving five minutes' rest. She had on that white linen dress, and the vari-colored afghan over her feet. It was a sultry August day, but her hand was cold; he had often noticed that it was so after she had been up all night. She rose when she saw him, and asked if he found the package of medicine, with the directions, and if he understood them all. He thanked her, and said they were quite clear. Her face had its stolid look. He searched in vain for its beautiful sensitiveness.

"I shall write to you," he said, hesitating, "if I may."

"Oh, yes. Do, by all means. I shall wish to hear all about the journey, and its effect on you. Tell your mother if I had had two weeks more I would have sent you back in better condition."

"Or worse," he said, impetuously. She put her finger on her lips, and

smiled. They shook hands. He pulled his hat over his eyes, and got away.

He looked back through the little oval buggy window, as Mr. Isaiah drove him off. Mrs. Butterwell was wiping the tears off her black silk dress. Handy, by the wood-pile, very large as to his hat and bare as to his feet, eloquently confided his emotions to the sawdust heap.

The phaeton and the gray pony stood at the doctor's gate. She did not come out. The big sorrel turned the post-office corner, and Mr. Butterwell observed that there was a fine lobster factory on the road. They canned 'em. Which had the worst of it, the consumer or the lobster, Mr. Butterwell would not undertake to say.

Half a mile down the Jonesboro' road, Mr. Butterwell reined up.

"There ain't but one horse in these parts that can overtake the sorrel," he said, leisurely. "I hear the pony after us."

Yorke looked back through the little buggy window. The gray mare, with a stiff head and clean step, was close behind them. Before he could turn his head, the doctor's phaeton overtook the buggy.

"Mr. Yorke has forgotten his brandy-flask," she called, cheerily. "Mrs. Butterwell found it out in the nick of time. You might have missed it on the boat." She stretched her hand over the wheel with the wicker traveling-flask, which Yorke took stupidly. He forgot to thank her. Their eyes met for a moment. She flung him a bright, light smile, turned dexterously in the narrow road, and whirled away. He leaned out of the buggy to look after her. All he saw distinctly was the Scotch plaid shawl folded on the empty seat beside her.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A STUDY IN SOCIOLOGY.

IN the usual discussion of social questions the cause of the weak gets excessive championship. New England ethics always pleads for the undermost dog. Labor is commiserated as being held in an unequal struggle with capital. But it has not yet occurred to the exponents of public feeling that their sympathetic philosophy may have neglected some of the prime factors of the problem. The relative positions of the two dogs have been misunderstood. Instead of a well-fed mastiff and a hungry greyhound in deadly grapple, we have, rather, two unequally developed animals engaged in a race, both panting and athirst, and both putting forth their best strength to keep pace with a tyrannical social ideal. This is the radical question: Do our institutions create conditions of antagonism or of natural competition? Do they not rather eliminate from the problem every factor except natural capacity? The moral function of the state really ends with the bestowal of freedom. Torture the language as we may, we cannot give the word "equal," as used in our "Declaration," any objective equivalent. Our national government gives self-ownership and the right to untrammelled self-development. Our local legislation confers supplementary privileges, whose aim is equality. For instance, our public-school system aims at equality of intelligence, but does not attain it, because the factor of unequal native capacity intrudes. There is no good within the gift of gods or men that equals the privilege of having been well born. Health and hereditary power are an assurance of fortune to a babe in the cradle. Talent can transmute itself into gold by the sure law of the correlation and equivalence of forces.

Among a speculative people like the

Germans, the labor reform voices itself in magnificent theories for national reconstruction; hence, socialism, with its claim of the state's responsibility for the material prosperity of the individual. In practical England, labor takes the attitude of belligerent resistance to capital, hits upon barbarous but ingenious methods of coercion, and finally materializes into trades unions, with membership and capital counted by millions, almost military organization, and a legal recognition which has been tardily won. In the United States the conditions of manual labor have been easier than in the Old World, although we need go back only fifty years to find the mill operatives of Massachusetts working fifteen hours a day. Until 1853 the usual work-time of manufactories was twelve hours. For several years ten and three quarters or eleven hours prevailed, and in 1867 the Atlantic Cotton Mills of Lawrence reduced their time to ten hours. Then ensued the agitation which asked for the legalization of the ten hours' system; but, as we have seen, the voluntary action of a corporation preceded the legal form. The constitution of Massachusetts is a very liberal document. It allows the making of any "orders, statutes, ordinances, laws, directions, or instructions, *for the good and welfare of the commonwealth.*" A free interpretation of this charter would allow the conversion of the State into a great industrial community upon a socialistic basis; for the "good and welfare of the commonwealth" might be held to mean the security of material prosperity to all its citizens. Indeed, some of the German "Socialists of the Chair" maintained at the Eisenach Congress, as well as in numerous *brochures* addressed to the public, that the mere bestowal of liberty was like the gift of

a mortgaged farm, unless the state also pledged itself to secure the material prosperity of the citizen. This, then, is the next great political question which is evolving itself from modern civilization. What is the ultimate obligation of the state to the citizen? A philosophical conflict is inevitable in this country, and it will come within twenty years. It will be a struggle between the sympathetic and the scientific theories of government. The sympathetic party will urge the amelioration of the condition of the working-classes by palliative legislation; and the scientific party will defend the principle of competition, conformity to the law of supply and demand, and a fair field for the experiment of the survival of the fittest.

The sympathetic party has already an intense activity in the thousand philanthropic associations which make a voluntary consecration of the surplus strength and means of the strong to the service of the weak. It needs but the political formulation of this sentiment in order to transfer the burden to the state. The burden is already accepted, and the philosophy embodied, in our state charities, in the legal recognition of pauperism, and in the system of public instruction. But all direct help is looked upon as an exceptional necessity, a thing to be deplored and abolished as fast as people can be trained to self-help. The spirit and theory of American politics have always been the reduction of governmental interference with the individual to the lowest possible terms. We have "protected" our industries as a whole, yet no shadow of favor has been shown to any individual capitalist. But with the fast-succeeding waves of immigration has come an excessive urban population, the increase of disease and poverty, and the necessity that the benevolence and brain of the community should solve for the ignorant the problem which they could not solve for themselves. Our era of prosperity and

of happy immunity from those social diseases which are the danger and the humiliation of Europe is passing away. Optimistic as we are, we cannot fail to know that the increasing proportion of the incapable among us is repeating here the social problems of the Old World. Every year incompetence makes a larger demand upon capacity. The natural strain put upon the producing or bread-winning classes is very large, in the support of helpless families, or in aid to friends, and the added strain for official charities and for the thousand private philanthropies is something enormous. Philanthropy is indeed a fully established and recognized business in this country, with salaried offices, a system of taxation, and elaborate methods of administration. All these immense plans of coöperative benevolence are based on the voluntary system. Like our religious institutions, they stand or fall with the free action of the people. But they form the psychological preparation for a legalized and general habit of provision for the incompetent. For who shall assign limits to the altruistic principle, and who shall decide what particular shade of incompetence shall be excluded? It is a matter of statistics that the primitive, self-reliant, and self-respectful revolutionary stock bears a steadily diminishing ratio to that of more recent importation, and of inferior quality. This superimposed stratum of population has undergone political and industrial amalgamation, but not intellectual or social consolidation. The truly American spirit is only in the descendants of the men who founded our institutions. Even the foreigners who fought in our civil war were not lifted to a moral conception of its issues. There is and has always been among our foreign-born and foreign-descended population an impression that this is a country which will do great things for its citizens, rather than a country which needs that great things be done for it-

self. The immigrant not only looks for political hospitality, but regards himself as, in a sense, the guest of our institutions and the inheritor of our prosperity. We, too, have pleased ourselves by throwing wide our doors, and sending forth cordial invitations to our transatlantic guests. Nor can it be gainsaid that our material prosperity has been advanced by these workers, who have quickly found themselves involved in our hitherto good-natured struggle for existence.

But the period in which we have lived upon the interest of our accumulated prosperity is passing. We are driving on somewhat blindly, like the earth in its orbit, but less securely. The phenomena of strikes, which are growing disagreeably frequent, prove most undeniably that there is something rotten in our state. Let us see if we can get an intelligent view of the mutual positions of laborer and capitalist. The first thing that strikes us is the social gulf that separates the two. The wage-laborer has not the resources of his employer; he does not live in an elegant house; he does not make extensive pleasure-journeys, nor send his children to expensive schools. He is obliged to deny himself nearly everything except the simplest necessities; and his two or three luxuries are not likely to be of a kind to improve his sanitary condition. The most stinted imagination is elastic enough to picture his crowded home, wherein the same room must be used for kitchen, nursery, and parlor, into which no volume of poems ever finds its way, and where the problem of the application of small means to numerous ends gets but a helter-skelter sort of solution. In truth, the philanthropist who desires to ameliorate the laborer's condition is often effectually discouraged by his lack of spiritual and intellectual preparation. Small external resources can be manipulated to the accomplishment of remarkable results if sufficient intelligence

be applied to the problem. Small sums in political economy are often most artistically solved by men and women who are fine-grained and fine-brained enough to make such solutions a study. Where a high social ideal finds itself in alliance with narrow means, the whole business of life becomes an exercise of the art of economy; and to such perfection is this sometimes brought that, should the pursuit of such an art become the fashion, large incomes might be realized by those who have made it a life-long study. The lesson from such experiences is unmistakable, namely, that it is not so much the lack of means as the lack of high ideals and of intellectual consecration which explains the laborer's discomfort. Many a woman who marries her intellectual inferior appropriates his small means so far-sightedly as to secure an æsthetic comfort, while her next-door neighbor, with more means and less tact, makes an inglorious failure.

The possession of a large income is an indication of power. It may represent only ancestral industry or foresight, and the possessor may not have inherited the money-winning talent; but if he be a good economist, he will at least keep his fortune intact. If he be an improvident spendthrift, he will quickly bring himself to the status of the wage-laborer, unless some better intelligence than his own applies itself to his problem. In any case, intelligence is the main factor of success, both in the winning and spending of money. The capitalist who manages badly will gain no fortune; he may lose one and involve the fortunes of others. Consequently, a capitalist who distrusts his own power of management will substitute the intelligence of another man, and he will pay for this brain-service an enormous annual salary. In almost all large manufacturing properties, ownership is divided among many persons. Some of them are simply investors, who entrust their money without reserve to the care

of financial managers, while they themselves throw their energy in other directions. In certain cases the owner of paying property does not see it for a series of years, but lives easily upon its proceeds in a foreign land. Such a fact is usually cited to demonstrate the indifference of the owner, whereas it might as justly be cited as a triumph of the combined results of modern brain-power.

The advantage of capital over labor is an advantage which has been won and paid for by the intellectual discipline of centuries. Capital has never made a step of solid advance without giving an equivalent. The practical intellect which sees how to supply a want, or even to create a want, as well as to minister to it, certainly deserves to succeed. If all the stages of development are not apparent in the successful business man, the scientific judgment is still certain that all those stages are embodied in him. He stands for the accumulated and inherited energy of generations of enterprise and self-denial. His automatically-acting brain is the product of severe and long-sustained processes of refinement. He draws the interest upon ancestral cerebration, and is the physiological "heir of all the ages." Nor can he dare to dispense with ethical capital. He must have courage, tact, power of adaptation, honor, which will insure him commercial standing and credit, decision to act in an emergency, and caution to avoid rashness; he must be able to adjust the clashing of wills, and to act as a frequent arbitrator. Even the capitalist who is simply an investor, and not a manager, represents either inherited industry, personal ability, or high character, supposing the sum invested to be borrowed. It is rare that fortunes result from accident; still less rare that they come by dishonesty. Talent must be on the spot to take advantage of accident; and although a high moral ideal would decide some fortunes to be fruits of dishonor, legal ideals are the ones

applied by the fortune-maker; nor is it the usual aim of the money-getter to develop moral idealism. His materialism may not be the highest product of human nature, but, such as it is, it is an expensive and painfully developed faculty. If we could fully realize the immense capital invested in producing a capitalist, we could not begrudge him his gains. Fortunes are sometimes made by instinct, by penetration, by assiduous devotion to one purpose, by such an utter consecration of the whole man that the observer must declare them legitimately *earned*. But they are rarely accumulated by manual labor, unless in conjunction with good intellectual power. The master-workman learns to coördinate other labor with his own. He gives himself eight or ten pairs of hands instead of a single pair. He strikes a heavy blow instead of a light one, quadruples his product, and appeals to a larger market. This is the embryonic form of industrial capital. It begins when a single man has the courage and intelligence to employ another to carry out his thought.

There is no legal restriction in any country upon a man's becoming a capitalist, but caste and custom in older countries have erected difficulties. Yet difficulties are always relative, and are gauged by the strength or weakness of those who meet them. In this country there is absolutely no reason, except native incapacity, to prevent any man from becoming a capitalist. If this were not so, our institutions would be confessed failures. That it is so, our whole commercial and industrial record is a demonstration. Should any one attempt to count the number of fortunes acquired by personal effort, he would find one for every finger, without going out of a New England neighborhood. The reason why fortunes are so rarely acquired by manual labor is that manual labor is the smallest factor in economic success. Hitherto it has not been able

to raise itself above the tyranny of the primitive law of supply and demand; that is, it has been little better able to make terms with capital than the grass is able to make terms with the soil in which it grows. Labor bought at wholesale, to be sold again, as in great factories, is bargained for on the lowest terms possible, and becomes in effect like cotton purchased in the bale, whereby each unit of weight counts very little. There is certainly no agreement, tacit or expressed, on the part of American capitalists to grind labor down to an arbitrary rate of remuneration. On the contrary, there is an indulgent optimism, and a recognition of the natural right of every man to a comfortable living, which is an advance upon the formal concessions of our national charter. The American capitalist is usually a man who would be made uncomfortable by the knowledge of absolute physical privation. But it does not stir his sympathy that some thousands of his workmen are practicing severe lessons of self-denial, foresight, and the adaptation of means to ends. The workman strives to make small means cover large wants. He has graduated from the European hovel to the American tenement, but at the same time he has been smitten with American materialism; and there is no road to this material success except that which his employer, or the ancestry of his employer, has trodden with painful steps. Nature takes as long to make a capitalist as to make a philosopher; and, indeed, the capitalist is, in his own way, the most practical of philosophers, for he reasons from cause to effect with persistent zeal; and if he reasons at all upon the speculative aspects of labor and capital, he knows that the development of higher capacity in the workman is the natural and unalterable condition of advancement. The only way in which a wage-laborer who has not sufficient ambition or talent to become an employer can raise himself above his fel-

lows is to produce better work or more of it within a given time; that is, he must obey the universal law of success, which may be thus stated: *Make your demand upon yourself, not upon others.*

It will bear repeating that in this country there are no artificial conditions which doom a man to poverty, or even to mediocrity. In the lowest rank he can ameliorate his condition. If a gardener cannot lessen the number of gardeners, and so decrease general competition, he can improve the quality of his own work, and so make himself one of a select few, whose rarity will command an increase of wages. This simple condition, which we may call *the law of exceptional excellence*, is one which thousands of men and women in all countries have unconsciously obeyed, and which has been the source of more solid prosperity than all the strikes that were ever inaugurated. Socialists, trades-unionists, and internationalists have worked hard in order to bring the moral philosophy of strikes in line with that of religious and political freedom. "Why," they inquire, "is it not as legitimate to throw off the tyranny of capital as that of church or state?" They do not even aspire to become capitalists, but the ultraists desire that the right of private property shall be abrogated; that the state shall take possession of all the soil and shall conduct all industries. Thus employment and compensation are to be furnished to all. Each one can claim his share as he now claims the franchise, and each one will be defended by all the rest in his claim for support. This would be a practical realization of the doctrine that the world owes everybody a living, and an approximation to the incarnation of the doctrine of human brotherhood. This attractive philosophy has spread like an epidemic among the laborers of Europe, and here and there has found espousal from men of education. It is cherished like a religion by thousands in America. Yet it has crystallized into

few societies here, because of the easier conditions for the workingman. But every year brings to our shores more men, in whose brains this conception of an industrial republic is seething; and every year brings the conditions of American labor into closer likeness to those of the Old World. An American species of socialism is inevitable. It would seem as if in this country there had been a providential preparation of the ground. Our best men withdraw from politics, and a coarser and more unmanageable element continually creeps in. Economic questions have been clamorously agitated in all our recent campaigns. The workingman has stood, cap in hand, ready to shout for the orator who promised greenbacks and abundant employment to a successful ticket. It would be the easiest of tasks to import a larger view of the labor question into American politics, and keen ears can already hear mutterings of a coming storm. We are discovering that the way to national glory is not to be a rose-strewn path.

There is much risk of mistake in forecasting social phenomena among a people so numerous and so complex in development as that of the United States. As a relief to the dark side of the picture some lines of light may be drawn. The severest struggles of labor and capital have always arisen in manufacturing communities. But the substitution of machine for hand labor is gradually eliminating the human element from manufactures. The historic course of this process is easily traced. With the earlier machinery came the substitution of foreign and more unintelligent labor for trained native workmen; thus releasing the latter and their offspring for more intellectual avocations. Our "middle class," so far as we have one, is the undoubted descendant of a former generation of intelligent workingmen. Invention, trade, speculation, politics, Western enterprise, journalism, and a

thousand other forms of business have swallowed up the children of our early industrial classes. Next to the displacement of natives by foreigners has come the considerable substitution of women and children in place of men, showing that the improved machinery requires less strength and less intelligence than the earlier. Finally, automatic machinery dispenses almost entirely with muscle, and it is the study of the inventor to make the muscular factor superfluous. Already he has so subordinated the human agent to the mechanical that the hand or foot has frequently no more honorable function than some wheel or screw in the great structure. Applied science is to be the possible saviour of society; for, by throwing the human element entirely out of the problem, it will have solved it without a political convulsion. Recent newspapers come laden with statements of the grievances of the longshoremen of Boston wharves. We read sympathetically of the "grain trimmers," who must shovel for their lives in the dark hold of a steamer, amid the suffocating dust from grain poured through pipes. But of what avail is sympathy in such a matter? And how can the increased wages demanded be an equivalent for the certain loss of health and for the brevity of life caused by such occupation? There is absolutely no remedy for a trouble like this except the substitution of machinery for muscle. The problem would easily yield to the genius of a persistent inventor, and the man who is now sacrificing his life might be employed to tend the machine.

The indirect obligation of capital to labor is recognized in our financial legislation. Wealth shares with poverty on even terms in all our public works. In the public schools men of taxable property pay for the instruction of the children of the untaxed, and in the city evening schools and workingmen's schools they provide education for the laborer himself; thus helping to destroy arti-

ficial barriers, and giving a chance for more equable competition. Rich and poor share alike the benefit of the fire department, the convenience of public illumination, the use of public pleasure-grounds, public libraries, police protection, and the postal service; for although the postage-stamp costs as much for the poor man as for the rich, the large yearly deficit in this department must be made up from general taxation. But so accustomed are we to the principle of political communism that we rarely remind ourselves to whom we owe the actual dollars which pay for all this provision. Nevertheless, it may be said that it would be better and conduce to more self-respect if the wage-laborer were to receive higher wages and were at liberty to provide for his own wants, instead of standing a debtor to public or private charity. This revives the whole perplexity of politico-economical method. Must the rate of wages be regulated by the law of supply and demand? If so, the wage-laborer cannot hope to provide for his own educational and other needs so adequately as they are provided for in the common administration. But we have considerable evidence that *will* may become a factor of wages, and this evidence is furnished not only by the history of the English trades-unions, but by the municipal administration of every American city. For instance, the compensation of our public-school teachers and of the incumbents of most public positions is fixed in utter defiance of the law of supply and demand. The places of almost all city or town employees could be filled at a day's notice by hundreds of equally well-endowed and impatient applicants, yet the price of such labor is kept at a high figure by voluntary decision of the employers.

If it be said that the combination of employers induces indifference to the price, the principle will not explain the phenomena of varying wages; for are

not cities and manufacturing companies both corporations? And if one of these corporations has a soul which enters into the question of wages, why may not the other acquire one? The truth is that one of these corporations is a maker of money, and the other a simple disburser. The money-making corporation is governed by the orthodox system of political economy, and the money-appropriating one is governed by the higher law of generosity, of æsthetics, and of public honor. The city corporation spends as a beneficent father for the good and happiness of his family, while the manufacturing one has the simple aim of accumulation, and in not a few cases this accumulation is freely given for public ends. Is it, by utilitarian tests, better that a capitalist should found a library, lay out a public park, or establish a hospital or school than that he should pay so high rates to his workmen that he could do none of these things? Is it likely that the wages added to manual labor would be as wisely used, in the end, as the state and the capitalist can use these accumulated funds?

Whatever be the true solution of the labor question, it is certain that the philosophy of common socialism has not solved it. Nor does the historico-ethical method of the university socialists appear, on scrutiny, to be very different from the established economy; for what are we to understand by an adjustment of economic methods to times and situations but compliance with the old self-asserting law of local supply and demand? As nearly as we can discern, the law of supply and demand is the constant and invariable factor of wages, while *will* is a continually varying and inconstant factor. The rivalry between the sympathetic and scientific sociologists has arisen from the endeavor of the former to make *will* the sole regulator of wages. The modern state organizes society upon the principle of competi-

tion. Socialism would reorganize it on the plan of coöperation. Competition makes natural capacity the prime factor of success. Coöperation aims to save incompetence from the results of its own deficiencies. The former corresponds to the scientific school, the latter to the sympathetic. But the sympathetic school vindicates its position by arguing that it states things as they ought to be, while the scientific party states them as they are. As to the ideal of society, both agree. The happiness and prosperity of the whole social body is the conscious purpose of modern civilization. But while the sympathetic party believes in the attainability of this purpose, and is prolific in suggestion of short and easy methods, such as temperance, dietary reforms, universal suffrage, or the nationalization of land and capital, the scientific party puts approximation in the place of absolute realization, and studies more closely the relations of cause and effect. Although the security of fair terms for competition is the prominent social idea in the American state, the line is not closely drawn; for a considerable incorporation of the sympathetic principle has already taken place in local legislation, and we have seen that in the constitution of Massachusetts the language is vague enough to admit of almost any philanthropic interpretation.

As a people we have already suffered from having made the transcendental instead of the utilitarian morality the basis of our government. The emotional

predominated over the intellectual in the beginning. Being protesters against tyranny, our fathers made the natural mistake of an excessive liberality. Hence the difficulty of settling such questions as Chinese immigration and woman suffrage. There has grown up a gradual tendency to utilitarianism, or to scientific methods of dealing with all questions, while the old transcendental formulæ have been preserved. Argued upon the ground of utility, a strong case can be made against both woman suffrage and Chinese immigration. On the sympathetic or transcendental basis, the defenders of these measures have the best of the argument. A good deal of the confusion of past discussion on these and other questions has arisen, because the one party pursued the sympathetic and the other the scientific method; that is, the one party subordinated judgment to emotion, and the other emotion to judgment. It would seem that any increase of the emotional force in legislation would bring a still further complication, and that the element of sympathy, like that of religion and morality, should be left to work outside of the state. An over-sympathetic government may fall into weakness, and may defeat its ends as completely as the most oppressive tyranny. Those who wish to delay the hour of governmental disintegration will hesitate before asking for any easier conditions of development than those granted by our principle of republican freedom.

M. A. Hardaker.

THE GODS SAID LOVE IS BLIND.

THE gods said Love is blind. The earth was young:
With foolish, youthful laughter, when it heard,
It caught and spoke the letter of the word;
And from that time till now has said, and sung,
"Oh, Love is blind. The falsest face or tongue

Can cheat him, once his passion's thrill is stirred;
He is so blind, poor Love!"

Strange none demurred

At this, nor saw how hollow false it rung,
When all men know that sightless men can tell
Unnumbered things which vision cannot find.
Powers of the air are leagued to guide them well;
And things invisible weave clew and spell,
By which all labyrinths they safely wind.
Ah, we were lost, if Love had not been blind!

H. H.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XV.

IN TOWN FOR THE WINTER.

UPON their return to town for the winter, the Harveys began to plan their social campaign. They desired that their first season in the new house, and the last of Angelica's unmarried state, should be one of peculiar brilliancy.

Something had already been done, while at Newport, in the way of talking over the people who were to be invited to dinner, and there had been incidental conferences with Sprowle and his cousin, Sprowle Onderdonk. Those men were all-powerful, socially; it was largely here that the advantage of the Sprowle connection came in. They could put your name down for anything, and there you were, solidly anchored among the elect. Mrs. Harvey, as a Muffett, had substantial claims, of course, but Rodman Harvey had less; and what with their having been abroad so much, and having been for some time without a house, there was danger, had they been left quite to themselves, not only of their making some mistakes, but even of being annoyingly overlooked. Could the gradations of rank among the prosperous upper class, and the heart-burnings by reason of them, be accurately dis-

cerned below, they might serve as a motive to contentment almost equally with that of Christian resignation. The stars are a long way off, and they all shine; but ah, the enormous gaps between them!

Formal conferences were held in the comfortable sitting-room of Mrs. Harvey, for drawing up a programme. Ottillie assisted, in the capacity of amanuensis. She had many readjustments to make in her notes before all was complete. Sprowle took advantage of his opportunities to find out what people of note were going to do, and carefully brought word. "The Corlears will give two balls, I learn," he reported: "probably one at Delmonico's, and one at their own house. The Bourdons will have mostly musicals, private theatricals, and that sort of thing; the Antrams a set of Germans. There will be an unusual crop of 'coming-out' parties early in the season, — Mrs. Schinko's, for her second daughter, leading off about the middle of November. The Vanderlyns will give only dinners, as usual."

"Those Vanderlyns have reduced it to an actual science," Angelica interrupted him to comment. "Their dinner-giving is their year's work. They make their preparations one year for what they are going to do the next.

They never send out their invitations less than three weeks in advance, so that nobody can have the excuse of a previous engagement. They devote two months in the winter to having dinners three times a week. After that they desist, and do nothing further. They have a superb *chef*, but I know very well that it is only for the time being, and they get along with a cheaper one afterwards. Vanderlyn has a way of letting you know that everything is done in the house, and that he depends upon no vulgar temporary assistance, — no, indeed. ‘How can an outside person — aw — come into your kitchen or your dining-room, and do anything, ye know?’ he says. ‘Why, he can’t find a blessed pot or a kettle, ye know,’” and Angelica pretended to twist an imaginary moustache.

“You must look out for the Mondays of the Family Circle Dancing Class,” resumed Sprowle. “There are to be three during the winter, and one after Lent. The ‘Patriarchs’ will give three balls, as usual, on Mondays, too, beginning early in December. The younger swells, the ‘Bachelors,’ take Thursdays, and are to have two. Here is a partial list of the dates; I will let you have the rest as soon as possible. Yes, all that will go on just as usual. Of course some new things will be started, too.”

“The trouble is that as soon as a thing gets well agoing in New York,” said Angelica, “it begins to run down.”

“That is so,” said Sprowle. “You cannot keep it select. All sorts of common persons elbow their way in. You cannot tell how they do it, but the first you know there they are. The only resource for the top swells then is to leave it, and begin something else. There is one novelty on the carpet already, in the shape of a ‘Ladies’ Ball,’ to be given by a committee of dowagers. Judging by the row they are having over the invitations, and the way black-balling is going on, I should say it would

be *the* exclusive affair of the season. Mamma was a member of the original group, and of course *you* are all right, you know. We have looked out for that. By the way,” addressing himself to Mrs. Harvey, “when your name came up, to be added to the list of managers, that young Mrs. Bergen Ap-Zoom — a flighty creature, you know, who has just got back from somewhere, I could not tell you where — had the impudence to say, ‘Who is Mrs. Rodman Harvey, I should like to know? I don’t believe I ever heard of her.’ ‘You may not have heard of her,’ mamma replied, — pretty sharply, I can tell you, — ‘but I would have you to know that her daughter is shortly to marry my son.’” Sprowle finished with a laugh, as if this incident were naturally to be looked upon as something very amusing.

“Well, I must say!” exclaimed Mrs. Harvey, flushing with anger.

“You use quite your customary tact in telling us that, Austin dear,” Angelica said, with far from an admiring expression. She marked Mrs. Bergen Ap-Zoom in her mind, at the same time, for future consideration, with the vigor with which a Seminole might have cut a notch in a stick. But it was exactly in order to escape forever the possibility of such slights that the match with Sprowle was proposed. Sprowle did not quite understand his offense, and went on in a rather mystified way with his information.

“I will bring up Van Boskirk from the Club, to see if there is anything I have omitted,” he concluded. “Van has it all at his fingers’ ends. And you had better have in Scatterthwaite, you know, and just glance over his records a bit, so as not to send out invitations to dead people, and that sort of thing.”

When the necessary emendations had been made, Otilie read out, with the proper date affixed to each item, a list of two balls, three four o’clock teas, two “ladies’ luncheons” on a large scale,

and dinners of from twelve to twenty persons every Thursday, from December till Lent. This was to be the formal hospitality. That of a more intimate sort would be sandwiched between, as fancy might dictate. Their general "day at home" besides was to be Tuesday, after three.

Scatterthwaite was summoned in for any further glimpses of light that he might be able to throw upon the situation. This was a person who united with the functions of a church sexton a discreet supervision of the machinery of society. A wedding, funeral, or reception of the first class was hardly complete without his fostering care, if it were only to distribute the invitations, or watch the alighting of the guests from the carriages. By the confidential communications made him he was sometimes able to forestall, if he would, awkward duplications of dates, and similarity of programmes. However, these can by no means be wholly avoided; the days of the season being so comparatively few, after all, the range of entertainment so limited, and the number of entertainers so large.

Scatterthwaite also found it convenient, in his sober way, to keep an account of the movements of society, almost beyond the power of any simple private individual actually involved in the whirl. He could supply proper addresses, therefore, prevent the invitation of persons long since deceased, as Sprowle had suggested, and also such as had fallen into poverty or hopeless disgrace. He knew also what families had young sons and daughters now arrived at an age to be taken formal notice of.

Then Clocheville, the new caterer, who was making his way to such favor, — Haricot, spoiled by prosperity, having grown too reprehensibly negligent of late, — was brought before the conclave, and after him Spang, the florist. These two were contracted with to furnish their services and what supplies

were necessary at the respective dates, — Haricot only for the grander occasions, Conrad and the resources of the house itself being quite sufficient for the lesser. They carefully noted all in their little books, and departed.

The bulk of Otilie's labors resolved itself into the putting in order of her aunt's book of addresses, — which contained in all probably a thousand names, — and in sending out the invitations from it as occasion demanded. "Aunt Alida" had no talent for resigning any large part of the burdens of management to others; and her active-minded, amiable niece was left with plenty of leisure on her hands. She occupied some of it in keeping up her studies. She practiced her music. She associated herself in charitable enterprises, in which some of the quieter people of her new acquaintance were engaged. One was a society for sending poor children to homes in the West, and she managed for her part to secure places for a number in and about Lone Tree. Another was for sewing for the poor, and another a flower mission, which brightened the bedsides of the sick in the hospitals in a charming way.

She found Rodman Harvey inclined to respond freely, at this time, to any demands upon him for such purposes. "Yes," said the clerk McKinley — he of the cascade-like brown moustache — to a fellow employee, "the old man is going it pretty strong on the charity lay, just now. You hardly pick up a paper but you find him presenting a stand of colors, or a barrel of flour, or a silver pitcher, or a set of furniture, to some armory or church fair or other."

"Well, the old man's head is level. He could n't play a better card for election, possibly," his companion returned.

These charitable tendencies were by no means shared in by Angelica. "Otilie will bring small-pox or some other dreadful thing into the house," she complained to her mamma. "She ought to

be stopped, if only for Calista's sake." Such a concern in Calista's welfare was the more remarkable since her usual attention to the child was confined to criticising her sharp elbows and shoulder blades, and keeping her at a distance. It was a programme she was hardly likely to vary from unless in the event of Calista's becoming a beauty. At about this point Otilie entered the room.

"One would think, by the way people go on, that the rich had nothing in the world to do but give, give," Angelica proceeded. "They are as poor as anybody, if you look at the demands upon them. I expect papa to be begged out of house and home before he gets through. What family in humble circumstances has to keep up an establishment like this, I should like to know, — all these servants, eight horses, an opera-box, to give dinners and to dress? I believe there is too much luxury already among the poor. I am half inclined to subscribe to the theory that it is a mistake to do so much for the weak and suffering. It is better that they should die out. There would be fewer people, but those that remained would be good for something. All criminals ought to be shot, to save the expense of their keep; and the pauper sick exposed on islands, as in the good old days of the early Romans."

Otilie had heard the self-same doctrine from Bainbridge, in his exaggerated way, without paying it any great heed. "Oh, he likes to hear himself talk," she said. "He is like the man spoken of in the Scriptures, who declared he would not go into the vineyard, but went, while the other one said he would, but did n't."

But in her cousin's mouth the doctrine had a different ring, — almost the tone of cold conviction. The same trait of coldness was visible in her comment on any unusual case of magnanimous effort or self-sacrifice that was incidentally reported. Such unbusiness-like proceed-

ings appeared to excite in her less admiration than contempt. "That is all very well for those who like it," she said, "but you would not catch *me* doing it, for *one*." She seemed to value herself the more upon her superior good sense. She prided herself, also, upon an incapacity "to be taken in." This was a quality much to her credit, no doubt, and to be highly recommended to others as well. At the same time, considering that she never had been taken in, or suffered any of those disappointments that sometimes sow the habit of suspicion in the originally warm and confiding, a little more of the natural trust and candor of youth might not have been inexcusable.

As to simple pleasures, to contrast her in this particular with Otilie, she had little conception of them. She valued only those which were complex, artificial, and costly. Her interest in life might be said to be confined to the part of it grown under glass.

She continued her borrowing of small sums. The child Calista, who began to manifest for Otilie a warm attachment, was observant of this, in her quiet way, and took it upon her to go with the information to her mother. Mrs. Harvey insisted upon repaying the loans from her own pocket, against the protest of Otilie, who had had no knowledge of what had been done. Angelica personally made no advance towards restitution even now. She received the complaint with an indignant air, made as if Otilie had brought it herself, and took occasion to show her resentment in quite an offensive manner. An open tiff occurred for the first time. Otilie worsted her aggressor gallantly and at the same time with a charming dignity, but immediately after broke down, and went crying to her room.

"I do think it is a pity you two cannot agree," said her aunt, as if the blame were equal; upon which Otilie redoubled her sobs, and would have left the

house instantly. But the next moment Mrs. Harvey came after her, dried her tears almost affectionately, and assured her that justice should be done her. The matter came to the ears of the merchant prince himself, and he rather sternly bade his daughter apologize.

"I told you how it would be, mamma!" she cried passionately, when she had withdrawn from her father's presence. "You cannot have that kind of people, with their dreadful feelings." But she apologized to Otilie, as directed. She made her peace with a certain haughty grace, saying that she had been quite unconscious of giving offense.

Rodman Harvey passed much of his time, when in the house, in a plainly furnished office of his own, which adjoined the library. He had there a safe, some atlases and statistical works, which he consulted when getting ready his addresses to be delivered before the Board of Trade or the Civic Reform Association, and a writing-table, topped with green leather, at which he signed his checks. He retired early, as a rule, and only went out to gayeties where his interests or his dignity were likely to be much enhanced.

If not in his office, or den, of an evening, he was often to be found in the billiard room. His cronies, Hackley and Hastings, came in, as has been said; or his elder son, Selkirk, sometimes joined him in a quiet game. The younger son, Rodman, Jr., also, whose appeals for a latch-key still continued unavailing, was sometimes invited down as a wholesome respite from his studies. This youth secretly scoffed at his father's game, and yet did not dare to display too openly his own prowess, lest he should be questioned as to how he acquired it. He repined at the necessity of frittering away one's time in such slow fashion with "the governor," when there were all the pleasures he knew of outside going on without him. In consequence of this discontented frame of

mind, he was so severe a critic and made so many disputes over the most innocent shots, that he was very far from being an entertaining companion.

Only Hackley and Hastings were the guests when Otilie was sent down from above-stairs by her aunt, rather late one evening, with a message to her uncle. "Ask him, please, for the memorandum I gave him for the upholsterer," said Mrs. Harvey. "I wish to add to it. Oh, and just say to him quietly, that one of our guests for the Redway dinner tomorrow has disappointed us, and I wish him to find some eligible person to fill the vacancy. Tell him to fix it in his mind, as I shall depend upon him."

The billiard-players extended the young girl a cordial welcome when she came down among them. Hackley was particularly gallant. He insisted that she should make a shot for him. She did so, with no great alacrity, and the movement showed the inexperienced grace of her youthful figure in a pleasing way.

Mr. Hackley was a short, well-fed, bald man, who at fifty still gave himself airs of merry bachelorhood. In the street he affected a dignified bearing. He carried his head on one side, and a hand behind him, with the palm open outwards. He assumed with Harvey a brusque air, as of a person speaking his mind freely, without fear or favor. But it was to be noticed that his sayings were always of a complimentary sort, and not offensive. He thought it attractive to give to flattery the air of abuse.

Otilie did not quite like the proximity of his bald head, his large mouth and large teeth. With a quick intuition, too, she distrusted the sincerity of his effusive heartiness.

She did not find in fact that Rodman Harvey chose his intimates with great discrimination. Perhaps this was the truth. In natures of a certain coldness, self-centred, without "magnetism," as the saying is, and to whom compan-

ionship is not always an absolute necessity, there is a degree of simplicity in these matters. Their friends often choose themselves, and fasten themselves on, instead of being chosen. To both these men Harvey had done considerable favors in a financial way.

Hastings was a tall, large-bearded, non-committal sort of person. He had nothing in particular for him, except, in Otilie's eyes, his engaging wife, with whom her friendship still continued. On the other hand, also, he had nothing in particular against him. He was as taciturn as Hackley was talkative. He attended to his game of billiards in a business-like way, making it purely an object in itself. He nodded intelligent acceptance of remarks rather than took the trouble to comment upon them verbally.

Otilie was obliged to wait a little before securing the opportunity to speak with her uncle apart. Then she was obliged to wait longer, while he sent a servant to find the required memorandum, which had been left on his writing-table. She sat down in one of a number of luxurious cushioned seats affixed along the wall.

The men talked about the mansion, still so new a subject as to be by no means exhausted. "Come!" said Hackley, intentionally giving the air of an impertinence to what was really designed to afford the proprietor of the house an opportunity for a little self-glorification, "the whole thing cost you, as it stands, Harvey, a good quarter of a million."

"Worse than that," replied the merchant prince, smiling. "There was a quarter of a million for the house and land alone. Probably two hundred thousand more went into the decoration, furnishing, and pictures. You shall have it complete for half a million dollars, as it stands. That leaves me but a bare living profit."

"I don't happen to have the sum

with me," returned Hackley, creating amusement by pretending to feel for his pocket-book. "In fact, there are often times now when I don't happen to have a little sum like that about me. What with speculating, manufacturing, and so forth, in these late years," he continued, "sometimes making and sometimes losing, I have seen the time, more than once, when a good comfortable cashier's salary at the Antarctic Bank, regularly paid, has looked to me again like a very nice thing. Perhaps none of us old ones of the bank ever bettered ourselves very greatly by leaving it. Here am I, as you see me. There is Burlington, the president. He got himself made general in the civil war, and afterwards minister at a foreign court; but glory will not do to bring up a family of daughters on. He has been unsettled in his affairs, and done little but dangle after office ever since. And there was Gammage, the note-teller, who went to the devil entirely."

"It astonishes me, sometimes, I can tell you, to find myself with such a roof over my head, when I recall what the old house of Harvey & Co. has been through," said the merchant, following this piece of retrospect with one of his own. "You recollect some of the tough times it has seen, Hackley."

"Oh, yes, I recollect," said Hackley. He wore an evasive expression, and his comments rather led away from than followed up the subject.

"When I think of it, I could not tell you how we escaped. I could not, really," persisted Harvey.

Was it imagination on Otilie's part, or did Mr. Hackley look at his patron in a singular way, from half-veiled eyes, and then as if in upon himself, introspectively? It would have been strange indeed; would it not? if Hackley could have known of any means by which the old house of Harvey & Co. had escaped destruction, which Harvey did not know himself.

Ottillie went up-stairs with the beginning of a vague fear. There *had* been, then, an Antarctic Bank. There was a General Burlington, and there was a Gammage, and this was the Hackley, all as had been specified in the talk of the vagrant McFadd, on that day in Harvey's Terrace, when the prisoners had escaped.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed. "What nervousness and folly! To imagine that if there had been anything all this time, and these people were cognizant of it, it could possibly have waited till now."

The following afternoon Bainbridge happened in at Rodman Harvey's store to report upon some collections, of a dubious sort, which had been put into his hands. The account he had to give was favorable.

"By the way," said the merchant prince, when the young attorney was taking his departure, "have you anything to do this evening?"

"No," said Bainbridge promptly, foreseeing some further piece of business.

"Well, then, I wish you would excuse the informality of the invitation, and come up to dinner with us at seven. I am sure you will. We are to have the Hon. Lyman S. Redway. He is in town but for a few days, and we had to catch him when we could."

Harvey had neglected till now to carry out the instructions sent him by his wife to fill the vacant place. This was a presentable young man, who would do as well as another, and save the trouble of a further search.

"With great pleasure," said Bainbridge.

He cursed his hasty admission that he was not engaged, but he could not now withdraw it. After all, perhaps Ottillie would not appear at the dinner. As to the Hon. Lyman S. Redway, he was a distinguished political economist,

for whose character and attainments he had the highest respect, — a man well worth seeing.

XVI.

THE MERCHANT PRINCE DINES A POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

RODMAN HARVEY dined, as his principal guest, now a brother merchant, now a magnate of the railroads; again, a military or naval officer of distinction, or a high functionary of state. Or again, it was one of his dignified foreign correspondents, the French Rigoloboches, or the Folkestone Margates, or some scion of nobility who brought him letters from these to facilitate a tour of this country.

Once he gave a dinner to the great fortunes, among which were included some of those amassed with such fabulous rapidity in California, of these late years. Goldstone, who was present on that occasion, said to a sprightly matron at his left, "I suppose you will have no eyes at all for me, with only a poor little million."

Bainbridge entered Mrs. Rodman Harvey's drawing-room to-day at the hour of seven, as nearly as might be. The hostess received him affably.

"Where have you been?" she said; and having thus recognized the fact of his previous existence, turned in her bustling way to other guests. She wore precisely that toilette of black satin and diamonds in which her portrait, by H—, has been seen at the Academy of Design. Some small groups were sitting or standing about, and the rooms were filled with that murmurous, gently expectant conversation characteristic of the twenty minutes before going in to dinner.

Angelica's pug Marmion, his neck ornamented with a wide silk bow, to match his mistress' dinner dress, trotted sedately about. Bainbridge stooped to

pat him. The favorite avoided the caress with a *blasé* air, seeming to say, "Oh, no. That may be all very well, from strangers, for dogs in general; but in my case there is no necessity of anything of the kind."

It was quite late when Ottilie appeared. Bainbridge had been wondering much if she would come. He looked around for Kingbolt, but Kingbolt was not there. The younger portion of the company consisted of Sprowle, his cousin Sprowle Onderdonk, Ada Trull, Daisy Goldstone, and a Miss Farley, daughter of an ex-secretary of the navy, who was here with her father and mother. There were also Selkirk Harvey and a Miss Van Voorst of Albany, lately brought to visit in the house for his especial benefit. It began to be feared that a general indifference to the female sex, shown by the son and heir, might extend to the point of his never marrying at all, and thus defeating the ambitious hopes for the perpetuity of the family entertained through him. To contend against this, his mother was in the habit of artfully throwing him as much as possible into the society of young women of a desirable sort and of personal attractions, with the hope of stirring at length his sluggish fancy.

When Bainbridge had identified all, he found that there were present, besides those mentioned, the dowager Mrs. Sprowle; the mayor of the city; the governor of a neighboring State; Dr. Miltimore, the polished divine; Dr. Wyburd, who could always be depended upon to give animation even to the most abstruse topics; Mr. Hackley; Blithewood Gwin, the well-known journalist; and Baron Au, the Pomeranian consul-general.

The eminent political economist, however, the Hon. Lyman Redway, was long in coming. Pending his arrival, a party was organized, under the host's own guidance, to explore the cellars and other appurtenances of the house below

stairs. "All that," claimed Rodman Harvey, "is the department upon which I especially pride myself. Much of it is of my own invention and contrivance."

It was thought at first that ladies would not go; but the ex-secretary's daughter, picking up her skirts in a sprightly way, set the example, and others, Ottilie among the number, followed her. Bainbridge remained behind. There was no reason why ladies should not have gone. These lower regions were of a spaciousness and an elegant neatness hardly surpassed by those above. The party, on their return, displayed much enthusiasm at what they had seen. The ex-secretary's daughter explained to Mr. Sprowle Onderdonk, gesticulating the while with a pair of small, nervous white hands, —

"The contrivances for hygiene and comfort are something wonderful. The heating apparatus is provided with a self-acting gauge, so that the temperature can never possibly rise above or fall below seventy Fahrenheit. The air for breathing is filtered through cotton-wool, or something of that kind, before it comes into the rooms. There is an electric battery connected with the gas, so that a burner lights itself on being turned, and no matches are necessary. And there is an elevator, moved by water-power, so that you never need climb the stairs at all."

"I should be afraid it would all blow up, you know," said the rather bluff-talking Sprowle Onderdonk.

The Hon. Lyman Redway now arrived. His title was derived from his having served as a member of Congress. He was a man of fine presence. He offered apologies in a most courteous way for having kept the company waiting. His delay had been quite unavoidable. A number of the guests already knew him, some of the graver portion having heard his discourse on the tariff, that day, before the Chamber of Commerce. Those who had not made his acquaint-

ance before were now presented to him, and the signal for dinner was given.

Bainbridge had been speculating, with vague apprehension, as to who his partner would be. Mrs. Harvey resolved it in saying to him, —

“I am going to ask you to take in my niece, Miss Ottilie Harvey.”

Bainbridge offered his arm to Ottilie, and, exchanging a conventional word or two, they joined the procession, and moved towards the dining-room. Both, having made up their minds to appear particularly at ease, were, on the contrary, particularly uncomfortable.

The long dining-table, around which the guests proceeded to take their places, in high-backed chairs upholstered in tapestry, formed a spot of genial brightness in the rich semi-obscurity of the room. It was lighted by standards of shaded waxen tapers. The illumination fell softly upon a multitude of utensils of gold and silver, fine porcelain, and Venice glass, and upon a cloth of snowy damask, open-worked along its edges with lace patterns, which showed a crimson ground beneath. In the centre, a silver galley, laden with fruits and flowers, floated upon the lake of an oblong mirror, with banks of flowers. The walls around showed a harmonious decoration in paneled tapestries, and a few choice paintings, chiefly portrait and figure subjects in rich dark tones. William Skiff, assisted by Alphonse, moved in and out discreetly with the viands from behind a tall screen. An orchestra of stringed instruments played softly in an adjoining room. Its music, instead of conflicting with the talk, seemed like a low accompaniment to recitative, to bind all its fragments into a certain unity and rhythm.

Ottilie and Bainbridge talked but little. The young man's manner was distinctly frigid, and the young girl had not the faintest idea of the cause. The intervals of silence between them lengthened. They gazed at the table decora-

tions, and at the other guests, and listened to the conversation around. The governor of the neighboring State, at Ottilie's right, developed a taste for her society, and also a certain bantering way that might not quite have been expected from one of his dignity.

Baron Au, whose deficiencies in English by no means sufficed to check a tendency to talk a great deal, was heard setting forth his personal habits, from the point of view of hygiene, for the benefit of Ada Trull.

“I haf learn,” he said, “your American proverb: ‘Times is money.’ I rise myself each morning at seven of clock, take cold bat-z, so cold what I can, and walk myself one hour in z-the streets.”

“I should think you would rather speak French, Baron,” commented Ada Trull. She was much too captivating, however, to be quarreled with, and she knew it. Her blonde hair over her forehead was more like a cap of polished gold this evening than ever.

Hackley, to the left of Bainbridge, was incidentally discussing with a neighbor the fruitful theme of stocks. Something of what was said came to the ears of Bainbridge, and even fixed itself in his memory.

“I confidently expect,” Mr. Hackley was declaring, “to see Devious Air Line at one hundred and fifty before the season is over. Harvey is president, you know, and everything he touches turns to money. It is in high-priced stocks, after all, and not low, that money is made. If I had the funds, I should hold Devious Air Line for a rise.”

Whether Miss Van Voorst, in front, was aware or not of the altar upon which she was to be sacrificed, she could be seen to pay quite a sweet deference to the apathetic Selkirk at her side. She had a dimple in the cheek nearest him, of which a more impressible person than he might have taken a great deal of account.

“Do you think her pretty?” Ottilie

inquired of Bainbridge; for appearances of civility, at least, were to be kept up.

"Rather," he answered. "Hardly so much so as your cousin, or Miss Ada Trull."

The peculiarity about Miss Van Voorst's countenance was that the lids of her almond-shaped eyes, not opening quite wide enough, as it seemed, for the full orbs of vision, gave her a quaint, near-sighted look, not unbecoming.

"It is strange how glasses, or the near-sighted air, rather impress us," said Ottilie. "Not to be quite able to see is rather distinguished; but if a person cannot quite hear, or taste, or smell, or has lost an arm or a finger, no merit at all attaches to those infirmities."

The exploring party to the cellar still continued the topic of their discoveries. The house, indeed, was a subject not easily exhausted. The merchant prince received the compliments paid him upon it modestly. He even pretended that it was but a poor make-shift, a very indifferent affair at best.

"They turned us out of our house in Union Square," he said. "They wanted the property for business purposes. We found we could not afford to live upon land worth four thousand dollars a foot. So we had to sell out, and we crept in to a shelter from the weather as we could."

"I understand that I am found fault with, in some quarters," he continued, "for not having put up a dwelling in a more correct taste. I am aware of the existence of certain fashionable new styles, — 'Queen Anne,' 'Queen Elizabeth,' and so on, I believe they call them; but the fact is, that if you wish to dispose of a house of the regular pattern you always have a customer for it, while if it be out of the common you must wait for somebody to come along who is educated up to it. We are in such a transition state, by reason of the rapid growth of the city, that it is but a question of time — and of a short one at

that — when any and all of our houses must be torn down, or readjusted into stores as they stand."

"If I had the caricaturist's faculty," said the Hon. Lyman Redway, "I should represent private life in New York under the guise of a brown stone mansion, fleeing up Fifth Avenue at the top of its speed, with a rag, tag, and bobtail of shop-fronts, all sorts and sizes, tearing after it in hot pursuit. The hunt began at the Battery, continued up Broadway, and is now nearing the Central Park."

"Better tear them down before they tumble down or crumble down, as they seem inclined to do, in this soft brown sandstone so much in use," pronounced the journalist Blithewood Gwin. "Perhaps you have seen," addressing himself to Redway, — "and if you have not you should, — a curious antediluvian bird-track that has lately appeared, on the corner-stone of this very mansion itself. For my part, I never look about me but I see surfaces flaked, sharp corners rounded, and even rotund balusters eaten away to the extent of a good half of their substance."

"An inferior quality of stone," said Dr. Wyburd. "Mineral substances are contained in it, or the grains are imperfectly consolidated, which admits the absorption of water, and consequent freezing and thawing. I should say — as I have held before — that the impression in question was not altogether a bird-track, however. I" —

"Bird-tracks, — that is always such a bad sign," interrupted Mrs. Harvey, appealing with a little anxious nod to the ex-secretary's wife. The ex-secretary's wife returned the nod in a way denoting coincidence of opinion.

"Bother signs! Why are there never any good ones?" exclaimed Angelica.

"Where, then, is private life going to, being so harassed and pursued?" inquired Mr. Redway.

"Up into the air, probably, on the French plan," suggested Blithewood

Gwin. "That must be its final refuge, since space is so scanty on this narrow little island. I expect to see, in time, buildings as high as the towers of Cologne Cathedral. Why not, provided they be solid enough, now that we have that beneficent invention, the elevator? An elevator can run up an eighth of a mile as easily as a hundred feet."

"Well, it would suit me if private life would seek that refuge at once, and let my place at Fort Washington alone," grumbled Sprowle Onderdonk. "In the general chaos now going on there, a new street or boulevard is making directly through the centre of it. The worst of it is, it takes the old house in its course. I am giving a garden party there shortly, the day before they begin pulling it down. It will be quite a historic sort of an occasion. Dr. Wyburd has agreed to write us a poem. I should be glad"—to the guest of the evening—"if you would come. I shall send you a card."

"Such a charming old mansion!" Mrs. Sprowle took it upon herself to explain further. "It is the Sprowle country-seat, though now in possession of the Onderdonk branch. It was built by the colonial Governor Sprowle, and almost everybody of note, both in the early times and later, has been entertained there."

"Still, it is precisely in that high, rocky part of the town, overlooking the river, that the great residences of the future will be built, before the up-in-the-air period, of which we are told, begins," ventured the mayor. "They will probably be on a scale of magnificence beyond anything yet reached."

"Are we to think, then, that it can ever be safe to add greatly to our present style of display?" Dr. Miltimore inquired, in his serious way. "An alarming spirit of socialistic revolt has already appeared, and who shall say to what lengths it may reach? Communism in a republic, with all our safety-

valves, our opportunities for expansion and legal redress, our equality of rights, which should obviate the need of it, is a more dangerous symptom perhaps than under monarchical governments, where it has a certain excuse in oppression."

"I have every confidence in the people," announced Rodman Harvey.

"So have I. That is what we say when we are running for office, of course," said the governor, "and our friend Gwin can put that in his paper. But, between ourselves, we recollect what we have seen in some of the railroad strikes, for instance. Militia regiments loan their muskets to the rioters, and timid officials fail to take even such steps for repression as they can; though, to be sure, there is really very little that they can do. Abroad there are great standing armies always ready to put down disturbances. But here, suppose that a really serious fight between capital and labor, or between wealth and poverty, breaks out,—suppose the mob take it into their heads to be offended at the kind of dwelling our host lives in: what is to prevent their bringing it clattering down about his ears?"

"You must let us come and get a crack at them with the Narragansett Gun Club first," said Sprowle Onderdonk.

"The side that can pay is all right," maintained Mr. Hackley. "Your communists would rather take two dollars a day, any time, to defend property than pull it down on speculation."

"Our government, then, our whole system, may need changing," observed the ex-secretary. "I am not one of those who believe that the last word has been said, and perfection reached, republic though we are. There is a great deal of clap-trap on the subject. A government should be simply the most efficient police and central business agency for the public; that is all. In itself it is entitled to no reverence whatever."

"I confess, for my part, that I do not easily conceive a more perfect luxury than this," resumed Dr. Miltimore, gazing about admiringly. "Perhaps we do not sufficiently appreciate the point to which we have already attained. If our good friend and host will allow me thus to speak of him, I dare say that in personal state as well as in actual power and scope of affairs he far surpasses many or most of those great merchants of the Low Countries and Venice and Tyre and Sidon, over whom history makes such a stir."

"Hear! hear!" cried several guests in polite accord, clinking knives against their glasses.

This should have been a rather proud moment for Rodman Harvey, to be so described and acclaimed by competent judges. Was there no one at hand, as is said to have been the custom at classic banquets, to whisper, "After all, man is but mortal"? Perhaps it is the sage-looking William Skiff, to whom this duty has been confided, as he bends down to his master's ear. No, it is but to get an omitted direction concerning one of the wines.

The illumination was peculiarly favorable to the complexion of Mrs. Rodman Harvey. By day it began to have a parched look, and to show deep little lines, once soft and mobile, at the corners of her nose and mouth. It was as if Father Time had been so well pleased with them that he had never stopped till he had graven them in. Mrs. Harvey went back a little on the last topic, and turned it her own way.

"Governments?" she said. "Yes, I think so, too. They ought to be changed. I am sure ours is very far from perfect. If something could be done to establish by law the positions that people really have! I used to reflect upon it in Europe. There were my children, brought up with every luxury and refinement. Why were they not just as worthy of titles as many I saw enjoying them, who

had not had half their advantages? Under the Empire, now — Of course I am not in favor of the Empire; so much has been said in the papers — Still, it was very pleasant. The Emperor used to walk in the Bois every day, and he quite got to know the children at the school where my daughter Angelica was. They walked there, too. You remember, dear. He used to smile as he went by, and make the little Prince Imperial bow and kiss his hand. It was very charming. Do you not think," to Redway, "something should be done to give family its rights? Do you not think the aristocratic quality something to be made much of?"

"I should rule myself out so completely, were I to agree with you, that it will not be safe to do so," replied the Hon. Lyman Redway. "I find myself almost sharing certain prejudices based upon the feeling you speak of now; but possibly you do not remember that I began life as a shoemaker. I am my own ancestor."

He had a habit of speaking in a full manly voice, and his manner was one of entire ease, as if he were making the most agreeable statement in the world.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Harvey, feigning an enthusiasm which was but scant, in spite of severe effort.

"He is a bold one to beard the lions, and especially the lionesses, in their den, like that," said Bainbridge to Ottilie, allowing himself to be stirred to a certain interest by this episode. "Look at Mrs. Sprowle! Have you ever known her wear a more Roman-nosed, uncompromising expression of disdain? She believes in the refinement and perfection of types from generation to generation by careful abstinence from any part in the useful work of the world."

"How! You abet scoffing at family, — you who are yourself so 'swell'?" returned Ottilie. "I have it both from Miss Emily Rawson and Mrs. Ambler." She ventured to hold up two fingers of

each hand curving inwards, in a way she had of denoting the slang word as in quotation marks. It seemed as if the constraint between them were thawing out, and the sun might be going to appear.

"Our basis for such distinctions is so wretchedly weak," said Bainbridge. "We descend from our small lawyers, doctors, and store-keepers, some of whom have been now and then dressed with a little brief authority as officials. One and all have had to count their pennies, kept but a beggarly servant or two, and had the plow or the mechanic's bench but a short remove behind them. There is the large, grand way of living of great families abroad, which it seems might beget large and noble ideas, though we see as matter of fact that even that does not necessarily do so. If we had a duke, now, with his two palaces, three castles, four or five 'halls,' and hunting lodges *ad infinitum*; a person whose ancestors had led armies and fleets, and swayed Parliaments, and been as magnificent as himself for five or six hundred years, — that would be something like."

"This setting up to be better than one another, for some cause, seems universal, however, and confined to no one class," said Ottilie.

"Of course it is. The butcher gives himself airs over the baker and candlestick maker, at one extreme of society; and no doubt there are emperors who look down with contempt upon vulgar little upstart kings, at the other. It is useless to rail at the trait. We are to go on torturing one another with it, I suppose, till the end of time."

"Would you have no distinctions at all, then, — no social aspirations?"

"A legitimate aspiration, I dare say, might be to wish to be considered as good as the best, but no better. That would do away with much heart-burning. Individual merit constitutes the only real basis of distinctions. I should say that an aristocrat, for these days,

should have a good mind, good intentions, fine manners, be presentably dressed, and, if possible, healthy and good-looking. He should be courageous, too, — wedded to whatever is beautiful, but not enervated by it, not afraid to march and leave all at any word of command given by higher duty. Redway here, who calls himself his own ancestor, seems to have most of what is necessary just now."

They were getting on with a certain animation in this matter when Miss Ada Trull chose to lean towards Ottilie, from the other side of the table, with a pose and a beaming smile which might have been pure friendliness, or only for effect upon some masculine admirer near at hand, and say, "We are talking here of Mr. Onderdonk's *fête*. The Baron and I are going up on Mr. Kingbolt's drag. I hear that you also are to be of our party."

"Yes," returned Ottilie. "Mr. Kingbolt has been good enough to ask me."

Bainbridge abruptly cut short a speech he had under way, and withdrew into himself. Ottilie felt the change. Something was distorting their old relations, as they saw themselves grotesquely distorted in the polished utensils before them. There would be no explanation to-night.

The Bloomfield case came up for general discussion, with other interesting topics of the day. It was the old story. Bloomfield, a once reputable person and financial authority, had embezzled trust funds committed to his care, and a number of people, among others the ingenious Mrs. Eglantine, had suffered cruelly by him.

"It is the strangest thing," declared Mrs. Harvey. "I would have trusted that man with untold millions."

"To be sure you would, madam," commented Dr. Wyburd. "That is precisely the sort of person who can do these things. Without our confidence, how could he secure the necessary opportunities?"

"They say he announced, when captured, that it was an inconceivable relief to him when it was all out, though he was coming back to punishment," said the ex-secretary. "He declared that nothing that awaited him could equal the torments he had endured for months, in the endeavor to conceal his frauds and redeem his fortune from the vortex of speculation in which it was finally swallowed up."

"It shows the amount of comfort there really is in such courses," said Dr. Miltimore. "It exhibits, too, the truth of the saying that 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.' It appears that he carried around with him, as it were, a cage of his own contriving, more secure than any forged of the stoutest steel. No doubt every instance in which he saw others exposed, while he still escaped, — for the papers abound with these cases every day, — filled him with dread, and was a part of his punishment."

The guest Hackley seemed to fidget in his chair, and cast furtive glances towards the host.

"Considering the opportunities afforded in the unlimited necessity for confidence that exists, and considering the way we are all of us being cheated, more or less, in the smaller matters of life," the governor took occasion to say in a confidential tone to Ottilie, "it may be that there is much more of this Bloomfield business going on than is usually supposed. Possibly, even, it is only the smaller number of transgressors who come to grief, while the majority tide over their infractions of the law, their perils and difficulties, the chances turning in their favor, and are never discovered. Come! that is a rather good idea. Your uncle, with his large experience of affairs, should know about it. Let us ask him. Ask him," he said, with a mischievous pretense of egging her on, "whether commercial life is teeming with instances of dishonesty only tem-

porarily hidden; whether all of his business associates, if the truth were known, are as bad as Bloomfield, or worse."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Ottilie, flushing.

But her neighbor appeared to find this facetious way of putting his question by proxy too good to be abandoned.

"Your niece was asking" — he began; but his voice was overpowered for the moment by other conversation.

"Your niece was asking," he persisted again, this time securing the attention of Rodman Harvey, "whether there is an immense amount of fraud in business life, an immense amount of Bloomfieldism, successfully consummated. I shall have to refer her to you. What is your opinion? The point is, whether all of you august Chamber of Commerce men, to whom our friend Redway has been lecturing to-day on the tariff, are merely first-class speculators, embezzlers, and forgers in disguise, only waiting to be found out."

Mr. Hackley dropped his dessert-spoon with a clatter. It fell upon his plate of handsome Dresden china with a perforated border, and thence to the floor. He stooped hastily for it, not waiting for assistance, and came up with a flushed face, which he mopped with a handkerchief.

"You know I did not ask that, uncle Rodman," Ottilie protested, in confusion. Then she fancied she caught the eye of Bainbridge fixed upon her scrutinizingly, and she turned a little pale. Might her protest be construed into an indication that there were reasons why she should not have asked the question, if she had wished? Pshaw! What misunderstandings! What agitations over a nonsensical bit of pleasantry!

But the merchant prince himself was entirely unflustered, and pronounced his answer with a deliberative calmness. The glance of Hackley might now have been thought, had there been a suspicious observer, to have an admiring char-

acter, as if he said, "Well, if you are not a cool hand, I know little about it, — that is all."

Rodman Harvey's smile was faint, it is true; but then his smiles were never broad.

"I am inclined to think," he said, "that the greater part of the dishonesty there is comes to light. The community has a certain safeguard in this, in my opinion, that the persons who engage in such courses soon lose their heads under the stress of their unwonted burdens and anxieties, and do not long maintain the needed coolness and sagacity in planning to save them from exposure."

Presently after this the ladies rose and withdrew, their robes making a crisp rustling over the floor. The gentlemen remained a while, to smoke some choice cigars prepared to the order of Rodman Harvey, — though he himself did not touch tobacco in any form, — and then joined them in a music-room hung with red damask. Here coffee was served, and afterwards cordials in little cups of crystal set in Russian gold filigree. A trio of excellent professional voices had been engaged, and entertained the company for some time with singing.

In the first freedom of the breaking up, Baron Au, with a stretching manner as of relief from the long sitting at table, approached Daisy Goldstone. "If you did hear me to blow z-the horn when we pass your house on z-the coach, about ten of clock last night?" he inquired.

"Oh, was that you?" she answered. "I thought it was Mr. Rowley or Mr. Kingbolt. They often do that when they come by late."

Dr. Wyburd, who also was moving about in an easy way, with his hands behind him, caught at the name last spoken.

"There is a fortunate person, that young Kingbolt," he said. "I should

like to have his income for a few months."

"Is it really so very large?" Angelica asked, adding herself to the little group.

"The Eureka Tool Works are on an enormous scale," the doctor replied, "and, I hear, are doing particularly well of late. I have had especial advantages for knowing about that family. The late Colonel Kingbolt died, as you might say, in my arms. A curious thing, — I happened to be at Bridgefield at the time, and the family were good enough to think that my services might possibly be of avail. It was a trifle that killed him, — at least, a matter of small consequence, over which he allowed himself to be agitated in such a way that it proved the immediate cause of his death. He was a particularly excitable man."

"Ah, indeed?" said Angelica.

"Somebody had used his name, or that of his company, in the way of a forgery," went on the speaker, who needed but slight encouragement to be discursive. "He got news of it from some bank here in New York. It was rather hushed up. There was something mysterious about it. The bank officials would not give him names or particulars, after they heard that the paper they held was not made by him. Their refusal drove him wild. I never heard that there was any particular loss to anybody by the transaction. It might have been an error, a misunderstanding of some kind. At any rate, I never learned more. This is one of the cases where my idea that if you hear the first part of a good story you are likely in time to hear the last has not come true."

"But time is not all over, doctor. You may hear yet."

"Oh, I dare say, but it is of no consequence. This is rather ancient history I am telling you. Only I sometimes think of it in seeing the son, and remarking a certain resemblance between

his father's character and his own. The circumstance took place just in the last days preceding the outbreak of the war. It came upon the top of the excitements of that eventful time. Kingbolt imagined plots to undermine the great enterprise he had built up. He had the gloomiest forebodings, too, of the state of the country. He feared that the rebellion was to be its disintegration and ruin. It came also upon the top of a period of excesses, ending in something like an attack of apoplexy, which had confined him to his bed. Between ourselves, he was not a man of the most exemplary habits in all respects. He was by fits and starts a hard drinker. No constitution less robust than his could have stood it as long. A fine animal: handsome, full blooded, with strongly-curling hair, a thick neck, muscular arm, and a temper like a Berserker when it was up. A remarkable person in many ways was old Colonel Kingbolt. Not so old, either, since he was cut off at forty-seven, in the prime of his days. He had made his own way from the ranks, — the regular American history."

"One gets so tired of the regular American history," said Angelica aside.

"He had a remarkable inventive faculty and a naturally fine mind, that would have commanded respect anywhere. He had the good taste to marry an amiable and refined lady, who no doubt kept him somewhat in check. Now, to show you what he accomplished entirely by his own exertions" —

The doctor went into some details of the extent of the Kingbolt manufacturing property at Kingboltsville, Connecticut. Bainbridge inadvertently became aware of the subject of the exposition. He remarked Otilie among the listeners. With that time-honored fatuity which induces lovers to drag obstacles into their own way, with both hands, and plant them there, he chose to represent to himself that she was drinking in with rapture the account of the riches

of her new suitor, or betrothed, or — whether betrothed as yet or not — the person at whom she was playing off her arts and graces for a matrimonial purpose in the most shameless fashion. He seized an opportunity to take his leave of the hostess, and departed.

Bainbridge walked up the Avenue a long way in the dark, then down again, and turned into Broadway. The theatres were letting out. He saw young husbands, as he fancied them, with young wives clinging to their arms, and looking contentedly up in their faces as the pairs trudged away homewards in pleasant gossip about the play. He entered a car. The only other occupants of it were a modish young couple with a sleepy child between them. They had come, he judged, from spending a day with relatives in the country. They expressed themselves as glad to get home. They did not talk much. The child between them was a large girl, charming in the *abandon* of her sleepiness. Her long legs in floss-embroidered stockings dangled to the floor, and she held a hand of each parent. How sweet it was, that ideal of domestic happiness! Was he a pariah, then, that it was never for him?

On returning to his chamber, he sat late, pretending to read, but in reality giving way to the bitterness of his thoughts. The assumed mercenariness of woman has been a staple complaint of lovers, and will be to the end of time. In the still small hours, on looking out of his window, he observed a great fire in progress at a distance. Serpent-like flames came out from behind looming profiles of mansard roof and chimney-stack, and licked the black sky. It was the furniture factory of Hackley & Valentine that was being consumed. The distance was too remote for any of the uproar of the conflagration to come to his ears. It burned a while in silence, as if quite uninterfered with. The red brick walls in the interior of the city block upon which he looked took a rud-

dy glow, and every object was brought out with a vivid distinctness, down to the clothes upon the lines.

By degrees the actual flames abated. It was evident that deluging streams of water were being poured in upon and conflicting with them. The sky darkened. The distinct small objects which had come out so sharply retired again into their obscurity. Then, upon the darkened sky, showers of scintillating sparks, startled from the embers by the streams of water, began to appear and

float gently along, wafted by the wind. It was as if the destroyed property had been transmuted — only into a value a million times greater — into celestial gold pieces. Or it was a pretty realization of the fable of Jupiter searching for Danaë.

"That is right," cried Bainbridge, humoring himself in this conceit; "that is right. To the northward! To the corner of West Blank Street and the Avenue! She is there. Danaë is there."

William Henry Bishop.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IN bringing forward my reflections upon the life and writings of the great man named at the head of this article, I shall not attempt to measure him, or to make an inventory of the gifts with which he has enriched this age. Such attempt would be premature and presumptuous. For a small acquaintance with the subject is sufficient to convince us that the influence of Emerson's life and teachings has extended itself from the first, without any indications of culmination. The most recent traces show most acceleration, and the broadest and deepest effects. There is less of mannerism, less aping of superficial idiosyncrasy, and more of healthful development of character derived from his personality. It is only the verdict of ultimate success that decides the measure of human work. So long as the effects continue to unfold, so long the cause is revealing itself, and the inventory is not yet complete. But already the present achievement is so magnificent as easily to surpass our ability to see its limits, or to frame a conception that will include even its most important features. When the critic essays to sit in judgment on a great man, he is

certain of only one success: he will pass judgment on himself beyond a peradventure, whether he helps us to an estimate of the hero or not.

Nevertheless, a decent respect for our benefactors requires that we celebrate their memory by recounting their service and applying the lesson of their lives. Under the cover of this formal requirement, the humblest person may venture to offer his tributes to the memory of the greatest man, and meet respectful treatment for the sake of his cause. I shall therefore make bold to describe my studies and their yieldings.

The first question asked by all, when a new phenomenal personage appears, is, "What manner of man is he?" The answer expected is a name of some sort. Names classify, but it is the feeblest order of human intellect that is satisfied when it has named the new object. The more active intellect wishes to recall the characteristics of the class, and to recognize in detail their realization in the new individual.

If I class Emerson as a seer, it will be necessary to explain the sense in which the word is used, and the limits of its application.

Seers are various in their endowment. While they all partake, in extraordinary degree, of insight into reality, in some it is a vision of the what to do, the general form of action demanded in their times. The prophet or law-giver has this form of insight. He sees the general rules for self-consistent action, in which people may exercise their freedom, and not contradict one another or lame themselves. The social community at one epoch is preserved by one system of conventional usages, and at another by a different one. Witness the code of Manu and the code of Solon. But the diversity is comparatively superficial, with deep underlying sameness. The codes of ethics by which we characterize and discriminate nationality are the subtlest products of mind, and even the superficial differences are too deep for common understanding. Each person regards the ethical view into which he has been educated as the only true view of life. Another national life, that is founded on a different code, is incomprehensible. How can an Englishman understand the Chinese principle, that makes the family responsible instead of the individual; or the Hindu principle, that makes caste more fundamental than moral duty? Even in Europe, where ethical distinctions vanish in presence of the wide chasm that sunders them from those of Asia, there are still to be found stubborn barriers of national tastes and likings, which cannot be comprehended nor surmounted.

The prophet-seer has a clear vision of the various rules of the ethical code necessary for the prosperity of his people. Confucius, Manu, Gautama, Zoroaster, Moses, Solon, Lycurgus, Numa, Mahomet, are examples in varying degree.

Corresponding to the prophet-seer is the hero-seer, — the man who has the gift of discerning in exact detail the conditions necessary to form vast combinations of man with man and thing with thing, so as to produce great

results for the nation or the race. The hero knows just how to accomplish the providential purpose of the time. He is haunted by it, and it takes possession of his whole being, so that he becomes the organ of its expression, and the mighty idea through him makes combinations of men and things, and appoints him their leader and guide. When the two kinds of genius are united, the person is both law-giver and leader, prophet and hero. Ordinarily the two attributes of insight are separate. The vision of the universal is dimmed by the attempt to apply it in detail, and the prophet cannot well announce universal laws and administer them.

The prophet and the hero have insight especially into the realm of the human and divine will. There is another order of seers, whose power of insight lies on the theoretical side of mind, including the poet and the philosopher or man of science.

There are many leaders, but only seldom a hero; many law-makers, but only at rare intervals a prophet. So there are many poets and many philosophers, but few seers among them all.

What is the special insight that makes a seer of the poet or the philosopher?

It would seem that the philosopher differs from the ordinary thinker or man of reflection in the fact that he sets up one principle wherewith to explain the world. The other man generalizes and has ideas, it may be of great depth and grasp, but he does not affirm one idea as the source of all. The moment he does this he is a philosopher, whether his principle is *air, water, matter, atoms, mind, the ego, force, will, monad*, or whatever else he selects. His first principle may be a very inadequate one, or a very adequate one; he is a philosopher, all the same. He is a seer only on condition that he discerns truly the fundamental essence, — sees it to be a spiritual first cause. I must propound this doctrine, hard as it will seem to

many. A spiritual first principle makes mind the source of the universe and the explanation of nature and history. Mind is consciousness, personality, will, intellect, love. In the absolute personality intellect and will and love are one, because each in its perfection is all. The absolute self-knowledge which makes of itself an object thereby creates, or is, absolute will. But its self-made object is also one with it by love and recognition. Hence Plato called his first principle the good, inasmuch as he wished to indicate that it is a will in accordance with reason, and not a blind will, such as Schopenhauer sets up and Buddhism presupposes. Plato's God creates the world as "like himself as possible," for "no goodness can have envy of anything." Hence nature must be a revelation of infinite goodness, and man must have a divine origin and a divine destiny. Such is the doctrine in the *Timæus*.

Plato may stand for the philosophic seer of all time, — Plato or Aristotle, it makes little difference which; for Aristotle reaffirms the same doctrine, and proceeds to show in detail the explanation of nature and man, as the revelation of divine reason. That the ultimate presupposition of all science is a personal first cause or absolute reason is evident to the philosopher who has learned to think in the school of Plato and Aristotle, or in the schools of their greatest followers; it is seen to be implied in the fact that the one from whence all proceeds is necessarily self-active and self-determined. Even if it is called *water*, or *air*, or *matter* as first principle, it must be *causa sui*. All things are to be explained as produced by its activity, and as growing or perishing through it. The self-determined is both subject and object of its activity, and this must be identified as mind, — or has been thus identified by the thinkers mentioned who follow Aristotle or Plato.

As to the poet-seer, something simi-

lar must be affirmed of him. His insight is into the supremacy of personality; nature and each particular thing in nature are there for the revelation of mind. Both the external and the internal forms of the poetic expression proceed on this presupposition. The internal form of poetry is trope or metaphor, and personification. By the latter figure, nature and the beings of nature are personified by the poet, and made to think and feel and act like man. By metaphor, a partial identity is discovered and expressed, so that nature illustrates mind, and becomes the expression of mind or the spiritual. By this internal form of poetry is established the vision of the identity of nature and mind, the latter being the true essence, and the former being the utterance or expression of it; identity here being used in the sense that Schelling and Hegel use it, as of unity formed by dependence and correlativity. The dependent (that is, nature) is not a whole by itself, but only in and through mind; hence it does not exist in itself, but only in the mind of its creator.

The external form of poetry concerns, not the trope and personification, but the musical arrangement of words; rhythm being the essential, and rhyme the unessential feature. Rhythm consists in the recurrence of equal intervals of time, and hence in their correspondence or agreement. Here the principle of identity appears again. There shall be sameness under difference, so that that which seems other or alien and foreign shall be recognized as one's self. The breaking through of the perceiving mind into this identity under the difference is accompanied with delight, — the delight of reason finding itself in sense-perception. The deeper and more complete the difference, and the more complete the identity found under it, the higher and more refined the æsthetic taste that it appeals to. The savage adorns himself with beads, feeling the

symbolism of his empty consciousness (subject and object being one in consciousness, because consciousness means the knowing of self) in the empty identity of things as like as two beads. Or his ear is pleased with the monotonous noise of the drum, or cymbal, or the pipe with a single tone. The more civilized the man, the more complex his life, the deeper his differences, which he must unite by the unity of his intellect or the purpose of his will; hence he needs for art expression more variety of means, and gets beyond simple regularity to the enjoyment of symmetry, and finally of harmony. In harmony the unity or identity is deeply hidden under difference. In rhyme, or recurrence of the same sound, an additional means is added to the external form of poetic expression, but it has the same import as rhythm, — the expression of identity under difference, and the symbolism of the fact of consciousness or of mind. Rhyme indicates more externality, more highly developed emotional nature, in its poets than mere rhythm; just as music of the most complex form — that of Beethoven — implies great refinement in the same direction.

I have apparently dwelt on these distinctions too long, but I trust not so in reality, because there are many questions regarding Mr. Emerson's poetry, as well as his philosophy, which turn on the theory one may form of poetry.

The external form of poetry consists not only in rhythm and rhyme, but in parallelism and correspondence. Not only Hebrew poetry finds its poetic dress in this feature, but the poetry of all Christian nations has been more or less affected by it, especially in its elevated moods. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." Here the parallelism appears: (1) in synonyms, or identity of meaning with difference of

words (heavens, firmament); (2) tautology, or repetition of the same word (day unto day, night unto night); (3) correspondence of expression and thing expressed (glory of God and his handy-work; uttereth, sheweth, speech, knowledge). In Tennyson's great ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, we have in the first lines an abandonment of the external rhythm and rhyme for the internal rhythm of thought that the Hebrew poets used. "Bury the great Duke" is repeated (tautology), and "with an empire's lamentation" is varied in expression, so that "lamentation" becomes "noise of the mourning," and "empire's" becomes "of a mighty nation" (synonyms and correspondence of the general with the specific).

Emerson very often uses the Hebrew device of rhyme of thought in his poetry, though not omitting, if sometimes slighting, the external rhyme and rhythm. From his Sphinx we quote, —

"The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man;
Known fruit of the unknown;
Dædalian plan;
Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep;
Life death overtaking;
Deep underneath deep?"

Here we have tautology and correspondence of contrasted elements (sleeping and waking, life and death, known and unknown, fate and meaning, man-child and man, etc.).

In this matter of music in Emerson's poetry, one must do the poet the justice to remember his wonderful elocution. With proper emphasis, and especially with the emphasis of quantity or time, many of the seeming violations of metre and rhyme are seen to be fine graces of poetic expression.

The essence of poetic expression consists not in forms of rhythm or rhyme, but in the imagery of trope and personification. Here is Emerson's great claim to be called a poet. For we must place him in the rank of poet-seers.

The vision of the revelation of mind in nature is Emerson's possession throughout his literary career. No other poet since Shakespeare has been endowed with so clear and sustained insight into the transcendency of mind in the visible world. His means of expression are not adequate enough, musically, to justify comparison with Shakespeare or Spenser; but in the "internal form of poetry," as it has been defined, Emerson has no superior.

In Shakespeare we find nature in its freshness and wildness, and yet transparent to its depths with correspondence to mind. Emerson lives in an age of natural science, and commands wonderful discoveries of laws which give an abstract unity to nature not suspected in the time of the Elizabethan poets. Strangely enough, these abstract laws have been supposed to make poetry impossible in our age. Emerson never wearies of the story of these new discoveries, and finds at once their spiritual significance. His poetry, therefore, has this new element unknown to earlier poets, — the element of natural science interpreted as poetic revelation of mind. The freshness and wildness of nature as Shakespeare depicts it are also found in Emerson's nature-poems. If we study the means by which this fine effect is produced, we shall reach a sort of justification of a degree of carelessness in respect to metre. The beauty of nature demands a certain neglect of regularity and symmetry in order to reach freedom and gracefulness in the suggestion of boundless resources of form, and of emancipation from mechanical conformity to laws and types. Physical material is mechanical as we find it in the laws of our reflection, but in nature there is the suggestion of transcendence over all mechanism. The poet is attracted by this, in proportion to his endowment with the gift of seership. The rhyme-sters who "wrote poetry fit to put round frosted cake" (as Emerson characterizes

them) might admire landscape gardening, but the better poets would admire the native forest.

In *Hamatreya*, *Woodnotes*, *Monadnocc*, *May Day*, and in shorter poems, like *The Humblebee*, we seem to taste the genuine untamed nature, and find in it the relief and restfulness that Shakespeare gives us in his *Forest of Arden*:

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat, —
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

We note how the expression of unconventional freedom is effected through the sudden transitions of metre. In the *Woodnotes* we have, —

"Whether is better the gift or the donor?
Come to me,
Quoth the pine-tree,
'I am the giver of honor:
He is great who can live by me.

The lord is the peasant that was,
The peasant the lord that shall be;
The lord is the hay, the peasant grass,
One dry, and one the living tree.'"

In *Merlin* the poet gives us his theory of poetic expression. It is often quoted:

"Great is art,
Great be the manners of the bard.
He shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number;
But, leaving rule and pale forethought
He shall aye climb
For his rhyme.
'Pass in, pass in,' the angels say,
Into the upper doors,
Nor count compartments of the floors
But mount to paradise
By the stairway of surprise."

In the second part of *Merlin* he explains the spiritual meaning of the poet's rhymes: how

"Balance-loving Nature
Made all things in pairs.

Justice is the rhyme of things

And Nemesis,
Who with even matches odd,
Who athwart space redresses
The partial wrong,

Fills the just period,
And finishes the song.

Subtle rhymes, with ruin rife,
Murmur in the house of life,
Sung by the Sisters as they spin;
In perfect time and measure they
Build and unbuild our echoing clay,
As the two twilights of the day
Fold us, music-drunken, in."

The seer's vision here becomes as prophetic as that of Odin, "when he hung nine whole nights on the wind-rocked tree Yggdrasil, and learned his potent runes and obtained a draught of the precious mead."

The power to use the modern scientific view of nature poetically is seen especially in the little poems called Elements. Take as an example the one on Compensation:—

"The wings of Time are black and white,
Pied with morning and with night.
Mountain tall and ocean deep
Trembling balance duly keep.
In changing moon and tidal wave
Glow the feud of Want and Have.
Gauge of more and less through space,
Electric star or pencil plays,
The lonely Earth amid the balls
That hurry through eternal halls,
A make-weight flying to the void,
Supplemental asteroid,
Or compensatory spark,
Shoots across the neutral dark."

The one prefixed to the treatise on Nature says,—

"A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings;
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose;
And striving to be man the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

Such insights into the alchemy of nature (the explanation of nature scientifically, as being everywhere the struggle to reach consciousness and the form of man) is in harmony with what science has discovered, but the point of view is that of Plato, and Schelling, and Oken. The recognition of the great physicist, Tyndall, who finds Emerson a poet and a profoundly religious man, accepting all discoveries of science without dismay, is a valuable testimony.

It is the opinion of many of Emerson's most intelligent disciples that his verses will outlast his prose. His poems may be classed as a whole under that class of literature called "oracles," to which the Vedic and Orphic hymns belong. They are so far removed from the jingle of popular poetry, and express such subtleties of thought, that the best of them will never become favorites with the great public, although they are likely to gain in fame for some ages.

As commentary on my definition of the poetic seer, I quote from the essay on Poetry and Imagination, in the volume Letters and Social Aims:—

"Poetry is the perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of the thing; to pass the brute body, and search the life and reason which cause it to exist."

"The poet discovers that what men value as substances have a higher value as symbols; that nature is the immense shadow of man."

"For the value of a trope is that the hearer is one; and, indeed, nature itself is a vast trope, and all particular natures are tropes. . . . The thoughts of God pause but a moment in any form. All thinking is analogizing, and it is the use of life to learn metonymy."

Looking next at the definition given of the philosopher, we may consider in this connection the doctrines presented in Emerson's prose works and his style of literary composition.

The philosopher should, be one who sets up one principle as the explanation of all things. Emerson, it will be said, takes the soul, or the "over-soul," for such a principle, and in so far is a philosopher. This is true, notwithstanding the protest of Emerson that he is not a philosopher.

He is not a philosopher of the argumentative sort, and draws no conclusions by the syllogism. Such argumentation is usually called "proof," and great emphasis is placed upon it. The seer, of whatever kind, has never been

known to value the so-called "proofs" of logic. It seems, in fact, too much like child's play to assume in one's major premise some point that we wish to establish, and then to draw it out triumphantly by the aid of a syllogism, as if something were thereby "proved" or made more certain. Such logical syllogizing is rarely used by people in earnest about truth, but only by those who are yet unacquainted with its nature and are without faith in its reality. To triumph over an unwary adversary is generally sought by such people, and preferred to the privilege of learning something from him. But such ratiocination is a movement in a circle. It is simple egotism when reduced to its lowest terms. The process of true proof does not proceed in the manner of argumentation; it does not assume its whole result in its premises, and then draw them out syllogistically. But it is rather what Plato describes the dialectic to be in book seventh of his *Republic*;¹ it is a method of investigating the pre-suppositions implied in an assumption, and thence progressing towards a comprehension of the totality.

There is an aspect in which the philosopher finds himself opposed to the poet, and in this phase Emerson does not side with the philosopher, but with the poet. I refer to the use of method. The philosopher should endeavor to see his first principle as active in the development of the imperfect towards the perfect. The genesis should interest him. The poet does not care for method. It seems to him too much like studying the anatomy of thought.

The lowest stage of thinking sees objects as though isolated, while the second stage, that of reflection, sees every thing as relative and dependent. The third and highest stage of thought thinks all things as self-related, or as having their explanation through the self-deter-

mined being, or mind. The seer takes this latter point of view. As poet-seer, he sees nature and history as expression of mind. As philosopher, he endeavors to learn the method by which mere things are connected with mind, and how their process of change reveals this connection. The study of method seems never to have attracted Emerson, but to have been repulsive, although in general terms he recognized nature to be a revelation of the divine as a process ("Striving to be man, the worm," etc.).

Standing on the same plane of insight with the highest philosophic thinker, therefore, Emerson declined to employ philosophic method, or to see, in method also, a revelation of the soul, as Plato had taught. He remained a poet, or else, in his writings that have a bearing on history and the social institutions, he went over to the stand-point of the seer as law-giver, and preached the true ethics of this day and generation.

Connected with his repudiation of logical and philosophic method is his much-discussed lack of unity in his essays. The *London Times* says (April 29, 1882), "Some of his best essays are a jumble of pretty things, — so many of the choicest pearls which have never been strung," etc. It has been often said that his essays may be read backwards, sentence by sentence, without material injury to the sense.

There are two kinds of unity that may be observed. Logical unity connects the parts of a discourse by dependence, so that there are premises stated and finally united in a conclusion. The highest species of this kind of unity is the dialectical, as used by Plato, where the shallowest views are, one after the other, presented and discussed, each giving place to a counterpart that corrects the special weakness of the former, but soon reveals one of its own, which has to be corrected by a new theory. The insight grows gradually by the aid of

¹ Chapter xiii. of Stallbaum's, or chapter xiv. of Hermann's, edition.

method, until we reach the comprehension of the whole in all its phases, and we no longer set up a mere partial view for the entire subject. Aristotle omits the dramatic phase, and is content to recapitulate historically the different views that have been held; referring each to its author and criticising it, and then dismissing it and proceeding to another, without seeming to care at all whether the next view is related to the previous one as an outgrowth of it, or as an effort to supply its deficiencies. He is the more careful to enumerate all the possible theories on the subject under consideration, and to be very explicit in the statement of the defects. For he had doubtless had experience under his master, Plato, of the vagueness and ambiguity that attaches to the dialectic species of proof when not thoroughly mastered. The neophyte is bewildered by the masquerade of opinions, and takes now this, and now that, for Plato's real conviction, and finally gives up in despair. No one has been able to find a positive doctrine in certain ones of the Dialogues. Many seem content with sapping the foundation of dogmatism. They leave the mind wavering and distrustful, after the manner of the first lessons of the great sophists, Prodicus and Gorgias.

The other species of unity is the so-called "organic unity," which Coleridge introduced to English-speaking people. In an organism each part is alike means and end of all the others, we are told. In a work of art, as a dramatic poem, or a statue, or a sonata of Beethoven, all the parts have an organic relation to the whole. Each has its place and function, and is essential. If lopped off, mutilation occurs. The ideal of the whole is evident upon examination of each part, and consequently we miss the other parts if they are lacking, just as we miss the arms of the Venus of Melos, or of the torso of the Belvedere. This organic unity it is that enables us to restore the fragments of classic art,

— to unite the Niobe family into a group, etc.

In music and poetry, the arts in which time is the form of the sensuous element, we have a sequence of parts, and hence, quite naturally, the portrayal of growth or progressive development. There arises some sort of collision, wherein the finite makes an attack upon the infinite, — some breach of law, moral or statutory; and then a mediation follows and equilibrium is restored by the destruction or correction of the offending finite element. Thus we have a phase in which the elements are depicted as they were before the collision, and the motives of the collision are exhibited; then the collision itself, with attending circumstances; lastly, the recoil of the outraged universal, and this forms the *dénouement*.

In Emerson's poetry we find a quite natural adherence to the requirements of organic unity, although recent poetry — that since Goethe's time — does not feel it necessary to put in all the connecting links of motives, but thinks it less prosaic to let the imagination fill in these details when their results are actually shown. By this device, poetry gets a new power of presenting universal objects, such as institutions or principles, — taking a well-marked instance, and letting it stand for a type; in one we see all and each.

I have been at the pains to test this principle of unity on several of Emerson's poems. Here is the obvious sequence of motives in *The Sphinx*. Subtler readers will find other chains of motivation underlying this one: —

"The Sphinx is drowsy," because she has waited so long for an answer to her question regarding the meaning of man and his destiny. While the palm, the elephant, the waves, and the "journeying atoms, primordial wholes," — in fact, all unconscious nature, — is at one with itself, and even "the peace of all being shines in the eyes" of the human infant, yet man "crouches and blushes,

absconds and conceals;” “an oaf, an accomplice, he poisons the ground.” Here is the collision: nature at harmony and man at self-opposition, with contradiction within; having a conscience which convicts him, he alone is full of discontent with his actual state. Nature asks, “Who has drugged my boy’s cup,” and poisoned it with sadness and madness? And the poet answers the inquiry of Nature regarding the problem of human life: Man alone of animals has the vision of the ideal or divine, and cannot be any more tranced by the Lethe of Nature. He must always dive profounder, and “to his eye-rolling orbit no goal shall arrive.” To every good there is a better. Even error and sin are surmounted by shame and repentance. The Sphinx has her riddle answered, and a sudden transformation takes place. Ancient *Œdipus* answered “Man” to the riddle of the Theban Sphinx: “Who goes in the morning on four feet, two at noon, and three at night?” “And the Sphinx was precipitated from the rock.” But the *Œdipus* answer was left a riddle. Emerson’s poem unriddles the enigma and its answer by *Œdipus*, and shows us its content. The Egyptian spirit brooded over the question whether man was merely a being of nature, or whether he began a new and higher order of existence, transcending nature. Beings of nature belong in cycles: only the species lives; the individuals all perish. The Sphinx riddle is the burden of history: Does man belong to those forms in whom the individual is also the species? Greek art answers, Yes. Christianity answers, Yes. All European civilization is built on this answer. Emerson sees the Sphinx now in nature as purple cloud, silvered moon, yellow flame, blossoms red, foaming wave, *Monadnoc’s* head. Nature gladly confesses to him, —

“Who telleth one of my meanings
Is master of all I am.”

For man is always a question, a Sphinx-riddle, whose actual need is to be brought into the form of his ideal. Nature’s forms only image to man in fragmentary manner the soul that he has.

In the poem *Each and All* we see the red-cloaked clown, the heifer, the sexton “tolling his bell at noon,” all unconscious of their part in the whole. “Nor knowest thou what argument thy life to thy neighbor’s creed has lent.” “I thought to secure the bird’s song by engaging him. I brought home the delicate shells from the sea-shore, but I had left behind the beauty with the river and sky, with the wild uproar of the sea. I am tired of this seeming, of this unripe cheat of beauty.” But he makes the experience that the synthesis that creates beauty is more real than the perishable things that compose its elements: —

“Beauty through my senses stole:
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.”

In *The Sphinx* Emerson gives his evidence of seership, and all his subsequent poems and prose essays repeat the same solution to the problem of life with new and varied forms. All nature and all history tell the story of incarnation of the divine. It is this sameness under difference that delights us in art, — the symbol of the soul.

In the poem *Uriel* we have the insight expressed that all deeds return upon their doer, that all influences return to their source, as the fundamental divine law of the universe. *Uriel* (the “Light of God”) “gave his sentiment divine,” that there is no straight line in the universe: everything is circular; all rays return if produced. “Evil will bless and ice will burn,” or opposites return through opposites, because all dependent beings exist only in and through what they depend on. This “rash word boded ill to all . . . the bounds of good and ill were rent.” Then *Uriel* withdraws into his excess of light and is seen no more, although his voice still

speaks in things wherever the good is born of evil.

In Emerson's prose works the question of unity is more difficult. In his first work, the book on Nature, he divides and subdivides, carefully securing the unity of classification. By "nature" he means "all which philosophy distinguishes as the Not me; that is, both nature and art, and other men, and my own body." This he discusses under well-defined aspects. I. Commodity, or nature as useful to man for food, clothing, and shelter, and the social advantages of civilization. II. Beauty: (1) as delight; (2) as revelation of spiritual force; (3) as self-knowledge. III. Nature helps man to language: (1) words being signs of natural facts; (2) particular natural facts symbolizing particular spiritual facts; (3) nature as a whole the symbol of spirit as a whole. IV. Nature is a discipline, and educates (1) the intellect; (2) the conscience. V. Idealism results from a contemplation of the function of nature as discipline: "It is a sufficient account of that appearance we call the world that God will teach a human mind, and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations which we call sun, moon, etc." Culture leads to this idealism: (1) change of view changes the object, and thus nature contributes to apprise us that the world is only a spectacle; (2) the poet transfigures nature, and imposes his own forms on it; (3) the thinker finds truth, and explains appearance by its grounds; (4) intellectual science reveals the substantiality of ideas, and begets doubts of the existence of matter apart from mind; (5) religion ("human duties commencing from God") and ethics ("human duties commencing from man") put nature under foot, and preach the lesson: "The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal." VI. "The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man.

It is a remoter and inferior incarnation of God in the unconscious." VII. "The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul. The ruin or blank that we see when we look at nature is in our own eye. The axis of vision is not coincident with the axis of things, and so they appear not transparent, but opaque." "Build then your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, the world will unfold its great proportions."

Here is certainly order and arrangement that reaches below mere classification. He considers nature in its superficial aspects first, and proceeds towards the deeper and more central phases of his subject in logical order. Each topic leads to the next one as its own proper enlargement, just as the plant grows from bud to blossom, and thence to fruit and seed, and the end is a beginning.

Logical and dialectical unity in a treatise imply a discussion of the imperfect or rudimentary phases first. If one writes only from the final point of view, and speaks of things only from the ultimate ideal, then there is no progress possible in his essay, either logical or organic.

This is the explanation of Emerson's apparent deficiency in organic unity and logical sequence in much of his writing. It is a treatment of things *sub quadam specie aternitatis*, and therefore not subject to the time element.

In essays which relate to concrete affairs, classification is possible, and Emerson has availed himself of it. Wherever a genesis is attempted, logical order of sequence is necessary and is attained. In English Traits the matter is wisely arranged. You have first the occasion of his visit; then, in order, follow considerations on the land, race, ability, manners, etc., each one lifting us to the next without confusion. Every essay of Emerson is the result of much sifting and classifying. Seeing

everything in its most universal aspects, as is habitual with him, it is quite natural that each suggests all to him. Accordingly, he resolutely excludes, by successive siftings, the matter that is less directly connected with his central theme, and retains only that which best illustrates his thought, and builds it out into a solid structure.

The essay on Experience is an attractive study to the one interested in Emerson's method. First, experience conducts us to consciousness of illusion. "We discover, subsequently, that the present was a king in the disguise of a beggar." Then experience suggests to us the cause of present illusion in temperament. It is structure that limits our vision; we cannot spring away from our own shadows. Then experience lifts the veil a little, and we perceive the use of succession; it helps emancipate us from temperament and what is special and fixed, correcting one limitation by substituting another. We go from particular to particular, and find each a new revelation of the whole. But succession of narrow and excluding particulars does not make us wise; it helps us see, by and by, that all events form a surface. We must unite those one-sided particulars into one view, and correct our superficiality. Experience brings us, on some occasion, to a deeper view, and thus ushers in surprise. "Life is a series of surprises" of this kind, if it is worth living; that is to say, it is our deep thoughts that give unity to our experience, and thus make us our own masters. Now we begin to perceive the true reality underlying all this illusion and succession and surface, for we perceive reality through those deeper insights that come to us in our saner moments as surprises. Now we discern the trend of the world, the purpose of the universe, and recognize rea-

son as the only creative force; energizing out there in nature and within me as the moral law and as the light of all my seeing. So experience now brings him to "Subject or the One," as he calls it, and he learns the great lesson of the inseparability of one's being from his own deeds; he is self-made, and therefore responsible for the evil that he finds in his own world. "The sentiment from which it sprang determines the dignity of any deed, and the question ever is not what you have done or forborne, but at whose command you have done or forborne it."

After this analysis of experience, see how wonderfully he sums up the world of wisdom — of which his essay is a most condensed epitome and a dialectic evolution of its chief momenta — in the oracular verses prefixed to the essay; forming an epitome of an epitome, but so sublime that it reminds one of Faust's visit to the Mothers:¹ —

"The lords of life, the lords of life, —
I saw them pass,
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim;
Use and Surprise,
Surface and Dream,
Succession swift and spectral Wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game
Omnipresent without name;
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from east to west:
Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall,
Walked about with puzzled look;
Him by the hand dear Nature took;
Dearest Nature, strong and kind,
Whispered, "Darling, never mind.
To-morrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou! these are thy race!"

While a true genetic development may be traced in such essays as that on Experience, I have not been able to discover it in *The Over-Soul*, nor in *Spiritual Laws*, nor in any essays of that exalted type.²

¹ *Mephisto*. Schaudert's dich?
Faust. Die Mütter! Mütter! — 's klingt so wunderbar!

² Here is what Theodore Parker said, in the *Massachusetts Quarterly* (1850), of Emerson's style: —

I cannot conceive of a unity, logical or organic, as being found there, although there is evidence of much sifting and classification for the sake of rhetorical (may I say?) consecutiveness. Each paragraph is a statement of the one great fact, and each sentence is also a full statement. Almost any paragraph may be separated so as to make each sentence a paragraph by itself, and the series will form a choice chapter of "pearls of wisdom," or proverbs; each one of which is complete by itself, and yet is in unity with all the rest, because it states the same great truth with some new form of expression. Hence the unity is deeper than logical or even organic; it is absolute identity of idea.

Take the following as a sample, not specially culled, and separate it as suggested. It forms but one paragraph in the original (page 260, *The Over-Soul*) with ten sentences, and will be found to contain the doctrine of the whole essay, while each sentence of it repeats it with variations like the verses of Hebrew poetry:—

"By virtue of this inevitable nature, private will is overpowered, and, maugre our efforts or our imperfections, your genius will speak from you, and mine from me.

"That which we are we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily.

"Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.

"Character teaches over our head.

"The essays in his books are separate, and stand apart from one another, only mechanically bound by the lids of the volume; his paragraphs in each essay are distinct and disconnected, or but loosely bound to one another. It is so with sentences in the paragraph, and propositions in the sentence. Take, for example, his essay on Experience; it is distributed into seven parts, which treat respectively of Illusion, Temperament, Succession, Surface, Surprise, Reality, and Subjectiveness. These seven brigadiers are put in one army, with as little unity of action as any seven Mexican officers; not subject to one head, nor

"The infallible index of true progress is found in the tone the man takes.

"Neither his age, nor his breeding, nor company, nor books, nor actions, nor talents, nor all together, can hinder him from being deferential to a higher spirit than his own.

"If he have not found his home in God, his manners, his forms of speech, the turn of his sentences, the build (shall I say?) of all his opinions, will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out how he will.

"If he have found his centre, the Deity will shine through him, through all the disguises of ignorance, of ungenial temperament, of unfavorable circumstances.

"The tone of seeking is one, and the tone of having is another."

Looking towards our classification of insight, as manifested in four orders of seers, we find Emerson, a seer, as poet. The seer has insight into the spiritual reality that creates the world. In this respect all seers are alike, and are in sympathy one with another. Emerson has the strongest sympathy for Plato, the dialectic philosopher *par excellence*, and yet he never makes a display of method though it is the constant effort of Plato. He obeys its law, however, and follows very subtle intimations of unity and sequence of genesis wherever he deals with a subject which unfolds in time, as experience must necessarily do. But he dislikes the parade of method, and shuns what he has called the "anatomy of thought." He is more nearly allied to the seer as

fighting on the same side. The subordinates under these generals are in no better order and discipline; sometimes the corporal commands the king. But this very lack of order gives variety of form. You can never anticipate him. One half the essay never suggests the rest. If he have no order, he never sets his method agoing, and himself, with his audience, goes to sleep, trusting that he, they, and the logical conclusion will all come out alive and waking at the last. He trusts nothing to the discipline of his camp; all to the fidelity of the individual soldiers."

prophet than to the philosopher, perhaps, inasmuch as he goes beyond the revelation of the eternal beauty to the revelation of the good rather than of the true.

His writings have continually tended towards ethical themes, in late years. From the beginning, as appears in his work on *Nature*, the ethical view had attracted him powerfully.

His volume on *The Conduct of Life* represents the culmination of his thought respecting the structure of society. Thoughts like those found in the lecture on *Conservatism*, in 1841, here receive their fullest statement. In seeing and uttering ethical laws specially befitting our modified conditions, he is the prophet of our century. He has admired and praised the precocious ethics of Asia more than any other writer. China, India, Persia, reached, according to him, the highest vision of the good. Perhaps his verdict will need some correction, inasmuch as the Orient has never outgrown the political forms of despotism. The ethical views of Asia were developed early, because the need was great for personal good behavior from those in authority. Where all government is conducted by irresponsible rulers, the happiness of the people depends entirely on the wisdom and moderation of the despot. Europe and America have outgrown that phase, and it is comparatively of little moment with us whether the sovereign is amiable or not.

Be this as it may, Emerson has translated for us the ethical code of the world, and published an edition of it for a people with local self-government. No one has preached more solemnly to us of our duties in a free government. Trickery and cunning, demagoguery, — these have received his rebuke, but their presence has never made him despair of our civilization. His teachings have borne noble fruit in this direction, and I believe that every American has received

some impulse from Emerson that gives him greater moral courage and causes him to deal with his fellow men more frankly and generously than before. Self-respect has been taught us as the foundation of free government.

His insight, which is distinguished as poetic quite sharply from philosophic insight into method, is also again quite sharply distinguished as ethical from religious insight. He seems to have an almost morbid repugnance for the mechanical formalities of mere pietism.

The original Transcendental movement was chiefly a struggle for independence on the part of literature which had been subservient to theology, and had not enjoyed sufficient freedom to permit of the growth of any original forms. Emerson was the great leader of the movement, and he alone of all saw the end from the beginning, and never participated in any merely negative excursions. In his lecture on the *Conservative*, as well as other lectures at the time (1841) on *The Reformer* and *The Transcendentalist*, and on the *Times*, he was careful to assume a judicial attitude and deal fairly by all parties.

If the institution of property, said he, seems to deprive the individual of his birthright to a piece of land to live on, yet it has preserved for him the rational achievements of the race, "libraries, museums, and galleries, colleges, palaces, hospitals, observatories, cities, — Rome and Memphis, Constantinople, and Vienna, and Paris, and London, and New York." It has summed up for him the total net product of mankind, of his larger selfhood, — the "grand man," of whom he, the little man is the mere possibility or germ, — and thus presented to him a revelation of himself such as the ages only could make. Without the help of this revelation he would inevitably be a savage; with its aid he can become a civilized human being, and in a score of years realize in himself what it took

his race many thousands of years to accomplish.

There is left for the reformer the appeal to personal self-activity and heroism as the higher destiny of the individual, as against the indolent acceptance of comfort at the hands of society.

"There is a cunning juggle in riches. I observe that they take somewhat for everything they give. I look bigger, but am less; I have more clothes, but am not so warm, more armor but less courage, more books but less wit." "I want the necessity of supplying my own wants. All this costly culture of yours is not necessary. Greatness does not need it. Yonder peasant, who sits neglected there in a corner, carries a whole revolution of men and nature in his head, which shall be a sacred history to some future ages. For man is the end of nature." "Conservatism takes a low view of every part of human action and passion. Its religion . . . is always mitigations, never remedies; pardons for sin, funeral honors, never self-help, renovation, virtue. Its social and political action strives to keep out wind and weather, and bring the day and year about, and make the world last for our day; but not to sit on the world and steer it, and sink the memory of the past in the glory of a new and more excellent creation."

"Religion in such hands loses its essence. Instead of that reliance in the eternity of truth and duty, men are misled into a reliance on institutions. When the falsehood of the preaching is detected and exposed, all good citizens cry, Hush! Do not weaken the state; do not take off the strait-jacket from dangerous persons. Every honest fellow must keep up the hoax the best he can. . . . What a compliment we pay to the good Spirit with our superserviceable zeal!"

His lofty scorn of mere prudential support of the highest spiritual activity

of the soul led him to plant himself firmly outside of the churches, and proclaim the sovereignty of ethics.

"I fear that what is called religion, but is perhaps pew-holding, not obeys, but conceals the moral sentiment."

"We are in transition from the worship of the fathers, which enshrined the law in a private and personal history, to a worship which recognizes the true eternity of the law, its presence to you and me, its equal energy in what is called brute nature as in what is called sacred history. The next age will behold God in the ethical laws, as mankind begins to see them in this age, — self-executing, instantaneous, and self-affirmed, needing no voucher, no prophet, and no miracle besides their own irresistibility; and will regard natural history, private fortunes, and politics, not for themselves, as we have done, but as illustrations of those laws, of that beatitude and love. Nature is too thin a screen; the glory of the One breaks in everywhere."

His statement of this supreme ethical principle is more explicit in the following: —

"What touches any thread in the vast web of being touches me. I am representative of the whole, and the good of the whole, or what I call the right, makes me invulnerable.

"How came this creation so magically woven that nothing can do me mischief but myself; that an invisible fence surrounds my being, which screens me from all harm that I will to resist? If I will to stand upright, the creation cannot bend me. But if I violate myself, if I commit a crime, the lightning loiters by the speed of retribution; and every act is not hereafter, but instantaneously, rewarded according to its quality. Virtue is the adopting of this dictate of the universal mind by the individual will. Character is the habit of this obedience, and religion is the accompanying emotion, — the emotion of reverence which

the presence of the universal mind ever excites in the individual."

His attitude towards the church necessarily provoked its hostility, and has continued to the present the greatest bar to his influence upon his countrymen, — a bar, however, which will inevitably go down, sooner or later.

On the side of positive religion perhaps his strongest utterance is the following: —

"Unlovely, nay, frightful, is the solitude of the soul which is without God in the world: to wander all day in the sunlight among the tribes of animals, unrelated to anything better; to behold the horse, cow, and bird, and to foresee an equal and speedy end to him and them. No, the bird, as it hurried by, with its bold and perfect flight, would disclaim his sympathy, and declare him an outcast. To see men pursuing in faith their varied action, warm-hearted, providing for their children, loving their friends, performing their promises, — what are they to this chill, houseless, fatherless, aimless Cain, the man who hears only the sound of his own footsteps in God's resplendent creation? To him, it is no creation; to him, these fair creatures are hapless spectres; he knows not what to make of it. To him, heaven and earth have lost their beauty. How gloomy is the day, and upon yonder shining pond what melancholy light! I cannot keep the sun in heaven, if you take away the purpose that animates him. The ball, indeed, is there, but his power to cheer, to illuminate the heart as well as the atmosphere, is gone forever. It is a lamp-wick for meanest uses. The words, great, venerable, have lost their meaning: every thought loses all its depth, and has become mere surface."¹

After one has discussed his books, only half of the subject has been treated.

¹ The Preacher.

The personal life of Emerson is as remarkable as his literary work. Never in modern times do we hear of a personality so serene and august, so sweet and sane, as that of Emerson throughout his long life. He was the founder of the institution of the lyceum, and visited all parts of the country, reading his lectures. The presence of the man did more to educate the people than the substance of his lectures. All who saw him were inspired to live more ideal lives. In his own village, the humblest neighbor, as he passed Emerson on the street, received a look of recognition and a smile full of benignancy, and walked on with the feeling of one who had received the blessing of a priest.

The biographical side will not get written soon, but will gradually grow into form by small contributions from each of the many contemporaries who knew Emerson. His letters and personal reminiscences, if, fortunately, they shall be given to the world, will do much to reveal the man to us. The biography of Pythagoras, with all its marvels of personality, had no more wonderful subject than that of Emerson will have. He is the one person who had supreme manners. Justice measures the individual by his ideal standard, and returns his deed upon him, as though he freely chose for himself the evil or good he showed toward others. Courtesy looks to the ideal, too, but it refuses to see any deed of the individual that is not in harmony with that ideal. It receives the individual with that reverence and humility that one would show towards a superior intelligence, for the ideal of each person is the same transcendent being. Emerson's demeanor towards others was of so lofty a pattern that every day's life would, if faithfully described, furnish lessons of surpassing nobility and loveliness.

W. T. Harris.

LONDON PICTURES AND LONDON PLAYS.

I CANNOT pretend this year to answer one of the regular questions of the London social season, and say how I think the exhibitions of 1882 compare with those of the previous twelvemonth; for the simple reason that I find the exhibitions of 1881 have left no definite impression on my mind. I recall with extreme difficulty last year's Grosvenor Gallery; I attempt, quite without success, to evoke a vision of the Academy. Here and there, it is true, a dim, peculiar canvas on the walls of the latter institution glimmers into momentary distinctness. I remember coming back to London from the Continent quite late in the season, and going to the Royal Academy on one of those stale, close, dusty days that precede the closing of its doors. I was accompanied by a foreign friend, and we wandered through the fatigued looking rooms with a certain languor of attention. Here and there we stopped rather short, as before the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield by Mr. Millais, before the portrait of Matthew Arnold by Mr. Watts. These painters are, in the line of portrait, the most distinguished in England, and the model, in each of the cases I have mentioned, was what a Frenchman would call another English illustration. But what was principally illustrated in both works was the ancient axiom that even Homer sometimes nods. Very bad, strangely, grotesquely bad, were the portrait of Matthew Arnold by Mr. Watts, and the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield by Mr. Millais. My foreign friend, a painter by profession, chose to take the humorous view of the Academy altogether, and to treat even the most brilliant pictures suspended there as productions with which the art of painting was but feebly and remotely connected; and indeed it was not easy to pretend that

the state of painting was honorable in a country in which two of its foremost representatives were capable of exhibiting such fearful emanations of the brush as those two misbegotten portraits. I was not greatly concerned to defend it, for I may frankly observe that English painting interests me chiefly, not as painting, but as English. It throws little light, on the whole, on the art of Titian and of Rembrandt; but it throws a light which is to me always fresh, always abundant, always fortunate, on the turn of the English mind. It is far from being the most successful manifestation of that mind; but it adds a good deal to our knowledge of it. This assertion, doubtless, makes it the more culpable to have so completely forgotten the contents of last year's exhibitions; I ought to have remembered them for their illuminating virtues; and I am afraid I must say, in mitigation of my fault, that on that occasion the English mind was less happily manifested even than usual. Moreover, it matters very little, for last year's exhibitions have scarcely more actuality than last year's moons. I alluded to them only because one is expected to be able to say, any month of May, with an air of experience, that this is rather a good, or rather a bad, Academy.

I think it is rather a good one; by which I mean that it is somewhat less bad than usual. There are fewer pictures within immediate eye-shot that are no pictures at all than I remember on some former occasions; and the whole exhibition has an air of succeeding tolerably well in what it attempts. It is true that it doesn't attempt anything very tremendous, except in the sense in which it is always tremendous to attempt to paint. But there is painting and painting; there is light work, and

there is heavy work. The Academy is essentially light; it does its best not to "go in," as the phrase is, more for the severely plastic than a Royal Academy of Arts is absolutely bound to do. The pictures for the most part are illustrations, like the little drawings in the magazines or in books. There are no striking experiments in execution, and, save on the part of the distinguished president, no attacking of the nude. Personal color, personal form, has hardly a votary; but there are multitudinous coats and trousers, and innumerable bonnets and shawls. There are also any number of chairs and tables, of windows and doors, curtains, carpets, sideboards, and chimney-pieces; and the usual proportion of green fields and cloudy skies, thatched cottages, and old brick walls, browsing donkeys and waddling geese. These are the stock properties of British art; and with their assistance the British artist is rarely at a loss to point a moral. He is not less anecdotal to-day than usual; but his anecdotes are often very neatly related. The British artist is apt to be an arrant Philistine, but he is by no means without his good points. He is wanting in science; he is wanting even in art; but he has a great deal of observation and a great deal of feeling. As M. Taine, the French critic, long ago took occasion to remark, he is very fond of studying and representing motives and states of mind; he has a turn for psychology; he is often successful in rendering the facial expression of emotions, though indeed since M. Bastien-Lepage exhibited at the Salon that remarkable figure of Joan of Arc, which hangs to-day in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and showed us with what skill a modern Frenchman could infuse into a set of features the condition and attitude of a soul, it must be admitted that these ingenious feats are not reserved for the English.

I have embarked too soon, however, upon generalizations about the state of

affairs at the Academy; for it was my intention to speak first of the Grosvenor Gallery, which is on the whole the more interesting show. It is, at any rate, the pleasanter place to go to. There are fewer pictures, and the same may be said of the visitors, — perhaps from this very fact of your shilling's worth being more slender. People with only a shilling to spend on pictures — and there are many people in London in this sad situation — prefer to spend it at the Academy. It occurs to me that the vagueness of my recollection of the Grosvenor last year is owing to the fact that Mr. Burne Jones had nothing on exhibition. Or was it the year before that this melancholy blank occurred? Vagueness prevails, whichever way I turn it; so I foresee that a twelvemonth hence I shall be very glad to have these notes to refer to. A Grosvenor without Mr. Burne Jones is a Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Mr. Whistler, it is true, is always there, but Mr. Whistler is rather less a sign of the establishment. This year Mr. Burne Jones is in force, as I count in the catalogue of the exhibition no less than nine of his productions. Most of these, however, are small pieces, and I must speak only of the two principals. The common verdict, I suppose, is that they are as queer as ever, — which I am quite willing to agree to, if it be added that they are as charming. They are full of beautiful work, beautiful feeling, an expression of many things. There are many people who declare that they contain only two things, — a bad stomach and a perverted mind. Mr. Burne Jones's figures have a way of looking rather sick; but if illness is capable of being amiable, — and most of us have had some happy intimation that it is, — Mr. Burne Jones accentuates this side of the case. This, indeed, I suppose, is the very ground of that accusation about the perversity of his mind; he is accused of delighting in disease,

and reveling in woe. The truth is, however, that this kind of talk is very much beside the mark, and I should be inclined to doubt whether the painter's art is very dear to any one who cannot find much to enjoy in Mr. Burne Jones. With the exception of Mr. Millais, who is not so much a painter as a master of the brush, he seems to me the only Englishman painting to-day who carries into the business a passion of his own. A whole range of feeling about life is expressed in Mr. Burne Jones's productions, and I scarcely know of which of his competitors the same can be said. His expression is complicated, troubled; but at least there is an interesting mind in it. And then, in general, it is exceedingly successful and beautiful. He is a deep and powerful colorist; he lives in a world of color. Amid the hard, loud chatter and clash of so many of his colleagues, the painting of Mr. Burne Jones is almost alone in having the gravity and deliberation of truly valuable speech. It needs, however, to be looked at good-humoredly and liberally; he offers an entertainment which is for us to take or to leave. It pretends to please us, if we care to be pleased,—to touch us in the persuasive, suggestive, allusive, half-satisfying but more mystifying way in which distinguished artists of the imaginative class have always appealed to us. He is not a votary of the actual, and nothing is easier than to pull such an artist to pieces, from the point of view of the actual. But the process is idle; the actual does not gain and the artist does not suffer. It is beside the mark, as I said just now, to say that his young women are always sick, for they are neither sick nor well. They live in a different world from ours,—a fortunate world, in which young ladies may be slim and pale and "seedy" without discredit and (I trust) without discomfort. It is not a question of sickness and health; it is a question of grace, delicacy, tenderness, of the chord of asso-

ciation and memory. Mr. Burne Jones has for that chord an exquisite touch. It is easy to accuse him of turning reality topsy-turvy; but I think he does it less injury than many of those painters whose relations with it are more primitive. At any rate, for the author of these lines there is something in his talent which makes almost anything pass. There is no very visible reason, for instance, why, in the largest picture the artist exhibits this year, the lovely Phyllis, forsaken by her lover, and turned by the kind gods into an almond-tree, should look as if she had secreted a button, or even a quid of tobacco, beneath her upper lip; there is no reason why Demophoön, the guilty lover, passing that way in penitence, and finding himself suddenly embraced by the arborescent Phyllis, should have hair of a singular greenish tinge. If there was to be any green hair in the picture, it surely should belong to the hardly yet revived nymph. In spite of all this, Phyllis's lip and Demophoön's hair are extremely pictorial, and I am willing to believe that they are indispensable parts of a beautiful scheme. The picture in question has a strange and touching beauty; though it is of course open to the grave accusation of representing a monstrosity. The artist has asked himself why, if a poet may be a painter, a painter may not be a poet. Phyllis, shut up in the trunk of the tree, has retained her slim and delicate human shape; she has not merged it in the blossoming boughs, whose wealth of white flowers is splendidly rendered by the painter. This charming curtain of almond blossom hangs over the reunited pair, and mingles with the tender embrace of the nymph, who flings herself from out her riven sheath, and hangs upon the neck of the startled Demophoön. The subject was difficult, and there could be no question of making it "natural;" Mr. Burne Jones has had to content himself with making it lovely.

It is a large, elaborate study of the undraped figure, the painter's treatment of which surely gives sufficient evidence of his knowing how to draw,—an accomplishment that has sometimes been denied him. The drawing of the two figures in *The Tree of Forgiveness* has knowledge and power, as well as refinement, and we should be at a loss to mention another English artist who would have acquitted himself so honorably of such an attempt. Sir Frederick Leighton deals more or less in the nude, but Sir Frederick Leighton's drawing is more superficial than Mr. Burne Jones's. In regard to color, the latter artist's pictures, it has usually seemed to us, may be divided into the warm and the cool. *The Tree of Forgiveness* is decidedly cool,—cool with the coolness of a gray day in summer. The mass of almond blossom introduces a great deal of fresh and moist-looking white; the flesh-tones are wan and bloodless, as befits the complexion of people whom we see through the medium of a certain incredulity. It would never do for Phyllis and Demophoon to present themselves with the impudence of, say, Rubens's flesh and blood. Mr. Burne Jones's other large picture, which he has called, simply, we suppose, to give it a label of some kind, *At the Mill*, is in the opposite key. It represents — But such a beginning is rash, for it would by no means be easy to say what it represents. Suffice it that three very pretty young women, in old Italian dresses, are slowly dancing together in a little green garden, on the edge of a mill-pond, on the further side of which several men, very diminutive figures, are about to enter, or about to quit, the bath. To the right, beneath a quaint loggia, a fourth young woman, the least successful of the group, is making music for her sisters. The color is deep, rich, glowing, exceedingly harmonious, and both in this respect and in its being, in feeling and expression, an echo of early Italianism, the picture has

an extraordinary sweetness. It is very true that I have heard it called idiotic; but there is a sad want of good-humor in that. It is equally true that I have not the least idea who the young women are, nor what period of history, what time and place, the painter has had in his mind. His dancing maidens are exceedingly graceful, innocent, maidenly: they belong to the land of fancy, and to the hour of reverie! When one considers them, one really feels that there is a want of discretion and of taste in attempting to talk about Mr. Burne Jones's pictures at all, much more in arguing and wrangling about them. They are there to care for if one will, and to leave to others if one cannot. The great charm of the work I have just mentioned is, perhaps, that to many persons it will seem impregnated with the love of Italy. If you have certain impressions, certain memories, of that inestimable land, you will find it full of entertainment. I speak with no intention of irreverence when I say that I think it delightfully amusing. It amuses me that it should be just as it is,—just as pointless as a twilight reminiscence, as irresponsible as a happy smile. The quaintly-robed maidens, moving together in measure, and yet seeming to stand still on the grass; the young men taking a bath just near them, and yet the oddity being no oddity at all; the charming composition of the background, the picturesque feeling, the innocence, the art, the color, the mixture of originality and imitation,—all these things lift us out of the common. Sweet young girls of long ago,—no one paints them like Mr. Burne Jones. The only complaint I have to make of him is that one cannot express one's appreciation of him without seeming to talk in the air. For this reason I will pass on to Mr. Whistler, though on reflection I hardly know whether the case is bettered.

For Mr. Whistler, of course, is extremely peculiar; he is supposed to be

the buffoon of the Grosvenor, the laughing-stock of the critics. He does the comic business once a year; he turns the somersault in the ring. The author of these hasty pages — exhibitions must be spoken of quickly, if they are to be spoken of at all — finds him, like Mr. Burne Jones, extremely amusing; only the entertainment he yields is of a much broader quality. He is exceedingly unequal, but for Mr. Whistler this is rather a good year. He has no less than seven productions at the Grosvenor, but I can speak only of the two full-length sketches of female figures which he entitles, respectively, a *Harmony in Flesh-Color and Pink*, and a *Harmony in Black and Red*. It is a misfortune for Mr. Whistler that he once gave the measure of his talent, and a very high measure it was. The portrait of his mother, painted some years ago, and exhibited this year in New York, is so noble and admirable a picture, such a masterpiece of tone, of feeling, of the power to render life, that the fruits of his brush offered to the public more lately have seemed in comparison very crude. I know not whether the fine work I speak of was a harmony, a symphony, an arrangement, or a nocturne; to-day, at any rate, the artist takes the precaution of not calling his little sketches portraits. One of them, the *Harmony in Black and Red*, may or may not be a likeness of the lady who stood for it; but it bears a remarkable resemblance to another person. I conclude from this that it has the appearance of life, which is a good deal, by the way. It may have been painted in three hours; whereas I suppose it took Mr. Holman Hunt as many months to bring his garish Miss Flamborough (also at the Grosvenor) to its extraordinary perfection of hideousness. The vague black shadow on Mr. Whistler's canvas lifts its head and poises itself and says something, and the huge, bloated doll, who, with an orange and a woolly lamb, appeals to one's in-

terest in the misguided effort of the *ex-pre-Raphaelite*, is equally inanimate and elaborate. Mr. Whistler is a votary of "tone;" his manner of painting is to breathe upon the canvas. It is not too much to say that he has, to a certain point, the creative afflatus. His little black and red lady is charming; she looks like some one, as I have said, and if she is a shadow she is the shadow of a graceful personage. Her companion, in flesh-color and pink, is a trifle less graceful, and her hat does n't fit; I also contest her flesh-color, which has a light gray tinge, not usually remarked in the human complexion. Still, she does very well on the wall, — which is about all that one is obliged to claim for these light emanations.

If the contributors to the Grosvenor were mentioned in their order of distinction, I suppose that Mr. Millais, Mr. Watts, Mr. Alma Tadema, should be the principal names. These three artists are represented solely by portraits, except, indeed, that Mr. Tadema has a couple of very small subject-pieces. His main contribution, however, is his portrait of the German actor, Ludwig Barnay, who distinguished himself in London last year as the most brilliant member of the admirable company presided over by the Duke of Meiningen, which rendered Julius Cæsar as Julius Cæsar had not been rendered in England for many a year. Barnay is painted in the robes of Marc Antony, and of his handsome pagan-looking head Mr. Alma Tadema, so apt in such achievements, has had no difficulty in making a very actual and effective Roman. The artist's great hit this year is, however, the portrait he exhibits at the Academy, the admirable, masterly portrait of Mr. Whichcord, R. I. B. A., — whatever those mystic letters may mean. Mr. Whichcord, R. I. B. A., clad in simple black, but decorated with a brilliant but inscrutable badge, has had — whatever his other honors — the

honor of inspiring the finest portrait of the year. Such painting as Mr. Tade-ma's makes the painting of many of his fellows in England look like school-boy work; his aim is so definite and so high, his taste so large, his art so much the art of knowledge. The present work, his only contribution to the Academy, has a subdued richness, a shaded glow, which reminds one of those few canvases of John Bellini which, in Venice, shed their quiet radiance from the depths of some sombre sacristy. There is nothing new to say of Mr. Millais, who this year contributes no less than nine pictures, all portraits, to the two exhibitions. He continues to be one of the most accomplished and most disappointing of painters. He has all the arts of success, but only some of the arts of perfection. No one who can do so well condescends at times to do so ill; and no one who does so ill gives you at times, in his grossest aberrations, an equal impression of ability. His facility is unprecedented, and his fortune corresponds. He has no "subject" this year; he has indeed painted his annual fancy-piece, but it constitutes the gem of a separate exhibition. None of his portraits at the Academy or the Grosvenor are of great importance, but some are much better than others, notably two or three representations of children, whom he often renders with great power. There is a poor lady in light blue at the Grosvenor, planted squarely before the public, with her arms akimbo, and looking as if she were a good deal frightened at her position, which has very much the style and weight of a chalk figure on a blackboard. On the other hand, there are at least two brilliant renderings of blooming little heroines of the nursery, painted in the large, free, solid, confident way of which, at his best, Mr. Millais is an unsurpassed master. Of how nobly he can paint when he is in the humor of it, a certain big silver bowl with a gilt interior, which figures in one

of these pictures, may remain as an example. Mr. Millais paints the celebrities, his principal celebrity this year being (at the Academy) that very holy man and very superior model, Cardinal Newman. This was a great chance, but the chance is sadly missed; the artist having made shipwreck, as it seems to me, on the vast scarlet cape of his Eminence. This exalted garment, of a very furious red, is painted with a crudity which causes it to obliterate the face, without justifying itself. It is violent, monotonous, superficial, uninteresting; it is nothing but a cape, and yet it is not even a cape. I cannot speak of the face; the face is not there, — a grievous pity, for it is a very fine one. The cardinals have had poor luck this year, Cardinal Manning having been sacrificed simultaneously to Mr. Watts, whose effort is less violent than that of Mr. Millais, but not more successful. The best that can be said of his portrait of Cardinal Manning is that it is not so bad as his portrait, at the Grosvenor, of the Prince of Wales. A grateful recollection of some of the former fruits of his once interesting talent — Mr. Watts has sometimes risen very high; he has had the great thing, he has had "style" — leads us to draw the curtain of silence over this ill-starred performance, which, we should imagine, would expose its author to the penalties attached to that misdemeanor known to English law as "threatening the Royal Family." A painter of portraits who, on the other hand, every year reveals a more vigorous faculty is Mr. Frank Holl, one of whose present contributions to the Academy ranks in merit with Mr. Tade-ma's portrait of the ex-president of the R. I. B. A., from which in manner it widely differs. I refer to his singularly life-like representation of the late Captain Alexander Mitchell Sim, "painted for the board room of the Surrey Commercial Dock Company." This is an ancient mariner in the evening of his days,

and it is a really noble picture of tough and tranquil old age. I am not acquainted with the Surrey Commercial Dock board room, but I should say it was just the picture for the place. Mr. Frank Holl is rather wanting in style, and, I should suppose, in imagination; but he has qualities which, if a man of genius does not turn up, may make him the English portrait-painter of the future: a strong, comprehensive simplicity, a great appreciation of characters, a manly, resolute, general way of painting, — an excellent power of summing-up, as it were. The portrait of Captain Sim marks his highest point this year; but he has several other excellent things, — noticeably, at the Grosvenor, a certain Mr. J. Jones Jenkins, M. P., a solid representation of a solid personage. It would be difficult to put before us more vividly the commercial, practical, political, successful Englishman, — the “City man” made perfect; difficult too, on the whole, to represent him more agreeably. This is the way he would paint himself if he knew how to paint; the picture is a good deal in the manner of a good speech in the House of Commons.

I cannot leave the Grosvenor without saying a word about Mr. W. B. Richmond's extraordinary portrait of Mr. Gladstone, in a crimson gown and in his most uplifted mood. He communes with the skies; he expounds the Scriptures, which appear to repose upon his knee. There has lately been more than one portrait of Mr. Gladstone from the theological point of view, but it was reserved for Mr. Richmond to depict him as of African blood, of distracted intellect, and of the Methodist persuasion. I know not what may have been the success of Mr. Richmond's picture with the public, but it has a very interesting side. It is the last word of Philistinism, — a character in which it must be confessed that it has many formidable competitors. Neither should I leave

the Grosvenor gallery without speaking of several American talents which are honorably exemplified there, — Mr. Boughton, for instance (if Mr. Boughton is still an American), Mr. Julian Story, Mr. Sargent. Mr. Boughton is familiar to most of us; this year he has been to Holland, and contributes to the two exhibitions (mainly to the Academy) a series of Dutch subjects of combined landscape and figure, into which he has succeeded in infusing much of the low, cool tone of that delectable country. Mr. Julian Story, the younger son of the distinguished sculptor who has lived and worked so long in Rome, is the author of the largest picture (but one) at the Grosvenor, — an Entombment, of which the brilliant cleverness, the ready resource, the discreet, agreeable color, the youthful energy, have, in the absence of some of the subtler qualities of feeling, attracted much attention. Mr. Julian Story is an executant, — he has made a great hit. Mr. Sargent, whose only defect is a certain papery texture, contributes a charming little gray Venetian interior, with figures.

I have, after all, mixed up, if I may be allowed the phrase, the Grosvenor and the Academy, for which my excuse must be that most of the prominent artists represented in the one exhibition are represented in the other. The portraits, decidedly, are the best things of the year, and one of the best of these is Mr. Herkomer's remarkable picture of Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent of the Daily News, to-day well known in America. Two or three things are more delicate than this, but none are more living, more complete. The valiant journalist stands there almost at full length, in his professional blouse, face to face with his public, with a strong, good-humored smile upon his energetic features. Mr. Herkomer has been much the fashion since he took the medal of honor for the English school

at the last Paris exhibition; yet I have often found him, in spite of a great talent, rather heavy and coarse. With his portrait of Mr. Forbes, however, there is no fault to be found; there is no criticism to make of it. It is one of those fine pictures which, beside representing an individual, represent a type, — raise the individual to the significance of a type. This is the roving Englishman, the man of energy and adventure, who has left his solid footprint in every corner of the globe, and has brought back from his furthest peregrinations a fund of good spirits and good stories. There is something equally masculine in the physiognomy of Mr. Herkomer's model and in the way the artist has rendered it. There is usually a so-called "picture of the year" at the Academy, and I have been asking myself on what work of art, on this occasion, such a title may be bestowed. Is Sir Frederick Leighton's tall, long-legged, dun-colored Phryne at Eleusis the picture of the year? This is a study of the nude on a large scale: the beautiful Athenian, competing for the prize awarded to perfection of form, undrapes her loveliness before the admiring multitude. Her loveliness is considerable, for Sir Frederick Leighton has a great deal of elegance, a great sense of beauty; but neither in modeling nor in color does her elongated person appear to justify this lavish exposure. The head is charming and charmingly placed, and the picture more freely painted than a number of other polished creations by the same artist, scattered through the neighboring rooms. But the body strikes one as too monotonously yellow, too flat, too remodeled. The lady stands there in the atmosphere of Greece, and her beauty must have flashed more vividly, shone more splendidly, upon the eyes of Greeks. It is true that it is not with the eyes of Greeks that we look at her. This perhaps is what is needed to see deeper into the present manner of the

accomplished president of the Academy. More than any English painter he devotes himself to the plastic, but his efforts remain strongly and brilliantly superficial. His texture is too often that of the glaze on the lid of a pruncheon; his drawing too often that of the figures that smile at us from the covers of these receptacles. And yet, as I say, he has a great sense of beauty. I am reduced to believing that to-day there is no picture of the year; for neither Mr. Millais, nor Mr. Pettie, nor Mr. Orchardson, nor Mr. Marcus Stone, nor Mr. Long, nor Mr. Boughton, nor any other of the popular purveyors of pictorial anecdote has succeeded in providing it. Mr. Pettie has several clever things, but I know no painter possessing so many parts of the temperament of a painter in whom the total is less felicitous. He is a Scotchman by nativity, and his coloring has a Caledonian harshness, a kind of "sandy" quality, which is fatal to the plastic idea. There could not be a better example of what I have called the Philistinism of English art than his exceedingly ugly picture of the young Duke of Monmouth kneeling in supplication, with his hands tied, to the cowardly James II. The violation of taste here is quite bottomless. An artist whose success in England is, from the foreign point of view, absolutely inexplicable is Mr. Edwin Long, who paints *large* sentimental Eastern subjects, and who, the other day, sold one of these productions for six thousand pounds. Mr. Long, if I am not mistaken, would be regarded in France, in Germany, even in Italy, as dangerously weak. The Academy, which every year purchases out of a certain Chantrey fund a picture to call its own, has this year selected a very charming work by Mr. Marcus Stone: a love-scene in an old-fashioned garden, with a couple of figures and a great many very delicately treated accessories. The picture, which is not very solid, is yet the result of a

great deal of talent, and though it is extremely English it is also extremely skillful. The increase and diffusion — signified on each wall of the exhibition — of the particular sort of skill which it reveals is perhaps the best thing to be noticed in English art to-day.

If all art is supposed to be one, and if its different manifestations, to the truly penetrating eye, are supposed to minister a mutual light, there should be no great violence of transition in passing from the exhibitions to the theatres. The British stage has indeed a considerable analogy to British painting, and the reflections which present themselves at the Lyceum and the Haymarket are not very different from those which illuminate the devious path of the visitor to Burlington House and the eccentric temple in Bond Street. Both at the play-house and at the exhibition he encounters a good deal of Philistinism. On the other hand, both the art of the painter and that of the actor are said to be improving, and if the training-school for young actors, for which an appeal has just been made to the English public by a group of more or less distinguished *dilettanti*, becomes a working institution, the dramatic profession may spread its wings indeed. It is proposed to establish a dramatic conservatory, modeled upon that of the Conservatoire in Paris, at which the young ladies and gentlemen who aspire to brave the foot-lights may acquire what may be roughly termed a little ease of manner. The more ease the better; for English acting is for the most part distinguished by a consummate want of study. There is good material, — though not so good, I think, as we sometimes hear affirmed; but it remains undeveloped and ineffective, — it does not see its way. It will take more, however, than even the hottest histrionic forcing-house to make an English school of actors which shall rival the French; it will take a transfor-

mation of English life, of the English temperament, of the English tongue. That a place of serious study for young persons proposing to adopt this very difficult profession is much to be desired, I shall, however, not pretend to deny. Such an institution would perhaps be even less valuable for what it might produce than for what it might prevent. There is an immense deal to prevent on the English stage. Would a training-school have, for instance, prevented Mr. Henry Irving, who has for some time past been offering us such a Romeo as we never dreamed of? A training-school, assiduously frequented by Mr. Irving in his youth, would not, perhaps, have suppressed him altogether, but it would have suppressed some of his extraordinary peculiarities. That these peculiarities should have blossomed and flowered at such a prodigious rate — a most rank and bristling vegetation — is the best possible proof of the absence of taste, of criticism, of knowledge, of a standard, on the part of the public. More extraordinary even than Mr. Irving's eccentricities is the fact that they have not interfered with his success. The part, of all the parts he has played, in which it might have been thought they would be most destructive is this exquisite part of the graceful and passionate Romeo; but, as it happens, the play has thriven mightily, and though people are sadly bewildered by what they see and hear in it, they appear to recommend the performance to their friends. It has the advantage of that splendid scenic presentation which Mr. Irving understands so well, and which converts the play from a splendid and delicate poem into a gorgeous and overweighted spectacle. Mr. Irving does these things very handsomely; he is a most liberal and intelligent manager. It may, indeed, not be thought a proof of his intelligence that he himself should play the hero, or that he should entrust the girlish Juliet to the large, the long,

the mature Miss Terry. Miss Terry has great charm; she is what the French call, in artistic parlance, a "nature;" she is almost always interesting, and she is often a delightful presence: but she is not Juliet; on the contrary! She is too voluminous, too deliberate, too prosaic, too English, too unversed in the utterance of poetry. How little Mr. Irving is Romeo it is not worth while even to attempt to declare; he must know it, of course, better than any one else, and there is something really touching in so extreme a sacrifice of one's ideal. It remains to be ascertained why he should have wished to bring out the play. Mr. Irving is not a Romeo; Miss Terry is not a Juliet; and no one else, save Mrs. Stirling, is anything in particular. Was it for Mrs. Stirling, then, that this elaborate undertaking was set on foot? She plays the Nurse, and plays it very well, — too well, almost, since it is pushed forward, out of its relations to the total. Mrs. Stirling, to-day a very old woman, is a rich and accomplished actress; she belongs to a more sincere generation; she knows her art, and it is from her rendering of the garrulous, humorous, immoral attendant of the gentle Juliet that the spectator receives his one impression of the appropriate and the adequate. It was probably for the spectacle that Mr. Irving took the play in hand, and the spectacle has richly rewarded him. It is the last word of stage-carpentering, and is full of beautiful effects of color and costume. The stage is crowded with figures; there are at moments too many; the play moves slowly through a succession of glowing and deceptive pictures. The fault of all this splendor of detail is that, in the homely phrase, it puts the cart before the horse. The play is not acted, it is costumed; the immortal lovers of Verona become subordinate and ineffectual figures. I had never thought of Romeo and Juliet as a dull drama; but Mr. Irving has succeeded in making it so. It

is obstructed, interrupted; its passionate rapidity is chopped up into little tableaux. In a word, it is slow, — mortally slow; for much of the dialogue is incomprehensibly spoken, and the rest ineffectively. To make this enchanting poem tame, — it was reserved for the present management of the Lyceum to accomplish that miracle. The danger, however, is common, — the danger of smothering a piece in its accessories; and the accident occurs at most of the London theatres. The reason is doubtless that the art of putting a piece on the stage, as it is called (as if the only way to put a piece on the stage were not to act it), has lately made an advance in England which is out of proportion to any improvement that has taken place in the dramatic art proper. Scenery and decorations have been brought to their highest perfection, while elocution and action, the interpretation of meanings, the representation of human feelings, have not been made the objects of serious study. There is plenty of talent in the London theatres, but it wants cultivation and direction. Of course, when Shakespeare is sacrificed to the machinist and the gas-man, the case is at the worst; the sacrifice of M. Sardou is a less tragic event. He is, however, mildly immolated every evening at the Haymarket, with Mrs. Bancroft and Madame Modjeska as high-priestesses of the altar. His ingenious comedy of *Odette* (which is by no means the triumph of his ingenuity) is represented at that theatre with every refinement of *mise en scène*. In its way it is as fine as the *Romeo and Juliet* of the Lyceum, — though of course it matters less that it should be so superfluously pictorial. It consists of a series of interiors, each one of which is more elegant, as the play-bill would say, than the others. The acting is another affair, but the acting is very good. Madame Modjeska plays the erring but repentant wife (as the play-bill again would say); and if

there were nothing else that was satisfactory in her performance it would be a satisfaction to see a "star" reduced to the level of an ordinary luminary, taking a regular place in a good stock company, and content to forego the use of staring capitals in the play-bill. But Madame Modjeska plays with a great deal of art: with grace, with force, with intelligence, with a certain personal distinction. The piece has been arranged for English life, but the heroine continues to be a Frenchwoman; a fact which eases off, for the actress charged with the part, the question of pronunciations. Madame Modjeska, moreover, has made progress with her English. There are few actresses more delightful than Mrs. Bancroft, when she appears in a part that exactly suits her, and such a part has been arranged for her in this somewhat heterogeneous *Odette*, — a brief, incidental part, of which, however, she has seized all the opportunities, opportunities for rich yet natural comedy. The comic power of Mrs. Bancroft is remarkable; it flows with abundance and freedom; you never hear the creaking of the pump. The whole piece is acted with an amount of care and finish which it would be ungracious not to acknowledge, and which certainly indicates a rise of the level of theatrical criticism. It is not the finish of the best French acting, but it is very well for a theatre operating in English conditions. If I were asked to specify the best piece of comedy in the play, I should say it was the manner in which a young actor, of high promise and of a peculiar and original talent, Mr. Charles Brookfield, representing the major-domo of a private gaming-house at Nice, acquits himself of the single scene of which his part

consists. The man is a scoundrel, a charlatan, a Frenchman, a jackanapes, and various other things besides, and the art with which these elements are interfused and expressed is so remarkable as to convert Mr. Brookfield's purely episodic opportunity into a brilliant triumph. His acting is more than clever, it is imaginative; more than humorous, it is creative. The best thing in it — and the rarest thing — is the vividness with which he has perceived the figure which he wished to represent. In short, it is a real portrait, and Mr. Brookfield, who has made a great hit, will be watched with interest in future. What I have said of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Odette* is less true of *The Squire*, at the St. James's, by the distance that divides Mr. Pinero, the author of this successful but not original dramatic effort, not only from Shakespeare, but from Sardou. *Odette* is by no means the best Sardou; if the author of the most successful pieces of our time had produced nothing but this drama he would not be known to fame. But the play hangs neatly together, thanks simply to French scenic traditions, — to the French habit of making things stick. *The Squire* does n't stand very straight, but it is beautifully mounted and very carefully played. The author appears to have borrowed it from Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, — though its origin was, I believe, very sharply contested when the piece was produced, and is at present involved in impenetrable mystery. The pictures are charming, Mrs. Kendal's acting is interesting, and the rest as good as there is occasion for. On the whole, like the exhibitions, the London theatres are improving.

HARTE'S SKETCHES AND STORIES.

THE collection of an author's writings into a uniform edition compels the collection and revision of his readers' judgments. From time to time, during the past fifteen years, it has been a pleasure to record the successes of Mr. Bret Harte, and to watch for each novel display of his power. Now, with the five substantial volumes of his works¹ before us, we can hardly escape a corresponding deliberateness and formality of attitude, as we survey the contents and recall the excitement under which the original issues were received. We have become our own posterity, with the disadvantage that we are forced to rely upon the fading recollection of a sensation, and with the advantage of receiving a more multiform and cumulative impression. No author of genius writes himself out in one poem or book, and the light thrown upon his power by his united works is essential for understanding the value of each.

Whatever news we may yet have from Mr. Harte's genius, he has given us enough in these five volumes for a consistent and tolerably comprehensive view of its scope and general features. The material in which he works is, for the most part, nature and human nature of the California variety; and the form which he employs is the story or the poem, though the story in one instance has been expanded into a novel, and the poem into a drama. Criticism he does not touch, except in the form of parody and burlesque. It is rare indeed that a writer deliberately sets such bounds to his work, and in the consistency of his literary career there is the mark of a mind which understands well its power and the limitations of its power.

Not only so, but when one comes to make the acquaintance of Mr. Harte's characters, he finds that they are variations of a few well-studied types; when he examines the scene of their action, he finds it marked by a few strong local signs. Then, as if to give even sharper features to the types, the same persons constantly recur; the same places form the background for action. It is somewhat with the reader as with the visitor to the Thorwaldsen Museum in Copenhagen, who is at first impressed by the artist's fecundity and versatility, but gradually comes to respect more his fidelity to a few typical forms, produced in different material, and capable of distribution into a few notable groups.

With the existence of marked personalities, well-defined localities, situations, and relations, there is an absence of certain persons, scenes, and incidents which naturally occur to any one acquainted with California. San Francisco and its life, for example, and the dramatic incidents connected with the Vigilance Committee, are very slightly used, while the mining camp and the old Spanish life form essential features. Both the omission and the use illustrate the direct relation which Mr. Harte bears to his work. He has used his material at first hand, and has relied confidently upon his own observation and knowledge.

The more closely we draw the line about this author's work, the more clearly do we perceive what his underlying power has effected. He has taken these well-defined and typical figures and scenes, and by the constructive force of his genius has built a California of the imagination, peopled it, and given it a destiny. The California of his construction has a romantic relation to the California of geography and history; the men and women are images of classes

¹ *The Works of Bret Harte*. Collected and revised by the Author. In five volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

to be found there, and the life and sentiment are poetic reflections of the real movement. By a steady obedience to an ideal, such as only an artist is capable of, he has added a distinct province to literature. He has annexed a California to romance as certainly as the Forty-Niners and their successors annexed a California to the United States. The country is his by right of discovery and colonization.

In studying the processes by which this romancer has reached his final results, we have the advantage of seeing the sketches which represent studies in the material employed. The volume entitled *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Stories* includes also a number of papers, headed respectively *Earlier Papers*, *Bohemian Papers*, and *Spanish and American Legends*. These, generally simple in form and unpretending, are of great interest as indicating the close study of particulars, and as involving in several instances the germs of later, more artistic work. They are the reports of a writer who is instinctively a romancer, and they bear somewhat the same relation to his art that Dickens's early sketches and *Uncommercial Traveller* bear to his novels. The comparison suggests a likeness and an unlikeness in the two writers. Harte's sketches are rarely disfigured by the merely grotesque, but, like Dickens, he is very apt to see and to hint at the possibilities of fiction in the sights and persons sketched. The absence of effort in these papers gives them a value as marking the power of the writer to see and to record. The paper, for example, entitled *Notes by Flood and Field*, though blurred a little in some of its lines, indicates a strength scarcely surpassed in his later work; and an even longer piece of writing is *High Water Mark*, in the same division. Indeed, this sketch, which professes to be the account of an actual adventure, is a remarkable illustration of what Bret Harte

might have done, had it been given him to report California instead of inventing California. One comes back to it, after reading the stories, with a wistful look after the retreating author.

The sketches served as studies for the stories which gave Mr. Harte his sudden reputation, and among them is one which suggests a transition between the sketch and the story. *M'liss*, which is classed among the *Earlier Papers*, reads as if it were a school-master's study of real life, thrown into the form of fiction in order to permit a little more freedom and the development of latent forces of character. The strength of the sketch is there in the outlining of the chief persons, in the touches of nature, in the humorous acceptance of the contrasts of California life; the weakness of the story appears in the melodramatic flourishes and in the importation of characters like *McSnagley*, which seem first to have done service in other people's books. There is one portion of Mr. Harte's work, altogether admirable in its way, which helps us to understand some of the workings of his genius. The *Condensed Novels* are unapproached, even by Thackeray, in their cleverness. They are reductions to scale of the minds of eminent novelists, and show an astonishing power of combined imitation and condensation. In effect, they are most amusing criticisms of the peculiarities of the authors burlesqued, and as unerring as photographs. One only, we may say, falls short of the excellence of the others, and that is the parody of Dickens, who had so serious an influence over Mr. Harte that the burlesque passes almost unconsciously into genuine admiration.

Well, the amazing cleverness of these *Condensed Novels* gives a clew to the author's faculty for reproduction; but the faculty is employed upon veritable persons and upon fictitious types with a similar power. Throughout the stories, one sees Californians and the cock-

neys of literature moving through the mazes with equal steps, and he is teased by the illusions which are thus created. The reality of the Californians is affected by the unreality of the cockneys, the second-hand characters are in turn infused with some of the life-blood of the real inhabitants, and both produce a *patois*, in which the amusing jargon of the mines and the imported cheap English of fiction are inextricably confused.

If this power of reproduction were confined to characters and their speech, one might good-naturedly accept the fool's gold with the real, but it is in the action of the characters that the weakness is most manifest; for while separate incidents have often a vivid native realism, the web of the stories is woven upon a loom which is hopelessly foreign from the author's invention. The most significant illustration is in the novel of Gabriel Conroy. In the short stories, the power is in the pictures of Californian life and character, and the conventional plots are accepted as carrying these. In the novel, greater demands are laid on characters and plot than they can meet. It is somewhat like the mechanical enlargement of a small drawing, when the exaggeration of outlines brings painfully to notice the indecision or faultiness of the work. Gabriel Conroy, who gives the name to the novel, and is the character about whom the persons of the story revolve in a wild dance of atoms, is a baby giant. He is presented to the reader as a foil, in his innocence, to the combined wickedness of the other characters. His steadfastness of affection is apparently intended as the pivot on which the book is to turn; his strength of body is made the picturesque accompaniment of an awkward mind; and yet, though he is, so to speak, the spinal column of the book, he becomes utterly useless at the most critical point. At the outset of the story, Gabriel is separated from his sister, Grace Conroy;

and however errant the other characters may be, Gabriel's one purpose throughout the book is to recover his sister, and to surrender the charge of a younger sister, who is left with him. As incidental to this, he marries a woman for whom he has no love, and finally abandons her that he may find his sister. When his sister reappears, at a trial which involves Gabriel's life, and makes herself known, he receives the fact as the most ordinary of incidents, quite incapable of discomposing him, but a few minutes afterward falls into a swoon — at what? At the announcement that his wife, for whom he does not care a straw, has given birth to a child! This, coming in the crisis of the novel, at least in what one has hopelessly been anticipating as a crisis, has the effect of crumbling the entire structure of the story, and the reader looks back upon all the dark passages through which he has been wandering as leading not into the light, but into the vegetable cellar.

Only Mr. Harte himself could do justice to Gabriel Conroy by condensing it. Earthquakes occur for the purpose of interrupting conversation and stopping the delivery of a letter; the hero topples a figure of Justice from the roof of a court-house, in order to arrest pursuit of himself; nearly everybody wears at some time in the course of the story a false wig; death and burial under tons of rocks have no power over characters who have already been snowed and starved out of life, with the faint suspicion, besides, of having eaten each other; and there is a wild chase of all the persons in the story after their neighbors, with the devil in full view of the hindmost.

The miniature scenes of the stories are curiously expanded in the novel, with the effect, as we have said, of betraying their essential weakness. Thus, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, one of the most effective of the short stories, because of the grotesque contrast of the group of queer characters with a terri-

bly tragical situation, is seen again upon an enlarged scale in the opening scenes of Gabriel Conroy; *The Story of a Mine*, which gives admirably the turns and twists of legal possession and dis-possession, in spite of the ineffective conclusion, becomes in the novel a distorted picture of rascality and a hopeless tangle of forgeries, — so hopeless that the reader finally abandons the reins to the author, and lets him drive where he will, only asking to be brought to some final resting-place. The characters in the stories are collected from all quarters, and given house-room in the novel, and one feels that he is living very hard in the world which Mr. Harte has conjured up.

For it is a world. Keen observation, wit, perception of contrasts, the genius which lights man and nature with the unquenchable spark, — these are all present in Mr. Harte's creative mind, and literature acknowledges a new master. But since we have intimated that this world of his has a charmed existence, that he has called it into being out of the material which California had to offer, we wish to ask further, What makes his world go? What are the secret springs of character which determine the destiny of the persons whom he has set on the stage? His persons are real to the eye; they are consistent with themselves; they appear to be lacking in none of the attributes of humanity; we say that they are charmingly natural. But what is the sun in this solar system of Mr. Harte's? Whence do the creatures get their life?

We hesitate before the answer, but we are obliged to confess that Mr. Harte's world is constructed upon the Ptolemaic system: the sun, moon, and stars revolve round it; the world itself is fixed, and a law to itself. If the reader will attend, he will find that the controlling force in the several stories is sentiment, and not principle. The emotional, and not the ethical, determines

the life of this world of Mr. Harte's, and so complete is the ascendancy of sentiment that there is a needless waste of morals. In Gabriel Conroy, for example, Grace Conroy appears to the unsuspecting reader as a simple, pure, and courageous girl; she even has a show of principle for a short time, to set off the selfishness of Philip Ashley, or Poinsett, — for nearly everybody in the book has an alias: but presently the reader has a dismal foreboding, for a line or two, that she is the mistress of her lover, and when she reappears, toward the close of the book, his conjecture becomes certainty. But there was absolutely no sort of need of ruining her. On the contrary, the story would have been stronger without this needless assumption. In effect, the women in these stories never seem to be heroines until they have lost their honor, and the men never seem to be brave until they have parted with their principles. Once these are out of the way, on both sides, and sentiment set up as the law of being, all moves on smoothly. Steadfastness in wickedness becomes quite as admirable as steadfastness in righteousness, and the colorless gambler, who fascinates every one within reach, goes through the exercise of self-denial with a charming *insouciance* which puts to shame the more awkward exhibitions of blushing innocents.

Mr. Harte has not been let alone in his world. He has been subjected to criticisms, and in the first volume of this collection he enters his somewhat impatient apology. "Of all the various forms," he says, "in which cant presents itself to suffering humanity," he knows of none "so outrageous, so illogical, so undemonstrable, so marvelously absurd, as the cant of 'too much mercy.' When it shall be proven to him [the author] that communities are degraded, and brought to guilt and crime, suffering or destitution, from a predominance of this quality; when he shall see pardoned

ticket-of-leave men elbowing men of austere lives out of situation and position, and the repentant Magdalen supplanting the blameless virgin in society, then he will lay aside his pen, and extend his hand to the new Draconian discipline in fiction." Mr. Harte's world is indeed a compensation for the present, and possibly for the next. Poetic mercy, not poetic justice, brings it into harmony with the general order of the universe, and one has the happiness of finding that the variety show has made the pulpit unnecessary.

It is this unmoral treatment of immoral subjects which robs them of their noxious qualities. As soon as we fairly leave our conscience, like our coat, hanging on a nail outside, and enter Mr. Harte's world in social and moral *déshabillé*, we are entertained beyond measure. We read a Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst with all the enjoyment with which we might, under the same circumstances, read of the adventures of the prodigal son in a far country, before he came to himself. The people and scenes are so real, under the touch of this man of genius, and yet they belong so entirely to a neighboring world, that we are in no danger of running across them, and finding their recognition of our acquaintance awkward. People have vexed themselves over the problem of the inhabitaney of the moon; certain essentials of life seem to the tel-

escopic looker-on to be wanting. They should take thought from the success with which Mr. Harte's world is inhabited by people who wear their principles as ornaments.

We come back with pleasure to a contemplation of those features of Mr. Harte's work which have made him a new force in literature. He has given us to know some of the marks of a fleeting phase of civilization; he has brought forward into the light certain tawdry and grotesque personages, who compel our sympathy even when we distrust them; he has drawn distinct figures, which reveal their own life; and he has given familiar sentiment new and pathetic situations. His babies and children, for example, reconcile us from time to time to a world in which sentiment is the ruling motive; that they should so often grow up into somewhat shabby men and women, as when Olly, in Gabriel Conroy, develops into the smart Olivia, and Carry, in An Episode of Fiddletown, becomes a foolish school-girl, is Mr. Harte's unconscious confession that sentiment has a way of losing its charm when it is put to the common uses of life, and becomes a working theory. When all our criticism is expended, and we have made peace with our judgment, we linger to have another look at the graphic, amusing, and novel sights which he draws with so free a hand.

VON HOLST'S CALHOUN.

In the peaceful days of Mr. Monroe, the British minister at Washington was Mr. Stratford Canning, afterwards better and more widely known as Lord Stratford de Redclyffe. Some years ago, this gentleman met in London a well-known American clergyman, and refer-

ring, in the course of conversation, to his life in Washington, he said, "And, by the way, what ever became of that young war minister of yours, Calhoun?" Lord Stratford de Redclyffe had grown gray in diplomacy, and in dealing with questions relating to foreign nations. He

could, without doubt, have given the history of every despicable occupant of the throne of Turkey for the last fifty years, and could have told of every intrigue of the miserable court and cabinet of that wretched country. He could probably have repeated the name of every princeling in Germany. But he did not know what had become of his contemporary, Calhoun.

This little anecdote carries with it a moral worth drawing, even at the expense of digressing briefly. Calhoun was, in the first place, a most remarkable man, of great intellectual power. He moreover embodied, typified, and led one of the great social and political forces in the United States, which, in its conflict with other forces, produced a civil war, lasting four years, and affecting more or less every part of the civilized world. Of the people engaged in that war, and among whom Calhoun was a great leader, the ablest historian of England in the Eighteenth Century, Mr. Lecky, has said in his last volume, "The future destinies and greatness of the English race must necessarily rest mainly with the mighty nation which has arisen beyond the Atlantic." Unfortunately, the diplomatist in his ignorance, and not the historian with his thought and knowledge, is the typical Englishman. In the days of Dickens's *American Notes*, Americans would have been annoyed by such a remark as that made by Lord Stratford de Redclyffe. Now they are amused. But it is worth the while of Englishmen to take the little anecdote on another side, and inquire whether ignorance of America, usually accompanied by arrogance, has paid in the long run. Ignorance of America brought England to her knees in Paris in 1782, gave a lasting shock to her naval reputation in 1812, and carried her commissioners to Washington in 1872, with an apology on their lips. This willful ignorance is really worth remedying, for if persisted in it may

easily prove an even more costly luxury to England in the future.

Another foreign gentleman has not only differed from Lord Stratford de Redclyffe in thinking it worth his while to find out what became of the "young war minister," but he has embodied the results of his study and reflection in the admirable volume which forms the subject of the present notice.¹ Dr. Von Holst has made no attempt to give us a biography, in the ordinary sense of the term. We know scarcely more of the man Calhoun after reading this volume than before. A much better idea of the "great nullifier" as a living creature of flesh and blood can be obtained from Mr. Parton's vigorous essay than from all the three hundred and fifty pages of Dr. Von Holst. We do not propose, however, to criticise Dr. Von Holst for what he has not done, for that is criticism of the most worthless sort. He has seen fit to study Calhoun in a certain way, and he has written a most interesting and valuable book, and made a most important contribution to American history.

If he has not given us a portrait of the man Calhoun, Dr. Von Holst has presented a most vivid picture of the working of Calhoun's intellect upon the great problem which finally absorbed his whole vitality, and of his influence and meaning in the history of the United States. In his full development Calhoun was a fanatic, and therefore essentially a man of one idea. In a brief study of his life, it is therefore legitimate to treat him solely with reference to that idea. This is what Dr. Von Holst has done. He shows us Calhoun entering Congress as one of the young nationalists, as a leader of the war party. Again we see him after the war, still a nationalist, outstripping the Federalists in his zeal for a tariff, a bank, internal

¹ *John C. Calhoun. [American Statesmen.]* By DR. H. VON HOLST. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

improvements, and the full exercise of all the powers of the central government. Then comes the great change, after he has attained the vice-presidency, — a change which Dr. Von Holst does not satisfactorily account for, and which is perhaps incapable of solution. Whether the pressure of opinion in his native State drove him on, or whether, as is more probable, he saw suddenly, with the eyes of a prophet, the doom of slavery, certain it is that from an advanced nationalist Calhoun became a nullifier, and the most extreme advocate of states rights. His aspirations for the presidency held him in check for a few years, and then came the breach with Jackson, which put an end to his hopes. "Embittered, but free," he henceforth went his way alone, and became the champion of slavery and the very incarnation of the slave-holding principle. It would seem as if a close study of mental development and a severe analysis of arguments must be dry. This is precisely the work to which Dr. Von Holst has devoted the bulk of his book, and it is not going too far to say that he has succeeded in making it extremely dramatic. We cannot help following with intense interest the progress of Calhoun's reasoning, as we watch the steps by which he pushed the cause of slavery forward; making always stronger claims, and winning one disastrous victory after another. First, he bent his whole force to the maintenance of the principle of nullification, and to the establishment of constitutional doctrines which would have resulted in what his biographer well calls the "systematization of anarchy." The principle that slavery was wholly the affair of the several States having been settled, the next step was to make it the duty of the general government to protect it, and thus give it a national character. Nothing is more striking, nothing shows more clearly the indestructible vitality and force of the national principle, than Calhoun's at-

tempt to nationalize slavery. Slavery, according to its great defender, was municipal in one direction, national in another; and this contradiction was but one of the many into which Calhoun fell, with all his relentless logic and fine-spun ingenious reasonings. Dr. Von Holst takes up every argument made by Calhoun on every part of the great question, and shows remorselessly the absurdity in which the master logician of politics always ended. The trouble was of course in the utter badness of the cause. Slavery was dying, at war with all sound principles, social and economical, and in deadly hostility to the spirit of the age. Yet Calhoun sought to make it the foundation, "the only durable foundation," as he himself said, of a free state. He soon discovered that constitutional doctrines did not go far enough, and he then stepped boldly on to broader grounds, and proclaimed that slavery was "a good, a positive good." His last act was to form a sectional party in support of slavery, which had always been sectional itself, but which had until then had a national party as its defender.

Calhoun did more than any man to make civil war inevitable and to prepare the way for secession, and yet his honest and sincere purpose was to preserve the Union and slavery. He was always prophesying that slavery in the Union was doomed, and therefore the Union was doomed, too; but he failed to see that the knell of human slavery, whether in or out of the Union, had sounded, and that when slavery came in conflict with the principle of union it would be ground to powder. In the struggle for Texas, when Calhoun, as secretary of state, by mad devotion to his cause, so falsified facts, leaving in this way the one blot on his unsullied personal integrity, he himself proclaimed the utter hopelessness of the war that he was waging. If the mere neighborhood of a free state was fatal to the con-

tinued existence of slavery, what hope could there be for such a system? Yet Calhoun fought on. He marshaled his principles, he arrayed his forces, he rallied his State; and behind all is the dark, inexorable fate, the unrelenting facts, which must sooner or later crush to atoms the vile system and everything that supports it. This is the element which casts over Calhoun's arguments and strategy a lurid light, and makes dry reasoning on constitutional and economical questions assume an intense dramatic interest. The life of Calhoun and the devotion of his splendid talents to the accursed service of slavery make up one of the saddest tragedies in modern history. We cannot praise Dr. Von Holst more highly than by saying that he has appreciated this fact, and has done justice to it.

We disagree with Dr. Von Holst in his statement that the fame of Clay and Webster is growing dimmer. Both of these distinguished men are beginning to be more justly judged, but they were both typical characters and great figures

in our history. They shine with a softer, but with a not less powerful light than of old. At the same time, we quite agree with Dr. Von Holst that Calhoun's fame burns with a fierce intensity which is lacking in the case of his two great rivals. This is characteristic of the man. With all his ability and power, he was narrow, and he was a fanatic. But he was above all things intense. So far as his influence extended, — and it went further than that of anybody else in connection with the one absorbing question of the day, — he left a deeper imprint than any of his contemporaries on the history of his time. Pure and austere in his life, sincere and bold in his convictions, powerful in intellect and character, John C. Calhoun will go down to posterity as the champion and the embodiment of one of the most evil principles in the history of mankind, and of an institution which, when it fell, had wrought more harm and had more sins to answer for than any social or political system known to the civilized world in modern times.

A NOTE ON FLAUBERT.

In his essay on Gustave Flaubert Mr. Henry James, Jr., states the undisputed fact that *Madame Bovary*, the author's first novel, has remained altogether his best. As for *Salammbô*, *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine*, *L'Education Sentimentale*, and *Trois Contes*, to say nothing of the posthumous work, *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, Mr. James was right in saying that "the mass of the public finds them dull, and wonders how a writer can expend such an immensity of talent in making himself unreadable."

In his essay on *Salammbô*, *Sainte-Beuve* concluded by begging Flaubert to return to modern life and write an-

other novel, strong, powerful, living, finely observed, in the realistic vein of *Madame Bovary*, though with more sympathy for humanity, and with a larger acknowledgment of its good sides. Let M. Flaubert, he said, relax his style and method. In *Salammbô*, *Sainte-Beuve* complained, the enchanter never appears. "Effort, labor, combination, are evident even in those parts where the talent of the author is most eminent. Oh, how much more facile are the inventions of genius! By *genius* I mean something felicitous, easy, *trouv  *. This is the kind of unforeseen that one loves. The unforeseen in M. Flaubert's work is forced,

sought after, worked up, achieved by digging and delving, and much more strange and odd than original." Apart from one's own personal impressions in reading Flaubert, it would be easy to multiply citations from the critics to the same effect. Now, as years go by, it seems more and more certain that of all Flaubert's work *Madame Bovary* alone has elements of immortality. But how was it that the man who could write that work could produce nothing afterwards that approached it? How did it happen that in his later works the toil and effort with which they were written became more and more evident?

The few persons who were intimate with Flaubert during his life-time knew where to seek the explanation of this immobilization of his talent. But they kept the secret to themselves, and it is only within the past few weeks that that secret has been revealed to the public by a man who was intimate with Flaubert from his youth, M. Maxime du Camp, of the French Academy. In his recently published *Literary Souvenirs*, M. du Camp devotes half, and certainly the most interesting half, of his volume to Gustave Flaubert.¹ The two men became acquainted at Paris in 1842. Flaubert was then about twenty, and had come to Paris to study law, in accordance with the desire of his parents. He was a splendidly handsome fellow, of gigantic stature, with blue eyes, an abundant golden blonde beard, a voice like a trumpet, excessive in his gestures and violent in his laughter, — a sort of Gaulish chieftain. At that early age his intellectual development was extraordinary and his memory prodigious. As regards acquirements, M. Maxime du Camp says he was a sort of walking dictionary. At that time he had written a novel of psychological analysis, a sort of moral autobiography, called *November*, produced under the stylistic influence of Château-

briand and Edgar Quinet, with whose works he was then impregnated.

"It has been said," writes M. du Camp, "that Flaubert was a realist, a naturalist; he has been regarded as a sort of literary surgeon, dissecting passion and making a post-mortem examination of the human heart. He was himself the first to smile at this idea; he was a lyric. He had arrived at this singular theory, that the most harmonious word is always the right word; he sacrificed everything to the harmony of his phrases, sometimes even grammar. He used often to repeat, 'What you say is nothing; it is the way you say it. A work of art that seeks to prove something is null for that very reason; a fine verse that signifies nothing is superior to a less fine verse that signifies something. Without form there is no salvation; whatever be the subject of a book, it is good if it allows the use of fine language.' From the day when he took up a pen to the hour when death broke it in his hand, Flaubert was a workman of art for art's sake."

At this time, M. du Camp tells us, Flaubert was meditating two works: one an Oriental tale, several episodes of which he had prepared, and which were crystallized in *Salammbô*; the other a *Dictionary of Received Ideas*, a repository of commonplaces, *prudhomismes*, and stupidities, which afterwards found their place in the character of Homais in *Madame Bovary*, and in *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. Flaubert, although he had filled volume after volume in copying out his legal text-books, — this was his way of studying, — failed to pass his examination. He was pitilessly rejected, and this was the end of his student life. In August, 1843, he left Paris, and returned to his home at Rouen, apparently in the most perfect health and vigor. In the month of October of the same year he was struck, suddenly and without the slightest premonitory symptoms, by epilepsy. Flaubert remained to the

¹ *Souvenirs Littéraires*. Par MAXIME DU CAMP. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1882.

end of his life subject to these terrible nervous paroxysms. He rarely dared to go out except in a carriage, and often he passed whole months in his cottage at Croisset, near Rouen, without even going down into his garden. He felt secure only in his own rooms. He became shy and solitary.

"One becomes accustomed to everything," continues M. du Camp, "even to the terror, even to that permanent anguish, that grips the heart in prevision of a certain danger whose hour is unknown; and so Flaubert was able, later on, to accustom himself to the constant uneasiness that tormented him. He made himself some relations, and entered once more into common life up to a certain point. . . . If this nervous affection had resulted only in increasing his natural shyness, the inconvenience would have been slight; but it had a far graver influence upon him, — an influence which only those who were intimate with him then could see. I have said that at the age of twenty Flaubert had an exceptional intellectual development. He was very strange, original in an excellent way, open to things, and appropriating them with extraordinary rapidity. His stock of reading was already considerable, and his memory had been abundantly stored. He worked with facility. . . . When his nervous system lost its balance, and inflicted upon him the terrible torture in question, Flaubert stopped; his intellectual skein became suddenly tangled; he remained stationary. His memory, once so exact and faithful, began to fail him; he lost the curiosity of his youth, and restricted his field of action more and more to his reverie of the moment. . . . From this time dates the inconceivable difficulty he experienced in working, a difficulty that he seemed to study to increase, and of which he finally became proud. He loved to show those pages covered with erasures which, sometimes, he had the greatest trouble in making out himself.

This was due to the fact that his conceptions were confused, and that he succeeded only in clarifying them by the execution. Often Flaubert wrote to me, 'I am weary to death; I have written twenty pages this month, an enormous quantity for me.' This was true, but these twenty pages represented a hundred and fifty, written and rewritten, and which in the end perhaps reproduced the work that was accomplished at the beginning. He was like Penelope: he kept incessantly weaving the same woof, destroying one day the work of the previous day, only in order to begin it over again. The more he advanced in life the greater this difficulty became. He had written November in two months; he employed five years in writing his novel of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, which he left unfinished, and which is hardly any longer."

One other extract from M. du Camp's *Souvenirs Littéraires* will complete this sad physiological explanation of Gustave Flaubert's literary career. We translate simply, without comment. The reader who is familiar with Flaubert's works will be able to comment for himself. "Such," M. du Camp goes on to say, — "such as I found Flaubert in February, 1844, in his little chamber in the Hôtel-Dieu at Rouen, such he was destined to be for the rest of his life. Ten, twenty, years afterwards, on the eve of his death, he repeated the same jokes that used to amuse us then; he became enthusiastic over the same books, admired the same verses, sought the same comic effects, had the same infatuations, and, in spite of the real chastity of his life, took pleasure in a kind of reading whose coarse stupidity never came to disgust him. Often and often, we, his old friends, the companions of his youth, the confidants of his earliest aspirations, were surprised to see that no progress had taken place within him, that his considerable faculties had not acquired the amplitude that they promised, and

that he kept turning invariably in the same circle, — the circle that we knew. He seems to have had all his conceptions by his twentieth year, and to have spent his whole life in giving body to them." In 1843 Flaubert described to M. du Camp the plan of the novel of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, which death prevented him from finishing some thirty-

five years afterwards. He had remained stationary ever since then, a giant stunted in his growth. "My conviction is immutable," concludes M. du Camp: "Gustave Flaubert was a writer of rare talent. If it had not been for the nervous malady that seized him at the outset of his youth, he would have been a man of genius."

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE CONSTITUTION.¹

WITH these two volumes Mr. Bancroft brings the history of the United States down to the period of the foundation of the government. Forty-eight years, nearly half a century, have elapsed since the publication of the first volume. Very rarely does it happen that any literary production covers such a period of time, and can be so justly called a life-work. This history, so long in progress, and still incomplete according to the terms of the first preface, is monumental in character, and is a service for which the public, and all students especially, owe to Mr. Bancroft a great debt of gratitude. His untiring industry has brought to light and made accessible masses of material which, but for him, would probably have remained hidden forever. The amount of matter which he has used, and which, by the foot-notes, we find is still in manuscript, is almost incredible. He has ransacked national archives all over the world; nothing, apparently, has escaped his notice, and his relentless search has uncovered private correspondence in places where it would hardly have been supposed to exist. Extracts from these letters and papers, woven into the narrative, form a large part of the history, and the faithful foot-notes reveal to the

student the sources from which they have been drawn. The labor and care involved in the collection, arrangement, and use of this material are shown by the fact that the composition of his twelve volumes has occupied Mr. Bancroft for fifty years.

The lapse of time between the publication of the first volume and that of those now before us is not a little interesting in itself. We cannot help thinking of the history that has been made since this history was begun, and of the stirring and momentous questions which were following one another to decision as these pages were penned in the quiet of the library. There is, too, something very striking as well as very unusual in reading the history of events a century old, told by one who knew personally several of the chief actors in that period. Thus Mr. Bancroft connects us not only with the days of his own youth, but with the youth, with the birth even, of the nation and of the government, and we seem to listen to a contemporary of the men of 1789 while the living historian speaks to us.

The exuberance of spirit and of patriotism which marked the first volume has been toned down and mellowed, but is no whit abated in these last two. We

¹ *History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States.* By GEORGE BANCROFT.

In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882.

find the same confidence in democracy, the same strong faith in the United States and in government by the people, unaltered by the trials and experiences of fifty years. This in itself, coming as it does from one who has given his best thought and the best of his life to a study of history, past and present, is no slight homage to the character of our institutions and principles of government.

In these volumes Mr. Bancroft has told the story of the years which followed the peace of Paris, and led to the formation of the constitution of the United States. It is a period commonly, although not very exactly, known as that of the confederation, and it may be fairly said that no history of this time has ever before been written properly, or in such a way that a clear idea of its character and events could be obtained. It is a barren period, and may be said to be as uninteresting as it is important. Mr. Bancroft has given us a history of opinion in the United States, and in Europe with regard to the United States, from 1782 to 1789. On English opinion Mr. Bancroft has thrown much light, and has brought out very strongly the mingled contempt and hatred and the underhand hostility of the British government toward their revolted and successful colonies. As to opinion in Europe, Mr. Bancroft's optimism leads him, except in the case of Spain, to pass lightly over the fact that the Continental powers paid little or no heed to us, and looked upon us with slight favor. This is especially noticeable in the case of France, who treated us about as badly as England did, and stood ready to pounce upon our territory and take full advantage of our misfortunes. We certainly should not appreciate the conduct of France in reading these volumes, and perhaps the omission is due to an unconscious but lingering tenderness toward the "great nation," which was one of the tenets of the school of Jefferso-

nian republicanism, of which Mr. Bancroft is a steadfast adherent.

Much the larger portion of these volumes, however, is devoted to tracing the growth of opinion in the States of the confederation, which resulted in the formation and adoption of the constitution. On this development of political thought Mr. Bancroft has given a great deal of new and important information, and nearly half of each volume is made up of an appendix comprising copious and invaluable extracts from the rich stores of the author's unequalled collection of manuscript authorities. In this picture of political opinion the writer's optimism and patriotism lighten the shadows and raise the lights in a very marked degree. Mr. Bancroft honestly gives all the facts: the impotency and small jealousies of Congress, the general aversion to stronger government, the sturdy opposition to financial honesty and to efficiency of administration. He tells us of the selfishness and petty views of the States, and of the actual collapse of the general government in 1784. Yet he dwells constantly on the desire for union and on the movements in favor of a better federal organization, and attempts assiduously to convey the impression that that was the prevailing and pervading sentiment of the people, which sought only for appropriate expression. The truth is that public sentiment at that time was demoralized by eight years of civil war, by uncertainty as to the future, and by social and political confusion, and it was debauched by a long indulgence in worthless paper money. It was therefore narrow, unreasonable, and averse to the difficult work of reconstruction. This adds lustre to the glory of the great leaders who succeeded in overcoming such an obstacle, but it should not be overlooked in discussing the period of which it is the most prominent feature. "From the ocean to the American outposts nearest the Mississippi," says Mr. Bancroft, in

writing of 1787, "one desire prevailed for a closer connection, one belief that the only opportunity for its creation had come." The second proposition is perhaps correct; the first certainly is not. A majority of the people were averse to a stronger central government, and were opposed to the constitution. The truth is that Mr. Bancroft shrinks from the fact so relentlessly and compactly stated by John Quincy Adams, "that the constitution was extorted from the grinding necessity of a reluctant people." Mr. Bancroft, with scrupulous honesty, gives all the facts, but he declines to draw the inevitable conclusion, and keeps his eyes fixed on the lofty and far-seeing views of the comparatively small minority, led by the illustrious handful of men who thought "continentally."

The most striking and important contribution made by Mr. Bancroft is in the knowledge, which he now gives us for the first time, of Washington's influence and position during these trying years. Washington's greatness was never more conspicuous than at this time, and it has not hitherto been brought home to us by any historian. His letters in 1781, his circular letter to the States, the profound sagacity of his views given to Congress in 1783, and his exertions in behalf of the constitution exhibit him as the greatest statesman of the country at a period when, according to the popular idea, he was reposing in retirement at Mount Vernon, in the interval between his career as general and as president. Mr. Bancroft truly says, "But for him, the country could not have achieved its independence; but for him, it could not have formed its union; and now, but for him, it could not have set the federal government in successful motion."

Washington gave character and weight to the movement for union, his influence was essential and decisive, and Mr. Bancroft does him full justice. But to the man who gave force and mo-

mentum to the movement, and whose brilliant intellect and fiery energy drove it forward from one point to another, Mr. Bancroft does no justice at all. If we except Washington, the constitution owes its existence and its adoption to Alexander Hamilton more than to any other man. Yet Mr. Bancroft persistently puts Madison over Hamilton. He writes of the *Federalist* as if it was the work of Madison, when it is rightly and indissolubly connected with the name of Hamilton. He passes these remarkable essays over rather hurriedly, doing what he can to diminish Hamilton's share, in the very teeth of the facts which he honestly states himself. He deals very briefly with the New York convention, where Hamilton won one of the most extraordinary victories in the history of oratory and debate. A person who read only what Mr. Bancroft has to say on this subject would suppose that Hamilton did little more than half a dozen others, and would wonder greatly why the citizens of New York called the federal ship in their procession the *Hamilton*. We are far from underrating Madison's services, which were very great, or his knowledge, his exertions, and his speeches. He was next to Hamilton at this time, but was inferior to him because he was an inferior man, both in mind and force of will and character. In the case of Jefferson Mr. Bancroft runs into an opposite fault. Jefferson's services to the cause of the constitution were so trifling that they are hardly worth mentioning. Yet the vague generalities that he uttered before he went to France are given at great length, as well as extracts from his letters from Paris, which were chiefly devoted to finding fault with the constitution, which for the next twelve years he did his best to cripple. In the same manner, a space altogether disproportionate to her importance, although she was undoubtedly the leading State, is given to Virginia. All these faults of proportion — and

they are quite marked — are due to the fact that Mr. Bancroft is, after all, in a certain sense, the contemporary of these men, and has not and cannot be expected to free himself wholly from the prejudices of Jeffersonian republicanism.

The volumes, tracing as they do a history of opinion, are full of sketches of men who have been, but should not be, forgotten, and present much new matter in regard to them. This is especially true of George Mason, who exhibited a foresight — shown here by extracts from letters never before printed — which is absolutely startling in keenness and depth.

We have noted only two errors worth referring to here. By trusting too completely to Madison's account of the debate in the Congress of the Confederation, Mr. Bancroft has been led into the mistake of saying, vol. i. p. 104, that Hamilton "alone, although for very different reasons," voted with the Rhode Island delegates against the impost. This is Madison's statement, but the

journals show that Stephen Higginson, of Massachusetts, also voted with the Rhode Islanders, influenced probably by the same motives as Hamilton. The Langdon mentioned on page 277, vol. ii., was not Woodbury, as Mr. Bancroft gives it, but Samuel Langdon. Samuel Langdon, who was a native of Massachusetts, was the president of Harvard College, minister at Hampton Falls, and the man who took a leading part in the New Hampshire convention as described by Mr. Bancroft.

The debt of American history and of the American people to Mr. Bancroft is already large, and these two important volumes add very greatly to it. They are fully worthy of their predecessors, and, written as they are with undiminished powers by a man who began life with the century, we may reasonably hope that others are still to come, and that the same untiring and wide research and complete devotion to the subject may be exercised on the history of the United States under the constitution.

MR. WHEELER'S HANDBOOKS.

IN the republic of letters there are books which perform all the functions of servants and valets. True equality in books, as in men, is not inconsistent with distinctions of rank and service; and as there are good servants and poor servants, as well as gentlemen and *parvenus*, so, in the order of servant-books, there are some which receive respect for their honesty and thoroughness, as there are others which constantly offend by the carelessness and indifference and poor training which they display.

It happens that literature brings credit to its professors, and thus there are always persons who are diffident of their ability to make a position for themselves

in original work, yet think to become recognized in literature by making an index, or editing a classic, or compiling a volume of poems, or arranging a concordance, a bibliography, a hand-book, a catalogue, or a dictionary. They may not aspire to make books which shall be leaders in society, but books which shall be servants or valets. They are apt to think lightly of the work they undertake, and to assume that inferior mental qualities go into the composition of a servant-book.

To all such we commend a faithful study of the late Mr. W. A. Wheeler's work. Mr. Wheeler himself wrote little. He was an industrious literary

workman and collector; he produced a series of books which suppose literature as servants suppose masters, and the thoroughness and conscientiousness with which he performed his self-imposed task are qualities which deserve a hearty recognition. He never made the mistake of undervaluing the work which he undertook; he respected it and himself.

As long ago as 1865 he prepared a book, his *Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction*,¹ which is issued from time to time in new editions, and has never been superseded. The book is well known as a directory, which shows the street and number of the famous men, women, and children who live in the city of fiction, and its service in this way is very great. A biographical dictionary contains the names of people not half so important as many in the same ranks of life in books. The facts in the life of some sea-captain who has been pressed in the *hortus siccus* of a biographical dictionary are of less concern than information respecting the undying Cap'n Cuttle, but the prejudice of Dr. Dryasdust prevents him from doing what Mr. Wheeler has done.

One of the hardest problems which a dictionary-maker has to encounter is to know where to draw the line, and in the logic of his calling he is inevitably driven to make a series of dictionaries, each of which serves as a complement to its neighbor. In the preface to his *Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction*, Mr. Wheeler wrote, "The author has been urged to extend his plan so as to include the titles of famous poems, essays, novels, and other literary works, and the names of celebrated statues, paintings, palaces, country-seats, churches, ships, streets, clubs, and the

like; inasmuch as such names are of very common occurrence in books and newspapers, and for the most part are not alphabetically entered and explained in encyclopædias, dictionaries, or gazetteers. That a dictionary which should furnish succinct information upon such matters would supply a want which is daily felt by readers of every class is not to be doubted; but it should constitute an independent work. A manual of this description the author has for some time had in preparation; and he hopes to publish it, at no distant day, as a companion to the present volume."

Mr. Wheeler died in 1874, leaving this task well advanced, but not completed. His nephew, Mr. Charles G. Wheeler, undertook the final preparation, and the result appears in two different books, — such is the tendency of dictionaries to subdivide themselves, — recently published. *Who Wrote It?*² has the preface which the original compiler had prepared and printed, when death interrupted a task the limits of which appeared then to be clearly marked in his mind. The design of the work, as therein explained, was "to furnish a handy book for ascertaining or verifying the authorship of famous poems, plays, essays, novels, romances, philosophical and literary treatises, and the like, so far as they bear a specific and distinctive title." The design is well carried out. It would have been possible to expand the separate articles, but the brevity and conciseness of the work, while precluding much that would have been interesting and valuable, increase the utility of the book as a clew to literature, since it is possible thus to enter more names in the same compass. Such a book, like an anthology, will never

¹ *An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction.* Including also Familiar Pseudonyms, Surnames bestowed on Eminent Men, and Analogous Popular Appellations often referred to in Literature and Conversation. By WILLIAM A. WHEELER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

² *Who Wrote It? An Index to the Authorship of the more Noted Works in Ancient and Modern Literature.* By WILLIAM A. WHEELER. Edited by CHARLES G. WHEELER. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1882.

wholly satisfy any one, since every person has a different gauge for the reputation of authors and books; but the omissions which occur to us are not many, and we are thankful for the insertion of titles which personally we might have thought too obscure to come under the head of famous.

To instance some cases which we failed to find in a rapid survey, there is no mention of Burnand's *Happy Thoughts* series, a title which has become somewhat proverbial; Whittier's *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal* does not appear, nor its more famous prototype, *Lady Willoughby's Diary*; we should have looked for Hans Andersen's celebrated *Ugly Duckling*, and possibly his enigmatical *O. T.*; neither is Lamb's *Mr. H.* mentioned, which this last suggests to us; the *Widow Bedott Papers* do not appear, nor *Cozzens's Sparrowgrass Papers*; *Alphonse Karr's Journey Round my Garden* is not given, though it falls short only of its prototype in popularity; *Annie Laurie* is omitted, and songs no better known are given; nothing is said of the *Forged Decretals*, though it may be thought not to come within the compass of the book; *Lyra Germanica* and *Hymns of the Ages* occur to us as having equal claims with *Lyra Innocentium*. Every one may annotate his copy, if he chooses, but he will find that his task is after all that of the gleaner; Mr. Wheeler has already been over the field pretty carefully.

The other and more considerable work which grew out of Mr. Wheeler's original task is one in which Mr. Charles

Wheeler's hand appears to have had the larger part. *Familiar Allusions*¹ is an expression which permits a wide range of illustration, and the full title of the work easily tapers off into the unmapped country of the "and so forth." The task of selection must have been a difficult one, and here, as in the former case, one may be individually surprised at the absence of what is familiar to him, and at the introduction of what seems to him unfamiliar, while he remains representatively satisfied that the great field of miscellaneous information has been tolerably well explored. Our chief criticism would be on the title, which seems to comprehend more than it really does. Thus, the first entry in the book, *Aaron's Tomb*, at once suggests *Aaron's Serpent*, which is not included, and a large body of phrases, which one would naturally classify as familiar allusions, do not appear, because not distinctly connected with concrete objects. However, once it is understood what is meant by *Familiar Allusions*, one may apply to the book with confidence for the answer to his questions. The value of such a work is best tested by use; the use will quickly come at the hands of readers who have not yet attained the point of universal knowledge. The series, in short, may stand upon one's nearest shelf, and serve the purpose of foot-notes to a large library. There are other opportunities for those who would furnish literature with useful servant-books; it will be well if such literary workmen show themselves as thorough and faithful as Messrs. Wheeler.

¹ *Familiar Allusions*. A Handbook of Miscellaneous Information, including the Names of Celebrated Statues, Paintings, Palaces, Country-Seats, Ruins, Churches, Ships, Streets, Clubs, Natural

Curiosities, and the like. Begun (but left unfinished) by WILLIAM A. WHEELER. Completed and edited by CHARLES G. WHEELER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It has recently become the fashion — for there are fashions in literature as in other things — to speak slightly of Leigh Hunt as a poet. For example, the author of *The Victorian Poets*, a critic of unusual discrimination and appreciation, appears to regard him as a sort of trumpeter to Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. To be sure, Hunt was not a Keats, nor a Shelley, nor a Coleridge, but he had sufficient individuality to be a Hunt. He was a delightful essayist, — quite unsurpassed, indeed, in his blithe way, — and as a poet he deserves to rank very high among the minor singers of his time. I should place him far above Barry Cornwall, who has not half the freshness, variety, and originality of Hunt. I instance Barry Cornwall because it has become the fashion, since his death, to praise him unduly. Barry Cornwall has always struck me as insufferably artificial, especially in his dramatic sketches. His verses in this kind are for the most part Elizabethan echoes. Of course a dramatist may find it to his profit to go out of his own age and atmosphere for inspiration; but he must be a dramatist to do it successfully. Barry Cornwall fell far short of filling the rôle; he got no further than the writing of brief, disconnected scenes and scraps of soliloquies, and never, I believe, produced a complete drama. If he did, it died. His chief claim to recognition and remembrance lies in his lyrics; perhaps I should say in ten or twenty of his lyrics, for oblivion yawns for the rest. In these, as in his dramatic studies, his attitude is nearly always affected. He studiously strives to reproduce in form and spirit the unpremeditated warblings of the early poets. Being a Londoner, he naturally sings much of rural English life, but his England is the England of two or three

centuries ago. He has a great deal to say about the "falcon," but the poor bird has always the air of beating its wings against the bookcases of a well-furnished library. This well-furnished library was — if I may be allowed to use a mixed image — the rock on which Barry Cornwall split. He did not look into his own heart, and write: he looked into his books. An author, I repeat, need not confine himself to his individual experiences; the world is all before him where to choose; but there are subjects which he had better not handle unless he have some personal knowledge of them. The sea is one of these. The man who sang,

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The fair, the fresh, the ever free"

(a couplet which Gifted Hopkins might have penned), should never have permitted himself to sing about the ocean. His poem — and it is one of Barry Cornwall's most popular lyrics — has neither savor nor salt. When I first read it, years ago, in mid-Atlantic, I wondered if the author had ever laid eyes on any piece of blue water wider than the Thames at Greenwich (*Grennidge* is what the purists over there call it); and the other day, in running through Barry Cornwall's *Life and Letters*, I was not so much surprised as amused to learn that he was never two miles from land in the whole course of his existence. Imagine Byron or Shelley, who knew the ocean in all its moods, piping such thin feebleness as

"The fair, the fresh, the ever free"!

It required a man whose acquaintance with the sea was limited to a view of it from an upper window to do that. In brief, Barry Cornwall very seldom sounds a natural note, but when he does it is extremely sweet. That little ballad beginning,

"Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream,"

was written in one of his rare moments. Leigh Hunt, though not lacking in mannerisms, was rich in the inspiration that came but rarely to his friend. Hunt's verse is full of natural felicities. He was a scholar, also, but, unlike Barry Cornwall, he generally knew how to mint his gathered gold, and to stamp it with his own charming personality. In *Hero and Leander* there is one line which, to my thinking, is worth any fifty stanzas that Barry Cornwall ever wrote:—

"So might they now have lived, and so have died;
The story's heart, to me, still beats against its side."

—It is doubtful whether man to-day gives expression to his emotions with the same unrestraint which characterized him in the childhood of the race. The ages have taught him self-repression and concealment, thereby enhancing his problematic value in the eye of the metaphysician and the casuist. It would seem that average man, in ancient times, did not think about thinking, did not feel about feeling, as we "subjective" moderns have the unhappy gift of doing. Ancient man, if he thought, acted; if he felt, acted: between the flash and the stroke there could be no counting. Consider the heroes of the *Iliad*. We are never for a moment in doubt as to the motions of their minds, or as to the temperature of their feelings. Especially notice, they did not shut up their griefs and feuds, suffering them to prey upon their hearts, but got speedy relief through the medium of strong and exuberant speech. They were remarkably prompt and powerful with their tears! Patroclus, beseeching Achilles to go to the aid of the Greeks, is described as pouring forth his tears like "black streams from a lofty rock." Elsewhere Achilles mingles his with the salt of the sea, as he strolls down the shore, wroth for the loss of rosy-cheeked Bri-

seis. Chapman, in his *Commentarius* on this passage, reads us a quaintly eloquent vindication of the hero's lachrymose indulgence. He shows the "fitness of great men's tears," adducing sublime instances; and finally asks, "Who can deny that there are tears of manliness and magnanimity as well as womanish and pusillanimous?"

Terrestrial existence is often likened to a "vale of tears." To our thinking, it would be a happier valley if there were more tears shed in it; it is arid and dusty for the want of a little kindly irrigation. How easily and abundantly the tears came in our childhood! What a sufficient solvent for all our troubles, then! They were, perhaps, too lavishly poured out, leaving no reserve against a parched and evil day. We might have kept this comfortable acquaintance with tears, had we not, later on, put ourselves under discipline, always saying, "How now, foolish rheum!" as often as the flood-gates gave signs of lifting.

Three orders of tears may be noted, — tears of anger, tears of joy, tears of sorrow; and in each the same chemical components. The first pertains to children, and to those of a quick, choleric temperament. Such tears are geyser-jets dashed over volcanic fires, fervent extinguishers, and not unaccompanied by vapor, smoke, and detonation. Yet in the tears of anger there is an unconscious clemency, since those who weep for wrath, in so doing, blunt and dull the fine edge of their retaliative purpose.

The tears of joy are so rare and so imperfectly authenticated that one is in doubt how to characterize them. Those prompt crystal witnesses, starting to the eyes of two friends who have met after long absence and estrangement, are not to be cross-questioned, lest they tell more on the side of grievous memories, grave errors and losses, than they prove for present joy. If there are any tears of unmingled joy, they be-

long to exceptionally sweet and buoyant natures, and to these only within the April bound of youth.

"Some smiling words at last she spake,
Then down the tears dropped, unconfined;
Such sun and shower conspired to make
A rainbow in my mind."

It has passed into half-proverbial acceptance that the heart of sorrow breaks unless the tears can be started. "She must weep or she will die," the attendants are made to say, in that song of Tennyson's where the slain chieftain is brought home to his wife. Wise is the spiritual physician, who, in treating grief, prescribes tears. The remedy is a natural and beneficent one, as magical in its effect as laughter itself. There is an antiseptic in the salt of tears. Plentiful vitality and warmth are indicated in the free shedding of tears. It is well known that the dying do not weep.

I meet those who, I know, can ill afford the "luxury of tears." They are like those who work far into the night upon a costly and delicate fabric, which the least tear-stain would injure. They dare not unbend from the austere, patient, or stolid habit they ordinarily maintain, lest mischief should enter through relaxation. They have an old standing account with Grief, but can never find time for the reckoning. I once heard one of these pathetic economists declare that the first thing she meant to do, on reaching heaven, was to "sit down and have a good cry"!

— There is an obscure classic fable concerning a great rock, or stone, which one might lift with his little finger, but which he could not move at all if he made the mistake of exerting his whole strength upon it. The application is obvious enough. Such stones lie about in every man's field, but the secret of how their *vis inertiae* may be overcome seems to be lodged with but few. The would-be movers tug and push and pry, but gain no purchase, move nothing. After a while, they let go the enterprise, and sit

down, spent and breathless. Then, if I might, I would go to them, and tell them what I have heard about the motive power residing in the little finger. It would be a thankless task, since they would regard my advice either as ill-timed pleasantry or as idle quixotism. In their defeat, they are comforted by the reflection that they put their "whole heart and soul" into the undertaking. It is for this that I quarrel with them, considering it a mistake to waste so much good strength where only the minimum was required. "Life is serious." Granted. It is even too serious to take seriously all that is in it. If one would have his way, it would be wisdom in him not to be too strenuous, but to proceed with all softness and smoothness and *légèreté*. The contrariness that resides in mortal affairs is roused to resistance by the siege of the violent. Light-heartedness and (in the best sense) light-mindedness go with the winner. Fame, for example,

"Makes surrender to some thoughtless boy,
And dotes the more upon a heart at ease."

It would seem that all the immortals whose favor we entreat are of this temper, all doting upon a "heart at ease." Our best work is not done when we undertake it with a too burdensome sense of its gravity and importance. The workman, if indeed greater than his work (as the ancient poet pronounced him), can afford to look down upon it, treating it with an easy familiarity. Why tug and push at the stone, when the little finger is a sufficient lever?

— Among the reforms, small and great, for which there is a crying need, one is in the department of book illustration. Publishers seem to have proved by experiment that a majority of readers prefer bad illustrations to none at all, and this fact reasonably explains our being continually called upon to confront hideous and uncouth, or lackadaisical and inane, as the case may be, representations of our favorite heroes and

heroines, who have impressed themselves upon our mind's eye with all the charming graces of person and surroundings ascribed to them by the author. But is it reasonable to expect an unoffending public to put up with such illustrations as make it perfectly evident that the "artist" has not taken the trouble to read the text of the book he illustrates?

In the American reprint of George Eliot's works — which as to typography and general excellence compares favorably with Blackwood's edition, sold at about three times the price — the illustrations are so perversely inappropriate as to be a positive annoyance. Glaring contradictions to the text occur in almost every picture contained in the two illustrated works of this edition which we have seen, but, in order to be brief, we will cite the errors noted in one only, Felix Holt.

The entire narrative covers a space of less than one year, and yet in the first picture of Harold Transome we see a slight, smooth-faced stripling of perhaps nineteen years, and in the last a stout, bewhiskered man of middle age.

Esther's appearance and toilet, which happen to be described with great detail, are as totally misrepresented. Instead of the "crown of plaits" surmounting her curls, we have a wretched little screwed twist at the back of her head, such as the sweet and graceful Esther would not have tolerated for an instant.

But the crowning outrage is the portrayal of Felix himself. As a study for an æsthetic poet, he would not be very bad, especially in the picture which shows him leading the mob at Treby Manor, where "a lank, limp lily, with dank leaves dangling and flower-flap chilly" would seem far more in keeping with his face and figure than the drawn sword in his hand. All the pictures of him are very irritating, but there is a climax to every enormity in the fact that Felix is represented, in each instance, with a carefully tied and emi-

nently conventional cravat! The rest might have been borne, but this was a little too trying; and hence this protest!

— There is certainly such a thing as intellectual morale, and it may be almost as plainly recognized as the morale of character, to which, in a sort, it corresponds. We cannot help noting, in our friends and acquaintance, the presence or absence of this thing that I call intellectual morale, by which I mean the ability to keep up the mind's tone under adverse circumstances; to keep alive its interest in intellectual concerns, when there is little or no external stimulus to so doing. To maintain this mental activity and interest under unfavorable conditions implies either a strong native bent toward intellectual matters, or else a force of mental character which wages a successful struggle against the temptation to listless indifference and inertia. That the mind should feel alert and active when it finds itself in a bracing atmosphere, in contact with other minds which are lively and busied with intellectual affairs, is only natural; but let the case be reversed, and the people about us be such as care nothing for the higher interests of the mind, and then comes the danger of gradual sinking into a state of mental torpor. And we might as well be without a mind as have one that has gotten into this drowsy habit. There are men like that English army officer I have read of, who, condemned to live for years outside of civilized society, never failed to change his undress for a full evening costume every time that he sat down to dine. More commonly, the man who for any reason is forced to live as a social hermit easily drops the habits of refined society, and acquires a slovenliness of dress and manner. And in the same way the intellectual solitary, whom circumstances keep at a distance from the world's thought-exchanges, too often lapses into a demoralized condition: if the solitary

be a woman, she learns to content herself with a novel; if a man, with the newspaper. Not to be dependent on others, — that is strength, intellectual and moral. The man who educates himself in surroundings where ten other men would never get an education has intellectual morale. One of the most painful things we can see is the gradual loss of tone in an intellect once energetic and fruitful, which has fallen from its high estate not through any real decay of power, nor because debility has been brought upon it by external causes. Debarred from intercourse with congenial minds, and from that friction which keeps the mental faculty brightly polished and ready for use, the man's mind has relaxed its exertions, and sunk into a lethargy of self-indulgent idleness, until it has become an effort to think consecutively, or even to follow the thoughts of others. It is hard, if not impossible, to wear the mind out; it is very easy to let it rust out. It is with our mental faculties as with our muscles: if they are not used they soon grow weak and flabby, unable to grasp and hold things firmly.

Marriage has undoubtedly much to do with the raising or the lowering of the intellectual tone; the influence, direct or indirect, of a mind of small culture and trivial tastes upon a higher intellect is, unfortunately, apt to be as great as, or greater than, the influence of the latter on the former.

— I fear Mr. Fiske favors too greatly the Scotch school of glacialists, in his recent article on the Arrival of Man in Europe, when he states so confidently that Mr. Croll has *proved* his astronomical theory of glacial climates; and in this there is something unsatisfactory to those readers who are too busy with their own affairs to attempt any personal study of original investigations, yet have a liking for popular science, and want some one else to harvest and thrash and winnow the abundant growths

of the scientific field for them. Mr. Croll's theory has not met with so much acceptance as is often supposed, and it is very hazardous to say that the "primary cause of glaciation of the Northern hemisphere was a change in the shape of the earth's orbit." There are three points to which prominence is given, which may be here referred to: It is claimed, first, that the cold of an aphelion, eccentric winter would provide enough snow to last over the next summer. A heavy snow at one place means a plentiful supply of moisture from a correspondingly heavy evaporation somewhere else; cold alone is powerless, as is shown by the Siberian and British American winters; and Mr. Croll has not proved that the abundant supply of moisture was provided in his cold aphelion winters. Indeed, general cold is not the most characteristic element of a glacial climate. What is needed is warmth and evaporation at one place, with cold and condensation not far away; and these conditions are most naturally obtained by increased heat from the sun, and increased altitude of the land to be glaciated. Second, that the heat of the perihelion summers would not be effective, because it would be rendered latent in melting the snows of the cold winters. But this works almost equally well the other way: just as much heat as is hidden and lost to the summer must have been given out by condensation, and so gained to the preceding winter. (I say almost equally well, because the winter heat is not given out quite as effectively as the summer heat is hidden.) Third, that the greater extremes of temperature between the equator and pole in the northern than in the southern hemispheres would strengthen the northeast and weaken the southeast trades; and consequently the Atlantic equatorial current would be driven to the south of Cape San Roque, and the North Atlantic and North Frigid zone thus lose

a great amount of heat. If this were true, it might be added that they would lose equally in rain and snow fall, but it is not true. The line of equatorial calms along which the trades meet and rise — Croll's *median line* — is the thermometric equator; and at present this line is north of the geographic equator; not because the southern hemisphere has its winter in aphelion, but because of the excess of land over water in the northern hemisphere. It is almost certain that it had the same position during the glacial period.

There is as yet no general agreement among physicists and geologists as to the cause and conditions of the glacial period. There are still too many unknown factors in the problem; and until these are found, and some general consent on a common explanation is reached, we cannot state positively that the true inwardness of this remarkable phase of the earth's history is found. The reading public will fairly grow skeptical if our sure causes are changed too often; the investigators must not cry *proof* till the proof is found. It was just this rash cry of *proof, proof*, when

there was no proof, that brought discredit on the geologists of the last century, and caused them to say, Let us cease discoursing about the earth till we know more about it; let us give up *geology* for *geognosy*.

— The following exquisite sonnet, now for the first time in print, was addressed to Philip Bourke Marston by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in answer to a poetical protest on the part of Marston that Rossetti should neglect poetry for painting. The third line of the opening quatrain has reference to the touching fact that the younger poet is blind :

Sweet poet, thou of whom these years that roll
Must one day, yet, the burdened birthright
learn,
And by the darkness of thine eyes discern
How piercing was the sight within thy soul,
Gifted, apart, thou goest to the great goal,
A cloud-bound, radiant spirit, strong to earn,
Light-reft, that prize for which fond myriads
yearn
Vainly, light-blest, — the seer's aureole.

And doth thine ear, divinely dowered to catch
All spherical sounds, in thy song blent so well,
Still hearken for my voice's slumbering spell
With wistful love? Ah! let the Muse now snatch
My wreath for thy young brows, and bend to
watch
Thy veiled, transfiguring sense's miracle.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. America and France, by Lewis Rosenthal (Holt), has for its sub-title The Influence of the United States on France in the XVIIIth Century, and is a painstaking collection of the political, social, and personal influence by which this country affected France during the transition period of her history. The modesty of Mr. Rosenthal's study is an agreeable quality, and he has surrounded his pages with a very full cordon of foot-note authorities. He has had the good fortune to choose a fresh topic and to treat it with judgment. — Victor Emmanuel, by Edward Dicey (Putnams), is the latest volume in the New Plutarch Series, a title somewhat arrogant, if not unmeaning. But Mr. Dicey's treatment, if not marked by a biographer's genius, is fair, temperate, and likely to commend itself to most readers of history. His tone toward Mazzini and Garibaldi shows him to have little of the idealist in his

make. — The Red Man and the White Man in North America, from its Discovery to the Present Time, is the title of a thorough and patient work by Dr. George E. Ellis (Little, Brown & Co.), which is likely to remain long the authority on the subject of which it treats. — In the American Actor Series (Osgood), the latest volume is on Mrs. Duff, by Joseph N. Ireland. Mrs. Duff was a sister of Moore's Bessy, and was pronounced by various persons, most of them now dead, to have been a great actress. The greater part of the book is a mere gallop after her performances, the author hunting her down day after day, and recording her engagements. There is a singular account of her marriages also, but the book scarcely succeeds in awaking enthusiasm. — The Prophets of Israel, and their Place in History to the Close of the Eighth Century B. C., is the title of a volume which contains eight lectures by the now famous W. Robert-

son Smith. (Appletons.) The lectures were delivered while the case was pending, which finally went against the lecturer, and they doubtless served to affect popular judgment at the time. They are deliberate essays in historical criticism, and as such are fuller in detail than Maurice's *Prophets and Kings*, though conceived somewhat in the same spirit. — *Reminiscences*, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement, by the Rev. T. Mozley, in two volumes (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will be found an interesting addition to our personal knowledge of the most striking movement in English religious thought and society since the time of the Wesleys. — In the *Epochs of Modern History* (Scribners), The Epoch of Modern Reform, 1830-1850, has been treated by the versatile Justin McCarthy, who always writes as if he knew all about his subject. — The *Boundary Disputes of Connecticut*, by Clarence Winthrop Bowen (Osgood), is a historical essay, liberally illustrated by maps and a portrait, and divided, for the author's pleasure in making a serious book, into parts and chapters. The reader is provided with all necessary material, apparently, for defending himself against the author, if he be in a controversial mood. — Carlyle's *Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849*, with its memorandum style, has been published by the Harpers in the Franklin Square Library, and in a thin volume of large type. — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a Medley in Prose and Verse (George W. Harlan & Co., New York), is the title which Mr. R. H. Stoddard gives to his contribution to the Longfellow literature. That he should write hastily for the Tribune upon the death of Mr. Longfellow may easily be referred to the exigencies of the hour; that a publisher should wish to make a book on Longfellow with Mr. Stoddard's name on the title-page can be explained; but what necessity was there for a poet of Mr. Stoddard's aims and place to set this half-cooked hash before the public? — In the *Men of Letters Series*, Mr. A. W. Ward has taken Dickens. (Harpers.) We are almost ready to protest against this early condensation of Dickens, and it can hardly be said that Mr. Ward, fair critic as he is, has given the essentials of his subject. Under the circumstances we cannot greatly complain, and the book may be taken as an honest and discriminating one by a warm lover of the novelist. — In the series of *American Men of Letters* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), the latest volume is Mr. F. B. Sanborn's *Thoreau*. At last we have the material from which to form a notion of the strange personality which has so piqued curiosity. Thoreau's books have disclosed something of the man, but the biographical details which Mr. Sanborn has collected in his interesting volume were needed to enable one to get an external view; the subjective portrait of Thoreau to which we have been accustomed can now be compared more closely with the actual original. — In *Pen Pictures of Modern Authors* (Putnams), Mr. William Shepard's part has been that of a compiler, who has gone to the nearest sources for information regarding the writers who are most on the tongues of men. The book is scarcely more than a scrap-book, and does not even show industry. One

could help himself to the material used in an exceedingly small library. — In *Impostors and Adventurers* (Soule & Bugbee), Mr. H. W. Fuller, a Boston lawyer, has given some clever sketches of distinguished French rogues, the material for which was extracted from the *Causés Célèbres*. A French trial is generally dramatic, it is seldom dull, and a French adventurer is never tiresome. If he chance to be Parisian he even wears his iniquity with a grace. Mr. Fuller's book is very interesting. Arnauld du Tilh and Cartouche are, as Mr. Carlyle might say, gentlemen of whom the world can never hear enough.

Fiction. The *Stolen White Elephant*, etc., by Mark Twain (Osgood), contains a score of sketches, stories, and papers, most of which have delighted the readers of *The Atlantic*; but one does not exhaust the entertainment by a single reading, although the more extravagant ones, like the first, may sometimes be left longer without a second reading. — *Gypsie*, by Minnie E. Kenney (Putnams), is the name of a girl, and not of a horse, and she is the heroine of a silly story which she professes to tell in her own person. — An English "*Daisy Miller*," by Virginia W. Johnson (Estes & Lauriat), is a feeble tribute to Mr. James's power. It is an inelegant you're another retort. — Another *Roe*. There was A. S. Roe, and there is E. P. Roe, and there may be Richard Roe, and now comes E. R. Roe, with his story *Brought to Bay*, (Estes & Lauriat), the scene of which is laid on the Mississippi early in the century. It is a somewhat angular story, with a formal mystery, and a generally old-fashioned air about it, as if it had lain in manuscript half a century before publication. — The last of the second series of *No Name novels* is *Aschenbroedel*. (Roberts.) It is hardly worth while to guess the author's name; the book has the air of a ninety-five cent store, exasperating in its virtuous cheapness. — *Yesterday* is the title of the latest of the *Leisure Hour Series* (Holt), and like one of its predecessors, *Democracy*, departs from the custom of the series in being of American origin. We venture to guess that, for all the wickedness, a woman's hand wrote it. There is an awkwardness in the devil-may-care air of the book. — The *Desmond Hundred* is a volume in the *Round Robin Series* (Osgood), which shows the American variety of the English clerical novel. The clergyman is of the same noble type of ritualistic manhood. — A *Paladin of Finance*, by Edward Jenkins (Osgood), bears on its title-page the words *Contemporary Manners*, and in this author's glittering way may represent his idea of one phase of contemporary life, — that which makes the Bourse the central temple of humanity. Mr. Jenkins always seems to us like a man smiling brilliantly with his false teeth. — *Off the Rocks*, by Toler King (Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago), is a novel of English life and society, which reads as if written by an American. — In Harper's *Franklin Square Library*, recent numbers are *Our Set*, a collection of a baker's dozen of stories, by Annie Thomas; *Amabel, or Amor Omnia Vincit*, by Mrs. Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer; *Geraldine* and her Suits, by M. C. M. Simpson. — *A Mere Caprice*, by Mary Healy (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chica-

go), is the title of a story which traces the caprice of a Russian baroness in adopting a foundling to the disastrous conclusion of the foundling's life. There is painstaking in the story, which may be called an American one on the European plan. — *Tania's Peril* is one of Henri Gréville's novels, and like others by this author has its scene laid in Russia; it has also her rapid style and her high principle. If we must whirl along the edge of the abyss, it is at least a satisfaction to be finally driven along a solid road. — *A Sane Lunatic*, by Clara Louise Burnham (Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago), is a lively novel, with a fictitious plot and fictitious personages, who indulge in fictitious conversation. — In the valuable series of Björnson's works, publishing by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the latest volume is *The Bridal March* and other Stories, nine in all, one of them being that masterpiece of condensed fiction, *The Father*. The four illustrations by Tidemand add to the interest of the work. But Tidemand is mannered where Björnson has the highest art of naturalness. No one should miss this book who is susceptible to the movements of a fine, wild-flower genius.

Science. The forty-first volume of the International Scientific Series is *Diseases of Memory, an Essay in the Positive Psychology*, by Th. Ribot, translated from the French by William Huntington Smith. (Appletons.) The treatise offers an investigation of the phenomena of memory from a pathological stand-point. Its value to the student and its interest for the general reader lie in its liberal collection of cases. — *Taxidermy without a Teacher*, by Walter P. Manton (Lee & Shepard), is a revised edition of a little hand-book which professes to give instruction for preparing and preserving birds, animals, and fishes; it contains also a chapter on hunting and the care of one's self at such time, and instructions for preserving eggs and making skeletons. It may be commended as a good first book for boys. — The seventh in the useful little series of Guides for Science Teaching, issued under the auspices of the Boston Society of Natural History (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is *Worms and Crustacea*, by Alpheus Hyatt. The directness of the book and its close application to the business in hand render it very serviceable, not to beginners, but to teachers of beginners. — *Geological Sketches at Home and Abroad*, by Archibald Geikie (Macmillan), consists of a collection of fourteen papers, which are chiefly records of a geologist's rambles, illustrated by such slight drawings as his note-book would show. The rambles take one about Scotland, into the far West of America, to Norway, and to Central France; and it is not only a geologist, but a bright, entertaining, and good-natured traveling companion to whom we cheerfully commend the reader. — *The Psychology of the Salem Witchcraft of 1692, and its Practical Application to our own Time* (Putnam's), is a little volume in which the ready Dr. George M. Beard discusses the historical question from a psychologist's point of view, and illustrates it by the case of Guiteau.

Literature and Criticism. *Essays at Home and Elsewhere* is the loose title of a baker's dozen of papers by E. S. Nadal (Macmillan), an Amer-

ican who has been for some time domiciled in England. The subjects of the essays are about equally divided between the two countries, and the unity of the book is secured chiefly by the direct use of the personal pronoun. It cannot be said that a very positive personality pervades the book. It is a thin I which moves about among the topics, so that it never really gets very much in the way, nor does it afford a colored medium through which one may look. A lightly serious strain and a well-bred air make one content to read on, and content also to lay aside the unfinished book. — *Demosthenes*, by S. H. Butcher (Appletons), is a volume in the series of Classical Writers, edited by J. R. Green. The plan of the volume is to furnish a literary and historical criticism of the orator, with so much of general historical statement as becomes necessary in accounting for the man; the speeches are skeletonized, and the reader gets a compact report of a leading mind in a great period. Mr. Butcher's learning has a good accompaniment in his power of realizing ancient scenes without making drafts upon a pictorial imagination.

Medicine and Hygiene. Dr. Seth Pancoast, of Philadelphia, issues a little volume under the title *What is Bright's Disease?* Its curability is maintained by the author as against the general judgment of the profession. We leave him in the hands of his patients and brother doctors. — *Health Aphorisms* is the title of a little volume by the well-known surgeon Dr. Frank H. Hamilton (Bermingham & Co., New York), in which medical wisdom and common sense are offered in pellets which may be taken dry by the patient. Certainly if one has swallowed and digested the forty pages of *Health Aphorisms*, he ought to be cured of much folly. The book contains also an address by Dr. Hamilton on the *Struggle for Life* against civilization, luxury, and aestheticism.

Language. The interest in correct English continues unabated. Errors in the Use of English by the late William B. Hodgson, LL. D. (Appletons), presents a vast collection of criminals among English and American authors, with their offenses against grammar. We regret that the index does not furnish the names of authors cited. It would be agreeable to see how our friends fared. A survey of this curious book renders one doubtful if he ever wrote a piece of correct English, or if any one else ever did. — *Hints and Helps* for those who Write, Print, or Read, by Benjamin Drew (Lee & Shepard), is a reissue of a sensible little book first printed ten years ago, and may be commended to tyros in literature. It contains such advice as an experienced proof-reader might give to a young author.

Fine Arts. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, edited by L. P. Di Cesnola, with illustrations by George Gibson (Appletons), is a quarto of thirty-two pages, which serves rather as a souvenir of the Museum than as a hand-book. It makes no reference to the picture gallery, but gives a running sketch of the collections of pottery, sculpture, and bricabrac.

Poetry and the Drama. A mystery hangs about the little volume entitled *The Life of a Love*

in Songs and Sonnets. It is said on the title-page to be by N. M. Sedarté; no publisher's name is given, but a fly leaf gives the author's address as P. O. Box 912, New York; the copyright is by H. E. Nesmith, Jr., and the Preface, in elaborate quaintness of diction and spelling, is by Thomas Watson, Gent. Under these several aliases the poet sings about eighty lyrics, divided into sections corresponding to the seasons of the year. The enigma is carried forward into the poetry, where the personality of singer and subject are elusive and wayward. As we read we are half inclined to think the riddle worth guessing. Certainly there are poetic thoughts to be found by searching, and if one had the key to the volume he might possibly read with intelligence what otherwise is confused and stumbling. It is a cloudy sky that overhangs the book, but a star now and then shines through. — In the Harbor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the title given to the collection of Mr. Longfellow's scattered poems, which follows the latest collection made in his life-time, *Ultima Thule*, and it receives the sub-title thus of *Ultima Thule, Part II*. The preface gives the pleasing intelligence that there is yet to come a dramatic poem, *Michael Angelo*. Meanwhile, we can think of no volume of Mr. Longfellow's which carries in it so much of personal association. The pen seems to be laid aside once and again, but always taken up for one more verse, and the fine poem with which the volume concludes was admirably chosen as the latest word of this master to those who were to come after him.

Travel. A Summer in the Azores, with a Glimpse of Madeira, by C. Alice Baker (Lee & Shepard), will give readers some fragmentary glimpses of islands which lie just enough on one side to make them unvisited by travelers across the Atlantic. Miss Baker's sketches will whet the appetite, and they have not spoiled the subject for some traveler with better art. — Charles Waterton's *Wanderings in South Africa* has been brought out anew by Routledge in one of the three-column cheap paper editions which have suddenly become the rage of publishers. The Rev. J. G. Wood furnishes a brief biographical sketch of Waterton and an explanatory index. It will be pleasant if a new class of readers thus makes Mr. Waterton's acquaintance. — Mr. Charles Nordhoff has issued a new edition of his *California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence*. (Harpers.) The first edition was published nine years ago, and the author has been obliged almost to rewrite the book in order to make it jump with the time. That he has done this is in itself a guarantee of the faithfulness of the work. His book, when originally published, was accepted as a clear report, and a writer who takes such pains with a new edition confirms the confidence of his readers. This edition gives detailed accounts of the culture of the wine and raisin grape, the orange, lemon, olive, and other semi-tropical fruits, colony settlements and methods of irrigation, and is a book both for travelers and for settlers. — Three

in Norway by *Two of Them* (Porter & Coates) is a reprint of an English book of travel, which is good-natured and lively, but of no special value in a literature which already counts some good narratives. — Mr. Drake's *The Heart of the White Mountains*, which appeared as a Christmas book, has been reissued by the Harpers in a Tourist's Edition, which means that it has been printed on thin paper, the margins cut down, and an appendix added giving some convenient facts and data for the traveler. It is thus made a little more convenient to the hand than the original edition, and the tourist is still provided with a good deal of sentiment in addition to information.

Philosophy and Religion. *Studies in Science and Religion*, by G. Frederick Wright (Draper, Andover), is a vigorous examination of some of the questions supposed to be at issue between biblical theology and science, with a view to establishing the ground on which each really proceeds; the chapter on some analogies between Calvinism and Darwinism is a curious one, but the whole work is somewhat fragmentary, and lacking in consecutive argument, nor is the writer fully equipped for his task. A firmer knowledge would assume a less dogmatic tone. — *The Faiths of the World* is the title of a volume of a dozen lectures (Scribners), by different Scottish divines, Principal Caird leading off with two on Brahmanism and Buddhism. It is an indication of how firm a hold upon modern theological thought has been obtained by the comparatively new subject of ethnic religions. — *The Order of the Sciences* is an essay on the philosophical classification and organization of human knowledge, by Charles W. Shields. (Scribners.) Professor Shields is not so bold as to think he has reached a final system of classification, but he recognizes the importance of a deliberate essay toward this end. The concluding sentence partially sums the author's conception: "Bringing all together into one view, we may picture the tree of knowledge as having its roots in logic and mathematics, its trunk ascending through the physical and the psychical sciences, with their several empirical and metaphysical branches, and its flower in philosophy as the science of the sciences, while its fruitage would appear in their corresponding arts." — President W. F. Warren, of Boston University, offers a little tract (Ginn, Heath & Co.), in which he professes to have found the true key to ancient cosmology and mythical geography. The key, for one thing, interprets the voyage of Odysseus as "an imaginary circumnavigation of the mythical earth in the upper or northern hemisphere, including a trip to the southern or under hemisphere, and a visit to the North Pole." — *The Science of Ethics*, by Leslie Stephen (Putnams), is an attempt to lay down an ethical doctrine in harmony with the doctrine of evolution, and, however some may believe that Mr. Stephen has suffered his mind to revolve within too narrow bounds of time and space, none can fail to perceive the gentleness of his spirit and the grace of his style.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SUPPLEMENT.

THE BIRTHDAY GARDEN PARTY TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

IN continuation of the festivals to authors, begun by the Dinner to Mr. Whittier, followed by the Breakfast to Dr. Holmes, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company offered a similar tribute to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on her birthday, June 14, 1882. Mrs. Stowe assented to their proposal, and as Hon. and Mrs. William Claflin generously tendered their spacious and beautiful country home and grounds at Newtonville, near Boston, for the occasion, the season and the place suggested that the festival take the form of a Garden Party. The following invitation was sent to many persons in all parts of this country, and to several in Great Britain, eminent in letters, art, science, statesmanship, and philanthropy:—

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company request the pleasure of your presence at a Garden Party in Honor of the Birthday of

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

at "The Old Elms" (the residence of Hon. William Claflin), Newtonville, Mass., on Wednesday, June Fourteenth, 1882, from 3 to 7 P. M.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON,
June 1st, 1882.

About two hundred guests gathered in response to this invitation, including—

Rev. Lyman Abbott, New York.
Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, Concord, Mass.
Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Boston.
Rev. and Mrs. Henry F. Allen, Boston.
Master Freeman Allen, Boston.
Mr. Howard Payson Arnold, Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Atkinson, Brookline, Mass.
Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Barrows, Boston.

Mr. Arlo Bates, Boston.
Miss Charlotte F. Bates, Cambridge.
Mr. Sylvester Baxter, Boston.
Rev. Charles Beecher, Bridgeport, Conn.
Rev. and Mrs. Edward Beecher, Brooklyn.
Rev. and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn.
Dr. Thomas W. Bicknell, Boston.
Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, Boston.
Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, Boston.
Dr. J. G. Blake, Boston.
Prof. and Mrs. Borden P. Bowne, Boston.
Mr. R. L. Bridgman, Boston.
Mr. James M. Bugbee, Boston.
Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Washington, D. C.
Hon. and Mrs. William Claflin, Newtonville, Mass.
Mr. Arthur Claflin, Newtonville, Mass.
Mr. E. H. Clement, Boston.
Mr. Samuel T. Cobb, Boston.
Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, Winsted, Conn.
Miss A. J. Cooper, Birmingham, England.
Mr. and Mrs. George G. Crocker, Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. U. H. Crocker, Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cummings, Boston.
Dr. and Miss Davidson, Boston.
Mr. Charles Deane, Cambridge.
Mr. P. Deming, Albany.
Mr. J. C. Derby, New York.
Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, Boston.
Mr. Nathan H. Dole, Philadelphia.
Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Rutland, Vt.
Mr. Francis S. Drake, Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Farnsworth, Boston.
Miss Florence Finch, Boston.
Miss Alice E. Freeman, President Wellesley College.
Mrs. J. C. Gallup, Clinton, N. Y.
Mr. Francis J. Garrison, Boston.
Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., Boston.
Mr. Arthur Gilman, Cambridge.
Prof. and Mrs. Asa Gray, Cambridge.
Rev. and Mrs. G. Z. Gray, Cambridge.
Mayor Samuel A. Green, Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Guild, Boston.

- Mr. and Mrs. James Guild, Boston.
 Mrs. E. E. Hale, Boston.
 Miss Lucretia P. Hale, Boston.
 Mr. William T. Harris, Concord, Mass.
 Rev. J. B. Harrison, Franklin Falls, N. H.
 Mr. E. B. Haskell, Auburndale, Mass.
 Dr. Henry Cecil Haven, Boston.
 Mrs. J. R. Hawley, Hartford, Conn.
 Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Hooker, Hartford, Conn.
 Mr. Augustus Hoppin, Providence, R. I.
 Prof. and Mrs. E. N. Horsford, Cambridge.
 Mr. George Houghton, New York.
 Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Houghton, Cambridge.
 Mr. William A. Hovey, Boston.
 Mr. and Mrs. John T. Howard, Brooklyn.
 Mr. J. R. Howard, New York.
 Rev. and Mrs. Frank E. Howe, Newton,
 Mass.
 Mr. W. D. Howells, Belmont, Mass.
 Miss Edith M. Howes, Boston.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hunnewell, Charles-
 town, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hurd, Newtonville, Mass.
 Mr. Melancthon M. Hurd, New York.
 Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson, Boston.
 Hon. John S. Keyes, Concord, Mass.
 Mrs. Julia B. Kimball, Boston.
 Mr. and Mrs. Horatio King, Washington,
 D. C.
 Dr. Edward H. Knight, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Lucy Larcom, Beverly, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. George P. Lathrop, Concord,
 Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Lathrop, Boston.
 Dr. J. Laurence Laughlin, Cambridge.
 Prof. T. R. Lounsbury, New Haven, Conn.
 Rev. A. L. Love, Southborough, Mass.
 Mr. S. W. Marvin, New York.
 Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mifflin, Boston.
 Mr. J. B. Millet, Boston.
 Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Boston.
 Rev. William Mountford, Boston.
 Rev. and Mrs. Elisha Mulford, Cambridge,
 Mass.
 Mr. A. J. Mundy, Newtonville, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Munroe, Cam-
 bridge.
 Miss Munroe, Newtonville, Mass.
 Miss Lucretia G. Noble, Spencer, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Noyes, Canton, Mass.
 Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Oliver, Boston.
 Rev. J. W. Olmstead, Boston.
 Mr. Henry O'Meara, Boston.
 Mr. and Mrs. Peter Parker, Washington,
 D. C.
 Mr. and Mrs. James Parton, Newburyport,
 Mass.
 Miss Ethel Parton, Newburyport, Mass.
 Rev. B. K. Peirce, Newton, Mass.
 Miss Peirce, Newton, Mass.
 Mr. Charles C. Perkins, Boston.
 Mrs. Mary B. Perkins, Hartford, Ct.
 Miss Nora Perry, Boston.
 Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Andover,
 Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Pierce, Milton,
 Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Pulsifer, North Man-
 chester, Conn.
 Mr. J. Pickering Putnam, Boston.
 Miss Sallie Putnam, Boston.
 Mr. Samuel M. Quincy, Boston.
 Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, New York.
 Mr. William H. Rideing, Boston.
 Hon. William A. Russell and Miss Russell,
 Lawrence, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Sanborn, Concord,
 Mass.
 Mrs. J. T. Sargent, Cambridge.
 Mrs. Samuel Scoville, Norwich, N. Y.
 Mr. and Mrs. Horace E. Scudder, Cam-
 bridge.
 Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Sewall, Melrose,
 Mass.
 Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, New York.
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Boston.
 Miss Annie P. Slocum, Newtonville, Mass.
 Mr. Winfield S. Slocum, Newtonville, Mass.
 Mr. and Mrs. Azariah Smith, Boston.
 Prof. Edward P. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
 Rev. George B. Spalding, Dover, N. H.
 Miss Spalding, Dover, N. H.
 Mr. Edward Stanwood, Boston.
 Mrs. Lucy Stone, Boston.
 Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, Hartford, Conn.
 Rev. and Mrs. Charles E. Stowe, Saco, Me.
 Mrs. Bayard Taylor, New York.
 Miss Lilian Taylor, New York.
 Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Thayer, Newtonville,
 Mass.
 Mrs. Thorp, Cambridge.
 Mr. J. G. Thorp, Cambridge.
 Mrs. E. P. Tileston, Milton, Mass.
 Mr. John G. Tompson, Newtonville, Mass.
 Judge and Mrs. Albion W. Tourgee, Phila-
 delphia.
 Prof. and Mrs. John Trowbridge, Cam-
 bridge.
 Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, Arlington, Mass.
 Rev. Kinsley Twining, New York.
 Mr. D. Berkeley Updike, Boston.
 Mr. F. H. Underwood, Boston.
 Mrs. Lawson Valentine, New York.
 Miss Mary Valentine, New York.
 Mr. J. H. Walker, Worcester.
 Rev. Julius H. Ward, Boston.
 Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Boston.
 Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Whipple, Boston.
 Mr. and Mrs. S. B. White, Boston.
 Miss Lilian Whiting, Boston.
 Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Milton, Mass.

Miss Anne Whitney, Boston.

Mr. John G. Whittier, Danvers, Mass.

Mr. Justin Winsor and Miss Winsor, Cambridge.

Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson, Concord, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Woolson, Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wyman, Valley Falls, R. I.

The day was perfect for such a festival. June never brings a day more exactly tempered and perfumed for a high holiday than was this at Newtonville.

From three o'clock until five was spent socially. As guests arrived they were presented to Mrs. Stowe by Mr. H. O. Houghton, and then they gathered in groups in the parlors, on the verandas, on the lawn, and in the refreshment rooms.

At five o'clock they assembled in a large tent on the lawn, and after a song by Mrs. Humphrey Allen, Mr. Houghton spoke as follows:—

MR. HOUGHTON'S ADDRESS.

We have met two or three times within the last few years to set up, as it were, milestones in the lives of some of those who are justly esteemed the creators of American literature. On this occasion one thought oppresses us all: Two of the most eminent, whose grace and benignity cheered and exalted our former gatherings, are with us in bodily presence no more. The voice of our beloved Longfellow is hushed, but the cadences of his sweet songs will vibrate in our memories while life lasts. We shall never look again upon the benign countenance of our revered Emerson, but his precepts are written, as with the point of a diamond, upon our hearts.

We come together again to celebrate a birthday, but what is the number of the birthday we will not inquire. If we estimate the age of our beloved guest by the amount of work she has accomplished, the number of her years would rank with those of the antediluvians. But if we judge by the vigor and freshness of her writings, and by her universal sympathy with young and old, we must say that she has discovered the fountain of perpetual youth, somewhere else, if not among the everglades of Florida, where Ponce de Leon sought it in vain. You have all doubtless heard the apocryphal stories of the difficulties encountered by the author of *Uncle Tom's*

Cabin in getting a publisher, and of the marvelous sales of the first editions; but few here probably realize how great is its circulation to-day. This book began by being a prophecy, and is now history, and it is the rare felicity of its author to realize this fact in her own life-time.

The wanderings of Ulysses, the exploits of the heroes of the *Iliad*, and the trials of *Æneas*, because so intensely human, are the bonds which unite us to the civilizations that existed centuries ago; but the great epic of our age is the narrative of the wanderings and sorrows of *Uncle Tom*; and his trials and the victories which he wrought for this epoch are to be our *Iliad* and *Æneid* for centuries to come.

Providence selects its own instruments, and rules in the affairs of individuals as of nations. Behold the training which was necessary, and the fruits of which are seen in the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*! Descended from Puritan stock, of the strictest sect; educated in the severe school of New England Calvinism; living in her early married life in the great West, on the borders of a slave State, where, as a young housekeeper, she had to struggle with the whimsicalities and impracticabilities of Topsy, and where the real tragedies as well as comedies of slavery were acted daily before her eyes; where the very atmosphere favored a broad charity (not so congenial to New England), which pitied and sympathized alike with the slave and the slave-holder, while intensely hating the system of slavery itself; again removing to a quiet New England village, where her time was divided between exacting household cares, the instruction of pupils, and the contemplation of the great problems of sin, retribution, foreknowledge, and free will, — with such a training and such experiences, who can wonder that, while sitting at the communion table, and meditating upon the infinite sorrows and ignominy of Him who gave himself for the redemption of humanity, she should have been inspired with the vision of another life of suffering and sacrifice, by which a race should be redeemed, and that while she mused the fire burned, and from the white heat came forth the vivid picture of the death of that other man of sorrows, so like its great prototype, — as like as a human copy can be to a divine original?

I need go no further. What followed the issue of this truly wonderful book you all know, and in the struggle many of you took an active part. From that day when her two children, ten and twelve years of age, convulsively wept over the sorrows of Uncle Tom, and one of them exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, slavery is the most cursed thing in the world!" the story has been repeated under every sky, in every land, and translated into nearly every tongue. Crowned heads, statesmen, scholars, and the people have alike read, wept over, and applauded the simple story. And to-day our own beloved country is redeemed. Slavery, with all its attendant evils, has disappeared forever, and no one, either North or South, desires it back again.

But the production of Uncle Tom's Cabin is not the only service done to literature by our honored guest. Her other writings are inimitable in their way, as illustrating New England life, and teaching the homely virtues of truth and duty: as, for instance, *The Minister's Wooing*, *Oldtown Folks*, *Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories*, and the other books which we all know so well. But as the sun in his meridian splendor eclipses the orbs of night, so Uncle Tom, by its universal human interest, eclipses these other books, which would make the reputation of any author.

And now, honored madam, as

"When to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea northeast winds blow
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore
Of Arabie the blest,"

so the benedictions of the lowly and the blessings of all conditions of men are brought to you to-day on the wings of the wind, from every quarter of the globe; but there will be no fresher laurels to crown this day of your rejoicing than are brought by those now before you, who have been your co-workers in the strife; who have wrestled and suffered, fought and conquered, with you; who rank you with the Miriams, the Deborahs, and the Judiths of old; and who now shout back the refrain, when you utter the inspired song:—

"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."

"The Almighty Lord hath disappointed them by the hand of a woman."

Mr. Houghton then presented Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, intimating that Mrs. Stowe might say something later.

MR. BEECHER'S REMARKS.

I don't know whether it is in good taste for any other member of my father's family to join in the laudation of Mrs. Stowe, but if it is, I am a very proper one to do it. I know that for a long time after the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* there were a great many very wise people who said they knew that she never wrote it herself, but that I did it. The matter at last became so scandalous that I determined to put an end to it, and therefore I wrote "*Norwood*." That killed the thing dead.

I will admit that I had something to do with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I recollect that Mrs. Stowe asked me one day whether I took *The National Era*. I said No; but I would, if necessary. What was going to happen? She said that Dr. Bailey had sent her some money to write a story for that paper, as far as that money would go; that it would run through three or four numbers, for when she first planned *Uncle Tom* she thought it would probably extend through three or four issues of the paper. When, in the progress of the publication, people became very much excited, and it was resolved to publish the story in a volume, she was still writing it, and John P. Jewett, who was to be the publisher, said that the book must be limited to one octavo volume. Such was the low-estate of anti-slavery literature that it was not believed an anti-slavery book of more than one volume would find readers. I thought so and wrote a most persuasive letter to her to kill off *Uncle Tom* quickly, and to give the world the book in one volume, if she expected it to be read. What became of that letter I don't know, and perhaps she cannot recollect; but, with a peculiarity which belongs to no other member of my father's family, she had her own way about it.

Now, I think we might have a good experience meeting here this afternoon, if every one would tell under what circumstances he read the book, and how he acted. I can still remember plainly the circumstances under which I finished it. I had got well into the second volume. It was Thursday. Sunday was looming up be-

fore me, and at the rate at which I was going there would not be time to finish it before Sunday, and I could never preach till I had finished it. So I set myself to it and determined to finish it at once. I had got a considerable way into the second volume, and I recommended my wife to go to bed. I did n't want anybody down there. I soon began to cry. Then I went and shut all the doors, for I did not want any one to see me. Then I sat down to it and finished it that night, for I knew that only in that way should I be able to preach on Sunday. I know that many of you must have read it something as I did at that time.

I am in sympathy with you in your rejoicing this afternoon, and thank you for your courtesy shown to my sister and your sister, for she has won that place in the hearts of many. I leave the gratulations to you.

Professor Guyot, of Princeton, says that progress in the world is like the development of plant life. It has three periods of growth. The first is that in the soil, — growth by the root. The second is more accelerated, — growth by the stem. The third is the most rapid of all, — growth by the blossom and fruit. The world has been growing by the root, obscurely, lingeringly, slowly. It is growing by the stem now, very much faster. It is beginning to break into the blossom and fruit, when progress will be wonderful compared with our past experience in all other periods. Other years have seen great changes, but men in this generation have seen changes begin and have seen their ripening fruit. We are now living in that period of the world in which you have a long time of former life compressed, and men may see the beginning and end of a great movement. I have always been glad that that noble man, Mr. Garrison, lived to see the chains broken and the slaves go free. It took only the golden middle part of his life to see the beginning and the end. Mrs. Stowe, when a wife and mother, established in life, began her part of this great work. She yet numbers her years here, and their blossom is on her head. It lingers long, and long may it linger before it falls. She saw slavery intrenched in all the power of politics, in all the power of government, in all the power of commerce,

and with the benediction of a sham religion, at the time in which she entered upon this career. And, behold, where is it to-day? It is in history only. Upon that black cloud which rested over all the land has risen the Sun of righteousness. In a short period have occurred these great changes, in ways that no man would have predicted, no man would have brought about. It is God who has done it.

Of course you all sympathize with me to-day, but, standing in this place, I do not see your faces more clearly than I see those of my father and my mother. Her I only knew as a mere babe-child. He was my teacher and my companion. A more guileless soul than he, a more honest one, more free from envy, from jealousy, and from selfishness, I never knew. Though he thought he was great by his theology, everybody else knew he was great by his religion. My mother is to me what the Virgin Mary is to a devout Catholic. She was a woman of great nature, profound as a philosophical thinker, great in argument, with a kind of intellectual imagination, diffident, not talkative, — in that respect I take after her, — a woman who gave birth to Mrs. Stowe, whose graces and excellencies she probably more than any other of her children — we number but thirteen — has possessed. I suppose that in bodily resemblance, perhaps, she is not like my mother, but in mind I presume she is most like her.

I thank you for my father's sake and for my mother's sake for the courtesy, the friendliness, and the kindness which you give to Mrs. Stowe.

MR. WHITTIER'S POEM.

Mr. Whittier was present, to the great satisfaction of all the company, but he excused himself from reading the poem he had written, which was read by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn: —

Thrice welcome from the Land of Flowers
And golden-fruited orange bowers
To this sweet, green-turfed June of ours!
To her who, in our evil time,
Dragged into light the nation's crime
With strength beyond the strength of men,
And, mightier than their sword, her pen;
To her who world-wide entrance gave
To the log-cabin of the slave,
Made all his wrongs and sorrows known,

And all earth's languages his own, —
North, South, and East and West, made all
The common air electrical,
Until the o'ercharged bolts of heaven
Blazed down, and every chain was riven !

Welcome from each and all to her
Whose Wooing of the Minister
Revealed the warm heart of the man
Beneath the creed-bound Puritan,
And taught the kinship of the love
Of man below and God above ;
To her whose vigorous pencil-strokes
Sketched into life her Oldtown Folks,
Whose fireside stories, grave or gay,
In quaint Sam Lawson's vagrant way,
With old New England's flavor rife,
Waifs from her rude idyllic life,
Are racy as the legends old
By Chaucer or Boccaccio told ;
To her who keeps, through change of place
And time, her native strength and grace,
Alike where warm Sorrento smiles,
Or where, by birchen-shaded isles,
Whose summer winds have shivered o'er
The icy drift of Labrador,
She lifts to light the priceless Pearl
Of Harpswell's angel-beckoned girl.
To her at threescore years and ten
Be tributes of the tongue and pen,
Be honor, praise, and heart-thanks given,
The loves of earth, the hopes of heaven !

Ah, dearer than the praise that stirs
The air to-day, our love is hers !
She needs no guaranty of fame
Whose own is linked with Freedom's name.
Long ages after ours shall keep
Her memory living while we sleep ;
The waves that wash our gray coast lines,
The winds that rock the Southern pines,
Shall sing of her ; the unending years
Shall tell her tale in unborn ears.
And when, with sins and follies past,
Are numbered color-hate and caste,
White, black, and red shall own as one
The noblest work by woman done.

DR. HOLMES'S POEM.

Dr. Holmes, on being presented, described the circumstances in which he first read Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the deepening of his interest in it, so that he soon laid aside the novel of Dickens which he had been reading, and gave himself up wholly to Uncle Tom's Cabin until he had reached the end. He then read this poem : —

If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase

Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet
Of mingling accents harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots of Babel.

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian, and Mantchoo
Would shout, " We know the lady ! "

Know her ! Who knows not Uncle Tom
And her he learned his gospel from,
Has never heard of Moses ;
Full well the brave black hand we know
That gave to freedom's grasp the hoe
That killed the weed that used to grow
Among the Southern roses.

When Archimedes, long ago,
Spoke out so grandly, "*Dos pou sto*, —
Give me a place to stand on,
I'll move your planet for you, now," —
He little dreamed or fancied how
The *sto* at last should find its *pou*
For woman's faith to land on.

Her lever was the wand of art,
Her fulcrum was the human heart,
Whence all unfailling aid is ;
She moved the earth ! Its thunders pealed,
Its mountains shook, its temples reeled,
The blood-red fountains were unsealed,
And Moloch sunk to Hades.

All through the conflict, up and down
Marched Uncle Tom and Old John Brown,
One ghost, one form ideal ;
And which was false and which was true,
And which was mightier of the two,
The wisest sibyl never knew,
For both alike were real.

Sister, the holy maid does well
Who counts her beads in convent cell,
Where pale devotion lingers ;
But she who serves the sufferer's needs,
Whose prayers are spelt in loving deeds,
May trust the Lord will count her beads
As well as human fingers.

When Truth herself was Slavery's slave,
Thy hand the prisoned suppliant gave
The rainbow wings of fiction.
And Truth who soared descends to-day
Bearing an angel's wreath away,
Its lilies at thy feet to lay
With Heaven's own benediction.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY'S POEM

Queen of the months of the year !
Hour of her crowning and prime !
Everything royal and dear
Comes in this bountiful time.

Everything noble and high,
Everything lowly and sweet ;
Tree-tops are grand in the sky,
Daisies in bloom at our feet ;

Roses aglow in the sun,
Grass growing rich for the blade :
Summer's sweet marvel begun
New, as it never were made.

Sunshine, and blossom, and song,
Glory, and beauty, and praise ;
Blessing and gladness belong
To souls that are born on such days.

Came she but these to inherit,
Signs of her nature's attune, —
Joyous and affluent spirit
Born in that far-away June ?

Gladdest is tenderest, too,
Joy is diviner of trouble ;
Power hath a service to do,
Sight that is true seeth double.

"We and our neighbors." That word
Grew in the heart of her heart ;
Haunted the life-feast, and stirred
Plea for a people apart.

"Seest Thou, hearest Thou not ?
It faileth," was all she said.
Leaving her prayer with the Thought
That cares for the children's bread.

She minded the marriage board, —
The wine that had not sufficed ;
And one who looked to the Lord, —
Mary, the mother of Christ.

"It faileth !" was all she said.
She knew that He knew the rest ;
That his ear interpreted
The longing of her request.

Unto such pitiful asking
Strange that the answer should be, —
Swift and keen with its tasking, —
"What have I to do with thee ?

"My time yet cometh." "Ah, Lord," —
That cry for a people's pain
Went up afresh with a word
That would not beseech in vain, —

"Behold the death of their living !
The anguish of thy long years !
The thirst for wine of thanksgiving,
The drink of their bitter tears !"

Thirsted and suffered they still ;
Strange was the waiting and loss ;
None to deliver his will, —
None to bear forward his cross !

"Waiteth it ever for me,
Message and process divine ?
Woman, what do I with thee ?"
Was it denial, or sign ?

Was it rebuke, or a mission,
For her who turned in a breath,
Commanding with holy prevision,
"Do ye whatever He saith !

"Yes, though ye hear the sentence,
Go, fill ye up to the brim
The measure of your repentance,
Fill up, and bear unto Him !"

Into the hearts of the human
Purification of tears, —
That was the work of the woman ;
God gave the wine of the years !

Mary, elect of the Lord,
Yield we thy praise to another ?
She who hath wrought for his word
Is daughter and sister and mother !

MISS ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS'S
POEM

was read for her by Dr. Holmes, as follows :—

Arise, and call her blessed, — seventy years !
Each one a tongue to speak for her, who needs
No poor device of ours to tell to-day
The story of her glory in our hearts.
Precede us all, ye quiet lips of love,
Ye honors high of home, nobilities
Of mother and of wife, the heraldry
Of happiness ; dearer to her than were
The homage of the world. We yield unto
The royal rights of tenderness. Speak, then,
Before all voices, ripened human life !

Arise, and call her blessed, dark-browed men,
Who put the silver lyre aside for you,
Who could not stroll across the silken strings
Of fancy, while you wept uncomfortable,
But rang upon the fetters of a race
Enchained the awful chord which pealed along
And echoed in the cannon-shot which broke
The manacle, and bade the bound go free.
She brought a nation on its knees for shame ;

She brought a world into a black slave's heart.
Where are our lighter laurels, O my friends,
Brothers and sisters of the busy pen?
Five million freemen crown her birthday feast,
Before whose feet our little leaf we lay.

Arise and call her blessed, fainting souls,
For whom she sang the strains of holy hope!
Within the gentle twilight of her days,
Like angels hid, her own hymns visit her.
Her life no ivy-tangled door, but wide
And welcome to his solemn feet, who need
Not knock for entrance, nor one ever ask,
"Who cometh there?" So still and sure the
step,

So well we know God doth "abide in her."
Oh, wait to make her blessed, happy world,
To which she looketh onward ardently!
Lie distant, distant far, ye streets of gold,
Where up and down light-hearted spirits walk,
And wonder that they stayed so long away!
Be patient for her coming, for our sakes,
Who will love heaven better, keeping her.

This only ask we: When from prayer to
praise

She moves, and when from peace to joy, be
hers

To know she hath the life eternal, since
Her own heart's dearest wish did meet her
there.

MR. TROWBRIDGE'S POEM.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge read a poem,
which was afterwards printed in the
Youth's Companion; and by the kind cour-
tesy of the proprietors of that paper it is
reprinted here:—

THE CABIN.

Genius, 'tis said, knows not itself,
But works unconscious wholly.

Even so she wrought, who built in thought
The Cabin of the Lowly.

A wife with common wifely cares,
What mighty dreams enwrap her!
What fancies burned, until she turned
To write some flaming chapter!

Over the humblest household task
The vision came, it may be:
While one hand held the flying pen,
The other hushed her baby.

Her life was like some quiet bridge,
Impetuous tides sweep under.
So week by week the story grew,
From wonder on to wonder.

Wisdom could not conceive the plot,
Nor wit and fancy spin it;

The woman's part, the wife's deep heart,
All mother's love, were in it.

Hatred of tyranny and wrong,
Compassion sweet and holy,
Sorrow and Guilt and Terror built
That Cabin of the Lowly.

And in the morning light, behold,
By some divine mutation,
Its roof became a sky of flame,
A portent to the nation!

The Slave went forth through all the earth,
He preached to priest and rabbin;
He spoke all tongues: in every land
Opened that lowly Cabin.

Anon a school for kinder rule,
For freer thoughts and manners;
Then from its door what armies pour
With bayonets and banners!

More potent still than fires that kill,
Or logic that convinces,
The tale she told to high and low,
To peasants and to princes.

That tale belongs with Freedom's songs,
The hero's high endeavor,
And all brave deeds that serve the needs
Of Liberty forever!

I greet her now, when South and North
Have ceased their deadly quarrels;
And say, or sing, while here I fling
This leaf upon her laurels:

She loosed the rivets of the slave;
She likewise lifted woman,
And proved her right to share with man
All labors pure and human.

Women, they say, must yield, obey,
Rear children, dance cotillions:
While this one wrote, she cast the vote
Of unenfranchised millions!

MRS. ALLEN'S POEM.

Mrs. Allen, daughter of Mrs. Stowe,
contributed the following poem, which was
read by her husband, Rev. Henry F. Al-
len:—

A child came down to earth
Just seventy years ago,
And round its form the angels trod,
Whispering low,
"T is an instrument
To be played by the hand of God."

Time sped its steadfast way ;
The child grew rosy and strong ;
Unconscious she sweetly played,
With music right
And discord wrong,
The song that *God* had made.

The notes of the instrument rose
Sweeter and better each day,
Till it sung in clearest trumpet-tones,
"Cast off the bond,
Release the slave ;
'T is thy brother who bleeds and groans !

"Oh, hear the cry of the wronged,
The hapless children of God !
With folded hands and tearful eyes,
Hopeless they stand ;
Patient and meek,
They bow and kiss the rod."

O'er sea and mountain and shore,
The music thundered and rolled,
Till the angels in heaven reëchoed its strain,
And the love of man,
With the mercy of God,
Revived in our hearts again.

Though the instrument's feebler grown,
'T will sound loud and full until death,
Like a harp with its strings Æolian blown,
Rising and falling,
Whispering and calling,
With the strength of God's own breath.

MRS. ANNIE FIELDS'S POEM.

Mrs. Fields was in Europe, but she wrote the following poem in honor of the occasion:—

Birds were singing in the trees ;
Summer was abroad as now,
With her troop of murmuring bees,
And blossoms 'round her brow,

When, seventy years ago, there came
A little child to view the land,
Who found a torch with lighted flame
Made ready to her hand.

Fearless she held the fiery tongue
Close to her white and tender breast ;
When lo ! the pain became a song
And prayers for the oppressed.

Mother of a new-born race,
Daughter of a race to be,
Regent through the boundless space
Of sad humanity !

Is there realm to vie with thine,
Whither mortals may aspire ?
Torch of love, the flame divine,
Hath called thee ever higher.

Who has taught the seer to know
Sorrow that was not her own !
Who has made her face to glow
Glad for another's crown !

But by home fires, when day is done,
Charming young and soothing old,
Dearest laurels you have won,
While hearth-stones have grown cold.

Friend, how calm your sunset days !
Your peaceful eyes are set on heaven,
For peace upon the promise stays,—
Who loves much is forgiven.

MISS CHARLOTTE F. BATES'S POEM.

England has Eliot, France has Sand, to show,
America, her Harriet Beecher Stowe !
Thy fame, like his whose greeting fails us now,
Leaving the light on his remembered brow,
Has spanned the earth, till both to all belong
One through the might of story ; one, of song.
What language where thy Uncle Tom is not ?
It speaks in every tongue, — a polyglot.
While tears and laughter rolled from it apace,
Its soul helped gain the freedom of a race ;
That freedom gained, for ages yet to come
The world will laugh and weep o'er Uncle
Tom.

From sea to sea hath histrionic art
Made its creations into being start,
And lonely readers, seeing all they read,
Have ached with mirth, or with oppression
bled.

Would that thy genius with a kindred stroke
The chains of mental slavery also broke !
Now against that we fain would have thee deal
The massive blow that all the world shall feel ;
And while they laugh and weep at truth's own
face,

Seek to burst off the shackles that disgrace !
However much already we may owe,
Make our debt larger to the name of Stowe !

SEVERAL SPEECHES

were made, but cannot be given here in full, as no complete report was taken of them.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee told in detail the story of his first reading of Uncle Tom's Cabin, — of neglecting his hoeing to do it, of fleeing from an irate father, and of finishing the book in the woods. Mrs.

Stowe had come into his life so that he looked back to her as his Jeanne d'Arc. He closed by saying, "I followed her thought. I followed her lead, gloriously, gladly, though humbly, through that struggle; and now I come gladly, earnestly, and feelingly to give my thanks to my mother."

Rev. Edward Beecher spoke at some length of the bearing of the works of Mrs. Stowe upon the woman-suffrage question. He told of her work with the late Miss Catherine Beecher at Hartford to extend the education of women, and affirmed that the course of God's events is upward and onward to a perfect coördination of the sexes in the work of the race.

Mr. Edward Atkinson described an interview between Professor Lieber and Senator Preston, of South Carolina, who was of the extreme type of Southern men before the war. Uncle Tom's Cabin had just appeared, and conversation turned upon it. The senator was strongly excited, and in reply to a question he said, "We have read Uncle Tom's Cabin, and I know it is true. I can match every incident in it out of my own experience."

Mr. Houghton stated that Mrs. Stowe would say a few words, and as she came to the front of the platform the company rose by a simultaneous impulse of affectionate respect, and listened with eager interest while she spoke as follows:—

MRS. STOWE'S RESPONSE.

I wish to say that I thank all my friends from my heart,—that is all. And one thing more,—and that is, if any of you have doubt, or sorrow, or pain, if you doubt about this world, just remember what God has done; just remember that this great sorrow of slavery has gone, gone by forever. I see it every day at the South. I walk about there and see the lowly cabins. I see these people growing richer and richer. I see men very happy in their lowly lot; but, to be sure, you must have patience with them. They are not perfect, but have their faults, and they are serious faults in the view of white people. But they are very happy, that is evident, and they do know how to enjoy themselves,—a great deal more than you do. An old negro friend in our neighborhood has got a new, nice two-story house, and an orange

grove, and a sugar-mill. He has got a lot of money, besides. Mr. Stowe met him one day, and he said, "I have got twenty head of cattle, four head of 'hoss,' forty head of hen, and I have got ten children, all *mine, every one mine.*" Well, now, that is a thing that a black man could not say once, and this man was sixty years old before he could say it. With all the faults of the colored people, take a man and put him down with nothing but his hands, and how many could say as much as that? I think they have done well.

A little while ago they had at his house an evening festival for their church, and raised fifty dollars. We white folks took our carriages, and when we reached the house we found it fixed nicely. Every one of his daughters knew how to cook. They had a good place for the festival. Their suppers were spread on little white tables, with nice clean cloths on them. People paid fifty cents for supper. They got between fifty and sixty dollars, and had one of the best frolics you could imagine. They had also for supper ice-cream, which they made themselves.

That is the sort of thing I see going on around me. Let us never doubt. Everything that ought to happen is going to happen.

Music by the Germania Band and the Beethoven Club, and songs by Mrs. Humphrey Allen at intervals during the speeches and poems, lent variety and enjoyment. After Mrs. Stowe's remarks, Mr. Houghton felicitously expressed the gratitude of the company to Mr. and Mrs. Claflin for the kind courtesy which had, with rare generosity, given their house and grounds for the festival. The company then dispersed slowly, many gathering about Mrs. Stowe for congratulation and farewell.

LETTERS.

Many letters of regret were received, but only four of them were read at the Garden Party. All of them were placed in Mrs. Stowe's hands, and some are printed below:—

FREMONT, OHIO, May 31, 1882.

I think I told you of our fondness for the books of Mrs. Stowe, and especially for *Oldtown Folks*. Since it first ap-

peared, Mrs. Hayes has been in the habit of reading parts of it aloud in the family circle. Our children know the characters as old familiar acquaintances from childhood. Gloomy days have been made cheerful and sunny by reading it. We have often thought of writing Mrs. Stowe, and thanking her for the happiness she has given us. Her seventieth birthday! Surely the author of *Oldtown Folks* can never grow old. Present to her our warm good wishes and congratulations and thanks. Your invitation is very welcome, and we regret that it cannot be accepted.

Sincerely, R. B. HAYES.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, }
LONDON, May 29, 1882. }

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to join in any manifestation of esteem for my old friend Mrs. Stowe, but it will be impossible for me to join the Garden Party, and almost as much so for me to write anything for the occasion, occupied as I continually am with matters so alien from poetry and sentiment.

I hope your Garden Party may have the success it deserves, and that Mrs. Stowe may survive many years to enjoy the honors she has so fully won. Faithfully yours,
J. R. LOWELL.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, }
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., June 10, 1882. }

I am sincerely obliged by your kind invitation, and I regret exceedingly that it is impossible for me to accept it. It is the great happiness of Mrs. Stowe not only to have written many delightful books, but to have written one book which will be always famous, not only as the most vivid picture of an extinct evil system, but as one of the most powerful influences in overthrowing it. The light of her genius flashed the monster into hideous distinctness, and the country arose to destroy him. No book was ever more a historical event than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In all times and countries women have nobly served justice and liberty, but it is doubtful if any single service to the good cause in this country is greater than that of Mrs. Stowe. You could have no guest more worthy of honor, and none to whom honor would be more gladly and universally paid. If all whom she has charmed and quickened

should unite to sing her praises, the birds of summer would be outdone. Very truly yours,
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

ELMIRA, N. Y., June 10, 1882.

I regret that distance and occupation (in search of health) will not permit me to attend the Garden Party which you give in honor of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. With due respect to other able and charming writers, I put Mrs. Stowe at the head of all living American novelists, especially in the characteristics of power and sincerity, both of feeling and style. No intelligent contemporary can ignore, and the centuries to come will not soon forget, the immense influence which she has exercised over the history of our country. She has had, and will keep, a fortune of fame, and, by her talents and the nobility of her motives, has deserved it. I beg that you will present her an expression of the profound respect which I owe her as an author, as an American citizen, and as a man. Very respectfully yours,
J. W. DE FOREST.

OFFICE OF THE OBSERVER, }
NEW YORK, June 7, 1882. }

No lady has done more by her pen to make a distinctively American literature than Mrs. Stowe, and every true American is proud to know that among women there is no name in letters more widely known to fame than hers. With many thanks for your invitation, I am very truly yours,
S. IRENEUS PRIME.

BOSTON, June 7, 1882.

Thanks for your invitation to the gathering in honor of Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

No tribute could be too great to her. I wish I could join in it, but the state of my family prevents. Yours respectfully,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., June 7, 1882.

No one has a higher admiration than myself of what this noble lady has done by her pen for humanity. It is a great deprivation not to be present. Most truly yours,
J. M. HOPPIN.

BOSTON, June 6, 1882.

I much regret that a previous engagement on the 14th instant must prevent my acceptance of your kind invitation for that

day; the more that it would give me special pleasure to honor the birthday of one for whom I have so high and long-standing a regard as for Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Faithfully yours,

HENRY M. DEXTER.

NEWPORT, R. I., *June 7, 1882.*

I exceedingly regret that I cannot join the "troops of friends" who will, by your kind invitation, unite in celebrating the birthday of one whom I have never had the pleasure of seeing, but shall always have the pleasure of reading, remembering, and admiring. With sincere regard,

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

NEW YORK, *June 8, 1882.*

I thank you for the invitation to the Garden Party to be given in honor of the most renowned of our countrywomen, and I regret that I can find no way of escaping from arrangements already made, so as to give myself the pleasure of being present on that occasion. Mrs. Stowe's well-deserved literary fame has had but one dangerous rival, namely, the world-wide celebrity of her brilliant and never-to-be-forgotten services opportunely rendered to humanity. It seems a trifle to add, but it marks a nature generous in small things as well as great that the author of *Uncle Tom* and of the Minister's Wooing has always known how to show the most graceful and grateful kindness to younger and less famous writers.

Thanking you again for your kind invitation, I am, gentlemen, yours very sincerely,

EDW. EGGLESTON.

LEXINGTON, VA., *June 8, 1882.*

It would give me very great pleasure to attend the Garden Party given in honor of the birthday of Harriet Beecher Stowe, did my college engagements permit. Mrs. Stowe's brilliant genius deserves all possible recognition, not only from the North, but from the South, now "the institution" has passed away, and I should be one of the first to acknowledge its far-reaching power. I have the honor to be very truly yours,

JAMES A. HARRISON.

797 GREENE AVENUE, BROOKLYN, }
June 9, 1882. }

The loss of two children recently has unfitted me for participation in any social

pleasure, else I should eagerly embrace the opportunity to do honor to a gentlewoman who has done more, perhaps, than any other one person to influence the character and destinies of our land.

May she continue for many years to enjoy the serene consciousness of work well done, and of the abiding respect and affection of her countrymen. Sincerely yours,

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

NEW ORLEANS, *June 9, 1882.*

I thank you most gratefully for the kindness that remembers me at such a distance, and regret extremely my inability to respond in person. To be in New England would be enough for me. I was there once, — a year ago, — and it seemed as though I never had been home till then. To be there again, to join friends in rejoicing over the continuance on earth of one who has earned the gratitude of two races of humanity, is greater than the measure of my cup. I can only send you, Blessings on the day when Harriet Beecher Stowe was born. Yours truly,

G. W. CABLE.

230 SOUTH TWENTY-FIRST STREET, }
PHILADELPHIA, *June 12, 1882.* }

Mr. Davis being absent from home, it is left to me to say how sorry we are that we cannot be with you on Wednesday, to offer our friendliest greeting to your guest at this pleasant halting-place on her journey. She reminds me of that noble lady in the *Arabian Nights*, who sent before her to the king seventy slaves, each bearing a golden casket full of jewels. As at seventy, however, you men and women of New England only begin to understand your full vigor, there will be many birthdays yet to come, on which we may hope to take her by the hand, and tell her how thoroughly we honor her and her work.

Yours sincerely,

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June 5, 1882.*

I am very much obliged by your kind and thoughtful invitation to be present at a party in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. I should be delighted to be present on such an occasion, for to no one person has it been given to move so many minds and hearts in behalf

of the lately enslaved as to Mrs. Stowe. Hers was the word for the hour, and it was given with skill, force, and effect. Let us honor her birthday, and hold up her example of great talents devoted to a great cause to the appreciation and edification of present and future generations. Respectfully,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

ATLANTA, GA., June 20, 1882.

I owe a great deal, in one way and another, to the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In 1862, when quite a youngster, I chanced to get hold of a copy of the book, and it made a more vivid impression upon my mind than anything I have ever read since. It may interest you to know that I read it on the plantation where Uncle Remus held forth, and within a stone's throw of where ex-Secretary Seward taught school when he was a young man. Yours truly,

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

MADISON, WIS., June 9, 1882.

It would afford me the greatest pleasure to accept your kind invitation to be present at the Garden Party in honor of the birthday of Harriet Beecher Stowe. I am a great admirer of Mrs. Stowe, and am proud of her reputation for her own sake, and not less for the sake of our country.

Yours faithfully, R. B. ANDERSON.

STAR OFFICE, NEW YORK, }
June 9, 1882.

Please accept my hearty thanks for your invitation to the Garden Party in honor of Mrs. Stowe. The press of previous engagements renders it quite impossible for me to join you and her other friends in celebrating the "threescore and ten" of the woman whose one work did more to educate the North and make emancipation possible than anything else which was done. It is fitting that she should be greeted anew by the generation that read her story and recognized it as a battle, as well as the generation that has grown up since it became a classic. Mrs. Stowe has the good fortune of combining the genius of a remarkably gifted family with the strength and tenderness of New England womanhood. She has antedated immortality by all the years since her worth was recognized and her fame was assured. It is her happiness to live in the atmosphere of

friendship and admiration she herself has made, as the sun moves in the splendor his own shining creates. Sincerely yours,
W. T. CLARKE.

104 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, }
June 9, 1882.

Alike as a woman, an author, and a philanthropist, Mrs. Stowe has honored the country of her birth, and Americans will honor themselves in recognizing her exalted worth and the great value of her labors. As an abolitionist I am deeply grateful to her. It was in 1852, just after the last desperate effort of the slave power, by the aid of its Northern supporters, to overwhelm and crush the antislavery movement, when humanity was shuddering in view of the atrocities of the fugitive slave law, and the fires of persecution were raging furiously around the champions of freedom, that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came from the press to kindle fresh sympathy for the bondman throughout the civilized world, and fill the hearts of his enemies with despair. For twenty years the abolitionists had struggled against all the prejudices of caste, the hostility of political parties, and the combined opposition of the great ecclesiastical bodies of the land to create a public sentiment that would destroy slavery; and at the very moment when the prospect of success was eclipsed, and the hearts of multitudes were filled with fear and dread, Mrs. Stowe's great work turned the tide of battle; and from that day forth the hosts of freedom, with constantly augmenting strength, marched with unflinching step toward their great victory. All honor, then, I say, to Mrs. Stowe, and may her old age be crowned with light and peace. Yours respectfully,

OLIVER JOHNSON.

BROOKLINE, MASS., June 10, 1882.

Mrs. Stowe commands my most affectionate admiration and reverence. I suppose she will be instantly recognized as the greatest of all American humorists, not only that she, like Cervantes and Molière, has elicited and delineated the fine lights and shades of character, but used her humor for the purpose of putting great social wrongs and vices out of countenance. Her tender and pathetic pictures of old New England life and character will, I believe, give to her in future years a place in your

literature; historical, like our English Fielding and Smollett, but with a purity and piety to which they have no claim. It would have been a great pleasure to me to tell Mrs. Stowe how often I have announced in my church in England some of her sweet verses, and heard them sung with hearty enjoyment by great congregations.

If your meeting of next Wednesday were in England, I think I could not forbear from calling, in our old English fashion, for three cheers for Old Tiff and Top-sy. Please accept my grateful acknowledgments and regrets, and believe me, in hearty sincerity,

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

BROOKLYN, June 9, 1882.

It would afford me great pleasure to be present on that occasion, as I hold Mrs. Stowe's contributions to the world of letters in high estimation. Who has not suffered with that hero, Uncle Tom? Who has not wished to take part in the Minister's Wooing? Who would not learn the genesis of that delicate creation, the "Quaker settlement," and buy a corner lot there? Who has not felt that the pen which outlined the life and death of little Eva was guided by an angel hand? Respectfully yours,

J. NEILSON.

ELMIRA, N. Y., June 9, 1882.

The original Uncle Tom (the only one known as such by the children of her who has given the name a world-wide reputation) regrets his inability to share in the festivities of the 14th instant, to which you invite him.

He will not be, however, unmindful of his sister's birthday when it shall come, and is grateful to you and to other distinguished friends for the honors with which you are planning its decoration, and he remains, gentlemen, with sincere regard,

Yours truly,

THOMAS K. BEECHER.

CINCINNATI, June 9, 1882.

Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than an opportunity to unite in honoring a woman who has done so much for the cause of humanity. Mrs. Stowe's pen did more to strike the chains from four million slaves than the sword. She is justly appreciated in her own day, and her name will occupy

in history one of its brightest pages. Do me the favor to convey to Mrs. Stowe my regards, and the wish that her useful life may be long continued and enjoyed.

Truly yours,

RICHARD SMITH.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 12, 1882.

It gives us great pleasure to learn that you propose to celebrate, by appropriate honors, the birthday of one of the most gifted of American authors. The writings of Mrs. Stowe have been our familiar reading, from her earliest sketches in the Mayflower. We have followed her brilliant career as an author through all the varied productions of her pen, which have won for her a world-wide reputation, wherever English literature is known. She ranks, by universal consent, among the foremost of female writers; surpassed by none, and approached by few. What is still higher and nobler than mere literary merit, the tendency of her writings is uniformly healthful, and their moral and religious influences are always elevating and inspiring. We have long enjoyed the personal friendship of Mrs. Stowe and her honored husband, and we would gladly share in the festivities in honor of her birthday, were it in our power to leave our home at this time.

Very respectfully,

T. J. and E. C. CONANT.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
30 CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK, }
June 12, 1882.

In common with the many thousands who have been delighted and thrilled by the words her pen has written,—thousands in this, and thousands in many another land,—I wish for her yet long and faithful years on earth, and the joy that may come as she understands how her name will be cherished in the years still beyond.

Thanking you for the honor of your remembrance, I am, with great respect,

Yours sincerely,

FRANCIS BROWN.

INTER-OCEAN OFFICE, CHICAGO, }
June 9, 1882.

I know of no one whom it would delight me more to honor than Mrs. Stowe. She has indelibly impressed the most important era of our country, and made us a grander and nobler people. Hundreds of thou-

sands of young people like myself were brought to a higher appreciation of humanity through Uncle Tom's Cabin than they ever could have had without that wonderful book. Please give to your honored guest the congratulations of one who from his boyhood has been an ardent admirer. Yours truly,

WM. PENN NIXON.

HARPER AND BROTHERS' EDITORIAL ROOMS, }
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, }
June 10, 1882.

My remembrance of Mrs. Stowe is always associated with delightful June days at the old Stowe Cottage in Andover. I am glad that her birthday is to be celebrated by a Garden Party, and not by a great dinner. She always, I remember, preferred a picnic to an evening party. She loved nature, and for her there was a charm in the natural and characteristic expression of men and women (of even the lowliest) that she could not feel in the elaborate utterances of the most brilliant orator. She almost demanded of poetry that it should be an improvisation, and this love of the natural is the key to the understanding of her own work, and has been the secret of her power, which has not been a literary power only; it has been illustrated by events within her own life-time.

It was my good fortune to receive through Mrs. Stowe my first introduction to the world of letters, — that is, as a writer, — and I cordially unite with her friends in their tribute to her genius, and in that which is more precious to her, the tribute of affectionate remembrance.

Regretting that I cannot be one of your Garden Party, and thanking you for your courteous invitation, I am sincerely yours,

H. M. ALDEN.

NEW YORK, June 13, 1882.

It would be a great pleasure to me if I could unite with you and your guests, on the 14th, in doing honor to Mrs. Stowe. But as I am unable to be present at the Garden Party, I must content myself with being one of the vast body of absent friends and well-wishers who rejoice in everything that adds to Mrs. Stowe's honor and happiness.

Yours very truly,

MARY MAPES DODGE.

OTTAWA, ILL., June 12, 1882.

Did circumstances permit, nothing could give me more pleasure than to join you in doing honor to one who has so largely contributed to American literature, and done so much to elevate its tone and extend its fame. May she live to witness many returns of that happy day which gave to the world a light whose radiance has illuminated all lands where letters are cultivated and refinement is appreciated. But circumstances forbid my personal attendance, though in thought I shall be with you.

Most respectfully yours,

J. D. CATON.

SUB-TREASURY, U. S., }
BOSTON, MASS., June 15, 1882. }

I beg to congratulate you upon your privilege of thus honoring this so much esteemed and distinguished lady, and upon the remarkable success and historical character of the occasion. It was an event of which your house may well be proud.

Thanking you for the compliment, which the Fates seem to have miscarried, believe me yours very truly,

M. P. KENNARD.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE EDITORIAL ROOMS, }
June 14, 1882. }

Mrs. Stowe's noble work in the cause of the freedom of man makes her birthday one of the anniversaries of humanity, and I should be glad to testify my deep respect by my presence.

Very kindly yours,

HENRY D. LLOYD.

JOURNAL OFFICE, }
CHICAGO, June 12, 1882. }

It would be to me a special privilege and pleasure to participate, if it were possible, in the event that is intended to be a tribute of respect to the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which ushered in the dawn of the new and glorious day that gave liberty to the slave, and made human freedom in America an actual verity, rather than an empty boast.

I bow with profoundest respect and veneration to the noble woman who has done so much for our country and for humanity.

Respectfully yours,

ANDREW SHUMAN.

GENEVA, OHIO, June 7, 1882.

Your kind invitation, which makes me guest-elect at the Garden Party of June 14th, gives me very great pleasure, exceeded only by the regret I feel at my inability to attend. To meet the lady whose birthday is honored has been a long-cherished wish, and I scarcely permit myself — for aggravation of disappointment — to think of the many others among the *dii majores* of our literature who will doubtless be present, and whom I must forego seeing. Believe me, with grateful appreciation of your courtesy, very sincerely yours,

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Letters of regret were also received from Rev. William H. Beecher, Gov. John D. Long, Judge E. H. Bennett, Rev. Phillips Brooks, President Eliot, Dr. Samuel Eliot, Prof. Alexander Agassiz, Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, Hon. Carl Schurz,

Mr. E. L. Godkin, Mr. John Burroughs, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Col. John Hay, Mr. Henry James, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Mr. Ernest Longfellow and the Misses Longfellow, Dr. E. W. Emerson and Miss Ellen Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Forbes, Mr. J. Elliot Cabot, Gen. A. C. McClurg, Mr. Robert Clarke, Mr. J. W. Harper, Jr., Mr. Alexander Williams, Mr. E. P. Dutton, Rev. J. M. Buckley, Rev. H. L. Wayland, Mr. Murat Halstead, Judge Nathaniel Holmes, Gen. F. A. Walker, Judge Charles A. Ray, Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, Prof. J. W. Churchill, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Miss L. M. Alcott, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Col. T. W. Higginson, Mr. S. L. Clemens, Mr. John S. Dwight, Mr. Francis Parkman, Mr. Josiah Quincy, Mrs. Owen Wister, Rev. Dr. F. H. Mudge, Rev. Edward Abbott, Mr. Wendell P. Garrison, Miss Anna E. Ticknor, Rev. T. T. Munger, and many others.

which your house may be proud to
Thanking you for the compliment, which
the House seems to have bestowed, I am,
my yours very truly,
M. E. REYNOLDS.

Chicago Tribune Bureau Room
June 11, 1882.
Mr. Stowe's noble work in the cause of
the freedom of man makes her birthday
one of the anniversaries of humanity and
I should be glad to testify my deep respect
by my presence.
Very kindly yours,
HENRY D. LLOYD.

It would be to me a special pleasure and
pleasure to participate in it were possible
in the event that it is desired to have a
Cabin which related to the lives of the
new and glorious day have liberty to
the slave and made human freedom in
America an actual reality rather than an
empty boast.
I bow with respectful regard and re-
verence to the noble women who have done
so much for our country and for humanity.
Respectfully yours,
ANDREW BRIMAN.

of the most brilliant order
The almost demanded of poetry that it
should be an inspiration and this form
of the naturally the key to the understand-
ing of her own work and has been the re-
sult of her own work which has not been a li-
tary power only it has been illustrated
by events within her own life-time.
It was my great pleasure to receive through
Miss Stowe my first introduction to the
world of letters — that is as a writer —
and I cordially unite with her friends in
their esteem for her genius and in their
which is now precious to her, the gift
which she has so graciously
I regret that I cannot the day of your
Garden Party, and thanking you for your
courteous invitation, I am, my yours,
H. M. ALDRAY.

New York, June 11, 1882.
It would be a great pleasure to me if
I could share with you and your guests
on the 14th in doing honor to Mrs.
Stowe. But not being able to be present
at the Garden Party, I must content my-
self with being one of the vast body of
silent friends and well-wishers who re-
joice in everything that adds to Mrs.
Stowe's honor and happiness.
Yours very truly,
MARY MAPES DOBBS.



Summer Reading.—By general consent, books for summer reading must not be heavy. Light literature, either novels or short stories, poems or essays, form the reading best suited for sea-side and mountain. On other pages of this number is given a list of many books belonging to the classes named above, and both in their subjects and literary treatment they are so attractive that we think we do our readers a service by bringing these to their attention.

What can be more enjoyable, or what can be read with an interest which seems more to benefit long summer days, than the stories of Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Björnson, Mr. Howells, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Scudder, Mrs. Whitney, Miss Phelps? Or where can be found essays more breezy and delightful than those of Dr. John Brown, and Mr. Fields, or the charming compound of story and sketch and essay found in Miss Jewett's "Deephaven," "Old Friends and New," and "Country By-Ways"?

A charming summer book is Mozley's "Reminiscences" of famous men and noteworthy incidents connected with Oriel College and with the celebrated Oxford movement. As for the books of Dr. Holmes and Mrs. Stowe, commendation is almost impertinent; but it is quite possible there are unfortunate people who do not yet know how exquisite are the varied and indescribable charms of the *Autoer* of the Breakfast Table, or how profound are the interest, the humanity, the sympathy, the humor, of Mrs. Stowe's novels. Without further enumeration, we again invite the attention of readers to the list mentioned, and promise them that it contains abundance of the best kind of summer reading, that which unites real worth of thought and human interest with that rare literary charm which gives to the best books a perennial attraction.

"In the Harbor."—This new book, made up of the poems which Mr. Longfellow had published after the appearance of "Ultima Thule," and of the still greater number of poems which were found in his portfolio and had never been printed, cannot fail to be welcomed and read with grateful eagerness wherever the English language is known. It is a peculiarly delightful treasure trove; it is so much more than we had any right to expect, after all the wealth of poetry which Mr. Longfellow had given us. There are naturally many poems in this volume which are reminiscent, or written in memory of friends, or which indicate the consciousness that the end was approaching; but there is no complaint or repining, only a calm and hopeful

serenity pervading the poems, with a kind of sunset glow and warmth. The thousands of Mr. Longfellow's admirers will not only read this little book with peculiar satisfaction, but will be glad to know that Mr. Longfellow left a dramatic poem entitled "Michael Angelo," which will be published later in the season.

The Garden Party to Mrs. Stowe, which is fully described in the Supplement to this month's ATLANTIC, not only emphasized the remarkable and delightful contributions which Mrs. Stowe has made to American literature in her other writings, but naturally and inevitably drew special attention to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Of this book, which, by its immense circulation in all parts of the globe and by the profound interest it excited, ranks as one of the world's literary wonders, the *New York Evening Post* very justly remarks:—

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was very fortunate in its opportuneness. It came into a world that was apparently waiting for it with such eagerness that it would probably have had a great success even if its literary charm had been less than it was. It is now probably about to achieve a second and no less remarkable success as an historical reminiscence. It is not simply, like most historical romances, a mere picture. It was really in itself one of the weapons in a great fight. Consequently, as long as the story of the fight is told, it will be read, not simply as a description of what caused it all, but as itself one of the causes. It must always remain one of the monuments of literature, and, perhaps, the only striking and enduring literary monument of the antislavery struggle. In other products of the antislavery pen, everything was sacrificed to the immediate effect on the contest. But Mrs. Stowe's book successfully recognized also the claims of art, and has thus secured for her a wider and more enduring fame than has fallen to the lot of the other writers in the same field.

"In the Saddle" is the title of a little book just published, which contains the best and most famous poems of horseback rides in all literature.—"The Rhyme of the Duchess May," "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "The Leap of Roushan Beg," "Sheridan's Ride," "Tam O'Shanter," and other lyrics and ballads of similar vigor and charm. For the multitudes who enjoy horseback riding, or who delight in seeing others ride, or who appreciate the gallop of horses in literature, this must be a very attractive and unusually welcome summer book.

Mozley's "Reminiscences of Oriel College and of the Oxford Movement" form one of the most interesting works of its very interesting class. As the *Boston Journal* says:—

Given a man with keen mind, a well-balanced judgment, a lively and vivacious style, and a memory stored with reminiscences of stirring discussions and agitations, and of notable men concerned therein, and it goes almost without saying that if he were to write at all he would give us a very diverting, informing, and interesting book. Precisely such a book we have in these Reminiscences. Desultory, whimsical, and even inconsequential they sometimes are, but they are nowhere dull, and the very freedom from conventionalism and frequency of digression soon come to be recognized as enjoyable qualities; so that, although a good deal of compression might have been exercised, if it had been Mr. Mozley's purpose to write a history of the Oxford movement, which it was not, one feels that in the process much would have been lost which we are the richer for having. That it was desirable to have some such record as this, before the men who were active in these scenes had disappeared from life, is evident; and the need of promptness is apparent from the fact that during the nine months of last year in which Mr. Mozley was engaged in writing these Reminiscences twenty at least of the men mentioned in them were removed by death.

The central figure in these volumes is very naturally the man who was the central figure and moving spirit in the events which agitated Oxford and England from 1833 to 1841, — John Henry Newman. But Whately, Pusey, Keble, Richard H. and James A. Froude, Arnold, Coplestone, Blanco White, the Wilberforces, Palmer, Hampden, Dornford, and a host of others whose names are closely associated with the discussions and controversies which centred about the Tractarian movement are described and gossiped about very delightfully.

The Life of Calhoun, in the series of American Statesmen, naturally attracts a remarkable degree of attention. Both subject and author assured this. As the *New York Times* says: "No better historian of American affairs is writing to-day than Dr. Von Holst." And it adds: —

The chapters that depict the gradual change of Calhoun's views regarding slavery, the hardening process that went on in his mind as abolitionism increased in strength in the North, despite the efforts of society and of the politician delightfully nicknamed "doughface," are masterly in their treatment. Dr. Von Holst has the interest of a novelist in the development of the character of his hero, who, though he does what the author disapproves, is a hero and a good man all the same. The highest praise is given to Calhoun's integrity, or rather the wild charges of his enemies are dismissed with contempt. But of the finer shades of dishonesty, the dishonesty of the intellect, traces of which are found in Calhoun, the Doctor shows himself the keen and cool analyzer. He draws a sad picture of the man whose clear vision foretold the future, and yet whose strength of mind was not equal to giving up the cherished "institution" of his section in order to allay the anger and indignation of the North and the rest of the civilized world.

The *New York Tribune* says: "Dr. Von Holst has handled the subject with great ability."

"Niagara and Other Poems." — Speaking of Mr. George Houghton's new volume, the *Springfield Republican* says: —

Mr. Houghton has shown his skill as a poet in "St. Olaf's Kirk," and also his love of the Scandinavian poetry, of which we have a reminder, too, in

this volume, *Ketill the Sagaman*. He writes with discrimination and melody of verse, and upon a great variety of subjects, in none of which does he fail, while in some he achieves a marked success.

The *New York Christian Intelligencer* observes: —

Mr. Houghton's poems show a fine sense of the beautiful in nature, and an artistic power of describing what he sees in the summer landscape, by the sea, or along the shore. Some of his pen-pictures are very charming; and one poem, "The Dream of the Stork," is especially happy in conception and manner. The little volume is dainty in shape and style.

Mr. Sanborn's Life of Thoreau, which has just been added to the American Men of Letters, is not only an excellent continuation of the series so well begun by Mr. Warner's "Irving," followed by Mr. Scudder's "Noah Webster," but is an unusually readable book. A glance at its table of contents and at its full index shows what a multitude of interesting persons and themes are touched upon or discussed. Lovers of American literature will greatly enjoy this account of one of the most original of our authors, of his relation to other Concord writers, of his habits of thought and study, and of the strong and fine influence he has exerted. It is especially a book for the summer, to be read in connection with Thoreau's own out-door books.

Mr. Lathrop's Novel, "An Echo of Passion" is pronounced by the *New York Times* "the work of a genuine, charming, gifted story-teller." After sketching the plot the critic adds, "His merits are conspicuous. He has really the poet's subtlety and fancy in description. He has a bright eye, and can tell what he sees."

The *Philadelphia Press* says, "Mr. Lathrop in this novel shows singular delicacy and self-restraint as well as honor;" and the *Boston Commonwealth* calls the plot "extremely interesting."

"Dick's Wandering," according to the *Springfield Republican*, is "a capital summer novel, recommended to all who are going to the sea-shore or the mountains." *Lippincott's Magazine* says of it: —

Into the making of Mr. Sturgis's agreeable novel have gone vivid and picturesque experiences, knowledge of the world, and remarkable freshness of feeling. The author's strokes are very neat, delicate, and suggestive, and the reader's imagination is captivated by the ease with which it follows up the clues presented, hears what is left unsaid, and gains glimpses of what is beyond vision. The canvas is a tolerably broad one, and is filled in with people drawn with keen but at the same time very kindly insight. . . . We do not recall an instance, outside of Thackeray's books, of a young man's falling in love more consistently, inconsistently, and naturally than in Dick's case.

The *London Saturday Review*, in a long and favorable notice, remarked: —

Mr. Sturgis has kept us interested and amused. We have read the book straight through without stopping.

"Their Wedding Journey."—This exquisite story by Mr. Howells has just been brought out in a summer edition, attractive and inexpensive, for the convenience and delight of the thousands who will read the story on the route which Basil and Isabel took; of other thousands who are taking a wedding journey on their own account, and who can spare just time enough to read this engaging novel; and of the multitude who simply wish a thoroughly enjoyable story told in the most charming style. For all these thousands, a more fascinating story than "Their Wedding Journey" cannot be imagined.

"Two Hard Cases," of which Guiteau is one, are discussed in a little book of this title by Dr. W. W. Godding, Superintendent of the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington. In the preface he says: "To the oft-repeated queries, Who wore the iron mask? What and where was the lost Atlantis? How many children had John Rogers? is now added the later but hardly less puzzling one, Was Guiteau insane?" Dr. Godding writes with the skill and force of an expert, and his book is a valuable and interesting contribution to the discussion, by no means closed, whether Guiteau was sane, or insane and yet responsible, or insane to such a degree as to be out of the pale of responsibility. The interest in this question is far from being restricted to the medical profession, to whom such questions are necessarily referred, and a wide reading is anticipated for Dr. Godding's book.

"Mabel Vaughan."—Readers of a generation ago will recall the great popularity of "The Lamplighter." Forty thousand copies were published within the first eight weeks of its issue, and seventy thousand within a year, and its popularity has by no means ceased yet; the demand for it still continues from all parts of the country. "Mabel Vaughan," which was published twenty-five years ago, was also a very popular story, of which a contemporary critic said: "The character of 'Rose' gives the same interest and beauty which 'Gertrude' and the old 'Lamplighter' gave to the author's first production. The interest of the story does not flag, and its arrangement and execution are far in advance of 'The Lamplighter.'"

For some time this story has been out of print, but has just been brought out in a new edition, which cannot fail to be read with delight by a new generation of readers.

Mr. Lodge's "Alexander Hamilton" is generally accounted a book of positive merit. *The Penn Monthly* says of it:—

This is the second volume of the American Statesmen, and goes far to fulfill the promise that this series of books will be a valuable addition to our national history. . . . There is no one American statesman's career so brilliant in its promise, and so fruitful in its ultimate results. Mr. Lodge's compact narration of this career, and his clear and sharply defined sketch of the character of the man, are admirably executed; and the book, while interesting and instructive to all, is one which should be

placed in the hands of every young American who is ambitious to serve his country; for in the life and character of Hamilton may be found a trusty guide by which to lay hold upon sound political principles, and a model after which to mould and shape political action.

Mrs. Blake's Poems.—"This volume," says the *Boston Journal*, "is one from which any lover of simple and graceful lyrical verse will derive pleasure." And it adds:—

For the most part, it is of the common experiences of life that Mrs. Blake sings: the joy and loss of motherhood; the sustaining power of faith; friendships, affections, and partings; hopes and farewells. There are happy glimpses of nature here and there, but they are glimpses of nature not as seen by the botanist or man of science, but as entering into or touching upon the experiences of life. There are songs of love, not as a blind passion, but the love of husband, child, and friend. So in the verses of religion, of patriotism, and those written for special occasions, the same element of sincere feeling enters.

A Very Entertaining Volume, according to the *Springfield Republican*, is Mr. Leland's new book on "The Gypsies." The *New York Tribune* says of it:—

Mr. Leland thoroughly understands the love of the gypsy for the free and picturesque life out-of-doors; he feels it, too; his pages glow with it; his fragments of description borrow from it an irresistible charm. He brings therefore to the writing of these fascinating chapters the rare qualifications of an exquisite sympathy with his subject and a poetic intuition of its inner character. But his enthusiasm is tempered by his shrewdness, and saved from extravagance by his keen sense of humor. It is impossible to read such a book without sharing the author's delight in the queer and not over reputable but highly romantic company to which it introduces us; and yet it is a great storehouse of serious and recondite information.

The Prince of Story-Tellers a New York critic calls Björnson; and those who have read his novels, translated by Prof. R. B. Anderson, and already published, — *Synnöve Solbakken*, *Arne*, *The Happy Boy*, *The Fisher Maiden*, and *The Bridal March*, — will promptly assent to this judgment; or if they hesitate to assign him the chief place among story-tellers, they will concede to him most engaging qualities. The *Boston Advertiser* says:—

The author does not bring his work to us, but he takes us with him to the Norway farms, and we sit or walk by his side, while he tells us about the places and the people whom we see, and who justify every word he says of them.

The *New England Journal of Education* remarks:—

Mr. Björnson is without a peer in the north of Europe as a versatile author, being unsurpassed in his delineation of delicate female types of character.

The *Philadelphia Times* observes:—

Nowhere has there been invented so masterly a method of telling a story as that of the modern Norwegian school, of which Björnson is the most conspicuous representative.

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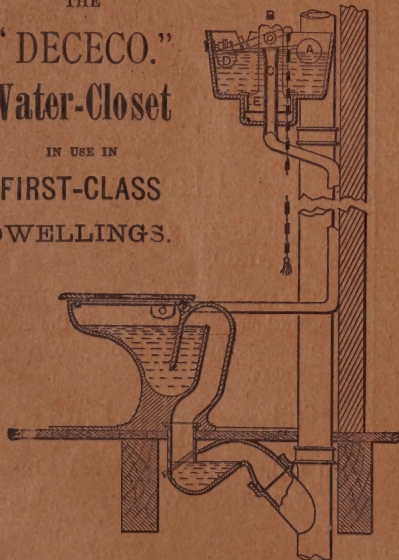
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SEPTEMBER, 1882

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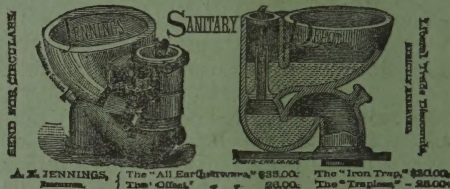
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TWO ON A TOWER.

XXII.

LADY CONSTANTINE flung down the old-fashioned lace-work, whose beauties she had been pointing out to Swithin, and exclaimed, "Who can it be? Not Louis, surely?"

They listened. An arrival was such a phenomenon at this unfrequented mansion, and particularly a late arrival, that no servant was on the alert to respond to the call; and the visitor rang again, more loudly than before. Sounds of the tardy opening and shutting of a passage door from the kitchen quarter then reached their ears, and Viviette went into the corridor to hearken more attentively. In a few minutes she returned to the dressing-room, in which she had left Swithin.

"Yes; it is my brother," she said, with difficult composure. "I just caught his voice. He has no doubt come back from Paris to stay. This is a rather vexatious, indolent way he has, never to write to prepare me."

"I can easily go away," said Swithin.

By this time, however, her brother had been shown into the house, and the footsteps of the page were audible, coming in search of Lady Constantine.

"If you will wait there a moment," she said, directing St. Cleeve into her bedroom, which adjoined. "You will

be quite safe from interruption, and I will quickly come back." Taking the light, she left him.

Swithin waited in darkness. Not more than ten minutes had passed when a whisper in her voice came through the keyhole. He opened the door.

"Yes; he is come to stay!" she said. "He is at supper now."

"Very well; don't be flurried, dearest. Shall I stay, too?"

"Oh, Swithin, I fear not!" she replied anxiously. "You see how it is. To-night we have broken the arrangement that you should never come here; and this is the result. Will it offend you if — I ask you to leave?"

"Not in the least. Upon the whole, I prefer the comfort of my little cabin and homestead to the gauntness and alarms of this place."

"There, now, I fear you are offended!" she said, a tear collecting in her eye. "Would that I were going back with you to the cabin! How happy we were, those three days of our stay there! But it is better, perhaps, just now, that you should leave me. Yes, these rooms are oppressive. They require a large household to make them cheerful. . . . Yet, Swithin," she added, after reflection, "I will not request you to go. Do as you think best. I will light a night-light, and leave you here to consider.

For myself, I must go down-stairs to my brother at once, or he'll wonder what I am doing."

She kindled the little light, and again retreated, closing the door upon him. Swithin stood and waited some time, till he had considered that upon the whole it would be preferable to leave. With this intention he emerged, and went softly along the dark passage towards the extreme end, where there was a little crooked staircase that would conduct him down to a disused side door. Descending this, he duly arrived at the other side of the house, facing the quarter whence the wind blew, and here he was surprised to catch the noise of rain beating against the windows. It was a state of weather which fully accounted for the visitor's impatient ringing. St. Cleeve was in a minor kind of dilemma. The rain reminded him that his hat and great coat had been left down-stairs, in the front part of the house; and though he might have gone home without either in ordinary weather, it was not a pleasant feat in the pelting winter rain. Retracing his steps to Viviette's room, he took the light, and opened a closet door that he had seen ajar on his way down; it was a closet in which hung various articles of apparel, upholstery lumber of all kinds filling the back part. Swithin thought he might find here a cloak of hers to throw round him, but finally took down from a peg a more suitable garment, the only one of the sort that was there. It was an old moth-eaten great-coat, heavily trimmed with fur; and in removing it a companion cap of seal-skin was disclosed. "Whose can they be?" he thought, and a gloomy answer suggested itself. "Pooh," he then said (summoning the scientific side of his nature), "matter is matter, and mental association only a delusion." Putting on the garments, he returned the light to Lady Constantine's dressing-room, and again prepared to depart, as before.

Scarcely, however, had he regained the corridor a second time, when he heard a light footstep — seemingly Viviette's — again on the front landing. Wondering what she wanted with him further, he waited, taking the precaution to step into the closet till sure it was she. The figure came onward, bent to the keyhole of the bedroom door, and whispered, "Swithin, on second thoughts I think you may stay with safety." Having no further doubt of her personality, he came out with thoughtless abruptness from the closet behind her, and looking round suddenly she beheld his shadowy outline. At once she raised her hands in horror, as if to protect herself from him; she uttered a shriek, and turned shudderingly to the wall. He came still nearer, and she crouched completely down on the floor, covering her face.

Swithin would have picked her up in a moment, but by this time he could hear footsteps rushing up-stairs, in response to her cry. In consternation, and entirely with the view of not compromising her, he effected his retreat as fast as possible, reaching the bend of the corridor just as her brother Louis appeared with a light at the other extremity.

"What's the matter, for Heaven's sake, Viviette?" said Louis.

"My husband!" she involuntarily exclaimed.

"What nonsense!"

"Oh, yes, it is nonsense; it was nothing."

"But what was the cause of your cry?"

She had evidently by this time recovered her reason and judgment. "Oh, it was a trick of the imagination," she said, with a faint laugh. "I live so much alone that I get superstitious — and — I thought for the moment I saw an apparition!"

"Of your late husband?"

"Yes. But it was nothing; it was

the outline of the tall clock and the chair behind. Would you mind going down, and leaving me to go into my room for a moment?"

She entered the bedroom, and her brother went down-stairs. Swithin thought it best to leave well alone, and, going noiselessly out of the house, plodded through the rain homeward. It was plain that agitations of one sort and another had so weakened Viviette's nerves as to lay her open to every impression. That the clothes he had borrowed were some cast-off garments of the late Sir Blount had occurred to St. Cleeve in taking them; but in the moment of returning to her side he had forgotten this, and the shape they lent his figure had obviously been a reminder of too sudden a sort for her. Musing thus, he walked along as if he were still, as before, the lonely student, dissociated from all mankind, and with no shadow of right or interest in Welland House or its mistress.

The great-coat and cap were unpleasant companions; but Swithin having been reared, or having reared himself, in the scientific school of thought, he, as has been said, would not give way to his sense of their weirdness. To do so would have been like treason to his own beliefs and aims. When nearly home, at a point where his track converged on another path, there approached him from the latter a group of indistinct forms, whose tones of speech revealed them to be Hezzy Biles, Nat Chapman, Fry, and other laborers. Swithin was about to say a word to them, till, recollecting his disguise, he deemed it advisable to hold his tongue, lest his attire should tell a too dangerous tale as to where he had come from. By degrees they drew closer, their walk being in the same direction.

"Good-night, stranger," said Nat.

No reply.

All of them paced on abreast of him, and he could perceive in the gloom that

their faces were turned inquiringly upon his form. Then a whisper passed from one to another of them; then Chapman, who was the boldest, dropped immediately behind his heels, and followed there for some distance, taking close observations of his outline, after which the men grouped again and whispered. Thinking it best to let them pass on, Swithin slackened his pace, and they went ahead of him, apparently without much reluctance. There was no doubt that they had been impressed by the clothes he wore; and having no wish to provoke similar comments from his grandmother and Hannah, Swithin took the precaution, on arriving at Welland Bottom, to enter the homestead by the outhouse. Here he deposited the cap and coat in secure hiding, afterwards going round to the front, and opening the door in the usual way. In the entry he met Hannah, who said, "D'ye know what have been seed to-night, Mr. Swithin? The work-folk have dropped in to tell us!"

In the room were the men who had outstripped him on the road. Their countenances, instead of wearing the usual knotty irregularities, had a smoothed-out expression of blank concern; and Swithin's entrance having been unobtrusive and quiet, as if he had merely come down from his study upstairs, they only noticed him by enlarging their gaze, so as to include him in the audience.

"We was in a deep talk at the moment," continued Blore, "and Nat had just brought up that story about old Jeremiah Paddock's crossing the park one night at one o'clock in the morning, and seeing Sir Blount a-shutting my lady out-o'-doors; and we was saying that it seemed a true return that he should perish in a foreign land, when we happened to look up, and there was Sir Blount a-walking along."

"Did it overtake you, or did you overtake it?" inquired Hannah.

"I don't say 't was *it*," returned Sammy. "God forbid that I should drag in a resurrection word about what perhaps was still solid manhood, and has to die. But he, or it, closed in upon us, as 't were."

"Yes, closed in upon us," said Haymoss.

"And I said 'Good-night, stranger,'" added Chapman.

"Yes, 'Good-night, stranger,' — that wez yer words, Natty. I support ye in it."

"And then he closed in upon us still more."

"We closed in upon he, rather," said Chapman.

"Well, well; 't is no difference in these solemn matters! And the form was Sir Blount's. My nostrils told me, for — there, 'a smelled. Yes, I could smell 'n, being to leeward."

"Lord, lord, what an unwholesome scandal about the ghost of a respectable gentleman!" said Mrs. Martin.

"Now, wait. I don't say 't were a low smell, mind ye. 'T were a high smell, a sort of gamey flavor, calling to mind venison and hare, just as you 'd expect of a great squire, — not like a poor man's 'natomy, at all; and that was what strengthened my faith that 't was Sir Blount."

("It was the skins that old coat was made of. I smelt them, too," said Swithin to himself.)

"Well, well; I've not defied the figure of starvation these five and twenty year, on nine shillings a week, to be afraid of a walking vapor, sweet or savory," said Hezzy. "So here 's home-along."

"Bide a bit longer, and I'm going, too," continued Fry. "Well, when I found 't was Sir Blount my spet dried up within me; for neither hedge nor bush were there for refuge against any foul spring 'a might have made at us."

"'T was very curious; but we had likewise mentioned his name just afore,

in talking of the confirmation that 's shortly coming on."

"Is there soon to be a confirmation?"

"Yes. In this parish, — the first time in Welland church for twenty years. As I say, I had mentioned that he was confirmed the same year that I went up to have it done, as I have very good reason to mind. When we went to be examined, the parson said to me, 'Rehearse the articles of thy belief.' Mr. Blount (as he was then) was next me, and he whispered, 'Women and wine.' 'Women and wine,' says I, as innocent as a lamb: and for that I was sent back till next confirmation, Sir Blount never owning that he was the rascal."

"Confirmation was different at that time," said Biles. "The Bishops did n't lay it on so strong then as they do now. Nowadays, yer Bishop gives both hands to every Jack-rag and Tom-straw that drops the knee afore him; but 't was six chaps to one blessing when we was boys. The Bishop a' that time would stretch out his palms and run his fingers over our row of crowns as off-hand as a bank gentleman telling-money. The great prophets of the church in them days was n't particular to a soul or two more or less; and, for my part, I think living was easier for 't."

"The new Bishop, I hear, is a bachelor-man; or a widow gentleman is it?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Bachelor, I believe, ma'am. Mr. San Cleeve, making so bold, you've never faced him yet, I think?"

Mrs. Martin shook her head. "No; it was a piece of neglect. I hardly know how it happened," she said.

"I am going to, this time," said Swithin, and turned the chat to other matters.

XXIII.

Swithin could not sleep that night for thinking of his Viviette. Nothing told so significantly of the conduct of her

first husband towards the poor lady as the abiding dread of him which was revealed in her by any sudden revival of his image or memory. But for that consideration, her almost child-like terror at Swithin's inadvertent disguise would have been ludicrous.

He waited anxiously through several following days for an opportunity of seeing her, but none was afforded. Her brother's presence in the house sufficiently accounted for this. At length he ventured to write a note, requesting her to signal to him in a way she had done once or twice before, — by pulling down a blind in a particular window of the house, one of the few visible from the top of the Rings-Hill column; this to be done on any evening before dark, when she could see him after dinner on the terrace. When he had leveled the glass at that window for five successive nights he beheld the blind in the position suggested. Three hours later, quite in the dusk, he repaired to the place of appointment.

"My brother is away this evening," she explained, "and that's why I can come out. He is not gone for more than a few hours, nor is he likely to do so just yet. He keeps himself a good deal in my company, which has made it unsafe for me to venture near you."

"Has he any suspicion?"

"None, apparently. But he rather depresses me."

"How, Viviette? I fear, from your manner, that this is something serious."

"I would rather not tell."

"But — Well, never mind."

"Yes, Swithin, I will tell you. There should be no secrets between us. He urges upon me the necessity of marrying, day after day."

"For money and position, of course."

"Yes. But I take no notice. I let him go on."

"Really, this is sad!" said the young man. "I must work harder than ever, or you will never be able to own me."

"Oh, yes, in good time!" she cheerfully replied.

"I shall be very glad to have you always near me. I felt the gloom of our position keenly when I was obliged to disappear, that night, without assuring you it was only I who stood there. Why were you so frightened at those old clothes I borrowed?"

"Don't ask, — don't ask!" she said, burying her face on his shoulder. "I don't want to speak of that. There was something so ghastly and so uncanny in your putting on such garments that I wish you had been more thoughtful, and had left them alone."

"I did not stop to consider whose they were. By the way, they must be sent back."

"No; I never wish to see them again! I cannot help feeling that your putting them on was ominous."

"Nothing is ominous in serene philosophy," he said, kissing her. "Things are either causes, or they are not causes. When can you see me again?"

In such wise the hour passed away. The evening was typical of others which followed it at irregular intervals through the winter. And during the intenser months of the season, frequent falls of snow lengthened even more than other difficulties had done the periods of isolation between the pair. Swithin adhered with all the more strictness to the letter of his promise not to intrude into the house, from his sense of her powerlessness to compel him to keep out should he choose to rebel. A student of the greatest forces in nature, he had, like others of his sort, no personal force to speak of, in a social point of view, mainly because he took no interest in human ranks and intricacies; and hence he was docile as a child in her hands wherever matters of that kind were concerned.

Her brother wintered at Welland; but whether because his experience of tropic climes had unfitted him for the

brumal rigors of Britain, or for any other reason, he seldom showed himself out-of-doors, and Swithin caught but passing glimpses of him. Now and then, Viviette's impulsive kindness would overcome her sense of risk, and she would press Swithin to call on her, at all cost. This he would by no means do. It was obvious to his more logical mind that the secrecy to which they had bound themselves must be kept in its fullness, or might as well be abandoned altogether.

He was now sadly exercised on the subject of his uncle's will. There had as yet been no pressing reasons for a full and candid reply to the solicitor who had communicated with him, owing to the fact that the annuity was not to begin till Swithin was one and twenty; but time was going on, and something definite would have to be done soon. To own to his marriage and consequent disqualification for the bequest was easy in itself; but it involved telling at least one man what both Viviette and himself had great reluctance in telling anybody. Moreover, he wished Viviette to know nothing of his loss in making her his wife. All he could think of doing for the present was to write a postponing letter to his uncle's lawyer, and wait events.

The one comfort of this dreary winter-time was his perception of a returning ability to work with the regularity and much of the spirit of earlier days.

One bright night in April there was an eclipse of the moon, and Mr. Torkingham, by arrangement, brought to the observatory several laboring men and boys, to whom he had promised a sight of the phenomenon through the telescope. The coming confirmation, fixed for May, was again talked of; and St. Cleeve learned from the parson that the Bishop had arranged to stay the night at the vicarage, and was to be invited to a grand luncheon at Welland House immediately after the ordinance.

This seemed like a going back into

life again as regarded the mistress of that house; and St. Cleeve was a little surprised that, in his communications with Viviette, she had mentioned no such probability. The next day he walked round the mansion, wondering how in its present state any entertainment could be given therein. He found that the shutters had been opened, giving an unexpected liveliness to the aspect of the windows. Two men were putting a chimney-pot on one of the chimney-stacks, and two more were scraping green mould from the front wall. He made no inquiries on that occasion. Three days later he strolled thitherward again. Now a great cleaning of window-panes was going on, Hezzy Biles and Sammy Blore being the operators, for which purpose their services must have been borrowed from the neighboring farmer. Hezzy dashed water at the glass with a force that threatened to break it in, the broad face of Sammy being discernible inside, smiling at the onset. In addition to them, Anthony Green and another were weeding the gravel walks, and putting fresh plants into the flower beds. Neither of these reasonable operations was a great undertaking, singly looked at; but the life Viviette had latterly led and the mood in which she had hitherto regarded the premises rendered it somewhat significant. Swithin, however, was rather curious than concerned at the proceedings, and returned to his tower with feelings of interest not entirely confined to the worlds overhead.

Lady Constantine may or may not have seen him from the house; but the same evening, which was fine and dry, while he was occupying himself in the observatory with cleaning the eye-pieces of the equatorial, skull-cap on head, observing-jacket on, and in other ways primed for sweeping, the customary stealthy step on the winding staircase brought her form in due course into the rays of the bull's-eye lantern. The

meeting was all the more pleasant to him from being unexpected, and he at once lit up a larger light in honor of the occasion.

"It is but a hasty visit," she said, when, after putting up her mouth to be kissed, she had seated herself in the low chair used for observations, panting a little with the labor of ascent. "But I hope to be able to come more freely soon. My brother is still living on with me. Yes, he is going to stay until the confirmation is over. After the confirmation he will certainly leave. So good it is of you, dear, to please me by agreeing to the ceremony. The Bishop, you know, is going to lunch with us. It is a wonder he has agreed to come, for he is a man averse to society, and mostly keeps entirely with the clergy on these confirmation tours, or circuits, or whatever they call them. But Mr. Torkingham's house is so very small, and mine is so close at hand, that this arrangement to relieve him of the fuss of one meal, at least, naturally suggested itself; and the Bishop has fallen in with it very readily. How are you getting on with your observations? Have you not wanted me dreadfully, to write down notes?"

"Well, I have been obliged to do without you, whether or no. See here, —how much I have done." And he showed her a book ruled in columns, headed "Object," "Right Ascension," "Declination," "Features," "Remarks," and so on.

She looked over this and other things, but her mind speedily winged its way back to the confirmation. "It is so new to me," she said, "to have persons coming to the house that I feel rather anxious. I hope the luncheon will be a success."

"You know the Bishop?" said Swithin.

"I have not seen him for many years. I knew him when I was quite a girl, and he held the little living of Puddle-

sub-Hedge, near us; but after that time, and ever since I have lived here, I have seen nothing of him. There has been no confirmation in this village, they say, for twenty years. The other bishop used to make the young men and women go to Warborne; he would n't take the trouble to come to such an out-of-the-way parish as ours."

"This cleaning and preparation that I observe going on must be rather a tax upon you?"

"My brother Louis sees to it, and, what is more, bears the expense."

"Your brother?" said Swithin, with surprise.

"Well, he insisted on doing so," she replied, in a hesitating, despondent tone. "He has been active in the whole matter, and was the first to suggest the invitation. I should not have thought of it."

"Well, I will hold aloof till it is all over."

"Thanks, dearest, for your consideration. I wish it was not still advisable! But I shall see you in the day, and watch my own philosopher all through the service from the corner of my pew! . . . I hope you are well prepared for the rite, Swithin?" she added, turning tenderly to him. "It would perhaps be advisable for you to give up this astronomy till the confirmation is over, in order to devote your attention exclusively to that more serious matter."

"More serious! Well, I will do the best I can. I am sorry to see that you are less interested in astronomy than you used to be, Viviette."

"No; it is only that these preparations for the Bishop unsettle my mind from study. Now put on your other coat and hat, and come with me a little way."

XXIV.

The morning of the confirmation was come. It was mid-May time, bringing with it weather not, perhaps, quite so

blooming as that assumed to be natural to the month by the joyous poets of three hundred years ago; but a very tolerable, well-wearing May, that the average rustic would willingly compound for in lieu of Mays possibly fairer, but probably more foul.

Among the larger shrubs and flowers which composed the outworks of the Welland gardens, the lilac, the laburnum, and the guelder-rose hung out their respective colors of purple, yellow, and white; whilst within these, belted round from every disturbing gale, rose the columbine, the peony, the larkspur, and the solomon's seal. The animate things that moved amid this scene of color were plodding bees, gadding butterflies, and numerous sauntering young feminine candidates for the impending confirmation, who, having gayly bedecked themselves for the ceremony, were enjoying their own appearance by walking about in twos and threes till it was time to start. Swithin St. Cleeve, whose preparations were somewhat simpler than those of the village belles, waited till his grandmother and Hannah had set out, and then, locking the door, followed towards the distant church. On reaching the church-yard gate he met Mr. Torkingham, who shook hands with him in the manner of a man with several irons in the fire, and telling Swithin where to sit, disappeared to hunt up some candidates who had not yet made themselves visible. Swithin, casting his eyes round for Viviette, and seeing nothing of her, went on to the church porch, and looked in. From the north side of the nave smiled a host of girls, gayly uniform in dress, age, and a tendency to "skip like a hare over the meshes of good counsel." Their white muslin dresses, their round white caps, from beneath whose borders hair-knots and curls, of various shades of brown, escaped upon their low shoulders, as if against their will, lighted up the black pews and gray stonework to an un-

wanted warmth and life. On the south side were the young men and boys, — heavy, angular, and massive, as indeed was rather necessary, considering what they would have to bear at the hands of wind and weather before they returned to that mouldy nave for the last time.

Over the heads of all these he could see into the chancel, to the square pew on the north side, which was attached to Welland House. There he discerned Lady Constantine already arrived, her brother Louis sitting by her side. Swithin entered, and seated himself at the end of a bench, and she, who had been on the watch, at once showed, by subtle signs, her consciousness of the presence of the young man who had reversed the ordained sequence of the church services on her account. She appeared in black attire, though not strictly in mourning, a touch of red in her bonnet setting off the richness of her complexion without making her gay. Handsomest woman in the church she decidedly was; and yet a disinterested spectator who had known all the circumstances would probably have felt that, the future considered, Swithin's more natural mate would have been one of the muslin-clad maidens who were to be presented to the Bishop with him that day.

When the Bishop had come, and gone into the chancel, and blown his nose, the congregation were sufficiently impressed by his presence to leave off looking at one another. Twenty years, people said, had elapsed since a bishop had sat in that humble and remote house of prayer. The Right Reverend Cuthbert Helmsdale, D.D., ninety-fourth occupant of the episcopal throne of the diocese, revealed himself to be a dark man in skin as well as hair, whose darkness was thrown still further into prominence by the lawn protuberances that now rose upon his shoulder, like the Eastern and Western hemispheres. In

stature he seemed to be tall and imposing, but something of this aspect may have been derived from his robes. The service was, as usual, of a length which severely tried the tarrying powers of the young people assembled; and it was not till the youth of all the other parishes had gone up that the turn came for the Welland bevy. Swithin and some older ones were nearly the last. When, at the heels of Mr. Torkingham, he passed Lady Constantine's pew, he lifted his eyes from the red lining of that gentleman's hood sufficiently high to catch hers. She was abstracted, tearful, — regarding him with all the rapt mingling of religion, love, fervor, and hope which such women can feel at such times, and which men know nothing of. How fervidly she watched the Bishop place his hand on her beloved youth's head; how she saw the great episcopal ring glistening in the sun among Swithin's brown curls; how she waited to hear if Dr. Helmsdale uttered the form "this thy child" (which he used for the younger ones), or "this thy servant" (which he used for those older); and how, when he said "this thy *child*," she felt a prick of conscience, like a person who had entrapped an innocent youth into marriage, for her own gratification, till she remembered that she had raised his position thereby, — all this could only have been told in its entirety by herself. As for Swithin, he felt ashamed of his own utter lack of the high enthusiasm which beamed so eloquently from her eyes. When he passed her again, on the return journey from the Bishop to his seat, her face was warm with a blush, which her brother might have observed had he regarded her.

Whether he had observed it or not, as soon as St. Cleeve had sat himself down again, Louis Glanville turned, and looked hard at the young astronomer. This was the first time that St. Cleeve and Viviette's brother had been face to face. Swithin was not in the habit of

noticing people's features; he scarcely ever observed any detail of physiognomy in his friends, a generalization from their whole aspect being his idea of them; and he now only noted a young man of perhaps thirty, who lolled a good deal, and in whose small dark eyes seemed to be concentrated the activity that the rest of his frame decidedly lacked. This gentleman's eyes were henceforward, to the end of the service, continually fixed upon Swithin; but as this was their natural direction, from the position of his seat, there was no great strangeness in the circumstance.

Swithin wanted to say to Viviette, "Now I hope you are pleased; I have conformed to your ideas of my duty, leaving my fitness out of consideration;" but as he could only see her bonnet, it was not possible even to look the intelligence. He turned to his left hand, where the organ stood, Miss Tabitha Lark being seated behind it. It being now sermon-time, the youthful blower had fallen asleep over the handle of his bellows, and Tabitha pulled out her handkerchief, apparently with the intention of flapping him awake with it. With the handkerchief tumbled out a whole family of unexpected articles: a silver thimble; item, a photograph; item, a little purse; item, a scent-bottle; item, some loose halfpence; item, nine green gooseberries; item, a key. They rolled to Swithin's feet, and, passively obeying the first instinct which came, he picked up as many of the articles as he could find, and handed them to her. Tabitha was so overpowered with consternation at such a wretched event happening to her under the very eyes of the Bishop that she turned pale as a sheet, and could hardly keep her seat. Fearing she might faint, Swithin bent over and whispered, "Shall I take you out into the air?" She declined his offer, and presently the sermon came to an end.

Swithin lingered behind the rest of

the congregation sufficiently long to see Lady Constantine, accompanied by her brother, the Bishop, the Bishop's chaplain, Mr. Torkingham, and several other clergy and ladies, enter to the grand luncheon by the door which admitted from the church-yard to the lawn of Welland House; the whole group talking with a vivacity all the more intense, as it seemed, from the recent two hours' enforced repression of their social qualities within the adjoining building. The young man stood till he was left quite alone in the church-yard, and then went slowly homeward over the hill, perhaps a trifle depressed at the impossibility of being near Viviette in this her one day of gayety, and joining in the conversation of those who surrounded her.

Not that he felt any jealousy of her situation, as his wife, in comparison with his own. He had so clearly understood from the beginning that, in the event of marriage, their outward lives were to run on as before that to rebel now would have been unmanly in himself and cruel to her, by adding to embarrassments that were great enough already. His momentary doubt was of his own strength to achieve sufficiently high things to render himself, in relation to her, other than a patronized young favorite, whom she had married at an immense sacrifice. Now, at twenty, he was doomed to isolation, even from a wife; could it be that at, say, thirty he would be welcomed everywhere?

But with motion through the sun and air his mood assumed a lighter complexion, and on reaching home he remembered with interest that Venus was in a favorable aspect for observation that afternoon.

XXV.

Meanwhile, the interior of Welland House was in a rattle with the progress of the ecclesiastical luncheon. The Bishop, who sat on Lady Constantine's

right hand, seemed enchanted with her company, and from the beginning she engrossed his attention almost entirely. The truth was that the circumstance of her not having her whole soul centred on the success of the repast and the pleasure of Bishop Helmsdale imparted to her, in a great measure, the mood to insure both. Her brother Louis it was who had laid out the plan of entertaining the Bishop, to which she had assented but indifferently. She was secretly bound to another, on whose career she had staked all her happiness. Having thus other interests, she evinced to-day all the ease of one who hazards nothing, and there was no sign of that preoccupation with housewifely contingencies which often so disfigures the not over-rich hostess that she is hardly recognizable as the same charming woman who graced a friend's home the day before. In marrying Swithin, Lady Constantine had played her card,—recklessly, impulsively, ruinously, perhaps, but she had played it; it could not be withdrawn; and she took this morning's luncheon as an episode that could result in nothing to her beyond the day's entertainment.

Hence, by that power of indirectness to accomplish in an hour what strenuous aiming will not effect in a life-time, she fascinated the Bishop to an unprecedented degree. A bachelor, he rejoiced in the hard-headed period of life that fills the tract of years between the time of waning impulse and the time of incipient dotage, when a woman can reach him neither by awakening a young man's passion nor an old man's infatuation. Lady Constantine, to external view, was in a position to desire many things, and of a sort to desire them. She was obviously, by nature, warm and impulsive to indiscretion. But instead of exhibiting activities to correspond, recently gratified affection lent to her manner just now a sweet serenity, a truly Christian contentment, which it puzzled the

good Bishop exceedingly to find in a warm young widow, and increased his interest in her every moment. Thus matters stood, when the conversation veered round to the morning's confirmation.

"That was a singularly engaging young man who came up among Mr. Torkingham's candidates," said the Bishop to her, somewhat abruptly.

But abruptness does not catch a woman without her wit. "Which one?" she said innocently.

"That youth with the 'corn-colored' hair, as a poet of the new school would call it, who sat just at the side of the organ. Do you know who he is?"

In answering, Viviette showed a little nervousness, for the first time that day. "Oh, yes. He is the son of an unfortunate gentleman who was formerly curate here, — a Mr. St. Cleeve."

"I never saw a handsomer young man in my life." (Lady Constantine blushed.) "There was a lack of self-consciousness, too, in his manner of presenting himself, which very much won me. A Mr. St. Cleeve, do you say? His father must have been St. Cleeve of All Angels, whom I knew. How comes he to be staying on here? What is he doing?"

Mr. Torkingham, who kept one ear on the Bishop all the lunch-time, finding that Lady Constantine was not ready with an answer, hastened to reply: "His father was an All Angels man, my lord. The youth is rather to be pitied."

"He was a man of talent," affirmed the Bishop. "But I quite lost sight of him."

"He was curate to the late vicar," resumed the parson, "and was much liked by the parish: but, being erratic in his tastes and tendencies, he rashly contracted a marriage with the daughter of a farmer, and then quarreled with the local gentry for not taking up his wife. This lad was an only child. There was enough money to educate him, and he

is sufficiently well provided for to be independent of the world, so long as he is content to live here with great economy. But of course this gives him few opportunities of bettering himself."

"Yes, — yes, indeed," replied Bishop Helmsdale. "Better been left entirely dependent on himself. These half incomes do men little good, unless they happen to be either weaklings or geniuses."

Lady Constantine would have given the world to say, "He is a genius, and the hope of my life;" but it would have been decidedly risky, and in another moment was unnecessary, for Mr. Torkingham said, "There is a certain genius in this young man, I sometimes think."

"Well, he really looks quite out of the common," said the Bishop.

"Youthful genius is sometimes disappointing," observed Viviette, not believing it in the least.

"Yes," said the Bishop. "Though it depends, Lady Constantine, on what you understand by disappointing. It may produce nothing visible to the world's eye, and yet may complete its development within in a very perfect degree. Objective achievements, though the only ones which are counted, are not the only ones that exist and have value; and I for one should be sorry to assert that, because a man of genius dies as unknown to the world as when he was born, he therefore was an instance of fruit that fell among thorns, or on stony ground."

Objective achievements were, however, those that Lady Constantine had a weakness for in the present case, and she asked her more experienced guest if he thought early development of a special talent a good sign in youth.

The Bishop thought it well that a particular bent should not show itself too early, lest disgust should result.

"Still," argued Lady Constantine rather firmly (for she felt this opinion

to be one throwing doubt on Swithin), "sustained fruition is compatible with early bias. Tycho Brahe showed quite a passion for the solar system when he was but a youth, and so did Kepler; and James Ferguson had a surprising knowledge of the stars by the time he was eleven or twelve."

"Yes, sustained fruition," conceded the Bishop (rather liking the words), "is certainly compatible with early bias. Fénelon preached at fourteen."

"He is not in the church," said Lady Constantine.

"He is a scientific young man, my lord," explained Mr. Torkingham.

"An astronomer," she added, with suppressed accents of pride.

"An astronomer! Really, that makes him still more interesting than being handsome and the son of a man I knew. How and where does he study astronomy?"

"He has a beautiful observatory. He has made use of an old column that was erected on this manor to the memory of one of the Constantines. It has been very ingeniously adapted for his purpose, and he does very good work there. I believe he occasionally sends up a paper to the Royal Society, or Greenwich, or somewhere, and to astronomical periodicals."

"I should have had no idea, from his boyish look, that he had advanced so far," the Bishop answered. "And yet I saw on his face that within there was a book worth studying. His is a career I should very much like to watch."

A thrill of pleasure passed through Lady Constantine's heart at this praise of her chosen one. It was an unwitting compliment to her taste and discernment in singling him out for her own, despite the temporary inexpediency of so doing.

Her brother Louis now spoke. "I fancy he is as interested in one of his fellow-creatures as in the science of astronomy," observed that cynic dryly.

"In whom?" said Lady Constantine quickly.

"In the fair maiden who sat at the organ, — a pretty girl, rather. I noticed a sort of by-play going on between them occasionally, during the sermon, which meant mating, if I am not mistaken."

"She!" said Lady Constantine. "She is only a village girl, a dairyman's daughter, — Tabitha Lark, who used to come to read to me."

"She may be a savage, for all that I know: but there is something between those two young people, nevertheless."

The Bishop looked as if he had allowed his interest in a stranger to carry him too far, and Mr. Torkingham was horrified at the irreverent and easy familiarity of Louis Glanville's talk in the presence of a consecrated bishop. As for Viviette, her tongue lost all its volubility. She felt quite faint at heart, and hardly knew how to control herself.

"I have never noticed anything of the sort," said Mr. Torkingham.

"It would be a matter for regret," said the Bishop, "if he should follow his father in forming an attachment that would be a hindrance to him in any honorable career; though perhaps an early marriage, abstractedly considered, would not be bad for him. A youth who looks as if he had come straight from old Greece may be exposed to many temptations, should he go out into the world without a friend or counselor to guide him."

Despite her sudden jealousy, Viviette's eyes grew moist at the picture of her innocent Swithin going into the world without a friend or counselor. But she was sick in soul and disquieted still by Louis's dreadful remarks, who, unbeliever as he was in human virtue, could have no reason whatever for representing Swithin as engaged in a private love affair, if such were not his honest impression. She was so absorbed during the remainder of the luncheon that she did not even observe the kindly

light that her presence was shedding on the right reverend gentleman by her side. He reflected it back in tones duly mel-
lowed by his position ; the minor clergy caught up the rays thereof, and so the gentle influence played down the table.

The company soon departed, when luncheon was over ; and the remainder of the day passed in quietness, the Bishop being occupied in his room at the vicarage with writing letters or a sermon. Having a long journey before him the next day, he had expressed a wish to be housed for the night without ceremony, and would have dined alone with Mr. Torkingham, but that, by a happy thought, Lady Constantine and her brother were asked to join them. However, when Louis crossed the churchyard and entered the vicarage drawing-room at seven o'clock, his sister was not in his company. She was, he said, suffering from a slight headache, and much regretted that she was on that account unable to come. At this intelligence the social sparkle disappeared from the Bishop's eye, and he sat down to table, endeavoring to mould into the form of episcopal serenity an expression which was really one of common human disappointment.

In his simple statement, Louis Glanville had by no means expressed all the circumstances which accompanied his sister's refusal, at the last moment, to dine at her neighbor's house. Louis had strongly urged her to bear up against her slight indisposition, — if it were that, and not disinclination, — and come along with him on just this one occasion, perhaps a more important episode in her life than she was aware of. Viviette thereupon knew quite well that he alluded to the favorable impression she was producing on the Bishop, notwithstanding that neither of them mentioned the Bishop's name. But she did not give way, though the argument waxed strong between them ; and Louis left her in no very amiable mood, saying, "I don't be-

lieve you have any more headache than I have, Viviette. It is some provoking whim of yours, — nothing more."

Now in this there was a substratum of truth. When her brother had left her, and she had seen him from the window entering the vicarage gate, Viviette seemed to be much relieved, and sat down in her dressing-room till the evening grew dark, and only the lights shining through the trees from the parsonage dining-room revealed to the eye where that dwelling stood. Then she arose, and putting on the cloak she had used so many times before for the same purpose, she locked her bedroom door (to be supposed within, in case of any accidental approach by a servant), and let herself privately out of the house. Lady Constantine paused for a moment under the vicarage windows, till she could sufficiently well hear the voices of the diners to be sure that they were actually within, and then went on her way, which was towards the Rings-Hill column. She appeared a mere spot, hardly distinguishable from the grass, as she crossed the open ground, and soon became absorbed in the black mass of the fir plantation.

Meanwhile, the conversation at Mr. Torkingham's dinner table was not of a highly exhilarating quality. The parson, in long self-communing during the afternoon, had decided that the Diocesan Synod, whose annual session at Melchester had occurred the month previous, would afford a solid and unimpeachable subject to launch upon during the meal, whenever conversation flagged ; and that it would be one likely to win the respect of his spiritual chieftain for himself, as the introducer. Accordingly, in the further belief that you could not have too much of a good thing, Mr. Torkingham acted upon his idea, and at every pause rallied to the synod point with unbroken firmness. Everything which had been discussed at that last session — such as the introduction of the lay

element into the councils of the church, the reconstitution of the ecclesiastical courts, church patronage, the tithe question — was revived by Mr. Torkingham, and the excellent remarks which the Bishop had made in his addresses on those subjects were quoted back to him. As for Bishop Helmsdale himself, his instincts seemed to be to allude in a debonair spirit to the incidents of the past day, — to the flowers in Lady Constantine's beds, the date of her house, — perhaps with a view of hearing a little more about their owner from Louis, who would very readily have followed the Bishop's lead, had the parson allowed him room. But this Mr. Torkingham seldom did, and about half past nine they prepared to separate.

Louis Glanville had risen from the table, and was standing by the window, looking out upon the sky, and privately yawning, the topics discussed having been hardly in his line. "A fine night," he said at last.

"I suppose our young astronomer is hard at work now," said the Bishop, following the direction of Louis's glance towards the clear sky.

"Yes," said the parson; "he is very assiduous whenever the nights are good for observation. I have occasionally joined him in his tower, and looked through his telescope with great benefit to my ideas of celestial phenomena. I have not seen what he has been doing lately."

"Suppose we go?" said Louis. "Would you be interested in seeing the observatory, Bishop?"

"I am quite willing to go," said the Bishop, "if the distance is not too great. I should not be at all averse to making the acquaintance of so exceptional a young man as this Mr. St. Cleeve seems to be; and I have never seen the inside of an observatory in my life."

The intention was no sooner formed than it was carried out, Mr. Torkingham leading the way.

XXVI.

Half an hour before this time Swithin St. Cleeve had been sitting in his cabin, at the base of the column, working out some calculations from observations taken on preceding nights, with a view to a theory that he had in his head on the motions of certain so-called fixed stars. The evening being a little chilly, a small fire was burning in the stove, and this and the shaded lamp before him lent a remarkably cosy air to the chamber. He was awakened from his reveries by a scratching at the window-pane like that of the point of an ivy leaf, which he knew to be really caused by the tip of his sweetheart-wife's forefinger. He rose and opened the door to admit her, not without astonishment as to how she had been able to get away from her friends.

"Dearest Viv, why, what's the matter?" he said, perceiving that her face, as the lamplight fell on it, was sad, and even stormy.

"I thought I would run across to see you. I have heard something so — so — to your discredit, and I know it can't be true! I know you are constancy itself; but your constancy produces strange effects in people's eyes!"

"Good heavens! Nobody has found us out" —

"No, no, — it is not that. You know, Swithin, that I am always sincere, and willing to own if I am to blame in anything. Now will you prove to me that you are the same by owning some fault to me?"

"Yes, dear, indeed; directly I can think of one worth owning."

"I wonder one does not rush upon your tongue in a moment!"

"I confess that I am sufficiently a Pharisee not to experience that spontaneity."

"Swithin, don't speak so, when you know so well what I mean! Is it noth-

ing to you that, after all our vows for life, you have thought it right to — flirt with a village girl?"

"Oh, Viviette!" interrupted Swithin, taking her hand, which was hot and trembling. "You who are full of noble and generous feelings, and regard me with devoted tenderness that has never been surpassed by woman, — how can you be so greatly at fault? *I* flirt, Viviette? By thinking that you injure yourself in my eyes. Why, I am so far from doing so that I continually pull myself up for watching you too jealously, as to-day, when I have been dreading the effect upon you of other company in my absence, and thinking that you rather shut the gates against me when you have big-gets to entertain."

"Do you, Swithin?" she cried. It was evident that the honest tone of his words was having a great effect in clearing away the clouds. She added, with an uncertain smile, "But how can I believe that, after what was seen to-day? My brother, not knowing in the least that I had an iota of interest in you, told me that he witnessed the signs of an attachment between you and Tabitha Lark in church, this morning."

"Ah!" cried Swithin, with a burst of laughter. "Now I know what you mean, and what has caused this misunderstanding! How good of you, Viviette, to come at once and have it out with me, instead of brooding over it with dark imaginings, and thinking bitter things of me, as many women would have done!" He succinctly told the whole story of his little adventure with Tabitha that morning; and the sky was clear on both sides. "When shall I be able to claim you," he added, "and put an end to all such painful accidents as these!"

She partially sighed. Her perception of what the outside world was made of, latterly somewhat obscured by solitude and her lover's company, had been revived to-day by her entertainment of

the Bishop, clergymen, and, more particularly, clergymen's wives; and it did not diminish her sense of the difficulties in Swithin's path to see anew how little was thought of the greatest gifts, mental and spiritual, if they were not backed up by substantial temporalities. However, the pair made the best of their future that circumstances permitted, and the interview was at length drawing to a close, when there came, without the slightest forewarning, a smart rat-tat-tat upon the little door.

"Oh, I am lost!" said Viviette, seizing his arm. "Why was I so incautious!"

"It is nobody of consequence," whispered Swithin assuringly. "Somebody from my grandmother, probably, to know when I am coming home."

They were unperceived so far, for the only window which gave light to the hut was screened by a curtain. At that moment they heard the sound of their visitors' voices, and, with a consternation as great as her own, Swithin discerned the tones of Mr. Torkingham and the Bishop of Melchester.

"Where shall I get? What shall I do?" said the poor lady, clasping her hands.

Swithin looked around the cabin, and a very little look was required to take in all its resources. At one end, as previously explained, were a table, stove, chair, cupboard, and so on; while the other was completely occupied by an Arabian bedstead, hung with curtains of pink-and-white chintz. On the inside of the bed there was a narrow channel, about a foot wide, between it and the wall of the hut. Into this cramped retreat Viviette slid herself, and stood trembling behind the curtains.

By this time the knock had been repeated more loudly, the light through the window-blind unhappily revealing the presence of some inmate. Swithin threw open the door, and Mr. Torkingham introduced his visitors.

The Bishop shook hands with the young man, told him he had known his father, and at Swithin's invitation, weak as it was, entered the cabin, the vicar and Louis Glanville remaining on the threshold, not to inconveniently crowd the limited space within. Dr. Helmsdale looked benignantly around the apartment, and said, "Quite a settlement in the backwoods, — quite: far enough from the world to afford the votary of science the seclusion he needs, and not so far as to limit his resources. A hermit might apparently live here in as much solitude as in a primeval forest."

"His lordship has been good enough to express an interest in your studies," said Mr. Torkingham to St. Cleeve. "And we have come to ask you to let us see the observatory."

"With great pleasure," stammered Swithin.

"Where is the observatory?" inquired the Bishop, peering round again.

"The staircase is just outside this door, my lord," Swithin answered. "I am at your service, and will show you up at once."

"And here are your books," said the Bishop, turning to the table and the shaded lamp. "You take an observation at the top, I presume, and come down here to record your observations."

The young man explained his precise processes as well as his state of mind would let him, and while he was doing so Mr. Torkingham and Louis waited patiently without, looking sometimes into the night, and sometimes through the door at the interlocutors, and listening to their scientific converse. When all had been exhibited here below, Swithin lit his lantern, and, inviting his visitors to follow, led the way up the column, experiencing no small sense of relief as soon as he heard the footsteps of all three tramping on the stairs behind him. He knew very well that, once they were inside the spiral, Vivi-

ette was out of danger, her knowledge of the locality enabling her to find her way with perfect safety through the plantation, and into the park, home.

At the top he uncovered his equatorial, and, for the first time at ease, explained to them its beauties, and revealed by its help the glories of those stars that were eligible for inspection. The Bishop spoke as intelligently as could be expected on a topic not peculiarly his own; but, somehow, he seemed rather more abstracted in manner now than when he had arrived. Swithin thought that perhaps the long clamber up the stairs, coming after a hard day's work, had taken his spontaneity out of him, and Mr. Torkingham was afraid that his lordship was getting bored. But this did not appear to be the case; for, though he said little, he stayed on some time longer, examining the construction of the dome after relinquishing the telescope, while occasionally Swithin caught the eyes of the Bishop fixed hard on him. "Perhaps he sees some likeness of my father in me," the young man thought; and the party making ready to leave at this time, he conducted them to the bottom of the tower.

Swithin was not prepared for what followed their descent. All were standing at the foot of the staircase. The astronomer, lantern in hand, offered to show them the way out of the plantation, to which Mr. Torkingham replied that he knew the way very well, and would not trouble his young friend. He strode forward with the words, and Louis followed him, after waiting a moment, and finding that the Bishop would not take the precedence. The latter and Swithin were thus left together for one moment, whereupon the Bishop turned.

"Mr. St. Cleeve," he said in a low voice, "I should like to speak to you privately, before I leave, to-morrow morning. Can you meet me — let me see — in the church-yard, at half past ten o'clock?"

"Yes, my lord," murmured Swithin. And before he had recovered from his surprise the Bishop had joined the others in the shades of the plantation.

Swithin immediately opened the door of the hut, and scanned the nook behind the bed. As he had expected, his bird had flown.

XXVII.

All night the astronomer's mind was on the stretch with curiosity as to what the Bishop could wish to say to him. A dozen conjectures entered his brain, to be abandoned in turn as unlikely. That which finally seemed the most plausible was that the Bishop, having become interested in his pursuits, and entertaining friendly recollections of his father, was going to ask if he could do anything to help him on in the profession he had chosen. Should this be the case, thought the suddenly sanguine youth, it would seem like an encouragement to that spirit of firmness which had led him to reject his late uncle's offer, because it involved the renunciation of Lady Constantine.

At last he fell asleep; and when he awoke it was so late that the hour was ready to solve what conjecture could not. After a hurried breakfast he paced across the fields, entering the church-yard by the south gate precisely at the appointed minute. The inclosure was well adapted for a private interview, being bounded by bushes of laurel and alder nearly on all sides. He looked round; the Bishop was not there, nor any living creature save himself. Swithin sat down upon a tombstone to await Dr. Helmsdale's arrival.

While he sat he fancied he could hear voices in conversation, not far off, and further attention convinced him that they came from Lady Constantine's lawn, which was only divided from the church-yard by a high wall and shrubbery. As the Bishop still delayed his

coming, though the time was nearly eleven, and as the lady whose sweet voice mingled with those heard from the lawn was his personal property, he became exceedingly curious to learn what was going on within that screened promenade. A way of doing so occurred to him. The key was in the church door; he opened it, entered, and ascended to the ringer's loft in the west tower. At the back of this was a window commanding a full view of Viviette's garden front.

The flowers were all in gayest bloom, and the creepers on the walls of the house were bursting into tufts of young green. A broad gravel-walk ran from end to end of the façade, terminating in a large conservatory. In the walk were three people, pacing up and down. Lady Constantine's was the central figure, her brother being on one side of her, and the stately form of the Bishop on the other. She carried over her shoulder a sunshade lined with red, which she twirled idly. They were laughing and chatting gayly, and when the group approached the church-yard many of their remarks entered the silence of the church tower through the ventilator of the window.

The conversation was general, yet interesting enough to Swithin. At length Louis stepped upon the grass, and picked up something, which turned out to be a bowl that had lain there: throwing it forward, he took a second, and bowled it towards the first, or jack. The Bishop, who seemed to be in a sprightly mood, followed suit, and bowled one in a curve towards the jack, turning and speaking to Lady Constantine as he concluded the feat. As she had not left the gravelled terrace, he raised his voice, so that the words reached Swithin distinctly. "Do you follow us?" he asked gayly.

"I am not skillful," she said. "I always bowl narrow."

The Bishop meditatively paused. "This moment reminds one of the scene

in Shakespeare's Richard the Second," he said. "I mean the Duke of York's garden, where the queen and her two ladies play, and the queen says, —

'What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?'

To which her lady answers, 'Madam, we'll play at bowls.'"

"That's an unfortunate quotation for you," said Lady Constantine; "for if I don't forget, the queen declines, saying, 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs, and that my fortune runs against the bias.'"

"Then I am *mal à propos*. But it is an interesting old game, and might have been played at that very date, on this very green."

The Bishop lazily bowled another, and while he was doing it Viviette's glance rose by accident to the church-tower window, where she recognized Swithin's face. Her surprise was only momentary; and waiting till both her companions' backs were turned, she smiled and blew him a kiss. In another minute she had another opportunity, and blew him another; afterwards blowing him one a third time.

Her blowings were put a stop to by the Bishop and Louis throwing down the bowls and rejoining her in the path, the house-clock at the moment striking half past eleven.

"This is a fine way of keeping an engagement," said Swithin. "I have waited an hour while you indulge in those trifles."

He fumed, turned, and behold somebody was at his elbow: Tabitha Lark. Swithin started, and said, "How did you come here, Tabitha?"

"In the course of my calling, Mr. St. Cleeve," said the smiling girl. "I come to practice on the organ. When I entered I saw you up here through the tower arch, and I crept up to see what you were looking at. The Bishop is a striking man, is he not?"

"Yes, rather," said Swithin.

"I think he is much devoted to Lady Constantine, and I am glad of it. Are n't you?"

"Oh, yes — very," said Swithin, wondering if Tabitha had seen the tender little salute of Lady Constantine and himself.

"I don't think she cares much for him," added Tabitha judicially. "Or, even if she does, she could be got away from him in no time by a younger man."

"Pooh, that's nothing," said Swithin impatiently.

Tabitha then remarked that her blow-er had not come to time, and that she must go to look for him; upon which she descended the stairs, and left Swithin again alone.

A few minutes later the Bishop suddenly looked at his watch, Lady Constantine having withdrawn towards the house. Apparently apologizing to Louis, the Bishop came down the terrace, and through the door into the church-yard. Swithin hastened down-stairs, and met him in the path under the sunny wall of the aisle. Their glances met, and it was with some consternation that Swithin beheld the change that a few short minutes had wrought in that episcopal countenance. On the lawn with Lady Constantine, the rays of an almost perpetual smile had brightened his dark aspect like flowers in a shady place: now the smile was gone as completely as yesterday; the lines of his face were firm; his dark eyes and whiskers were over-spread with gravity; and as he gazed upon Swithin from the repose of his stable figure, it was like an evangelized King of Spades come to have it out with the Knave of Hearts.

To return for a moment to Louis Glanville. He had been somewhat struck with the abruptness of the Bishop's departure, and more particularly by the circumstance that he had gone away by the private door into the church-yard, instead of by the regular exit on the other

side. True, great men were known to suffer from absence of mind, and Bishop Helmsdale, having a dim sense that he had entered by that door yesterday, might have unconsciously turned thitherward now. Louis, upon the whole, thought little of the matter, and being now left quite alone on the lawn, he seated himself in an arbor, and began smoking.

The arbor was situated against the church-yard wall. The atmosphere was as still as the air of a hot-house; fourteen inches of brickwork only divided Louis from the scene of the Bishop's interview with St. Cleeve, and, as voices on the lawn had been audible to Swithin in the church-yard, it is obvious that voices in the church-yard could be heard without difficulty from that close corner of the lawn. No sooner had Louis lit a cigar than the dialogue began.

"Ah, you are here, St. Cleeve," said the Bishop, hardly replying to Swithin's good-morning. "I fear I am a little late. Well, my request to you to meet me may have seemed somewhat unusual, seeing that we were strangers till a few hours ago."

"I don't mind that, if you wish to see me, my lord."

"I thought it best to see you regarding your confirmation yesterday; and my reason for taking a more active step with you than I should otherwise have done is that I have some interest in you through having known your father when we were undergraduates. His room was on the same staircase with mine at All Angels, and we were friendly till time and affairs separated us even more completely than usually happens. However, about your presenting yourself for confirmation." (The Bishop's voice grew stern.) "If I had known yesterday morning what I knew twelve hours later, I would n't have confirmed you at all."

"Indeed, Bishop Helmsdale!"

"Yes, I say it, and I mean it. I visited your observatory last night."

"You did."

"In inspecting it I noticed something which I may truly describe as extraordinary. I have had young men present themselves to me who turned out to be notoriously unfit, either from giddiness, from being profane or intemperate, or from some bad quality or other. But I never remember a case which equaled the cool culpability of this. While infringing the first principles of social decorum, you might at least have respected the ordinance sufficiently to have stayed away from it altogether. Now I have sent for you here to see if a last entreaty and a direct appeal to your sense of manly uprightness will have any effect in inducing you to change your course of life."

The voice of Swithin in his next remark showed how tremendously this attack of the Bishop had told upon his feelings. Louis, of course, did not know the reason why the words should have affected him precisely as they did; to any one in the secret, the double embarrassment arising from misapprehended ethics and inability to set matters right, because his word of secrecy to another was inviolable, would have accounted for the young man's emotion sufficiently well.

"I am very sorry you should have seen anything objectionable, my lord," said Swithin. "May I ask what it was?"

"You know what it was. Something in your chamber, which forced me to the above conclusions. I disguised my feelings of sorrow at the time for obvious reasons, but I never in my whole life was so shocked."

"At what, my lord?"

"At what I saw."

"Pardon me, Bishop Helmsdale, but you said just now that we are strangers; so what you saw in my cabin concerns me only."

"There I contradict you. Twenty-four hours ago that remark would have

been plausible enough; but by presenting yourself for confirmation at my hands, you have invited my investigation into your principles."

Swithin sighed. "I admit it," he said.

"And what do you find them?"

"You say reprehensible. But you might at least let me hear the proof."

"I can do more. I can let you see it."

There was a pause. Louis Glanville was so highly interested that he stood upon the seat of the arbor, and looked through the leafage over the wall. The Bishop had produced an article from his pocket.

"What is it, my lord?" said Swithin, scrutinizing the object with a microscopic look of curiosity, as if he did not understand its nature or use.

"Why, don't you see?" said the Bishop, holding it out between his finger and thumb in Swithin's face. "A bracelet, — a coral bracelet. I found it on the coverlet in your chamber. And of the sex of the owner there can be no doubt. More than that, she was concealed behind the curtains, for I saw them move." In the decision of his opinion the Bishop threw the coral bracelet down on a tombstone.

"Nobody was in my room, my lord, who had not a perfect right to be there," said the younger man, firmly.

"Well, well, that's a matter of assertion. Now don't get in a passion, and say to me in your haste what you'll repent of saying afterwards."

"I am not in a passion, my lord,

I assure you. I am too sad for passion."

"Very well; that's a hopeful sign. Now I would ask you, as one man of another, do you think that to come to me, the Bishop of this large and important diocese, as you came yesterday, and pretend to be something that you are not, is quite upright conduct, leave alone religious? Think it over. We may never meet again. But bear in mind what your Bishop and spiritual head says to you, and see if you cannot mend before it is too late."

Swithin was meek as Moses, and he brushed away a tear. "My lord, I am in a difficult position," he said mournfully. "How difficult, nobody but myself can tell. I cannot explain; there are insuperable reasons against it. But will you take my word of assurance that I am not so bad as I seem? Some day I will prove it. Till then I only ask you to suspend your judgment on me."

The Bishop shook his head, and went towards the vicarage. Swithin followed him with his eyes, and Louis's followed the direction of Swithin's. Before the Bishop had reached the vicarage entrance, Lady Constantine crossed in front of him. She had a basket on her arm, and was, in fact, going to visit some of the poorer cottages. Who could believe the Bishop now to be the same man that he was a moment before? The darkness left his face as if he had come out of a cave; his look was all sweetness and shine and gayety, as he again greeted Viviette.

Thomas Hardy.

DARKNESS.

COME, blessed Darkness, come, and bring thy balm

For eyes grown weary of the garish Day!

Come with thy soft, slow steps, thy garments gray,

Thy veiling shadows, bearing in thy palm

The poppy-seeds of slumber, deep and calm !
 Come with thy patient stars, whose far-off ray
 Steals the hot fever of the soul away,
 Thy stillness sweeter than a chanted psalm !
 O blessed Darkness, Day indeed is fair,
 And Light is dear when summer days are long,
 And one by one the harvesters go by ;
 But so is rest sweet, and surcease from care,
 And folded palms, and hush of evensong,
 And all the unfathomed silence of the sky !

Julia C. R. Dorr.

AMERICAN HISTORY ON THE STAGE.

PUBLIC taste in America has of late years taken two lines that have a tendency to converge into one, and we have been watching curiously to see what the result would be. Every one has observed the marked increase of interest in American history. The impetus was given by the anniversaries which clustered about the opening of a second century in national life, and have not yet ceased. At these anniversaries great oratorical exhibitions have been given, where men and women have assisted with attention and applause ; lectures, books, magazine articles, and public gatherings of various sorts have attested the interest. The newspapers, reflecting the popular taste, have given an amount of space to historical subjects which would have buried them in bankruptcy if it had not been that the readers of newspapers wanted all that was given them.

Not only this, but a vigorous effort has been made to reconstruct to the eye the historic past. We have had exhibitions of historical curiosities, and a lively competition has been set up for the possession of historical bricabrac. Even our houses have rapidly acquired an historic imposture. People have put on their ancestors' clothes, and have tried by games, theatricals, tableaux, and

masquerades to see how the heroes looked who have suddenly come forward in such near perspective. There is something almost pathetic in the eagerness with which, but a few years ago, everybody was centennializing himself, and looking over his shoulder to catch a glimpse of the century behind him in the mirror which he held. How charmingly the young American girl slipped into the Revolutionary costume ! the only one of us, we are sure, who really reproduced the past. Howells caught her at her gentle masquerading, and drew her portrait in his sonnet to Dorothy Dudley, the feigned chronicler of the Cambridge of 1776 : —

“ Fair maiden, whom a hundred summers keep
 Forever seventeen, and whose dark locks
 Are whitened only from the powder-box,
 After these many winters : on the steep
 Of high-heeled shoes, and with the silken sweep
 Of quaint brocade, and an arch smile that
 mocks
 At Time's despite, thy lovely semblance walks,
 This year, our continent from deep to deep,
 At numberless Centennial Tea-Parties,
 With chicken-salad, coffee, chocolate
 For retrospective youth, whose bosoms swell,
 When they behold thee and thy pleasing
 freight,
 With love of country, and each patriot sees
 Thy charm in all that thou dost chronicle.”

Now the interest in this amiable masquerade is part also of the new taste in theatricals. It would be quite as easy

to show that the period which witnessed the Centennial fever saw also a great increase in dramatic entertainments of an amateur character. The theatre has its own history and development, dependent upon conditions often only remotely connected with other phases of social life; and it does not follow, because there has been an extraordinary impulse given to private theatricals, that there has also been a corresponding popular interest in the regular stage. Yet there is a connection between the two. Amateur theatricals educate audiences rather than actors. Now and then a person discovers a talent for acting by taking part in amateur performances, but it cannot be said that such performances are in any way a school for the stage. What we are justified in inferring is that the increased activity in private dramatic entertainments points to a wider interest in the drama, a greater familiarity with plays, and an accession to the ranks of theatre-goers from a part of the community not hitherto especially given to frequenting the theatre.

Generalizing on such a subject is usually only the writer's private impressions, so my assertion may be taken for what it is worth, that the readers of good literature have not, as a rule, in America, been supporters of the theatre, but that in this class there has sprung up of late a decided interest in the drama, and that this interest is to affect the stage. The adhesion of the literary class — both the writers and the readers of books — to the drama, which has gradually come about, is likely to cause a different order of plays, and in various respects to modify the present state of things.

It must be remembered that Puritanism and literature combined have caused the theatre in England, and still more in America, to hold a position which is not necessarily permanent. That is, the theatre has been made more exclu-

sively a place of amusement than it has been in France, Italy, or Germany. The drama has been so far divorced from literature that we have been taught to make a distinction between plays to be acted and plays to be read, — a distinction almost as irrational as songs to be recited and songs to be sung. Each has gone its own way and formed its own tradition. The drama, thrown in upon itself, has been developed independently of literary influences. It has come to rely largely on stage effects; that is, it has used the material at its disposal with reference to points of display, and has subordinated the text of the play to the actors, the scenery, and the dresses. It has turned novels which were dramatic into plays which excite the ridicule of the critics who praised the novels, and it has been dependent for its new blood either on translations or on dramatic artisanship, neither of which contains any real inspiration. It has allied itself with business rather than with letters, and a strong tendency has been shown toward the merely spectacular.

On the other hand, literature, for lack of this healthful outlet, has been driven within narrower bounds; has contracted its power, lost a fine faculty of expression, and tended to insulate society instead of making it mobile. Society, when intellectually occupied, might almost be pictured as a household sitting in the evening round a table, with backs to the light, for the sake of saving weak eyes, each reading to himself, "all silent," as Shelley says, —

"All silent and all damned."

Shut out from the stage, literature has tried to make itself vivid through other forms. The novel, in the hands of Dickens and his school, was distinctly affected by the effort to introduce stage effects by merely mental processes; and it is largely owing to the same cause that literature has developed a farcical quality of humor, — the painful effort

of a book to do what a comedian does with an easy contortion of face.

Now, in the popular awakening to the worth of American history, in the new interest felt by educated people in the drama, may there not be discovered a restoration of old relations between literature and the stage, too long severed? Such a combination of literary and dramatic forces must depend for permanence upon the audience, and it is the audience which has been in process of education. The principal facts and personages in American history are every year becoming more positively a part of the furniture of the average mind, and there is a more familiar acquaintance with what may be called the scenery and properties of history through the aid of museums, collections, exhibitions, pictures, and picture-books. It is from this common acquaintance with history that any popular appreciation will come of literary work which is based upon history. What is it in art that makes subjects drawn from the Bible so quickly received by the people, except that familiarity with the book which renders it unnecessary for the artist to add a literary commentary to his picture? And when American history is a household tale, then we may look for a ready appreciation of literature suggested by it. The concentration of attention, in manifold ways, upon this subject, in schools and among young people generally, is rapidly preparing the ground for a literature which shall react upon the subjects treated, and make history a still more real and interesting thing to common people. The rehabilitation of the stage opens a conspicuous field for the exercise of these forces.

Granting the possibility of a time, which for our own pleasure we will make near at hand, when author, audience, and actors shall be ready, does our reading of American history justify us in believing that it will be a storehouse for

dramatic incident and movement? Schlegel, in his lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, remarks that the great requisite in the historical drama consists in this: "It must be a crowded extract and a living development of history," — by which I suppose him to mean that it shall present a series of tableaux, which shall discover an actual growth and culmination of historic life. Now in the fullest and most familiar portion of our early history, that of New England, there are no tableaux, because there are no groups and no contrasts appealing vividly to the eye. The contrast which we bear in mind is to the contemporary history of England, or the subsequent history of America. There is scarcely even a contrast of figures: the Indian makes the sketchiest possible personage, and the Quaker, at this distance, is only another shade of dun from the Puritan. Then there is no culmination of historic fact. The history has been called the march of a headless mob, but there is not even the picturesque violence of a mob. We recognize the growth of ideas and the expansion of material prosperity, neither of which admits of very animated presentation; and there were no crises which could furnish corresponding dramatic points, — scarcely any persons of marked prominence for centres of dramatic interest.

Mr. Longfellow, with his unfailing perception of artistic values, seized upon the two tragic elements in early New England history, the persecution of the Quakers and the witchcraft delusion. These he significantly termed *The New England Tragedies*, and in arranging them he kept within historical bounds. If he did not expect them to be played, at least he took no advantage of the doubt to free himself from any restriction of the acted drama. Except that the scenes and acts are shorter than is common, nothing is lacking for a feasible representation on the boards, — but, one instinctively adds, on the boards.

of an amateur theatre. The high lights required on the regular stage would disclose the meagreness of the two plays as spectacles, while the possible refinement and delicacy of impersonation in an amateur performance, and the equalizing of text and setting, would disclose the grace and gentle charm of the situations. But any representation would be likely to show the inadequacy of the themes taken as historical pictures. When we bring Puritans and Quakers together in the little town of Boston, and take for the turning-point of the drama merely the expulsion of the Quakers, there is not enough appeal to the imagination to call out any very profound feeling. Moreover, there is no real culmination either in this play or in *Giles Corey of the Salem Farms*; we are simply given scenes out of a very provincial history, with only remote reference to universal passions. It must be borne in mind that the poet viewed the themes as a part of his trilogy, and was occupied with their humanitarian aspect.

The persecution of the Quakers was simply an exhibition of the Puritan character and training; it sprang from nothing, it led to nothing; and spectacularly there is in the contrast of Puritan and Quaker only two shades of the same color, since modern decorum scarcely allows the Quaker to appear on the stage in his historic occasional dress. The witchcraft delusion does offer an opportunity for some passionate and fiery scenes; there is a chance for a lurid light against the sombre Puritan background, and for finely modeled figures in such persons as Sewall and Mather. A dramatic incident of value is to be found in the sudden revulsion of feeling which followed the indictment of Madam Hale as a witch; that and Judge Sewall's confession would make telling points on the stage.

A better subject than either of these is to be found in the legend which Haw-

thorne used in *The Grey Champion*. A drama founded on Goffe's adventures would give a series of historic scenes in two continents, beginning with the trial of a king, and closing with an apparently miraculous interposition. It would have the great advantage of dealing with great subjects, and of introducing figures already familiar to the ordinary reader.

There is another subject in New England provincial history which offers dramatic situations, but it would perhaps be more correct to call it a passage in Canadian history; and it has the misfortune of all Canadian subjects, that it suggests a tragedy without a fifth act. In 1690, Sir William Phips, at the head of an expedition of twenty-two hundred men, — shipmasters, merchants, master mechanics, and substantial farmers, — sailed out of Boston harbor to attack and capture Quebec. Phips's own history is one of romantic interest, and this bluff, choleric, prompt, rude man stands opposed to the picturesque governor of Canada, Count Frontenac, one of that long list of adventurous men who light the canvas of Canadian history with brilliant points. Frontenac sought the aid of the Indian in the defense of Quebec, and a grand council of all the tribes of the lakes was held. At this council a curious scene occurred, which I give in Mr. Parkman's words: —

"Frontenac [at this time a man of seventy] took a hatchet, brandished it in the air, and sang the war song. The principal Frenchmen present followed his example. The Christian Iroquois of the two neighboring missions joined them, and so also did the Hurons and Algonquins of Lake Nipissing, stamping and screeching like a troop of madmen, while the governor led the dance, whooping like the rest. His predecessor would have perished rather than play such a part in such a company, but the punctilious old courtier was himself half an Indian at heart, — as much at

home in a wigwam as in the halls of princes."

The actual fighting before Quebec was insignificant. Phips waited for reinforcements, and kept up only a feeble cannonading. Meanwhile, he tried the effect of a summons to surrender, and his messenger, received blindfold into the town, was conducted by tortuous ways, and amid the jeers of the populace, to the château, where, when the bandage was removed, his eye dropped before the haughty presence of Frontenac, surrounded by French and Canadian officers, glittering with all the gay insignia of rank and office. The interview was short and contemptuous; the New England general was bluffed by the Frenchman, and withdrew from the contest just as he was about to be aided by a powerful ally, — famine. As he sailed away, "Quebec," says Parkman, "was divided between thanksgiving and rejoicing. The captured flag of Phips's ship was borne to the cathedral in triumph; the bishop sang *Te Deum*; and amid the firing of cannon the image of the Virgin was carried to each church and chapel in the place by a procession in which priest, people, and troops all took part. The day closed with a great bonfire in honor of Frontenac."

This historic event has the misfortune, as I have intimated, of having been a failure on Phips's part. It is necessary for us to be on Frontenac's side to see the possibility of a drama culminating in the triumph at the withdrawal of Phips's fleet; and even then we see how different for dramatic purposes is a successful defense from a successful attack. What pleases me is the spectacular element in the grouping of Frenchmen, New Englanders, and Indians in Frontenac's breakdown and in the pageant. For one, I like a good show on the stage, and I commend this historic episode as offering a good background for a bright love story.

The career of Joseph Warren is not

without dramatic hints. The Boston Massacre, Warren's oration at the Old South, with his suppression of the rumble of violence, and his fall at Bunker Hill give points around which could be grouped the conflict between Great Britain and America. For the point of time was not only critical; it held the larger development of the war in miniature. And that is precisely what the drama attempts; for the historical drama is a microcosm, an epitome of the great conflict, just as tragedy is an epitome of human life; and when a single contest contains the germ of an epoch, the dramatist has only to give it artistic selection. In the secret councils of the Committee of Safety, the arrogance and timidity of Governor Gage and the court party, the national instincts of the conscientious loyalists, the restlessness of the populace, the foresight and steadiness of a few patriots, we find the elements of true dramatic representation; and it only needs to arrange these in a culminating series of events to give in reduced scale the entire historic movement.

Yet the Revolution, as we used to call it, is singularly lacking in dramatic properties. We are misled by the title; the American Development would be a truer phrase, and it is observable that careful historical writers almost uniformly speak of the War for Independence. The French Revolution was rightly so called; it shook to the centre an old order of things. The American Revolution set the seal to a foregone conclusion. It disturbed existing political relations, but not until new ones of a higher order were germinant. The very nature of the conflict interfered with strong dramatic situations, — situations that is, which seem to hold soluble elements of national life for a moment, and suffer them to become indestructible before our eyes. There are romantic incidents, but the only group of events during the war which offers any opportunity for an his-

torical drama is that relating to Arnold's treachery and André's execution. In those events there would be a chance to lift the figure of Washington into dramatic prominence.

We often hear it said, Happy the nation that has no history; but of course by that phrase is meant the nation that suffers no violence of war and devastation, for it is these things which, in the old conception of history, went to make up the account, — these and the quarrels of kings. In the more modern conception of history, which regards the movement of a nation toward the realization of freedom, there are many things besides war and quarrels which are reckoned; but it must be admitted that the possibilities of dramatic representation lie in circumstances of sharp change, and in the action of the passions. This is merely making use of the very etymon of the drama, which is a *thing done*, and done before our eyes. In the history of our country, when we leave behind the period of war, and the adjustment of parts which make the nation, what remains for representation in the historic drama? Plainly, not the progress of laws, nor the growth of cities, nor westward emigration, nor the finding of gold in California. The philosopher and economist and social novelist have the monopoly in such fields. Neither does the invention of the cotton-gin, the reaper, or the sewing-machine serve the purpose of the historical drama, though Mr. Whitman can cram them boldly into a lyric. They all help to make up our history, as do numberless other factors in civilization, but they are not dramatic in their nature.

It needs no special insight to see that the one subject which lies at the heart of our history since the Revolution is the one subject in which dramatic incidents are imbedded. Slavery and its extinction constitute the theme of our history since the Union was reached; and because the extinction of slavery has

made possible a nation no longer divided by irreconcilable differences, there is always in every drama based on the slavery contest, however tragic may be its incidents, the possibility of a triumphant conclusion, accordant with history and the prophecy of history. The conflict for freedom is so large and so moving in its nature, and has always been so dramatic in its incident; its roots lie so deep in the moral nature, where only the great drama thrives; and it is so involved in national development, that all other subjects in our history are weak and insignificant before the possibilities of this theme. We stand, perhaps, too near the scenes of the late war, and are too much a part of the conflict, to be able to bear the spectacle of that drama reënacted on the stage; but in due time the events not so much of the war as of the moral and political conflict will find adequate presentation, when the vast proportions of the theme will be reduced in epitome and made vivid in action, which concentrates the thought of the historic movement into a few characters and situations.

There is a subject — I had almost said the only subject — magnificently conspicuous, and capable of holding the entire history of American slavery and its downfall. The material for illustrating it is copious and well known; in parts, indeed, almost ready for use. It is just one of the cases where history pauses for a moment, puts its finger on the page, and says There! The immediate incidents and events, when compared with other scenes, look trivial; yet how perfectly typical and dramatic are every one of the facts which we possess regarding the life and death of Captain John Brown! Here is the moral indignation of the people finding expression in one sharp explosion; here is the prophet saying, "Let my people go." Victor Hugo's sketch of John Brown on the gallows, which look in the darkness like a cross, presents in a theatrical and offensive way the intense feeling

which found in Brown a sacrifice for a great sin. The figure looms, in the midst of its fellows, into gigantic proportions. Even for those who call his character an insane and fanatic one his adventures have a strange fascination, and the farther we get away from the scenes the more typical do they become. The very smallness of the scale upon which his attempt at Harper's Ferry was made renders the action all the more fitted for dramatic copying, and none the less prefigurative of the mighty contest at hand; the failure of the attempt, moreover, holds a finer power than success.

The quaint Puritanic speech of the man is singularly fitted to express the religious and historical opposition to slavery. No one can read the simple narrative of Brown's conduct after his capture without perceiving that history has furnished drama with the very words he used, and almost the very order of those words. The conversation which took place mainly between Mason, the author of the fugitive slave law, and Vallandigham on one side and John Brown on the other is curiously dramatic in its character and force. The letters of Brown and his reported conversations are crowded with characteristic, spontaneous expressions, so that it would be entirely possible to present the man in his own terms, and to find in these truly poetical and fit language. Then the incidents connected with his execution are precisely of the kind to touch us with their representative character: the taking up of a negro child and caressing it; the cry of the old black woman, "God bless you, old man! I wish I could help you, but I cannot;" and it is a matter of tradition that among the Virginia militia who surrounded the gallows, and marched and countermarched, was Wilkes Booth.

These and other trivial incidents help to show how rich in subsidiary action is the entire dramatic scene. The great

value of it lies in its microcosmic presentation of the mighty conflict so soon to shake the land. The representatives of the slave power in hotspur Governor Wise and the cold and crafty Mason stood confronting Brown; the Northern apologist for slavery was there; and if it were necessary to confine the action to Harper's Ferry, it would be quite possible to bring upon the stage spokesmen for all the leading parties in the country without violating the facts of history. What prophetic significance could be given by the wild refrain which made John Brown's soul the ghostly leader of the Union armies!

A great drama is not to be had for the ordering, any more than a great work of art of any kind, but the chances for it are increased by the gradual recovery of the stage to wider relations. The hope of good drama does not lie in the repetition of old plays; it is not a dead power; its life is in the present, and there can be no real vitality in the drama in any country unless it takes root in the soil. The drama is still a foreign thing with us, — foreign from our traditional tastes, and foreign in its appointments. To my thinking the chance for greater things lies through historic scenes rather than through social contrasts. It is significant that Tennyson, an Englishman through and through, expressed his political feeling in *Queen Mary*. It was not a success, because people are not yet accustomed to go to the theatre as they read the newspaper, and Tennyson shares in the disadvantage of taking up the drama as something foreign from English literary culture. His assumption of archaic forms of speech was an indication of his effort to bring his play into relation with the older English theatre; it suffered from its excess of antiquarianism. But Tennyson's failure points toward a change, and it is not impossible that in America, where prejudice sits more lightly on its throne, we may witness an increased

consciousness of national being through the presentation of history in dramatic form, as well as through other forms of literary art, which have hitherto been more familiar to us. There has been gathering a delightful moss of legend and

romance to cover the stony facts of our history. It may well be that the reader of Hawthorne and Irving will yet have the pleasure of seeing the historic life of America epitomized on the stage in dramatic action.

R. Fellow.

EVIL IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

THERE are two methods of studying mythology. One considers its origin, and the other examines, not the manufacture of myths, which was an unconscious process, but the ethical meaning attached to them when men began to think. While the first method is important in establishing the kinship of races, the second is necessary to show wherein the individuality of each cultus consists. Whence the Greeks obtained their myths, therefore, is a question less pertinent to the analysis of their conception of evil than an inquiry as to how they interpreted them.

When Mephistopheles, in Goethe's *Faust*, arrives on the plains of Erichtho to attend the classical Walpurgis night, his first remark is that here, as in the North, he is at home. But after searching about among the griffins and sirens of Greece, he confesses that he feels himself entirely strange. Of late years scientists have been so engrossed in upholding the resemblance between the mythologies of Aryan nations that, unlike Mephistopheles, they have neglected those minor particulars which make them in reality so different. They dwell upon the soil from which myths spring, and forget the light, air, and climate which give them, as living organisms, their vitality, and impress each development with its specific qualities. Greek mythology had its roots in Sanskrit soil, but its sunshine and rain and air came from a clime which was neither

frozen as in Iceland, nor heated with furnace heat as in India. It was fresh, wholesome, and temperate, its winters being just long and severe enough to prevent people from feeling satiated with roses and soft winds. As a poet out of the simplest words in daily use can make a melodious song, so, from those mythical germs which in the East developed into exaggerated supernaturalisms, and in the North into rugged home truths, the Greeks evolved poetry. Their struggle for existence was not so easy that they could become dreamers, like the Hindus. They could not afford to ignore the visible world in useless speculations as to the invisible. They might, with the companions of Odysseus, sometimes long for repose and forgetfulness, but the requirements of life forced them into action, even as the Ithacan chief compelled his unwilling men to leave the shores of the lotus-land. On the other hand they were not met by those bodily hardships which are so engrossing as to hinder intellectual growth. Physical beauty and mental culture developed side by side, the latter finding its fullest and fairest expression in the idealization of the former. This equilibrium between mind and body made men form natural and human theories of life and the world. They studied objects for their beauty and fitness, instead of ruthlessly tearing them to pieces to discover some inner and hidden meaning. Virtue and vice were not analyzed in reference

to eternal rewards and punishments, but that their influence upon earthly happiness might be understood. If life gave pain as well as pleasure, they were equally fearless in enjoying the one and bearing the other. They felt the "wild joys of living" too keenly to spend their time bemoaning what had been and what might be, and they were too wise to deteriorate into mere slaves of their senses. They took the evil with the good in nature, and made the best of it; and they treated their mythology in the same spirit, receiving it much as we receive history, and not as a revealed definition of practical morality. Many of their legends related incidents in the career of the gods which were foreign to Hellenic ideals, but to the people, who never questioned their authenticity, these seemed to be as inevitable as the ills of life. They were themes for the poet, and not for the moralist. The truth is, religion and ethics were never really made to coalesce in Greece.

The contrast between light and darkness, storm and sunshine, winter and summer, was the first natural phenomenon that attracted the attention of men, and the first problem in their own lives that puzzled them was the coexistence of good and evil, crime and virtue, health and disease. When the elements were personified, the powers of light became the creators of good, both spiritual and temporal, while the powers of darkness reappeared as the principles of evil. This personification supplied the majority of men with what seemed a sufficient solution of their problem. But it meant little to Greeks, who made human life the stand-point from which they reasoned, and whose identification of man's spiritual with his physical life rendered it impossible for them to represent the world as one large battle-field for two opposite and irreconcilable powers. Mr. Conway, in his *Demonology*, explains the difference between devils and demons by defining the former as

those who love evil for its own sake, and the latter as those who, even when hostile to the human race, have no more moral character than a man-eating tiger. According to this definition, Greek mythology differs from all others in the fact that, though it abounds in demons, it is absolutely without devils. The enumeration of all the demoniacal beings figuring in the different myths and legends would here be useless and impossible. The Greek conception of evil in the supernatural world can best be understood by considering, first, the demons, *pur et simple*; secondly, those creatures associated with a scheme of moral retribution; and thirdly, the nature ascribed to the gods.

"From Harz to Hellas cousins we discover!" cries Mephistopheles. There were in Greece creatures as grotesque, as improbable, as hideous, as any to be found in India or in Scandinavia. There were dragons with seven heads, and great giants with but one eye in the middle of their foreheads. Strange beings, partly birds, partly women, haunted hill and valley, and the calm blue sea concealed terrible monsters. At first it seems as if sirens and lamiae, griffins, hell-hounds, and cyclopes, must be the same in every respect as the Asuras in the East, or the grotesque demons of mediæval Europe, whom they resemble in outward form. But they are in reality as distinct from them as classic is from oriental and romantic poetry. Goethe, in pointing out the likeness, has also analyzed the difference between Greek and Northern demons. This dualism has never been so tersely explained as when he makes Mephistopheles, on the mountains of Hellas, miss the smell of pitch and brimstone, to which he is accustomed on the Blocksberg, while he wonders what can be the nature of their hell-fire. The wiles and wickedness of the "cousins" he there encounters do not originate in hell; they are not, like his friends of the Brocken, sworn allies

of an arch-fiend, whose kingdoms they would fill with the souls of sinners. Partly from the effect of mythical tradition, partly from their own poetic instinct, the Greeks pictured nature as alive with legions of supernatural beings. They filled the woods with dryads and sileni, fauns and satyrs, creatures half god, half brute, while Pan, the noise-loving, the dance-loving, held all living things spellbound with the melody of his "sweet pipings." These sylvan deities were not without a spice of joyous, rollicking mischief, but they were untainted by evil. They were in such close relationship to the earth that they became intoxicated with her beauty, and in their rich exuberance of animal spirits played tricks which were in keeping with their cloven feet, their tails and horns. Sometimes the satyrs robbed sheepfolds; at other times they danced among the trees, and, in goblin form, jumped out before poor, timid women, to terrify them as they walked homewards in the twilight.¹ Notwithstanding their pranks, they were really personifications of the kindly elements, just as nymphs and tritons represented the sea when fair and friendly. But, as poisonous plants grow side by side with anemones and violets, and as the placid water is often lashed by the fury of the tempest into angry waves, so hideous monsters were supposed to wander upon the land, and the ocean had its Scylla and Charybdis. Yet, while the physical characteristics of the demon monsters were described in all their repulsiveness, no effort was made to give them souls or minds, or to define their emotions. Poets would as soon have thought of studying the morals of wild beasts. They looked at them with what Heine would call objective eyes, and never through the clouds of mysticism or superstition.

¹ A precisely similar anecdote was related to me of a monkey and his friend, a tame raccoon. These rogues, — *arcades ambo*, — after roaming about the

The legendary dragons and impossible beasts were direct descendants of the Vedic Ahi or Vritra, but there was as little ethical value attached to them as an English farmer would lay to the account of the fox who had carried off his geese. Myths which had the same beginning for Hellenes and Hindus, when distilled through Greek æsthetic ideals and Indian pessimism, acquired very different forms. The storm serpent of the Vedas multiplied in India into an interminable demonology. In Persia it became *Angro-Mainyus*, the arch-devil. In both these countries the personified conflict between light and darkness was treated subjectively, and represented a spiritual duel. If the evil spirits in the East tormented man's body, the end they clamored for was his soul. But the demons of Greece, just as if they had been ordinary lions or reptiles, had no desire beyond catering to an insatiable physical appetite. While *Angro-Mainyus* might be put to flight by sacrifices of Homa and the recital of magical incantations, and while Hindu demons might be conquered by the twirls and leaps of devil-dancers, the Pytho and Minotaur succumbed only before the arrows and spears of Apollo and Theseus. A glance at the myths relating to these creatures will show them to be devoid of any intention to connect them with the moral welfare of man. The legend of the Pythian dragon, since the victor in it was a god, would seem the most likely to contain a spiritual meaning. But, with the exception of a few miracles which would not be added nowadays, the incidents in the story might be told of a nineteenth-century hero. Heracles strangled snakes in his very cradle, encountered and overcame the Cithæron and Nemean lions, and slew the Lernæan hydra and the Erymanthian boar. In his choice of hardships and labor in

country all day long, would in the twilight leap out from unsuspected hiding-places at unwary travelers, and frighten them for fun.

preference to pleasure and ease, and in the devotion of his strength to the cause of others, the myth of Heracles teaches a fine moral lesson; but his slaying of deadly animals could no more influence the laws of human virtue and vice than the shooting of a wolf in Russia could affect the fate of the Greek church. Perseus destroyed the Libyan dragon, Theseus the Minotaur, Œdipus the Sphinx, and Bellerophon the Chimæra, because heroes of legendary fame would have been only half heroes had they not met and conquered enemies of more than natural power, or else, according to comparative or Müller mythology, because their exploits were but different versions of the solar myth. But where Persians and Hindus made devils, Greeks introduced barbarians and monsters. The difference between the dangers in the path of an Odysseus and the snares surrounding a Saint Anthony is an admirable illustration of the distinction between the demons born of a religion occupied entirely with thought of another world, and those sprung from a cultus interested chiefly in life as it is. In the one case they use all their wiles to make a man sin; whereas, in the other, they aim at overwhelming him with physical hardships.

It is when we consider those beings to whom the Greeks ascribed influence over man's moral nature that the superiority of their mythological theory of sin and retribution is made apparent. At the dawning of moral consciousness, when men begin to question the origin and in-being of right and wrong, and really reflect upon the religion of which they find themselves possessed, they, like Omar Khayyam, send their souls, through the Invisible,

"Some letter of that after-life to spell."

The mental bias of a people is indicated in the conclusions then formed, since they are arguing for themselves their own doctrines of the supernatural, and not simply accepting stories which have

come to them from unknown sources. Men are ruled by fear before they feel the influence of a law of love, and hence the first reasoning as to the fate awaiting men after death has usually resulted in a belief in a hell and in the creation of devils, or beings who are no longer governed by animal impulses, but inspired by a keen sense of evil and a desire to make men as corrupt as themselves, and to suffer in consequence an eternity of misery. Like Milton's fallen angels, ever to do evil is their sole delight. Eastern races, being naturally more cruel than the Western, have made cruelty the principal element in their doctrines of the soul's destiny. All the wild luxuriance of Hindu imagination was let loose in the description of the numerous hells into which the wicked were plunged, and of the hideous, pitiless demons who presided over these torture-chambers. Christianity, unfortunately inheriting the Jewish vindictiveness, vented on dead sinners the bitterness which Hebrew rabbis had expended on living Goyim. The Greeks as a race were not cruel. They had none of the intolerance which seems, indeed, to be the special property of Semitic races, and which we see in the hatred the Mohammedan has for the Giaour, the Jew for the Gentile. From the words of the Rabbi Shimon ben Yochai, "Kill the best of Gentiles and crush the head of the best of serpents," the Greeks, whose cardinal virtue was moderation, would have recoiled in horror. They were therefore kept from developing any very elaborate system of future punishment. Though most men probably agreed with Euripides, that what came after this life lay

"In folding shroud of darkness all-concealing," they still had their hell, which many of the poets described with great accuracy and vividness. There were streams of fire, blood, and tears in Hades, and the sufferings there destined for such offenders as Tantalus or Sisyphus were as

substantial and as intense as those that awaited Hindu or Christian. But these horrors never became weapons in the hands of priests and moralists, as the sulphur and brimstone of hell did with the mediæval clergy. The latter treated the faithful like children, who could be forced into good behavior only by constant reminder of the whip; their idea of discipline being not unlike that of the father in Wilhelm Meister, who thrashed his boy in order to insure good conduct, and not because of any misdemeanor. But in Greece men were held to be rational beings, who, knowing the value of right and wrong, must choose for themselves between them. Goodness born of fear did not agree with their ideals, and, human hopes being directed to a known present rather than to an unknown future, Tartarus and its torments were subjects never brought into great prominence. In the times of Homer it was believed that saints and sinners alike were doomed to Hades, and the visit of Odysseus to the underworld and his interview with the shades of Achilles and the other heroes made the fate awaiting the good seem as gloomy as that reserved for the wicked. Later, however, the doctrine generally accepted was that the souls of the saved wandered through the Isles of the Blest, while only the condemned were sent to Tartarus. The very idea of rewards and punishments necessitated the belief in beings who distributed them, and Hades soon had its rulers, judges, and minor officials. But none of these were actually devils. Pluto and Persephone were sovereigns of the regions under the earth, but they were gods as great and as worthy of worship as Zeus and Here. Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamanthus judged the damned, but they were never, like the French police as described by Canler, the cause of the deeds which brought men to their tribunal. The Greeks could as easily have imagined human judges forcing a man to commit

a crime, that they might have the pleasure of sentencing him, as to represent the administrators of eternal justice plotting and planning the destruction of souls. There were demons who rushed to the battle-field and haunted all scenes of human carnage in order to feed upon the slain. There was a horrible Eury-nomus, who devoured the flesh of dead men until only their bones were left. The gates of hell were guarded by the three-headed Cerberus, whose hunger was so great that the dead were provided with cakes of honey to appease his appetite. Charon ferried the shades across the awful Styx. But among all the creatures who lived in the kingdom of Pluto, there were none who, like Satan and his hosts, wandered through the world in order to snare men into sin. The temptation of souls and the undermining of an individual's morality were ideas unknown to the Greeks. Not reveling in cruelty themselves, they could not conceive of a spiritual being deliberately and with malice premeditated leading men to eternal damnation. In their demonology there was no suggestion of hellish glee over the loss of human souls, and there was none of that righteous triumph which the just are usually supposed to feel at the punishment of the wicked. The story of Lazarus and Dives as illustrated in mediæval pictures, where Lazarus is smiling with satisfaction at the sight of Dives' soul tormented by demons, would have been incomprehensible to Hellenes.

Other religions taught that men sinned because devils tempted them; the Greek, that the tormentors came because man had sinned. Gautama, before he could become Buddha, had to fight the armies of Mara, which surrounded him as he sat under the Bo tree. Christ was thrice tried by Satan before the latter was vanquished. It was hatred of purity and perfection, and a desire to destroy them, that led Buddhist and Christian devils to make their attacks. But in the Greek

legend it was not until the hero Orestes had become a murderer that the dread Furies began to persecute him. They came as ministers of justice, and not as enemies of virtue. Beings like Nemesis, Ate, the Furies, and the Fates had many attributes which seem devilish, but they were not devils in the real sense of the word. The Greeks, with thorough appreciation of their true character, called them gods, and offered them divine honors. The Furies, or Erinyes, the "blood-faced, snake-encircled women," are perhaps the most typical of all the Greek demon-like divinities. They were untiring in their persecutions once they began them, but their wild ferocity was never aroused save in the pursuit of those men who, by their own actions, deserved to suffer. In the song of the Eumenides, Æschylus makes them define the real nature of their fierce fury:—

"Swift of foot t' avenge are we!
He whose hands are clean and pure,
Naught our wrath to dread hath he;
Calm his cloudless days endure.
But the man that seeks to hide,
Like him, his gore-bedewed hands,
Witnesses to them that died,
The blood avengers at his side,
The Furies' troop forever stands!"

Because of the despair and anguish they awoke in the hearts of the guilty they seemed hateful, and therefore were represented with serpent-covered heads and blood-dripping eyes, or else as dog-visaged goddesses. But even when they appeared most vindictive, then they were really most merciful; for in punishing the wicked they were avenging the innocent, and therefore they were beloved and worshiped by those who cried for justice. This was why they were called the Eumenides, the "well-meaning;" and it explains the declaration of Æschylus that "he who has not found them gentle knows not whence come the ills of life." In the hymns of Orpheus they are addressed as "holy and pure;" and Sophocles, in his *Œdipus Coloneus*, has described the grove of the Furies as a lovely place, where the bay, the olive,

and the vine bloomed luxuriantly, where nightingales sang their sweetest songs, and all was quiet and peaceful. Their very frenzy insured justice and order for mortals. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who brought good or evil to a man at his birth, and who pursued the transgressions of gods and men, were, like the Furies, guardians of the harmony of the universe. They made every deed bear its due result, and were at enmity with miracle working. They would have opposed any schemes of the gods to make grapes grow on thistles, or to let thorns choke the roses. Adrastia, who sat in the vestibule of Night, holding her brazen drumsticks and cymbals, at whose sound all things obeyed her laws, was another personification of Fate, or, as this power was understood by the Greeks, the law of divine order.

While the demon monsters were as purely physical enemies as storms and volcanoes, and the demon-like divinities were, notwithstanding the horror they inspired, man's truest friends, the high gods of Olympus were the beings most capable of inflicting evil from moral, or perhaps immoral, motives. Many human miseries came from them, and at times they are closely allied in malevolence to Persian or Hebrew devils. But still there was no Loki in Olympus, no Satan in Hades. The extreme anthropomorphism of their deities and their own clear mental vision made it impossible for the Greeks to believe in one being solely evil in motives and actions, opponent of gods and enemy of man, whose mission was to counteract the beneficence of deities, and to drag mortals down to hell. But, on the other hand, divinity did not imply capacity for good alone. In the first place, it was boldly recognized that a god in bestowing a blessing on one man was by so doing overwhelming another perhaps equally innocent person with wretchedness. The rain that saves the farmer's crops may blast the mariner's

hopes; the saviour must necessarily be the destroyer. And in the second place, gods and goddesses were represented as idealized men and women, whose impulses and passions were like those of mortals in all respects, save in strength, which was increased in proportion as Olympus exceeded Hellas in greatness. Divinity was nourished with nectar and ambrosia, and was immortal; humanity was fed with earthly food, and was mortal: beyond this there was but little difference. The Greeks themselves were quite ready to admit that gods were immortal men, and men mortal gods. To them the three Fates seemed real necessities, since capriciousness, tempered with but little sense of justice, was a characteristic of the high gods. They were all keenly sensitive to any personal insult or injury, while they had none of the self-command which men are forced to practice. They were quite as quick in imagining slights as they were in revenging them, and therefore their protection and enmity were both apt to be short-lived, and were not to be relied upon. Athene was the faithful ally of the Greeks throughout the Trojan war; but as soon as the contest was over she leagued with Poseidon against them, simply because, in the first moments of victory, they had neglected to pay her that attention which she felt to be her due. In the *Iliad* we are constantly reminded of the very human nature of the deities, who were warm partisans, but possessed very limited powers.

Zeus was the greatest of all the Olympian deities, the merciful father, the divine judge; yet in the legend of Prometheus he appears as the creator of all earthly evils. Not because he was incensed at the sins or short-comings of mankind, but because his wrath was aroused at the sight of their increased happiness and prosperity. It may be that at first the story was that of a demon, who brought fire to earth in some malignant form; but there is no proof of

this, and in the legend as it has come to us, Prometheus is the demiurgus and Zeus is the devil. The laugh of the latter, when he sends woman — to him the greatest of all evils — to earth, is like that of a Satan exulting over the woe he has wrought. But his malignant glee is as isolated a fact in Greek mythology as the two human sacrifices offered by Themistocles at Salamis were in Athenian history. Here the queen of heaven became a fiend through jealousy. Her life with Zeus, with his constant infidelities, and her bitter resentment of them all, reads absurdly like the incidents of a French novel. But Hermes, the “schemer, subtle beyond all belief,” manifested more than any other god the qualities usually credited to devils, while at the same time he was the most useful and devoted member of the Hellenic Pantheon. He was the patron of stealing and trickery, but he was also the messenger of the gods, janitor of Olympus, and guide of the souls of the dead to Hades. He was the hardest worked of all the deities, and it may have been the hard work that saved him from developing into an entirely evil being, as the Northern Loki did. If he stole the flocks of Phœbus Apollo, he could also win his friendship by

“the might
Of winning music.”

At one time he ran off with the garments of the bathing nymphs, or played tricks on Aphrodite and Zeus. But he alone of all the gods could face the dangers of the under-world to bring Persephone back to the sorrowing Demeter. It was Hermes who, through his persuasive entreaties, moved Priam to intercede with Achilles for the body of Hector, who gave the magic moly to Odysseus, and who armed Theseus with the winged sandals. In these myths more than any other we see how impossible it was for the Greeks to represent good and evil as distinct and antagonistic

powers. But the incongruity in the divine character did not trouble the faith of the people, nor lessen their respect for their gods. Poets described the contentions in Olympus, and dramatists took for their themes the divine vengeance inflicted on such heroes as Pentheus, Hippolytus, or Heracles; and yet the sacrifices and rites of Dionysus, Aphrodite, and Athene, who in these legends appear no better than devils, continued to be celebrated with the same fervor and devotion. We are constantly puzzled by the *sang froid* with which highly cultured Greeks described the horrid crimes of the gods they worshiped. But it must be borne in mind that their own morality had no relation to that of the deities. They never made the character of an Apollo or an Aphrodite the standard upon which they based their own conduct, as Christians do with that of Christ. The morals of Hellas were very different from the morals of Olympus. The divinities were, as Heine says, "festival gods, around whom the world danced merrily, and who could only be praised at feasts." That which the people were really honoring by their sacrifices and sacred games, their drama and bacchanalia, their graceful dances and garlands of flowers, their music and incense, was the idealization of the beautiful forces in nature. In Apollo the beauty of the human form was made divine, and in Aphrodite love became immortal; Dionysus and Demeter were personifications of the earth's fertility. The true worship of the Greek was the worship of beauty. In the working of the natural elements, where other men found chaos, Hellenes saw order; and thus, though they would not have recommended the imitation of the divine character, they never questioned its fitness. In their myths, as in a painted picture, there were lights and shadows, and to them the shadow had its æsthetic value as well as the light. They understood, too, that what seems to us evil is

often in reality a great good, and that the destructive forces are as essential as the productive. It was this belief that caused them to appoint the same deity to preside over two opposites. Thus Demeter was sometimes associated with the Furies, and known as Erinnyes Demeter, as if to show that the barrenness of winter was to be loved as well as the fruitfulness of summer. If Apollo was the healer, he was also the destroyer. Athene was the patron of arts and war. Aphrodite was at times identified with Persephone, this union of love and death agreeing with the Venus-Libitina of the Romans. The same union of extremes was found even in the minor mythological beings. "Never," writes Mr. J. E. Harrison, in his *Myths of the Odyssey*, "perhaps so keenly as in the conception of the sirens are we made to feel how fluctuating, how almost antithetic, are the elements which go to form a Greek myth. The sinister demon of one moment is the gracious goddess of the next; the boundary between good and evil is a soft shadow to a people whose moral standard was in the main æsthetic."

Gods who obtained their power only after a long-protracted struggle with Titans, in which, indeed, they were unsuccessful until assisted by strong allies; who shed tears, and whose influence ceased during their sleep; who fought in earthly combats, and who, like mortals, could be wounded,—such gods were not omnipotent or omniscient. Just as Odysseus, though able to subdue the Cyclops, could not regulate his own destiny, so the gods, who could control men, were themselves in turn governed by a superior force. The Greeks felt that there was something greater than divinity and humanity,—something which caused the mortality of the one and the immortality of the other. Good and evil, pleasure and pain, as abstract powers were not the creations of Zeus and Apollo, though these gods could give

their clients concrete forms of happiness or unhappiness. All forces, whether natural or supernatural, were based on the law of necessity, and weighed by the measures of cause and effect. Certain actions would inevitably be followed by certain results, and the seeds that were sown in the beginning of time would bring forth their own fruit, in spite of men and gods.

"Till my day of destiny is come

No man may take my life; and when it comes
Nor brave nor coward can escape that day,"

Hector cried when parting with Andromache. Thetis might beseech Zeus to hinder the success of the Greeks, but she would not ask him to prolong the life of Achilles, since fate decreed that if he stayed at Troy he must be the shortest-lived of mortals. Croesus consulted the oracle at Delphi, only to be told that it was impossible even for a god to escape the lot appointed by fate. Notwithstanding their mysticism, the hymns of Orpheus clearly declare fate to be greater than gods and celestial spheres, and above even the primal Triad and the One. There was no need of a doctrine of original sin and a redeemer, or the creation of hordes of demons, for men who believed right and wrong to be innate in human nature, and order and disorder inherent in the elements. Physical phenomena and moral discord were not chance work of gods and devils, but were subject to a law which mortals could not altogether understand, and which, for want of a better name, might be called fate. Greek fatalism had nothing in common with Eastern pessimism or modern so-called Schopenhauerism, nor was it strengthened with the sternness of Presbyterian predestination. Belief in fate usually implies hopelessness in struggling against the ills of life, and a strong conviction that misery must exceed pleasure. To the Greeks it meant confidence in the supremacy of order and harmony, for it was the power which insured the symmetrical sequence

of events. Hindu philosophers proclaimed life to be an evil, and therefore tried to free themselves from the chains of the senses by inflicting suffering upon their bodies. But penance and humiliation meant nothing to the Greeks, who held that their lives were ruled by a law against which their resistance would have been useless. If trouble and sin must be, they felt there was no true wisdom in thinking only of them, when the world was still beautiful and human pleasures were sweet:—

"Because thou must not dream, thou needst not then despair!"

The analysis of evil in Greek mythology bears an important relation to the science of ethics. It supplies a substantial proof to the modern argument that morality *per se* is a growth apart from religion, though the two have often seemed identical. In Greece it may be said that morality grew in spite of religion. The vilest actions and lowest passions were attributed to the gods; and when we remember the peculiar rites held in honor of Hermes, Dionysus, or Aphrodite, we must confess that, while art would have lost immeasurably had the early myths been forgotten, morality might have gained thereby. If the conception of divinity was purified, and the sense of right and wrong made more definite, it was not owing to priest, ritual, or dogma, but because of philosophers, poets, and artists. It was no learned Brahman or Angelic Doctor who declared Zeus to be the creator of heaven and earth, the god of justice, the omnipotent, the lord of all. These were the words of Æschylus, of Pindar, of Therpander; and Phidias was the divinely inspired, who, by his chisel, taught the people that the qualities which are truly godlike are strength, wisdom, and benevolence. The fact that it is impossible to draw a distinct line of separation between the good and evil powers in their mythology gives us the key to Greek culture. Their religion was never more

than a collection of traditions. Mystics introduced strange doctrines from Asia and Egypt, endeavoring to turn men's thoughts to the future life, and philosophers threw doubts upon the truth of old myths and beliefs. But the number of the initiated was never very large, and schools of philosophy were formed only to give way to new ones. The popular religion, however, still lived on; it was dear to the people, because its legends of gods and goddesses were inextricably blended with the early history of Hellas. All the thoughts and hopes of the Greeks were centred upon Hellas and upon the present. Their religious philosophy may be summed up in this maxim of Theognis, which, to show that

the sentiment received divine sanction, was inscribed in the temple of Leto, at Delos: "That which is most just is most noble; health most preferable; but the gaining the object of one's desires is the most pleasant feeling." Now men who love the world in which they live will contribute more to its improvement than those who despise it. The reason of the perfection of Greek art and literature, and of the joyousness and serenity of Hellenes as a race, was their honest, earnest love of life. According to Spinoza, "the free man thinks of nothing so little as of death, and his wisdom is a meditation not of death, but of life." If this be true, then the Greeks alone attained perfect wisdom and freedom.

Elizabeth Robins.

DOCTOR ZAY.

XII.

It was an ill-tempered December day, — gray from Passamaquoddy to Point Judith; grimmer in the State of Maine than in any other privileged portion of the proud New England coast.

"We allers do hev everything wuss here than other folks," said a passenger in the Bangor mail-coach. "Freeze and Prohibition, mud and Fusion. We've got one of the constitooshuns that *take* things. Like my boy. He's had the measles 'n the chicken-porx and the mumps and the nettle-rash, and fell in love with his school-marm 'n got religion and lost the prize for elocootin' all in one darned year."

A passenger from Boston laughed at this. He had not laughed before since they left Bangor, at seven o'clock in the morning, with the thermometer eight below, and the storm-signals flying from Kittery to Kitty Hawk. Of all places where it might be supposed that a man

with a free will and foreknowledge absolute of his especial fate would not be on a December day, the Bangor and Sherman mail-stage was the most notable. The mud of forgotten seasons and unmentioned regions, splashed, tormented, and congealed, adorned the rotund yellow body and black, loose-jointed top of the vehicle. The high windows were opaque with the thick brown spatter. The laborious wheels, encrusted with frozen clay, had given place to gaunt runners, that "brought up" on the abundant inequalities of the road with a kind of moral ferocity, like unpleasant second thoughts or good resolutions after moral lapses. The driver swore at his horses, and insulted the passengers by looking perfectly comfortable in a new buffalo coat. Inside the stage, lunatic gloom and the chill of the Glacial Period descended upon the unfortunate travelers. The straw was cold and thin. The blankets were icy and emaciated. The leather seats seemed to have absorbed and pre-

served the storms of winters, the rheumatism of the past, the sciatica of the future. The Boston passenger, though protected by his individual traveling-blanket and highly-becoming seal-bound coat, expressed an opinion that he was freezing to the cushions, which the jocose passenger honored by a stare and the comforting observation, —

“Why, we *expect* to.”

This pleasant person got out, about four o'clock, at what he called his “store,” — a centre of trade at some uncertain remove from the metropolis of East Sherman, — and the traveler from Boston had the impressive experience of finding himself alone in the stage during its passage through that segment of the Black Forest which the Bangor and Sherman route embraced.

He looked through the muddy windows upon the ghastly scenery with a sense of repulsion so active that it fairly kept him warm. The forest, through which the Machias stage-route ran nine awful miles unmet by a human habitation, turned its December expression upon him like a Medusa, before which the bravest pulse must petrify. Twilight and the storm were coming on. The runners made a fine, grating sound, like a badly-tuned stringed instrument, in the solidly-packed snow. Darkness already had its lair in the woods. Ice encrusted the trunks of the trees and the fallen logs. The stripped and tossing boughs moaned in the rising wind with an incredibly human cry. The leathery leaves that clung to the low oaks rustled as the stage crept by, as if they had been watching for it. It was too late to hear in the distant gloom the thud of the wood-chopper's axe. One leisurely and lonely rabbit, white against the whiteness, crossed the way and disappeared in the thicket. All the shadows on the snowy road were blue. The light that struggled from the sky was gray. The drifts were freshly blown over and deep, and the horses plunged and strug-

gled in them, and panted up the little hills. In the forest the snow lay on a level of five feet. The silence was profound; the desolation pathetic; the cold deadly. It was like the corpse of a world. The vivid face of the young man in the fur-trimmed coat disappeared, at the end of the first mile, from the mud-bespattered stage window. He rolled himself up to the throat in his traveling-rug, pulled his hat over his eyes, and let the Black Forest severely alone. His whole soul sank before it. He thought of the lives barred in behind it, bound to their frozen places like its icicles. He thought of the delicate nerve, the expectant possibility, the burgeoning nature —

“Poor girl!” he said aloud. “Poor girl!”

It seemed that he felt the necessity of commanding himself, or of defending himself from his own thoughts; for after a few moments' surrender to them he fumbled in his pockets for letters, and, selecting one, perused it with a studiousness devoid of curiosity, which implied that this was not the first or second reading. This done, he put it out of sight, and, leaning forward with folded arms upon the slippery ledge of the stage window-sill, stared out once more at the icy forest, with the look of a man who stood readier to fight his Gorgons than to flee them.

This was the letter: —

SHERMAN, *December 10th.*

MY DEAR MR. YORKE, — I suppose you've forgotten us, but it don't follow. We talk a good deal about you, and should feel honored if you would visit us. I should be pleased to see you some time in holidays, for it's as much as your soul's worth to stand holidays in Sherman. If the Lord had had to be born in Maine at this time of year — But there! Isaiah says I'm growing profane as I grow old, and I don't know as he's far out. The Baptists are getting

up a tree to head off ours. They are depending on a new recipe for a ginger-bread donkey, and turkey-red candy-bags. Our committee have sent to Bangor for cheap *bon-bons*, to spite 'em. I've bought some greens of a peddler, and Doctor asked me to find something suitable for her to give the cook. (I've had three since you were here.) The peddler was drunk, and the cook is going to leave next week. This is the extent of our Christmas news. Doctor is very busy, and Isaiah is n't very well. He's got sciatica. He talks a good deal about your uncle, the estate, and you. The big sorrel is dead. This has been a great affliction to him. It would be a great pleasure to him to tell you about it. It is the only thing that has happened in Sherman since you left. I hope you are in improved health, and that I have not made too bold in writing you this letter. I never wrote to a gentleman before, unless he began the correspondence. I have n't mentioned it to Isaiah, nor to any of the folks. Wishing to be respectfully remembered to your mother, I am truly yours,

SARAH J. BUTTERWELL.

P. S. Doctor has had the diphtheria. She caught it of Molly Paisley. She was sick enough for a week, and got out long before she was able. I look to see her down with something any day. It's been an awfully sickly winter, and they've worked her enough to kill five men and ten ministers. Dr. Penhallow's been here, and he talked with me about it. He said she was carrying it too far. He was very anxious about her. But nobody can manage Doctor, any more than you can a blocking snow-storm. If Providence himself undertook to manage her, he'd have his hands full.

S. J. B.

The stage had wrestled through its last important struggle, known to the passengers as the "long drift," more familiar to the profane driver as the

"d——d long drift," and the Black Forest lay at length behind the traveler. He let down the window to take a look at it, as they turned the familiar corner at the cross-roads, made immortal by an apple-blossom. They were close upon the still unseen village, now, and the night came down fast. The forest rose, a tower of blackness, like a perplexity from which one had escaped. He could just see the narrow road, winding gray and snow-blown through; it pierced the gloom for a space, and vanished with mysterious suddenness. There was one low streak of coppery yellow in the sky, upon which the storm was massing heavily in stratified clouds. The protest of the wind in the woods was like the protest of the sea. A few steely flakes had already begun to fall; they cut the faint light with meagre outlines, as if the very snow were starved in this famishing place. They struck Yorke in the face; he shivered, and put up the window impatiently. As he did so, he heard the sudden sound of sleigh-bells, and perceived that some one was passing the stage, almost within his hand's reach. The sleigh was a low cutter, overflowing with yellow fox-skins and bright woollen robes. The horse was a gray pony, closely blanketed. The driver was a lady, solitary and young. She wore a cap and coat of seal, trimmed with leopard's fur. She had a fine, high color. Her strong profile was cut for an instant against that last dash of yellow in the sky, before she swept by and vanished in the now implacable twilight. She had nodded to the driver with a smile, as she passed him, — one of those warm, brilliant, fatally generous smiles that an abundant feminine creature bestows anywhere, and takes no thought where they may strike, or how. The driver touched his cap with his whip. His pet oath stuck half-way in his throat, and gurgled away into "Evenin', Doctor!" as he yielded the narrow road to the pony, and struggled on with unpre-

cedented meekness into the silent, frozen village street.

It occurred to Waldo Yorke, leaning back there in the stage, with his hand over his eyes, after she had swept by, that it was impossible for him to chatter with those people before he should see her. It was unbearable now that there should be anybody in the world but herself and him. It was incredible. What man could have believed that one look would undo so much, would do so much? She seemed to have sprung on him, like a leopardess indeed. He panted for breath, and thrust his hand out, alone there in the dark stage, with a motion as if he could have thrust her off for life's sake.

The driver reined up at the post-office, and the passenger got out. He walked over to the Sherman Hotel and called for supper, and tried to calm himself by a smoke in the dingy office. But his cigar disgusted him, and he threw it away. He got out into the freezing air again as soon as possible, and walked up and down, for a while, in the middle of the road. The sidewalks were not broken out; the drifts lay even with the fences; there were no street-lamps, and between the scattered houses long wastes of blackness crouched. There were no pedestrians. Occasionally a sleigh tinkled up to the post-office; the drivers clapped their ears with blue-mittened hands, and crouched under old buffaloes worn to the skin.

He passed the town hall, where a sickly handbill set forth that the celebrated Adonita Duella, the only female child drummer in the world, would perform that night, and could be seen and heard for the sum of twenty-five cents.

He passed the Baptist church, where the vestry was lighted for a prayer-meeting, and a trustful choir were pathetically rehearsing *Hold the Fort*, with what they were pleased to call a cabinet organ and a soprano who cultivated a cold upon the lungs. The frost was as thick

as plush upon the windows of the vestry.

It was too early for either of these sources of social diversion to be open to the public. Yorke met no one, and walked as slowly as he could without congealing, stumbling through the dark, over the drifted road, till he came in sight of Mr. Butterwell's familiar square house. He came first upon the doctor's wing. Lights were in the office, and in her parlor. The reception-room was dark. Encouraged by this to think that the office hour was either over—it used to be over by seven o'clock—or else that no one was there, he pushed on, and softly made his way up the walk and to the piazza, where he paused. It was now snowing fast, and he stood in the whirl and wet, overwhelmed by a hesitation that he dared neither disregard nor obey. His thoughts at that moment, with a whimsical irrelevance, reverted to the letter he wrote when he first got back to Nahant, in which he had asked for her bill. She sent it, after a scarcely perceptible delay. He thought it rather small, but dared not say so. She had not written since. Now, after a few moments' reflection, he softly turned the handle of the door, without ringing. There was no furnace in the house, and the entry was cold. The door of the reception-room was shut. He opened this, also, without knocking, and, closing it quietly behind him, stood for a minute with his back to the door. She was not there, or she did not hear him. There was a soapstone stove in the reception-room, in which a huge fire burned sturdily. Plants were blossoming somewhere, and he perceived that there must be carnations among them. The office door and the door into the parlor were both open; a delicious, even warmth, summer-like and scented, pervaded all the rooms. He stepped on into the office, and stood still. The snow was sprinkled on his fur collar and black hair and beard.

"Handy?" she called from the parlor, in that rapid way he had noticed when he first knew her, and which he had come to associate with her anxious or wearied moods. "Handy, is that you? Come here."

Yorke made no answer, but advanced a step or two, and so met her—for, startled by silence, she had risen immediately—on the threshold of the inner room.

His heart leaped to see that she lost her color. She did, indeed. A flash, like fear, vibrated across her figure and up-raised face, then fell, and she had herself instantly. She held out both hands to him, and drew him graciously into the bright warmth of the room, led him to the lamp before she spoke, took off the yellow globe, and let the white radiance fall on his face.

"You are well!" she said, exultantly. "You are a well man!"

"As well as I ever was in my life, Doctor Zay. And stronger, by far. Do you see?"

He squared his fine shoulders, and smiled.

"Yes, I see."

Her firm eyes lifted, looked at him piercingly, then wandered, wavered. A beautiful mistiness overswept them; her will, like a drowning thing, seemed to struggle with it; she regarded him through it fixedly; then her dark lashes dropped. She turned away, not without embarrassment, and motioned him to a chair.

He forgot to take it, but stood looking at her dizzily. She wore something brown, a dress of heavy cloth, and it was trimmed with leopard fur, like that he saw in the sleigh. She did not recover her composure. She was like a beautiful wild creature. Her splendid color and fire mocked him. Who was he that he should think to tame her?

Yet, should a man let go his hold on a moment like this? By the beating of his own heart, he knew that life itself

might never yield him such another. He flung his whole soul into one swift venture.

"Dear," he said, "I am too strong, now, to be denied. I have come back for you."

"Oh, hush!" she cried. She had a tone of fathomless entreaty. She turned from him passionately, and began to pace the room.

He saw how she tried to regain her poise, and he saw with exultance how she failed.

"No, no," he said, with a low laugh. "That is not what I have traveled three hundred miles for. Oh, how glad I am I surprised you,—that I took you off your guard! Don't mind it! Why should you care? Why should you battle so? Why should you fight me? Tell me why."

He followed her with an imperious step. She came to a halt, midway in the bright room. She lowered her head and craned her neck, looking from him to the door, as if she would take flight, like a caged thing. He stretched his hand before her.

"Why do you fear me so?"

"I fear you because you love me."

"No, that is not it," he said, firmly. "You fear me because you love me."

He thought, for the moment, that he had lost her forever by this bold *détour*. She seemed to double and wheel, and elude him. She drew herself up in her old way.

"It is impossible!" she said, haughtily.

"It is natural," he said, gently.

"You do not understand how to talk to a woman!" blazed Doctor Zay. "It is presumptuous. It is unpardonable. You torture her. You are rough. You have no right"—

He advanced a step nearer to her.

"How beautiful you are!" he said, deliriously.

She turned from him, and walked to the other end of the room. He looked

across the warm, bright width. A high fire was flashing in the open hearth. She stopped, and held out her hands before it; he could see that they shook. She stood with her back to him. He could hear the storm beating on the windows, as if it were mad to enter this sacred, sheltered place, where fate had thrown them together, — they two out of the wintry world, — for that one hour, alone.

He advanced towards her, with resolute reverence, and spoke her name. She looked over her shoulder. He felt that she defied him, soul and body.

"I have assumed a great deal, I know," he said, in a tone from which the last cadence of self-assertion had died; "it is in your power to correct my folly and deny my affirmation."

She turned her face towards the fire again, before which her averted figure stood out like a splendid silhouette. This silent gesture was her only answer.

"I am not so conceited a fellow as to insist that a woman loves me, against her denial," proceeded Yorke, with a manly timidity that well became him; "and I have been rough, I know, coming upon you so suddenly, and taking advantage of your natural emotion. I do not wish to be ungenerous; no, nor unfair. I will not urge you any more to-night, if you would rather not. Shall I go away?"

"Yes, please," she said in a whisper.

He turned to obey her, but, half across the room, looked hungrily back.

Then he saw that she had clasped her hands upon the mantel-piece, and that her strong face had sunk till it was buried in them. She started as he turned, as if his gaze had been a blow, and shrank before him, a shaken creature.

Even at that moment, he felt more a sense of awe than of transport, at the sight of her royal overthrow. He was beside her in a moment, and gently

putting his own hand upon her cold, clenched fingers said, —

"Dear, is it true?"

"Oh, I am afraid — it is — true."

"And why should you be afraid of the truth?"

"Oh, it is a fearful thing — for a woman to — *love* — a man" . . .

"It does n't frighten me." He held out his arms, with that low, glad laugh.

"Come, and see how dreadful it is! Come!"

But she shook her head, and both her firm hands warned him off.

"I have lost my self-possession," she pleaded. "I have lost — myself. Let me alone. I cannot talk to you to-night. Go, and don't — I cannot bear to have you expect anything. I entreat you not to hope for anything. It will be so hard to make you understand" . . .

"It will, indeed," cried the lover joyously, "be hard to make me understand anything but Eden, *now*!"

But he spared her for that time, and, drunken with hope, went out, the maddest, gladdest, most ignorant man that faced the storm that night.

He waded across the piazza, where the snow was now drifting high. The dead stalk of a honeysuckle clutched at him feebly, as he went by. He presented himself at Mrs. Butterwell's door, and bore dreamily the little domestic whirl which followed. The only coherent thought he had was a passionate desire to be alone. Mrs. Butterwell hastened to call the doctor, but he said he had spoken to her as he came along. Mr. Butterwell began at once to give him the particulars relative to the last hours of the sorrel. Mrs. Butterwell bustled about blankets, and fires, and *things*. She looked a great way off, to Yorke, and small; he heard her imperfectly, and had to ask her to repeat what she said. He seemed to be floating, a being of another race, from another planet, high above the heads of these

old married people; in a blinding light, at a perilous height, from which he regarded them with a beautiful scorn.

He hastened to his room, under plea of fatigue, at the first pardonable moment. It was warm there, and still. The bed had been moved into a new place, and the framed certificate was gone. The hair-cloth sofa was there, and the little three-legged table where the medicine used to stand. There was a great fire in a fat, air-tight stove. He wheeled up the black sofa, and sat down, and watched the red oblong blocks of light made by the open damper in the side of the stove. He sat there a long time. Sleep seemed as impossible as pain, and connected thought as foreign as fear. He drifted in his delirium. He had no future, he knew no past. She loved him. He reeled before the knowledge of it. Possession seemed profanity. Where was her peer in all the world? And she chose *him*! With closed eyes he repeated the three words, *She loves me*, as he might have dashed down a dangerous wine, of which he had already more than man could bear. He was intoxicated with her.

He got through the next day as best he might. His host and hostess brought a first mortgage upon him, and Doctor Zay was hard at work. She was early at breakfast, late at dinner, and apparently took no tea. He saw her once struggling through the snow to give an order to Handy, who seemed to have added a number at his hatter's for each degree of severity in the thermometer. Handy had private views, which no man could fathom, relative to Mr. Yorke's unexpected appearance; but they were not of a nature which improved his temper, and, under the present climatic conditions, he was denied the resources of the sawdust heap. Handy wore blue mittens and a red tippet tied over his ears. He drove with the doctor that day, to watch the pony, who was un-

easy from the cold, in her extended "waits." Doctor Zay was wrapped in her furs, and had long, seal-skin gloves. She looked a trifle pale. Yorke watched the brave girl ride away into the deadly weather. She drove slowly, battling with the unbroken road. She carried a shovel to cut their way through drifts.

In the evening, as soon as might decently be, he went to her rooms. She was alone, and welcomed him with unexpected self-possession. She had a feverish flush on her cheeks. She began to talk as if nothing had happened. She inquired about his health, and the medical items of his recovery. She spoke of his mother, and his life in Boston.

Indulgently, he let her go on. He experienced an exquisite delight in all this little parrying and playing with fate, and in the haughty consciousness that he could put an end to it when he chose. He occupied himself in noticing that she wore a woollen dress of a ruby color, with a plush jacket and white lace.

"I have been at work myself, this winter," he ventured to say. "Did I tell you?"

"No. What have you done?"

"Sat in my office and prayed for clients."

"I approve of that. Did n't you get any?"

"Oh, yes; some wills and leases, and that kind of thing. Greatness is not thrust upon me. But I've *sat* there."

"Go on sitting there," said Doctor Zay, with a little nod.

"Thank you. I propose to."

She colored, and was silent.

"I wish you could have heard the Christmas oratorio," began York again; "and Salvini, and the Damnation of Faust,—it was given twice. I used to think there was nobody in Boston who enjoyed Salvini as you would. Then we've had unusually good opera. I must tell you about the pictures some

time; there have been one or two really excellent exhibitions."

"Tell me now," said she hungrily, leaning her head back in her chair and closing her eyes.

"No, not now. I have other things to say. You must come and see and hear for yourself."

"I don't know but I shall," she said simply.

"Confess you are starving in this snowdrift!"

"A little hungry, sometimes; it is worse in the winter. It would rest me to hear one fine orchestral concert. Do you remember what Irma said?"

"Irma who?"

"Why, in On the Heights. 'I want nothing of the world without, but some good music, with a full orchestra.'"

"You shall hear a hundred," murmured he. "It is fatuity to imprison yourself here,—it is cruel. I can't bear it. It must come to an end as soon as possible. It has infuriated me all winter to think of you. I had to drive you out of my mind, like the evil one. You must come down from your heights to the earth, like other people."

"Perhaps," said Doctor Zay, "when some of my poor women here are better. I have a few cases it would be disloyal to leave now. But perhaps, before I am old, I may move. I have thought that I should like to settle in Boston, if I were sure of a footing. I know the women there, in our school. Some of them are excellent; one of them is eminent. But there are none now (there was one, but she died) working on precisely my basis. Indeed, there are very few men who stand just where I do, and they would not help me any. I should be rather alone."

It was impossible to mistake the fine unconsciousness of these words. Yorke looked at her with amazement, which deepened into a vague distress.

"We are not thinking of the same things at all!" he said suddenly.

"What *could* you think I was thinking of?" she cried hotly.

"And what could you think *I* was thinking of? What does a man think of when he loves a woman?"

"Oh, you've come back to that again," said Doctor Zay, with an unnatural because feeble effort at lightness. But she pushed back her chair, and her manner instantaneously underwent a change. Yorke watched her for some moments in guarded silence.

"I have returned," he said at length, "to where we left off, last night. Why do you wish to make it hard for me?"

"I was insane," she said, "to let you get to that point. I ought to have prevented—a woman should control such things. I do not know what I was thinking of."

"You were thinking that you loved me," he said gravely.

She was silent.

"Do you want to take that back?"

"I wish I had never said it."

"Do you wish to take it back?"

"Alas," she said, below her quickening breath, "I cannot! It is too late."

"You admit as much as that? It was not a mood, nor a—but you are not capable of caprice. Then you have admitted everything," he said ecstatically, "and all the rest is clear."

She smiled drearily. "Nothing is clear, Mr. Yorke, except that we must separate. We have both of us lived long enough to know that a man and woman who love each other and cannot marry have no choice but to turn short round, and follow different roads. You and I are such a man and woman. Let us bring our good sense to the thing, at the outset."

"I am destitute of power to see why we should not marry," said Yorke, with a sudden faint sinking at the heart. She was without the tinselled tissue of coquetry. He knew that he had to deal not with a disguise, but a conviction. She had not that indigence of nature

which could have offered irreverence either to his feeling or her own. "I told you long ago," he went on, "that you should not be expected to surrender your profession. I should be ashamed of myself if I could ask it of you. I am proud of you. I feel my heart leap over everything you achieve. It is as if I had done it myself, only that it makes me happier, it makes me prouder. I want you just as you are, — the bravest woman I ever knew, the strongest woman and the sweetest. Do you think I would take your sweetness without your strength? I want it *all*. I want *you*. There is nothing I will not do to make you feel this, to make it easy, to help you along. I could help you a very little in Boston. That has been a comfort to me. Why, what kind of a fellow should I be, if I could approach a woman like you, and propose to drink down her power and preciousness into my one little thirsty life, — absorb her, annihilate her, — and offer her nothing but myself in exchange for a freedom so fine, an influence so important, as yours? I shall never be a great man, but I am not small enough for that!"

She had listened to him attentively, and now lifted her eyes, which seemed again to retreat from him with that sacred timidity.

"I never heard a man talk like that before," she said softly. "It is something even to say it. I thank you, Mr. Yorke. Your manliness and nobleness only make it — harder — for me" — Her voice sank.

"Everything should be done to make the sacrifice as light as it can be made," urged Yorke. "I have thought it all over and all through. I know what I am saying. This is not the rhapsody of a lover who cannot see beyond his momentary ecstasy. I offer you the devotion of a man who has belief in the great objects of your life; in whom you have created that belief; to whom you have become — Oh, you are so dear

to me!" he added brokenly, "I cannot think of life without you. I never knew what love was like before. I never understood that a woman could be to any man what you are, must be, to me."

While he spoke she had grown very pale, and it was with difficult composure that she said, —

"Listen to me, Mr. Yorke! This is only — hurting — us both, you and me too, to no wholesome end. Hear what I have to say, and then we must stop. I appreciate — oh, believe me! — your generosity, and the loyalty you have to your own feeling for me. I never expected to find it. I did not suppose you were capable of it. I grant you that. I have never thought but that you would desire the woman you loved to be like other women, to give up everything. I have trained myself to think so, all along. You have taken me by surprise, I admit. You are more of a man than I thought you were" —

"It is your own work, if I am," he interrupted, smiling hopefully.

"But you do not know," she proceeded hastily, "what it is that you are saying. I do. You and I are dreaming a dream. It has a waking, and that is marriage. Few young men and women know anything more of the process of adjusting love to marriage than they do of the architecture of Kubla Khan's palace. I have had, as you will see, exceptional opportunities to study the subject. I have profited by them. Mr. Yorke, I never knew but three marriages in my life that were *real*!"

"So you told me once before," he said. "I never forgot it. Ours would be the fourth."

She shook her head with a melancholy smile. "You do not understand. You have not had my chances to see how it is. I do not think lightly of these things. Next to the love between man and his Creator (if there is such a thing, and I believe we must admit that there

is), the love of one man and one woman is the loftiest and the most illusive ideal that has been set before the world. A perfect marriage is like a pure heart: those who have it are fit to see God. Any other is profanity to me; it is a desecration to think of. I should be tortured. It would kill me to miss it. It is a matter in which I cannot risk anything, or I must reduce the risk to a minimum. Oh, women of my sort are thought not to reverence marriage, to undervalue it, to substitute our little personal ambitions for all that blessedness! I never spoke of these things before. I am not ashamed to tell *you*. Oh, it is we who know the worth of it! — we who look on out of our solitary lives, perhaps through our instructed experience and trained emotion. We will not — I will not *have* any happiness that is not the most perfect this world can give me. I will not stoop to anything I can fathom and measure. Love should be like a mighty sea. It should overflow everything. Nothing should be able to stand before it. Love is a miracle. All laws yield to it. I should scorn to take anything that I feared for, or guarded, — to look on and say, At such a time, such a consequence will follow such a cause. Then he will feel so and so. And then I shall suffer this and that, — and to know, by all the knowledge my life's work has brought me, that it would all come as I foresaw, — that we should ever look at one another like the married people I have known. Oh, I have watched that bitterness too often! I know all the steps, — I have had their confidences. You don't know what things people tell their doctors. I have heard too much. Years ago, I said, I will never suffer that descent."

"Do you mean," asked Yorke, trying to speak with a courage which he did not feel, "that you took a vow never to marry at all?"

"Oh no," she said, with her ready candor. "I am not one of those women. It

is not honest to assume that there is any perfect life without happiness. It is idle to pretend that happiness and loneliness are not contradictory terms. I have always known that I should marry if the miracle happened. I never expected it to happen. I put it out of my mind. I have known I should be a solitary woman. I am prepared for it. I would rather live twenty lonely lives than to suffer that desecration, — to see you look some morning as if it wearied you. I have seen them! I know the look. It would murder me."

"The miracle has happened!" He approached her with a passionate movement. "Trust it."

She shook her head.

"We love each other," he urged, — "we love each other!"

"We think so," she said sadly. "*You* think so. But you do not know what it all means. If I had been like the other women — Oh, I am sorry you have wasted all this feeling on me. If it had been some lovely girl, who had nothing to do but to adore you, — who could give you everything" —

"I should have tired of her in six weeks," said Yorke.

"And I will give you sixteen to tire of me!" she said quickly. But when she saw how this wounded him she was sorry she had said it, and hastened to add more calmly, "You see, Mr. Yorke, you have been so unfortunate as to become interested in a new kind of woman. The trouble is that a happy marriage with such a woman demands a new type of man. By and by you would chafe under this transitional position. You would come home, some evening, when I should not be there (but I should feel worse not to be there than you would to miss me). You would need me when I was called somewhere urgently. You would reflect, and react, and waver, and then it would seem to you that you were neglected, that you were wronged. You would think of

the other men, whose wives were always punctual at dinner, in long dresses, and could play to them evenings, and accept invitations, and always be on hand, like the kitten. I should not blame you. Some of the loveliest women in the world are like that. I should like somebody myself to come home to, to be always there to purr about me; it is very natural to me to accept the devotion of such women. There was one who wanted to come down here and stay with me. I would n't let her; but I wanted her. With you it is more: it is an instinct of heredity. Generations of your fathers have bred it in you. You would not know how to cultivate happiness with a woman who had diverged from her hereditary type. Happiness must be cultivated. It is like character. It is not a thing to be safely let alone for a moment, or it will run to weeds. It would slip out of our hands like thistle-down, and I should be made to feel—you would feel, and your mother and all the people you had been taught to care for—that I was to blame; that it was a life-long mistake for you to have married a woman with a career, who had anything else to do but be your wife”—

“My mother, of all women, I know would be the first to uphold you,” interrupted Yorke. “She believes in all that sort of thing about women. I never thought of it till this minute. It used to mortify me when I was a boy; then it only bored me. I shall kiss her for it when I get home! You need not give a second thought to my mother. She has never got over what you did for me last summer, and she's dying to see you, in any capacity. If you came to her in that of a daughter, she would set you on a pinnacle, and fall down and worship you.”

“It has been very manly in you,” said Doctor Zay musingly, “never once to ask me to give up my work. I shall not forget it.”

“I never *thought* of asking it,” said

Yorke. “It's not because I have any particular theories, and I should be ashamed to let you credit me with any sort of nobility about it. I don't *want* it any other way. It would undo everything. It would make another woman of you. I want you just as you are. Come!” he said, with a different tone. He leaned above her. She had never seen such wells of tenderness in any man's eyes. She tried to look into them, but her own fell.

“You make it so hard for me!” she cried, in a quick, anguished tone.

Then Yorke drew back. “You do not trust me,” he said hoarsely. “You do not believe that I love you.”

She stretched out her hands to him in a mute appeal.

“I have waited on your caution and protest long enough,” he went on excitedly. “I went home last summer, as you bade me. I let you think I thought you might be right. I let you treat my love like a fit of the measles. You supposed I was going away to convalesce like a boy, and establish your theory. I never believed it for one moment! I knew all the time that what you call the miracle had got me. It has got you, too, thank Heaven! You can't escape it. You can't help it. Try, if you want to. I'll leave you to work it out. A man can stand a good deal, but there comes a point beyond which he must retreat in self-defense. I have reached that point.”

He turned from her, glowing with swift wrath. His face looked as if it were carved out of hot white lava; it seemed to her as if it would cool off in that color and expression, and remain by her forever, like a medallion. The rare tears sprang to her burning eyes. She felt how desolate she was to be.

At the door he paused, and looked, relenting, back.

“How tired you are!” he said, with infinite tenderness. “I would have rested you, poor girl!”

"Oh, don't!" she cried piteously. He approached her; she motioned with her warning hands. He stood hesitating, and she saw how perplexed and tossed he was.

"If you had truly loved me," he said savagely, "we should not have parted in this way. It would not have been possible to you. You could not have tortured me so. You would have trusted me. You would have risked *anything*. We should have taken hold of our problem together. Our love would have carried us through all these—little things—you talk of. I have overestimated the miracle,—that is all."

Before he had finished speaking she glided up to him; her deep-colored dress and waving feminine motions gave her the look of some tall velvet rose, blown by the wind. She put both her hands in his, threw her head back, and looked at him. For that one moment she gave her soul the freedom of her eyes.

"You shall know," she whispered. "You shall know for this once! . . . Do you see?"

He drew away one hand, and covered his face.

"It is because I love you that I—hurt you so. It is because I love you that we must part in this way. It is for your sake that I will not let you make a life's mistake. Oh, how could I bear it! I should waste myself in trying to make you happy. I could not live unless I made you the happiest man in all this world,—no, don't interrupt me; I know what you would say—but it would not be so. I will never marry a man unless I can make him *divinely* happy! I will not wrong him so. I will not wrong myself. This is right that I am doing. I am accustomed to making difficult choices and abiding by decisions. It is hard at first, but I am trained to it; I know how to do it. Don't worry about me; I shall get along. Go, now,—go quickly! I can't bear any more

of this." She drew back from him by a subtle movement, and gathered herself commandingly. He hesitated for a moment, opened his lips to speak, said nothing, obeyed her, and went.

XIII.

He decided not to see her again, and left by the morning stage.

When he had got back to Boston, he wrote to her what he thought a very deep letter. She answered it by a beautifully straightforward, simple note, in which there seemed to be nothing concealed, because there was nothing to conceal.

He wrote at intervals through the remainder of the winter; she answered him kindly. He tried to keep himself informed of the state of her health, and did not succeed in the least. She inquired minutely after his. Once she sent him a prescription marked *ars. 2 m.*, for an influenza. She exhibited the best of good *camaraderie*, and was rigorously destitute of tenderness. She seemed to have accepted a certain relation of kindness and frank mutual interest, with that mysterious facility by which women substitute such things for a passion. He was far more disheartened than if she had intrenched herself behind a significant silence.

In April Mr. Butterwell had occasion to write concerning the purchase, in Boston, of a horse to replace the sorrel. Mrs. Butterwell added a postscript. She said that the doctor was growing very peaked, and had gone to Bangor on a week's vacation, visiting a college classmate. She said the doctor had done a terrible winter's work. She said she hoped the Lord knew how the small-pox got to Sherman, for she was sure she did n't. She said Dr. Penhallow had gone to Europe.

In May Mr. Butterwell wrote again, to say that the new horse was satisfac-

tory, but that the lawyer was drunk; and if Mr. Yorke felt any uneasiness about his uncle's estate —

Mr. Yorke did experience great uneasiness about his uncle's estate. He took the first boat of the season, and steamed away promptly for Machias. He arrived there in the afternoon, and got a horse and boy, and started for Sherman. He reached the cross-roads at dusk, dismissed his driver, and, carrying his light bag, walked as briskly as the atrocious state of the roads permitted towards the village.

In going by a little group of lumbermen's cottages, he noticed a covered buggy standing at a ragged gate.

He would have passed it without a second thought, but for a sudden consciousness that the horse was an acquaintance whom he was likely to cut. He perceived then that it was indeed Old Oak. He looked into the buggy and recognized the blankets and fox-robe; for it was winter still in the reluctant Maine May. Without a moment's hesitation, he got into the buggy, and wrapped himself up in the robes, and waited.

He had to wait a long time. It grew dark. Several people passed, but no one noticed him. Some men were hanging about the house, and a woman or two; they seemed to be neighbors. He could not make out what was the matter, but inferred that these good people had some source of serious excitement connected with the lumberman's cottage. He asked no questions, not wishing to be seen. Now and then, he thought he heard cries in the cottage.

It might have been half an hour, it might have been more; but she came out at last. She had on a brown felt hat, with a long feather. She walked fast, nodding to the loafers, and speaking curtly; and, coming up, swung herself into the buggy, in her supple way. She had sat down beside him, and begun to tug at the robes, before she saw

that she was not alone in the dark carriage.

"Don't let me startle you," said Yorke.

She sat quite still, half leaning forward, for an instant; then sank back. She did not speak, nor take the reins. He perceived that she trembled from head to foot.

"I have done wrong!" he cried remorsefully.

"I did not — expect — to see you," she panted. "I was not quite myself. I have been going through a terrible scene. Where are the reins?"

"I have them. I shall keep them, by your leave." He touched Old Oak, and they started off slowly, plunging through the deep spring mud.

"You will upset us in this quagmire," she complained. "I know every stone and hole. Give me the reins."

He did so, without comment. She drove steadily, but feebly. She began to talk at once.

"There's a man in that house in delirium tremens. It is the worst case I ever had. They called me at three o'clock. I've just got him quiet. He was firing a revolver all over the house when I went."

Yorke uttered a smothered cry.

"At everything and everybody," said Doctor Zay. "Ball after ball, as fast as he could pull the trigger. They were all frightened. Nobody could do anything. I — He is all right now. Nobody has been hurt. I got it away from him. He is asleep. I — Mr. Yorke — will you please — to take — the reins?" She sank backwards, and slowly leaned and fell against the buggy's side. "Don't be disturbed," she gasped. "I shall not faint. I never did — in my life. I am only — out of breath. I shall be — all right — soon."

He resolutely put his arm about her, and got her into a more comfortable position. She panted, and was very pale, but had herself under soldierly control.

He saw that she was right; she would not faint.

"Either, alone, would not have been — too much," she said apologetically. "But both together — to find you there — and then I was up all night with a patient who suffered horribly. And I have n't — eaten very much to-day. I am ashamed of myself!" she added, in a stronger voice.

"I'm glad you had a buggy," observed Yorke maliciously.

"Oh, I had to," she said innocently. "Since the diphtheria my throat has been a little troublesome — and these cold spring winds — Thank you, Mr. Yorke, I am quite myself, now. I can sit up alone."

"I don't think you can," he said decidedly.

"Mr. Yorke" —

"Dear!"

"Oh, hush!"

"I have overtaken Atalanta this time. She stopped for a leaden apple, — for a revolver ball, — and I got the start. Do you suppose I am going to forego my advantage so soon? Do you think you are going to send me off again, after all we have gone through? Do you think I will give you up to your pistols, and your diphtheria, and small-pox, — you — *you*, — my darling, my poor, brave, lonely girl? Do you think I will ever leave this accursed State of Maine again without you? You don't know what kind of a man you're dealing with, then, — that's all," he added, by way of anticlimax. But his heart bounded to see that she did not protest and battle; nor, indeed, did she answer him just then, at all. She was worn out, poor girl.

He did not disturb her silence, which he felt stealing upon himself deliriously, as if it were the first fumes from the incense of her surrender. How should he breathe when the censor swung close?

"Mr. Yorke," at last, "are you *sure*?"

"As I am of my life."

"That it is *me* you want, — a strong-minded doctor?"

"A sweet-hearted woman! It is only you."

"How do you know I sha'n't make a — what was it? — 'cold,' 'unnatural,' 'unwomanly' wife? How can you expect anything else, sir?"

"I never saw a woman in my life who would do as much, give as much, to make a man happy as you would, — as you will."

"I wonder how you dare!" she whispered.

She turned her neck, with a reluctant movement, to look at him, as if he had been some object of fear.

"Oh, I dare more than that."

"How long have you — cared — for me?"

"From the very first."

She sighed. "I wish I could say as much! I can't. It took me some time. I cared most about the case, till you got better. And then I was so busy! But —"

"But what?"

"Oh, I could make up for that. I would n't be" —

"Don't stop," rapturously. "What would n't you be?"

"I would n't be outdone in any *such* way. If we ran the risk, I mean, — if it seemed to be best for you. I don't believe it is! I think it would be the worst thing that could happen to you. Why don't you get out of the buggy, and go back to Boston? What did you come here for?"

"To look after my uncle's estate, to be sure."

"Oh! . . . You must be very anxious about it?"

"I am very anxious."

The buggy lurched and lunged remorselessly over the dark and swampy road. She sat erect and white. She did not lean against anything. She did not speak, nor turn her face towards him.

He dimly felt that only another woman could understand her at that moment, and had a vague jealousy of the strong withdrawal which nature had set between her strength and his tenderness, as if he found a rival in it.

"Dear," he said once more, with that lingering accent on the word which gave to his urgency more the force and calm of an assured, long-married love than of a crude young passion, "you told me that love was like a mighty sea. It has overflowed everything. Nothing has been able to stand before it. It is a miracle, — like eternal life. Dear, are you ready to believe in the miracle?"

"Be patient with me," said Doctor Zay. "I have a scientific mind. The supernatural does n't come easily to it. How shall I begin?"

"Say after me, 'I believe in the life everlasting,' — that means my love, you know. I want to hear you say it, first of all."

"I believe — in — *you*. Will that do?"

"I will try to make it do," said Yorke.

"But I don't believe in your driving," observed the doctor. "There is a ditch four feet and a half deep, with a well in it, off the right, here. You are making straight for it. Give me the reins! If you don't mind — please."

"I don't care who has the reins," he cried, with a boyish laugh, "as long as I have the driver!"

They had got home, by this, though neither perceived it, till Old Oak stopped in the delaying spring twilight, and sighed the long sigh of the virtuous horse, who rests from his labors, aware that his oats shall follow him. Yorke accompanied the doctor, without hesitation, to her own rooms. She experienced some surprise at this, and vaguely re-

sented his manner, which was that of a man who belonged there, and who intended to be where he belonged. He held the office door open for her to pass through, and then shut it resolutely. All the scent and warmth that he remembered were in the rooms. In the uncertain light she looked tall and far from him. He felt that all her nature receded from him at that moment, with the accelerated force of a gathering wave.

"It is not too late," she panted. "You can save yourself from this great risk. You can go. I wish you would go! This is not like simple happiness, such as comes to other people. It is a problem that we have undertaken, — so hard, so long! No light feeling can solve it; no caprice or selfishness can live before it. If we fail, we shall be the most miserable people that ever mistook a little attraction for a great love."

"And if we succeed" — he began, unabashed by this alarming picture.

She gave him one blinding look.

"Come," said Yorke, passing his hand over his eyes. "You have had your way long enough. My turn has come. Hasn't it? Tell me!"

"What do you want?" she asked humbly.

"I don't want to feel as if I were taking a sort of — advantage. If you put me off one minute longer, I — shall. I shall take all I can get. I shall like to remember, all my life, that you came to me first, of your own accord; that you loved me so much, you would grant me this — little proof."

He held out his arms.

"Is *that* all?" she whispered. With a swift and splendid motion she glided across the little distance that lay between them.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A GEOLOGIC RAMBLE ON THE WEALD.

A CHARACTERISTIC feature of the English landscape, about the time of Easter or Whitsuntide, is the company of rambling naturalists, or, as the proverbial peasant calls them, "naturals." The call of the sportsman is no longer heard in the land; the sharp crack of the gun and yelp of the hound have made way for these milder invaders of wood and field, who hunt with harmless hammers and magnifying-glasses, and bag only shells, plants, and fossils. The birds and beasts seem to recognize these friendly islanders, and Dame Nature to put on her prettiest frock for them. So, at least, it appeared on a recent holiday, when I had the pleasure of a two days' ramble on the Weald, in Sussex, with the Geological Association. The landscape was in its full glory: every road fringed, every field brodered, with wild flowers; and the downs and commons were billowy with golden gorse, above which the skylarks ever chanted the song of Shelley, whose notes can never again be detached from theirs. They sang from dawn till evening, and as constantly the contralto of the blackbird responded from the woods. And all this beneath the sky's blue crystal!

Our company numbered over two-score, and included several ladies. It was under the joint direction of a local geologist of Hastings (Mr. Peyton) and Mr. Topley, who has gained wide fame by thoroughly mastering the geology of that unique part of England, the Weald, — his book thereon being a standard work. We all took third-class tickets from Charing Cross to Battle; for science is democratic, and no man must be hindered from coming because he was poor. Arrived at Battle, we began at the extreme surface of the Weald, namely, the mansion and picturesque gardens of the Duke of Cleveland. Then

we looked over the field of the historic battle of Hastings. From a beautiful paved terrace, where stood Harold and his soldiers, we looked upon a meadow, nearly a mile wide, to the long, elevated ground where the Conqueror and his invading forces entrenched themselves. Half-way between shone the little river which "ran blood," its legend preserved through eight centuries by the red color of the iron mingling with the Wealden clay in the beds of such streams. The ferociously pious Norman William vowed to build a great church if he should conquer; and there where he found the dead body of Harold, and took the fallen standard, he ordered the high altar to be set up. In this royal human sacrifice the Norman cross was planted; the Abbey grew around it, with its many buildings, and remained until Henry VIII. brought a severing channel between Britain and Rome, which wore on to the "silver streak" made permanent by the Reformation. The battle of Hastings was the last in which flint weapons were used even by the humblest soldiers; where they were picked up are now some famous gunpowder mills. The Duchess of Cleveland came out to see us, and ordered that we should be shown not only the shells of the Abbey buildings as Henry VIII. left them, — the refectory, which escaped only because horses might be stabled where the monks were fed, and the kitchen, with lofty marble pillars, — but the ducal mansion, built in modern times behind the lofty and wide gray gateway. In the splendid library are portraits of the duke's ancestors, charming and refined gentlemen and ladies, who, no doubt, were proud of tracing their pedigree to the victors of Hastings. Looking upon them, I remembered the terse criticism of Emerson: "Twenty thou-

sand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. They were all alike: they took everything they could carry; they burned, harried, violated, tortured, and killed, until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth that decent and dignified men now existing boast their descent from these filthy thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits by assuming for their types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf, and snake, which they severally resembled." To geologists, however, William the Norman and his ferocious fauna are creatures of yesterday; and when, being called on for a speech at our last dinner together, I quoted Emerson's estimate, they accepted the description as true, and maintained that the better conqueror was our own William, namely, Mr. Topley, who had scientifically mastered every rock and stratum of that region, and was now leading his unarmed comrades into possession.

Impatient of such contemporary events as the battle of Hastings, our geologists were soon speeding through the country in vans. But once or twice we alighted on the road, and then began to rush frantically through hedges, across ditches and fences, and down steep places, — generally the jaggedest discoverable. Mr. William Topley is unquestionably a great geologist, but as a rural guide for a quiet saunterer I cannot conscientiously recommend him. So far as my experience went, if there was a thorny hedge to be crept through, thitherward Topley led his flock; and if a disagreeable lime-pit, Topley was seen in it, inducing others to put themselves into the same position. Of course one may gradually acquire an enthusiasm even for chalk gullies and whitened garments, but at first it seemed to my

lay eyes that, though Topley was sometimes a suggestive name for panting climbers to utter, Bottomly would at others have been more appropriate for this last conqueror of Hastings (and, if I may say it without offense, despiser of restings). At one of our sudden disappearances the drivers of our vans gave us up, and drove on and around some miles, with the view of waylaying us on the other side of the woods and ravines in which we seemed lost. To walk would have taken much time, but fortunately we came across an engine connected with the gypsum works of the neighborhood; it had a truck before and another behind it, which were speedily occupied. And here one might observe how some people, quite familiar with the facts and forces of a myriad years ago, require tuition concerning those of modern locomotion; the evidence of this being the sooty appearance of those who had entered the open truck immediately behind the engine chimney, when there was room enough for all in the truck which was shoved. The master and workmen at the gypsum works, to which we were carried, were much more polite to the geologists than is usual in similar cases. This may have been partly due to the fact that this same association discovered the existence of gypsum at that point, where it had not before been suspected. The geological enterprise known as the Sub-Wealden Boring was begun in 1872 and continued to 1875, for the purpose of reaching Palæozoic rocks. A hollow bore with sharp saw-edges, whirled round from the top, was sent down into the earth 1905 feet, and a column was brought up in segments of that length. They pierced through calcareous shales (which quarrymen here call "bastard blues") and limestones, and at 125 feet came to gypsum. The gypsum bed was found to be forty-three feet in thickness, of very pure quality. Fragments of the boring are still strewn about.

Although it solved an important problem, to be mentioned hereafter, this pin-scratch on the face of the earth failed to probe the Palæozoic rocks, the secondary having been found of unexpected thickness; but some interesting and obscure specimens of fossil plants and shells were brought up. At a depth of 1769 feet true coralline oölite, seventeen feet thick, was found resting on a bed of "Oxford clay."

Geology, never aiming at practical utility, is often surprised at finding itself made useful in the business of the world. Not long ago a landowner sold an estate, with a condition that if coal were found in it he should have half of the yield. Sure enough, the purchaser did find an anthracitic black substance which made excellent fuel, and began to sell it. But it was different from ordinary coal, and he refused to share it with the former landowner. A lawsuit followed, and it was decided against the plaintiff on geological testimony that, though quite as good as coal, it was not technically that substance. Geologists are often asked for opinions as to the probable metalliferous or mineralogical character of certain local strata. Until comparatively recent times the diviner held his place. Of course impostors of this class were driven by failures out of their pretense to discover particular metals and minerals, but they held out long on water, in this moist country. The last divining-rod of which I have heard in this region was exterminated by the ingenious device of a man of science. This diviner used to be paid for discovering the site of water, and it was pretty sure to be found if bored for far enough. Hearing that a credulous farmer was about to employ him, the scientist asked to accompany the search. After they had started, the scientist informed the farmer of the test he intended to apply, under promise of secrecy. He had filled his pockets with bits of a rock not found in that region, and wherever

the rod gave a sign he slyly dropped a fragment of the same. When four or five spots had been indicated by the divining-rod, the scientist, feigning a genuine interest, requested the diviner to return on his steps, and point out the water-spots again. The impostor consented, but in each case his rod passed over the previous (marked) spots without a tremor, and indicated adjacent ones. The farmer perceived that the diviner was a humbug, and the superstition migrated to more congenial regions, such as the petroleum wells of America. Except about the gypsum works, however, the peasantry generally seemed to regard us as mild lunatics, kindly guided on an Easter excursion. At one point, where a dozen men were quarrying building-stone, the smiling pity on several of the bronzed faces revealed their potential relationship to classical Joe of Cumberland, who, employed by the "jolly jist" to fetch his large bags of precious stones next day to a hotel in the neighboring town, hit upon a plan for lightening his burden: Joe emptied the bags at starting, and refilled them from the turnpike just before reaching his destination. In a subsequent interview Joe remarked, "I niver owder heard mair of t' oald jolly jist, but I've often thowte ther mun be parlish few steáns i' his country, when he was sooa pleas't at gittin two lál bags full for ten shillin', an' sec a breakfast as that au'. It wad be a faymish job if fadder could sell o' t' steáns iv oor fell at five shillin' a pwokeful, wad n't it?"

At Battle, after a good dinner, paid for round the table, the party divided: some remaining to pass the night at the George, the rest going on to sleep at Hastings. At an early hour next morning we were all on Hastings beach, near by the old castle, whose chief interest lay in a certain geologic "fault," which its builders had utilized in completing their entrenchment. Here were groups, gazed upon by boatmen and fishermen

with silent wonder, going about chipping rocks, examining shingle, gesticulating at the high cliff. Some girls and boys, whose white legs were shining in the surf, came out and hastened after us, scrutinizing the mysterious rocks which had been hammered. At the bottom of the cliff was a rock on which the waves of opposing ancient seas, striving like Norman and Saxon, had left their battle monument in the form of beautiful diamond-carvings. The children, following our eyes, discovered the wave-marks, and hastened over to the rock, sixty yards distant; but the sight which needed that perspective was gone, and mere roughnesses rewarded their search for reality beneath the beauty. Having climbed one hundred and fifty feet to the top of the cliff, we all reclined on its edge, to rest a little in the warm sunshine. We knew as little of the sanctity of the spot we were on as its geologic value was known to the nut-brown nymph of the place who confronted us. This sun-tanned beauty of seventeen came, with the usual gypsy tone, begging that we would buy photographs of Dripping Well, Ecclesbourne Glen, Lovers' Seat. "What is Lovers' Seat?" inquired our chorus (rather younger than that of the Greeks). "I'll tell you!" she cried, and, sure-footed as a chamois, she leaped upon a rock overhanging the perilous precipice, and began her sing-song but not-unmusical recital, in a hereditary tone which suggested that the same story might have been told there as long as the waves had beaten on the shingle. "There were two lovers,"—so ran her runic romance. "The lady's name was Elizabeth Boys, and the gentleman's Captain Charles Lamb, whose father was a timber merchant living at Rye, and 'er father a very rich country gentleman living at 'Awk'urst, Kent, who sent her to Fairlight place because he should not visit her. So one evening she was taking a walk on the top of this cliff, and

waving a 'andkerchief to make known she was there. Captain Charles Lamb saw the signal, came on shore, and they met on the Lovers' Seat. They kept meeting there for some time, and then got married at St. Clements Danes, in the Strand. After that he left his majesty's service, and joined a pleasure yacht, and went cruising about the Isle of White. One very rough day, while steering the yacht, he was washed overboard and drowned. She was so broken-hearted she went back to her father, who would not 'ave hanything to say to her because she disobeyed him; so she came to this place, stretched out both 'er harms, and gave a great leap from the rocks so 'igh to the sea so deep, saying, —

'The shells of the hoshun shall be my bed,
'And the shrimps go wiggle-waggle hover my
'ead.'

Instead of that a branch of a tree caught her, and that saved her life. The captain of the revenue cutter, who took her 'usbun's place, saw her jump; he ordered the men to lower the boat, and take 'er hoff. She was so grateful to the captain that they were married, and 'ad a large fam'ly, and lived 'appy ever hafter. And that 'appened in 1786, and that 's the true history of Lover's Seat." When the girl came to the lines of poetry and the wiggle-wagging shrimps, her voice quivered with emotion, and she felt after a handkerchief, which, no doubt for good reasons, was not forthcoming, and altogether was dramatic enough to obtain a considerable lot of pennies. The story has been evolved to get pennies. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Lamb, after her elopement, died before her husband, at the birth of her first child, a daughter, who married a clergyman named Ferris. How many myths of greater dignity began their development in minstrelsy inspired by penny-wisdom!

Descending to the beach we came to a good point for observation, and all sat

down on the shingle. Dr. Busk and his daughters, who were staying at Hastings, Professor Tydemann, of the Geological Coast Survey, and some others had joined us, and we were now about fifty in all. Here, with a vast sweep of the curved cliffs in full view, we were to hear from Mr. Topley the full story of the Weald. Several persons, who had seen us in the distance, probably imagined us a company of the Salvation Army, and approached us; but when they saw the outstretched maps, and heard some sentences of the sermon Topley was finding in stones, they retreated in a double-quick that did credit to Salvationist drilling. From his rock this clear-headed man, whose eye "of large discourse" seemed to have been evolved for geoscopic work, and whose mind had become a spiritual organ of the wonderful Weald, spoke to us for nearly an hour. No poem written in our time could surpass the sublimity of the history told in his simple speech.

The characteristic Wealden beds are, briefly, as follows: (1.) The Wadhurst clay, consisting of clay and shale about one hundred and twenty feet in thickness; near the bottom, sand and sandstone, and then calcareous sandstone, with nodules of clay ironstone, and a band containing the tiny shell *Cyrena*. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this was the chief seat of the iron trade, but the last furnace was given up in 1828. (2.) The Ashdown sand, from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet in thickness. This rock-sand makes an important feature of the Hastings cliff; and about thirty feet from the top of it there is a bed of shale, twenty-five feet thick, named after the delicate little vegetable fossil found in it, *endogenites erosa*. (3.) The Fairlight clay, consisting of mottled clays, sands, and sandstones, over three hundred and fifty feet in thickness. (4.) The Purbeck beds, composed chiefly of shales with two series of limestone beds

together four hundred feet in thickness. (Early in this century these Purbeck beds were extensively worked for lime; but they have been abandoned because it is more economical to carry chalk-lime by railway.) Although, as has been said, the Sub-Wealden Boring failed of its main object (reaching the Palæozoic rocks), it revealed the fact that these Purbeck beds were not, as had been supposed, representatives of the true Wealden beds, but contained fossils not found in the others, namely, marine and brackish-water shells.

When that International Geological Commission, of which Mr. Topley is a member, has determined on a common terminology, the names just used may cease to be dry bones even for the lay apprehension; but the wonderful history that is in them will require more than scientific interpretation. As I lay on the shingle, listening to graphic descriptions of hills no longer existing, and rivers no longer flowing, I recalled one charmed summer day in the porch of Craigie House, when Agassiz was trying to persuade "the sweet singer" that he should become minstrel of the mighty forests primeval, which existed before any Evangeline, even anthropoid, wandered through them. Agassiz, beginning with laughter, became so unconsciously poetical that he had to defend himself against a demand in return to write the coming epic himself. It is perfectly true that one who should thoroughly explore this Wealden realm would find himself in the presence of conceptions whose vastness and sublimity provincialize the imaginary shapes of Dante and Milton. The eye beholds a mighty ocean, and even while it looks the ocean dries up and disappears, leaving its record in vast deposits hardened into rocks. A continent rises, is covered with plants and animals; and now a great lake forms over it; then the whole of it sinks, and again an ocean flows over all; presently once more the

land emerges, to be denuded by the sea, planed by glaciers, and worn by rains, till every page in its history is laid bare.

On our first day inland, yet within sight of the sea, and amid manifold manifestations of the sea's mad work up there, hundreds of feet above the sea level, we had all gathered bits of rocks studded with fresh-water shells. These fresh-water shells, found thickly overspreading a region two hundred by eighty miles, define geologically the Weald (Wald or Wold) of England. Similar fresh-water fossils (such as the tiny *cyrena*) you gather on the cliffs overhanging Hastings, and still they are framed amid clear traces of the working of the salt sea. And these fossils are the witnesses whose wondrous testimony concerning the shaping of the earth were rehearsed by their best interpreter, and opened vistas before the mind's eye which made all conventional cosmogonies trivial.

On the coast of Hanover the same kinds of fresh-water fossils are found, and their path, many miles wide, may be traced far away into the depths of Germany. The other point on the continent where they appear is on the cliffs of Boulogne, and their wide bed stretches toward the south of France. In neither of these countries is there any river near the track of these fresh-water shells, but plenty of traces of marine action. Yet long before any Channel had severed England from the Continent, two rivers, as large as the Rhine, flowed northward from France and Germany, and united to form a vast estuary or lake, whose bed is now known as the Weald. Since then the whole of this region has been submerged; it became the bed of the sea, and over these fresh-water deposits were piled up sands and chalks a mile thick. The earth itself rose and fell in tides, each of which must have required millions of years for its flowing or ebbing. From beneath the sea England emerged by im-

measurably slow degrees, and as it did so the surf sawed and planed the cretaceous mass, even as it now undermines these white cliffs around us, and has compelled yon light-house to retreat thrice before its encroachments. Still rose the land formed under the sea, steadily went on its denudation, until at length was laid bare again these long-entombed fresh-water forms of the estuary that had stood here in the unimaginable past. In regions around are the bones of wolves, elephants, bears, and other animals, which freely roamed to this part of the continent, but when severed by the sea from the mainland could not find here a habitat. There was no Channel tunnel; the winter was not so mild as this; there was nobody to pity and shelter the poor Jumbos of that era: so they perished, many of them, it would seem, huddling in caves, where their teeth are found, the most lasting bone of every animal.

England is now again sinking under the sea. On the beach at Hastings one may see at low water remains of a submerged forest,—trunks of oak, yew, hazel. Bede records the great "sea-flood" of 1014. In the Rye Records of this region is written, "Be it remembered that in the year of Our Lord 1287, in the evening of St. Agath the Virgin, was the town of Winchelsea drowned, and all the lands between Climesden and the vocher of Hythe." The high tides which submerged this forest still come, but they no longer find helpless animals or populations; they beat against groins of stone. This lump of chalk called England will scratch many a black-board before it melts in the sea. There is something strangely mystical in the appearance of the great downs spreading inland from the white chalk cliffs which gave its name to Albion. They are like vast billows rising to their crests. They have a long gradual slope on one (and the same) side, and on the other a precipitous inward

curved escarpment. The effect is that of a sea that has been suddenly solidified. And down on the beach the small rocks are found with similar incline on one side, and escarpment on the other. The high downs will be laid low some day; but to those who think in geologic time the placard of "Danger," set on the cliff's edge, appeals to generations some millions of years ahead.

The majority of eyes that come to the seaside during the holidays are not bent upon geologic or other vistas. Of this fact I have just been reminded by the following effusion of a rambling Cantab, headed Morn by the Seaside:—

"Mark how the rosy regiments of Morn
Speed welkinward from isle to fleecy isle,
Leaping, and drive the sable Night and all
His swart battalions down the western slopes
Into the western waves. This is the hour
That fires the poet's brain with frolic fancies,
That bids him sing of Venus and her doves,
And all those sunny deities that erst
O'er high Olympus ruled; and I, e'en I,
No fanciful poet — bah! a twinge of that
Most unimaginative rheumatism!
Deuce take the dews! — I'll back to bed at once!"

Were I writing for the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord, I should not despair of showing that the sonnet just quoted is a little shell characteristic of the last stratum of England, disclosing the transcendental effect of the Channel which severed this land from the continent. Cliffs ever fortified against the sea produce a nation ever fortifying itself against the fluctuating world: this insular conservatism develops an insular genius, whose imagination rises only to its marine escarpment; and this large, general feature of English thought is represented in such small escarpments as the rheumatism which arrested my Cantab's flight to Olympus. Q. E. D. The opposition of this nation to the Channel tunnel began a thousand years ago, when these people on the coast began to defend their cliffs from the sea, took a further step when they tried to beat back the Norman, and a longer step when they developed their

conquerors into islanders like themselves. At the end of the series we find English genius, however bold and beautiful, rarely able completely to humanize itself. It is hardly able to follow a world-ideal which turns English institutions into a detail. There are exceptions: Byron, Shelley, and some others escaped insularity by banishment; Browning has measurably escaped by aid of Shelley and Italy; Swinburne, by a little French revolution of his own; and Dante Rossetti, by the loyalty of his Italian blood to the great Florentine seer, whose name he so worthily bore. But to the average English intellect all these cosmopolitan men are more or less failures. The song that wins the heart of England must be high and grand indeed, but it must terminate in "God save the Queen," or else wait until the waves of time have submerged the limits it does not respect.

A little way from here is a castle, associated in my mind with the man who, of all others that ever lived, illustrates the capacity and the limitations of the genius of this nation. It is Hurstmonceaux Castle, and the man I mean is Carlyle. This place, the ancient lordship and estate of Godwin, Earl of Kent, embattled by Sir Roger Fynes in Henry the Sixth's time, passed on to be the inheritance of the late Archdeacon Hare. John Sterling, who had traveled with Hare in Germany, was appointed by him rector of Hurstmonceaux, and in June, 1834, entered upon his work. But, meanwhile, the master seated invisibly within Sterling was Carlyle. No doubt it was through him that the Hares also became warm friends of Carlyle. I have before me a charming letter written by Carlyle, which, as it has never been published, I may well insert here. It was written to Archdeacon Hare.

CHELSEA, December 20, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR, — Many thanks for the pamphlet and kind letter which have

reached me this morning. In the former, as I glance over it, I already discover many things to be glad of; the latter is wholly a glad, welcome thing. We have an honorable printed "Charge" to the spiritual troops under your captaincy; and then the written Charge to a poor *non-soldado* (alas!) of the *guerilla* or moss-trooper species, — who hopes, nevertheless, that he perhaps fights on your side, too!

My expedition into Sussex grows ever the pleasanter to look back upon. It was transacted, as most of my journeys are, in a strange, preternatural humor, the fruit of sleeplessness, excitability, and nerves all torn to pieces; so that the whole world looks to one, like what it partly is, a spectral vision, proscenium to Hades, and hardly differing in quality from that! Months after, this and the other clear, living figure, clear, beautiful scene, dawns out on you in quiet visibility of fact, all the lovelier for such environment. Uckfield, Cuckfield, Mayfield, Maresfield, — all these fields and strange, blue-green, sunny, shady places are henceforth portion of my private picture-gallery.

That you ask me back to Hurstmonceaux is very gratifying to me. Why should I not say to myself, Yes, this too is possible one day? Your "inhospitality" remains forever memorable to me; how I plumped in upon you, weary, out of the waste-howling labyrinthic night, and found — one waiting to devour me! There are few things beautifuller in the world and its wayfarings than the like of that.

For several months past I sit here, *perdu*, in a little back room, sunk to the ears, or almost deeper, in Cromwelliana, Laudisms, Covenantanisms, — the dullest, dreadfullest stuff I ever engaged with in this world. The vapidest *Moniteur* of the French Year One was Ho-

meric in comparison with these "continents of cinders." *Ah me, aus dem wird Nichts*, — except one's own deliverance from it by and by! Hurstmonceaux has no books on this subject. I find it difficult to get books; and then wish almost it had been impossible.

Darley was here not very long since, but saw only my wife. He speaks of Hurstmonceaux as of Eldorado. Milnes¹ passed along towards France two weeks ago; he looks happier than ever, and even threatens to grow *fat*, — fatter than hard beseems. We hear occasionally of Sterling. I think of late years I have noticed a *book* lying in him, occasioning various pains and phenomena. *Lucina* be good to him, poor fellow!

Did you see a "tragedy," by Mrs. Gore, called *Dacre of the South*,² or some such thing, the scene of which is your castle, Hurstmonceaux? It has nothing else remarkable. We are overrun with dramas at present, or "legitimate dramas," as most of the authors call them here.

Will you commend me in all kindness of remembrance to your fair sister, begging for me some reciprocity, if that be possible.

All lies bound in its winding-sheet of ice and snow, and gray, moaning skies. Strange to think that the sun and the everlasting blue do exist and shine above it all!

Good be with you, in all senses of that word. Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

So sweet were Carlyle's relations with the clergyman with whom he was subsequently to contend for the dead body of Sterling! For the rest, the whole life formation of Carlyle is in this letter in miniature, — its gentle flowery slopes, its sharp, wild escarpments. Here is the intellectual moss-

Haunted House, is also founded on a tradition connected with this castle.

¹ Now Lord Houghton.

² The Dacres of Hurstmonceaux were ancestors of the Hares. The comedy of *Drummer*, or

trooper equipped for heroic fight, but with no side yet to fight on short of the cold battle-fields of Cromwell and Laud, spectral as the phantoms of William and Harold beside him and Sterling, as they walked these cliffs, pondering problems of the universe. From his continents of cinders he must look to the bright castle halls and their happy circles, unhaunted by any demons of doubt, and as they cheerily beckoned him answer, "Yes, this too is possible one day!" But alas, when the day came the heart for it was gone. He sat in the aristocratic mansion beside the Mediterranean, his window overlooking groves of the orange and olive, able to see only one grave in a ruined abbey of Scotland, and a cold winding-sheet shrouding everything. An icier winding-sheet now wraps the memory of Carlyle; gray, moaning skies bend over the grave of his fame. It may be "strange to think that the sun and the everlasting blue do exist and shine above it all," yet so do I for one think and believe. It requires a long time to take in Jungfrau as a whole. Its silvery frettings, as seen from a distance, turn, when approached, to blanched desolations; its precipices are perilous, its avalanches remorseless; its brow is for the most part clouded. But down its sides forever flow cloud-distilled streams, that feed the meadows and flowers beneath; and they who climb and patiently wait shall find the cloud part at the summit, commanding vistas of eternal beauty. And yet do I believe that while, as from this summit, the populations of the plains seem pigmies, even those on the hillocks small, there can be most clearly defined among them a Scottish peasant, who never outgrew his first rude home and village, whose heart never ascended with his intellect, and whose life will remain the most salient revelation of the spiritual prison-walls corresponding with these outlines of Britain. And this peasant is Carlyle himself, whose heart never left the village and the kirk

where he lies buried, and whose joy was consumed like the moth of his own poem in the flame of his own genius. But the tender mythopœic processes of man will gradually raise Carlyle's heart into harmony with his genius. When his intellectual negations and new affirmations, under which he groaned, have become invested with the religious sentiment and adorned by art, and the "survivals" he clung to fully fossilized, then these confused records of his life will be recombined. The small prejudices, ignorant judgments, and inherited heart superstitions of the individual Scotchman will be discharged by crystallization of the man. Many hearts and thoughts of men and women will add what he lacked, and he will become as heroic a figure as any he ever worshiped. But he will not be worshiped; for in death he has released men from the illusions of his life. The end of the prophet of hero-worship has been to prove to the world that heroes are creations of their worshippers. Critical investigation knows the same to be true about all his heroes, save him who named England's highest cliff. The greatest man was he of whom we know least; he left no "reminiscences," but said, "Sweet friend, for Jesus' sake forbear!"

Just as I had written these last words, a charming book reached me, *A Poet's Harvest Home*, by William Bell Scott, — one of Emerson's friends, — in which is the following: —

HERO-WORSHIP.

How would the centuries, long asunder,
Look on their sires with angry wonder,
Could some strong necromantic power
Revive them for one spectral hour!
Bondsmen of the past are we, —
Predestined bondsmen: could we see
The dead, now deified, again
Peering among enviring men,
We might be free!

But I have rambled far from my scientific friends. The last I saw of them was when we all gathered at Has-

tings for our final dinner together, and thereafter made speeches of mutual felicitation on the good weather and the general success of our excursion. The rambles now ended, the scientists gave signs of hilarity such as might have justified Cumberland Joe's word, "jolly jists." We closed the day with a generous old-fashioned English dinner, enjoying which an invited guest, though not a scientific enthusiast, remarked, "If this is geology, I like it!" Our worthy host of Green's Inn, who had done his very best for the large company, caught this remark, and it relieved him; for he was mystified, and his face had grown a little red, as he had heard round the table such words as "false beddings," "faults," "denudations," and "pudding stones." The beds of his inn were faultless; and the pudding contained no

stones, but honest steak and kidneys. In the end the last trace of anxiety was cleared from his brow by fit compliments. In the evening, billiard tables were in requisition; theatres were filled with unaccustomed faces; and the splendid baths of Hastings were occupied by expert swimmers. Bright and early next morning we were all on the way to London. But could it be on the same railway as that by which we came? The return ticket said so, and the stations bore the same names; yet to the eyes of one among the ramblers the landscape appeared to have suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange: glaciers moved along the valleys, surf was sawing at the hill-tops, and over the bright mansions and spires of Tunbridge Wells had spread a vast translucent lake!

M. D. Conway.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

VII.

EDUCATION.

THE various churches and religious organizations in the Southern States all appeared to be deeply interested in the work of popular education, and their leading men were evidently studying the problems and difficulties connected with the subject with serious attention. Most of these religious bodies have schools and colleges of various grades under their supervision. I visited many of these, and I think that their work, when compared with that of institutions of learning of similar rank in the Northern States, must be pronounced fairly good, and decidedly creditable to the communities which sustain them. Education is not so general in the South as in New England, but it is regarded with more respect, and its possession confers

greater distinction. The education obtained at the best Southern colleges has long been noticeably solid and genuine in quality, and I thought the young men at these institutions appeared to be rather more vigorous than the students in our foremost Northern colleges or universities, — to have greater intellectual and personal force. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that usually, in the South, only boys that evince superior ability are sent to college. There are comparatively few rich men in the Southern States, and, in consequence, not so many young men as at the North are sent to the best schools merely because their parents are possessed of great wealth.

The educational work already accomplished in the South by the American Missionary Association is of a high character, and it deserves all possible recognition and assistance. The best

Southern people everywhere spoke of it gratefully and enthusiastically. At the Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Virginia; Talladega College, in Alabama; Tugaloo University, Mississippi; Tillotson Normal School, Austin, Texas, and at several other colleges and normal schools which I saw, though the money endowments are scanty compared with the amounts which are needed, the endowments in personal qualities and character, as represented by the teachers, are of a remarkably high order. This is necessary, for the work of educating the colored people of the South requires the best teachers that can be obtained.

In many of these institutions the boys learn something of various trades or mechanical occupations, and of farming; and the girls are taught sewing, cooking, and the care of a house. I examined a great number of the negro common and high schools, which are taught by graduates and students of the colleges and normal schools which I have named, and I think it wonderful that so many of these negro teachers are successful. They have to struggle against many disadvantages, but nearly all whom I saw had the confidence and respect of the leading white citizens where they were at work. There were a few fools among them, of course, but a great majority appeared to be serious and sensible young men and women.

DIFFERENT SCHOOL SYSTEMS.

One feature divides the state school systems of the South into two classes. The States of the first class have each but one school fund for both races, and in these no distinction is made between white and black children in the distribution of this fund. Of this class the State of Virginia is a good representative. Each State of the other class has two separate school funds, one for white and the other for black children. Of this class the State of Kentucky is a

good representative. The white people of Virginia, of course, pay much the larger part of the taxes which are levied for educational purposes in that State, but this does not affect the apportionment of the school fund. The State does as much for a black child as for a white one in the matter of aid from the public treasury for purposes of education. During the year which closed just before my visit to the South, the number of schools in Virginia was almost doubled; the school attendance was more than double that of the preceding year, and was greater by about fifteen thousand pupils than in any previous year. Over two hundred new school-houses were built, and nearly one hundred thousand dollars added to the value of the school property of the State. The total expenditure for all school purposes for the year was about one million dollars. There were nearly five thousand schools in operation. This number should be greatly increased, of course, as there were then eighty-seven white children for each white school in the State, and one hundred and ninety-one colored children for each colored school. This shows that for a very large number of children of each race no school facilities had, up to that time, been provided.

A very successful Teachers' Institute for white teachers had just been held at the University of Virginia. Four hundred and sixty-seven teachers attended it, of whom three hundred and twelve were women. The Colored Normal Institute was held at Lynchburg at the same time, and was attended by two hundred and forty colored teachers, of whom one hundred and ten were women. Dr. W. H. Ruffner, then State Superintendent of Public Instruction, said of this Colored Teachers' Institute, "None who witnessed any considerable part of the proceedings could doubt either the capacity or the desire of the negro for intellectual, and especially, in this case, for professional improvement.

There is no social or governmental purpose for which money could be more wisely spent than in the systematic training of colored teachers for colored schools." Public education was at that time advancing in Virginia, and the expansion and improvement of the schools had a substantial basis in the character of the men who then directed these activities of the commonwealth; but since then the operation of "the spoils system," connected with the peculiar political movement of the day, has affected the educational interests of the State unfavorably.

The State of Kentucky appropriates the taxes received from colored persons and the fines collected from them to the support of colored schools, not considering it just to tax white people for the education of negro children. As there is comparatively little wealth in the possession of the colored people of Kentucky, their school fund is by no means adequate to their needs. The Virginia plan is far better for both races, and for all the interests of the commonwealth, and Kentucky would do well to adopt it, even if it does go beyond the requirements of strict justice and involve some degree of generosity. In Georgia the law gives authority to local school boards to levy taxes and organize schools, and in some places a very remarkable degree of public spirit has been developed among the people in regard to education; the expenditures for school purposes are wonderfully large, and as the system is wisely managed the results are of the most gratifying character. Other States are doing well, but in most of them much remains to be done in the preparation of plans, and the discussion of methods for the expansion and better endowment and organization of public education.

HELP FROM THE NATIONAL TREASURY.

Before leaving the subject of the educational interests and needs of the South-

ern States, I wish to suggest that the most important problem connected with these interests at present relates to the method of raising revenues for school purposes, or to the source from which such revenues are to be obtained. As I have already noted, there is in the South a strong and very general sentiment in favor of "a national system of education." By this phrase is meant a system which shall provide for the support of the public schools in the Southern States, or in all the States, by appropriations from the national treasury. Many Southern politicians are in favor of the creation of a "Department of Education" as a branch of the national government, of equal rank and authority with the departments already existing, and desire that this department shall have the direction and care of the public schools of the whole country. The advocates of this plan urge that there would be great advantages in the uniformity of methods of instruction and organization which would result from the adoption of a national system, with a single head and central authority exercising general control. The subject readily lends itself to speech-making purposes, and I learned, while in the South, that it is possible to make a strong and popular presentation of this plan in public address.

Other Southern men, more moderate in their views, propose that the national government shall undertake the education of the colored race only, leaving the interests of the white people to be provided for by the state governments. But it would seem that the training of white children should be regarded as not less important than that of the blacks, and there is a large class of white people in the South whose available resources for educational purposes are even more slender than those of the negroes. No reason has yet been brought forward in support of the idea of educating the blacks at the cost of the national government, and under its direc-

tion, which would not be equally cogent if used in favor of the education of the "poor whites" by the same system. Their need of instruction is as great as that of the blacks, and, whatever may be the peculiar obligations of the nation in regard to the colored people, it can scarcely be our duty, I suppose, to make any discrimination against the white people of our country, or any portion of them, or to adopt measures of national policy which would have the effect of making Anglo-Saxon lineage comparatively a disadvantage and misfortune. But such would be the practical bearing and consequences of creating a system of national education for the black people of the Southern States, and excluding the white population of the same States from participation in its benefits. If the supervision and support of the common schools of the country by the national government would insure superior facilities or opportunities for those who might receive instruction in these national schools, surely no class should be excluded on account of difference of race or color, or of any condition of inferiority or misfortune.

Such a system or method of education would tend strongly to perpetuate race distinctions, as its most characteristic and essential feature would be the discrimination between whites and blacks; and it would hinder and tend to prevent the political amalgamation or assimilation of the two races in the South. This blending of the two races into one political community, so that the color or race line shall no longer form the boundary between political parties, is most important and desirable for all concerned.

BENEFITS OF SELF-HELP.

The feeling and conviction, on the part of the white people of the South, that the elevation of the negro race is indispensable to the safety of society, and that their present condition of ignorance and debasement is full of danger

for both races, is a most wholesome and necessary sentiment. Nothing should be done to release these white people from their proper duties and responsibilities connected with the education of the negroes, and their moral guidance and control. The whites and blacks together form the political community or society in the Southern States, however they may be separated by social or other distinctions. The people of the two races jointly and equally, in proportion to their numbers, constitute the state in our political system; and it is in every way best for all the interests concerned that they should learn to bear the burdens and perform the work of the state or civilized community together, learning thus the importance of coöperation for the accomplishment of the great objects of civilized life, and developing mutual respect, sympathy, and confidence. As education is in our country one of the functions of the state, it is better for the people of these Southern communities to attend to the organization and direction of the activities connected with this function, and to bear their necessary cost, even though it may involve some temporary inconvenience, than to shift the responsibility and expense for such objects to the nation at large.

A system of national education for the blacks, or the appropriation of national revenues for their education, would be a source of evil and injury to both races and to the nation. I do not think that the poverty of the Southern people is so great as to render national aid for educational purposes indispensable or really desirable. Such destitution or paucity of resources as now exists in some of the Southern States need not be permanent, and is not likely to be so. There is already a marked and steady increase in the wealth of many of these States; and, on the other hand, a degree of self-sacrifice for the sake of objects really valuable is an improving and civilizing influence of which

the Southern people should not be deprived.

The advantages of education will be valued more highly if they are obtained by the provident foresight and public spirit of the local communities, than if they are derived from gifts bestowed by the national government; and much better use will naturally be made of them. It is important to develop a spirit of self-help and independence among the black people, and to avoid anything that would incline them to look to the national government for interference in their behalf, or for special fostering or protection of the interests of their class. It would be easy to injure and degrade many of the colored people by creating conditions which would have the effect of leading them to expect the interposition of the national government, for their assistance, in every experience of hardship or difficulty. Their chief dangers and calamities are likely to be produced by their own indolence and want of self-restraint, and they should not be encouraged to expect, from any source but their own efforts to improve their condition, relief from suffering which is the natural consequence of vice.

WHAT KIND OF EDUCATION?

It appears to be generally assumed, by those who urge the necessity of national aid for Southern schools, that all the difficulties and dangers of the present condition of the South are due to the lack of education there, and that they would be entirely (or almost wholly) removed by the influence and effect of the culture that would result from the giving of such aid. But this notion is not likely to be adopted by any one who has much acquaintance with the intellectual and social conditions now existing among the Southern people, or who has seriously considered the limitations of popular education and its results in the Northern communities in which it has had most complete develop-

ment and most efficient operation. The education most needed at the South, and especially by the colored people, is industrial and moral training; and the public schools of this country do not, at present, give to the children and young people taught in them much training or culture of either of these kinds. It is of course desirable that the children of negroes should be taught to read and write, and to keep accounts for themselves; but it is still more important that they should be trained to labor, and be aided to obtain such elementary moral equipment as will help efficiently to prevent their sinking to the criminal or pauper class.

There are so many "branches of knowledge" in the course of study in our public schools almost everywhere in the Northern States that the pupils are hurried from one study or exercise to another during all the hours of the school day, and there is very little time for thought regarding even the lessons themselves, and still less for any kind of moral instruction. It is the custom to eulogize our system of common-school education, without limit or discrimination. It is perhaps one of the best things in our possession, but it is curiously unmoral; that is, it is almost entirely intellectual, and makes little account of moral instruction or development. The teaching in our Northern schools tends very generally to produce in the pupils a dislike of manual labor, and a disposition to regard those who live by it as an inferior class. The strongest social influences, particularly those which are dominant in most Northern churches, reinforce these sentiments and tendencies, and nearly all the teachers in the public schools represent and embody them in large degree, as they have either "risen out of the laboring class," or are endeavoring to escape from the necessity of manual toil.

But a great deal of manual labor is necessary, and if it is to be performed

only by inferior persons it seems foolish to give our serfs an education that will either make them restless and discontented in their degraded condition, or will cause them to "rise out of it," and leave it altogether. In the latter case, some of the superior people might be compelled to work with their hands. Our public-school education is a great source of discontent among the working people. It "Americanizes" the children of the ignorant, toilsome Irish immigrant so successfully that they feel that they are entitled to higher prizes than fall to the lot of those who work with their hands.

Such education would be of slight practical value to most negroes. They would learn more of what they most need to know by being trained to work than could be acquired by them in our best public schools. Good Sunday-school instruction, the plain teaching of the essential principles and fundamental precepts of New Testament morality, as they are adapted to use in the conduct of life by seriousness and what is called "common sense" on the part of the instructor, is better suited to supply the education required by the condition and interests of the negro than any other agency with which I am acquainted. The peculiar adaptation of judicious training to the state of the negro which is called for by his present situation and character consists in the free and constant play of personal influence, and the vital personal relations which should be established between the teacher and his pupils. In our public schools the personal influence of the teacher is reduced almost to a minimum. The teacher has become, in many instances, chiefly a machine for conducting recitations, and represents forces which are mechanical rather than vital.

NO REASON FOR A "CRAZE."

I conclude that such education as the advocates of "national aid" — especial-

ly the Northern advocates of this plan — have in mind would not greatly benefit the negroes nor any other class in the South. Young colored men will not necessarily be improved by being able to read a partisan newspaper, nor the girls of their race by the perusal of worthless and vulgar stories, written by men and women destitute of culture or discipline of any kind. There is no necessity for haste in the adoption of important measures either of national or state legislation in reference to this subject. Much time will be required to prepare any new plan or system, if its practical development and effect are to be wholesome and beneficial. The need of the Southern States, or of the negroes in them, for public-school education is not desperate. If there is anything desperate in the present condition of the South, any terrible peril which threatens important national interests, it will not be removed or averted by such education as is given in the public schools of the Northern States. The pressure for haste in the adoption of a system of national education for the negroes comes mostly from politicians, and from persons who think that a "crusade" is the best method of progress. The vehement rhetoric which they employ in the endeavor to start a popular clamor, which shall "demand" the enactment of such laws as they desire for this end, and their impatient denunciation of those who oppose the project as "moss-backs, fogies, and Bourbons," appear to indicate a degree of distrust on the part of the advocates of this plan regarding the effect of deliberate inquiry, a fear that it might not be favorable to their wishes. There should be much discussion before the adoption of any measure providing for changes of such importance in the relations of the national government to the institutions and functions of the separate States.

If, as a result of such discussion, it is decided that the nation shall undertake or

provide for the education of the negroes, the instruction and training given them should by all means be chiefly practical, technical, and industrial, rather than literary. After the studies belonging to the primary or elementary grades in the schools, or along with them, should be given such instruction and drill as will best prepare the pupils for the most common mechanical occupations and for agricultural labor. The improvement of the quality of Southern labor is one of the most important objects that can engage the attention and efforts of intelligent citizens of the Southern States at present, and it is also a matter of vital interest to the capitalists of the whole country. The laborer himself should of course be improved by education; but as all knowledge is not of equal value to a man who must make his living by the labor of his hands, his education should be adapted to the conditions of his life, and should aid him more efficiently to perform the particular duties which circumstances will require of him.

THE PERSONAL EFFORTS OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Among the most important features of the educational work now going on in the South is one which, from its nature, can have little public recognition. I refer to the personal missionary efforts of the women of the leading white families for the improvement of the common people of both races in their own communities. In many places, where the men are discouraged and depressed by the greatness of the work which needs to be done for the people around them, the feebleness of their resources, and the unfavorable conditions under which all such efforts must be made, there are a few women who feel that something must be done, and who are circulating every scrap of reading matter that they can obtain; are advising, instructing, and encouraging the colored

girls whenever they can obtain any hold upon them; are trying to inspire and strengthen the young men of both races to resist the evil influences about them; and are, in short, reconstructing society by the old, slow, best method of personal effort and influence. I have rarely found anywhere earnestness greater than theirs, or a clearer sense of the dangers to society from ignorance and immorality. The appalling magnitude of the evils against which they contend, and the pathetic slenderness of their means of warfare, would deeply impress any thoughtful person who could observe and measure them, as I had opportunity to do in many places.

In several towns and country neighborhoods these women are forming reading circles and clubs, and trying to prepare the way for the establishment of small public libraries. No doubt much reading matter could be sent to them, if I could give the names of persons to whom it should be directed. But that is not yet practicable. Such publicity would, in many instances, very seriously cripple this good work, or indeed render it impossible. Such work must be, especially in the South, under existing conditions, private and personal, in the earlier stages of its development. But every person who has opportunity to send reading matter to any one in the South who will receive and distribute it ought to do so, as in this respect the destitution is very great almost everywhere, except in the larger towns and cities. "Anything to read" which is not mischievous or utterly worthless, books or magazines, will be acceptable and useful. But it is not usually worth while to send old school-books. They can scarcely be of much use anywhere. I find that many of them have been sent to the South, apparently to get them out of the way, or perhaps with a vague notion that things worthless elsewhere might be valuable in that benighted region.

LETTERS FROM THESE LADIES.

Since my return from the South, a few earnest and patriotic men and women in New England and other portions of our country have sent me considerable sums of money, amounting to several hundred dollars in all, to be used for the assistance of the Southern women referred to above, who are striving, against such odds, to create centres or points of light around which a new civilization may be developed. It has all been distributed, and most of it was devoted to the purchase of a few books for each worker and her clients, choosing such works as were specially adapted to the peculiar conditions prevailing in different parts of the South, and only books of superior literary worth. Such fields of work are the last places in the world to which poor or trashy reading matter should be sent.

The letters received from these ladies, in acknowledgment of gifts of books from Northern well-wishers, are all much alike. The following, from a lady in Louisiana, fairly represents their general characteristics, and I print it as an expression of the feelings and spirit of the class of Southern women to which the writer belongs:—

—, —, LA., *January 5, 1882.*

DEAR SIR,—The books which you sent reached us safely, and I wish to express, in some small measure, our grateful thanks for your kindness, and for the assistance which your generous friends have given us.

My sister, Miss G. (whom you saw when here), and I make equal use of the books among our people here and in her neighborhood on — Bayou. You ask me to tell you something of what you kindly call our work, and of its beginning. We have talked it over, and at first we thought we could not tell how it began. In fact, it began in the "slavery days," long before the

war. When we were little girls, our mother always went around to the cabins of the old and sick negroes on the plantation every Saturday, and she often took us with her in the carriage. We learned a little about nursing. Our place was destroyed in 1863, and our dear mother died soon after. Our father, though an old man, was killed in battle, as was one brother. The other died in a prison camp at Elmira, New York.

I was married as soon as the war closed, and my husband and I came back to the desolate plantation. The negroes had been scattered, but soon returned. We were broken-hearted, and my sister and I began to go about among the negroes; at first to try to escape from our distraction, and then to see if we could find any women or girls to help us in the house. Our greatest difficulty was that the old ways of living had been broken up, and none of us knew exactly how to adapt ourselves to the new state of things, which was not yet fully developed.

Finally, my sister said the negroes must be taught. It seemed like trying to make a new world, but she said we might as well begin, and we did. My husband laughed at us, but helped us all he could. Most of the negroes about here can read now, and many can write, and we have sent two young men and one girl to the normal school to be teachers. We drill and scold and punish them, old and young, and help them to have picnics and settle their quarrels, and — do everything.

I am afraid this is very vague. But really, what we do is so vague that it is hard to see what it is; yet I suppose it has changed the negroes a good deal. They behave better and they know more than in the old times. But they are not so happy. They are not so free from care. The new knowledge often seems to be a weight and a trouble to them. But of course we must go on,

though we often feel that we do not know just what or how much it is best to teach them.

In answer to your inquiries about the influences and value of different books, we have found that, while almost anything is of use, *good books are the best*, even for the most ignorant. We make much use of poetry. Many of Mr. Longfellow's poems, and of Mr. Lowell's, please the negroes, both old and young; and Mr. Matthew Arnold's Selection of Wordsworth's poetry is a good *religious* book for us.

Mrs. Whitney's stories are much liked, as are Mr. George Macdonald's *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood* and *At the Back of the North Wind*. Mr. Edward Clodd's *Childhood of the World*, and Colonel Higginson's *Young Folks' History of the United States*, are very good. We could profitably use additional copies of all these. But your selections have been so useful that we do not wish to ask for particular books. We are very grateful indeed for your offer to send another parcel. If it should contain anything not suitable here, we can send it to our friends in Tensas Parish, who are working under difficulties greater even than ours.

It would not seem becoming to have our names published, or communicated to strangers; but if it can be done without this, we should like to have our thanks given to the kind ladies who sent us the books. With best wishes for them and for you, I am, dear sir, very gratefully and sincerely yours,

ALICE E——.

A lady near Eutaw, in Alabama, writes:—

"The books are all admirable, and will be most helpful for our people. As to what we most need, nothing would do so much good to the negroes as some simple little books, or chapters, to teach practical religion or morality. Few can imagine how much elementary

work is needed here, or how *very* elementary it must be. *You* will not suspect me of contempt for the race — though others might — when I say that teaching these young negroes is like trying to make a new *human* race out of animals. We have to begin at the first of everything. I wish some of your literary people would write some little books, or lessons, explaining *how* and *why* it is wrong and bad to steal, for instance, *how* it does harm to lie, the bad results of laziness, and such things, on grounds connected with character and life in this world. It is not best to depend too much on ideas of punishment and reward in another world, in teaching the negroes, though of course these ideas have great force with them. But we cannot afford to use them every day; they would soon be in great degree worn out.

"Negroes generally feel badly to be found out in stealing or lying. They do not like to be scolded. But few of them can understand why it would not be a gain to a poor man to steal five dollars, if he could do it without being found out. It is often very hard to know how to begin with such people. It seems as if they had no moral faculties to be developed; as if they would have to be created. Many of them have a strong love of approbation, and I acknowledge that I govern or influence them more by means of this trait than in any other way. They do things to please me. I sometimes hear the mothers saying to their girls, 'Bettah look out what you's 'bout. Miss Leila be 'shamed o' you.' Some of my friends think it is not right to appeal to such motives to have them do better, but I try everything that I can think of. Only last week I threatened to whip an old man because he took some of my Sunday-school boys away fishing on Sunday morning. I could not have hurt him much, but he threw up his hands in terror, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Miss Leila,

I mos' rudder go to jail dan have *you* tech me wid a straw.' Then I said, 'Uncle Steve, you're the worst nigger on this creek, and you'll break my heart. Here I'm trying to make these boys decent and good for something, and you're always putting brush in my road.' 'W'at kin I do fo' you, Miss Leila?' in the most abject manner. 'Come to Sunday-school, and help me with those boys.' 'Can't larn me nuf-fin; I's too old.' 'But you come and help me.' And he came last Sunday, much to the wonder of the school and of the whole neighborhood, and it was quite a victory."

FOR NEW ENGLAND WRITERS.

These passages are from letters written in response to requests of mine that the ladies would tell me something of their methods of work. The wish that "some of the New England literary people" would write and publish simple lessons or manuals for such instruction in morality as is needed by negroes who have learned to read, or for the use of their teachers, appears in several of these letters. (Southern people estimate very highly the powers of New England writers; they have more regard and admiration for literary work or performances, as such, than is common in the Northern States, where there is greater familiarity with such matters.) If any of our thoughtful young people are inclined to effort in the direction indicated, they may feel assured that anything really suited for the purpose above described would be of great value in the education of the colored people of the South, and would probably be found to be an advance upon the books or lessons now in use in Northern Sunday-schools, where, also, in many places, there is great need of suitable apparatus for the most elementary moral instruction.

But I have counseled these Southern teachers to depend mainly upon them-

selves for helps or instruments of this kind, and have suggested to them that if they will habitually take notes, or keep some record, of what they say to those whom they teach, so as to be able to recall the main points or ideas which they employ, and something of the illustrations and familiar forms of expression which they find it necessary to use in order to make their teaching intelligible or impressive, they will in a year or two find themselves in possession of a great deal of the very best material for such books or lessons as they desire for their work. No possible degree of literary ability, or, I should think, even of genius, would qualify any person for writing such guides or manuals, without some measure of actual experience in training the ignorant and undeveloped.

I will present but one additional extract. A lady in Kemper County, Mississippi, has very recently written me a letter, which I should like to quote in full. In speaking of the black people she says, "Their religion seems dreadful, in some ways, to intelligent people. It is dreadful in its wretched superstitions, and passionate impulses, and excitements. But I am convinced that our work with them must be, not to get them out of their religion, but to put better things into their religion. They need to learn how to be religious on 'business principles,' if I may use the phrase without danger of misapprehension, how to act rightly in worldly affairs, — that is their great need, — and still be religious in a true sense. There ought to be some little books to instruct those who are the brightest among them, so that we can make teachers of them for their own race. Do you think something of the kind could be prepared by any one whom you know? Of course it would not do to be *learned* or *philosophical*. I have wondered sometimes if *parables* would not be good."

Who will write some parables? It is proper to add here that the best writings

that I have yet seen for the instruction of the common people in practical affairs, and generally in the conduct of life, have been produced at the South. They have been issued as a series of Sanitary Tracts for the People, and were prepared by two ladies connected with the Normal and Agricultural Institute for the education of negroes and Indians, at Hampton, Virginia. The executive committee of the American Social Science Association, at a meeting held June 8, 1878, Professor Pierce in the chair, unanimously adopted a resolution expressing a most favorable judgment of the character of these tracts, and of the effort "to spread among the people of Virginia, and of the South in general, a knowledge of sanitary science popularly set forth." There is great need in the South, as there is in the factory towns of New England, of books and papers which shall be more particularly and directly addressed to the working people, and more vitally adapted to the conditions, interests, and duties of their life, than those to which these classes now have access.

MIXED SCHOOLS FOR THE TWO RACES.

There is one important feature or division of the subject of education in the Southern States which I have not yet brought forward in these studies; that is, the question of separate or mixed schools for the two races. The sentiment, feeling, and judgment of the Southern people are at present strongly and almost universally opposed to the idea of educating white and black children, or young people, in the same schools. But a change in this matter is already in progress. After attentively studying the subject everywhere, I am convinced that there will soon be mixed schools, for white and colored children, in many parts of the South. There are already a few such schools, and the effect of considerations of convenience, cheapness, and practical efficiency are

likely, I think, to cause a rapid increase in their number. I look for a decided revolution in Southern thought and feeling within twenty years in regard to this subject. A few of the most intelligent and far-seeing among Southern leaders — some of the foremost "Bourbons" — say that mixed schools are "sure to come," and they are not disturbed by the prospect.

I insert here a letter received a few weeks ago from the president of an important Southern institution of learning, to whom I had addressed some inquiries relating to this question. It will serve to show what has already been done in one instance, in the association of the two races in the same school. The strongest tendencies of the time appear to confirm the judgment thus expressed by a distinguished teacher, regarding the probable course of development of the relations between the white people and the negroes in education.

— — —, *March 15, 1882.*

DEAR SIR, — Our school before the war was a white school for both sexes, and sometimes numbered a hundred pupils. It was an anti-slavery school, and, after John Brown's raid, was broken up by a committee of sixty-five men, sent by a county convention.

The school was revived soon after the war, and for several months the students were all white. Three or four colored youth then asked admission, and were admitted, and half the white students left the same day. Other colored students came in and filled the vacancy. Those who had left nearly all returned within two years.

For over fifteen years we have had both sexes and both races meeting without distinction in church, chapel, classes, dining-room, choir, band, literary societies, reading-rooms, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association, and other places.

It took a little time to get everything

adjusted, and there was a little friction at first, but no serious difficulty has ever occurred; and none whatever during the last eight years.

The ratio of white to colored students has been, for the whole time, about two to three. A few times there have been as many white as colored students.

They often meet in social gatherings of from one to three hundred, white and colored, without friction and without embarrassment. Some of our brightest and most interesting students are colored.

There has never been an engagement of marriage between two of different colors. Occasionally, a white young man escorts a bright colored young lady to a lecture. We have absolutely no knowledge of color in our school regulations.

Mixed schools will come, but slowly, and will commence in country places, where there are few colored children. In the cities the higher schools will first mix. The change cannot come suddenly, and it is not desirable that it should.

One district in an adjoining county, not being allowed by law to admit colored children, built a new school-house, and all went there together.

Columbus, Ohio, has within a year abandoned its last colored school. The constitution and laws of the United States will settle the matter soon enough. I am yours respectfully,

—.

INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF THE BLACKS.

The question of the capacity of the colored people to receive education is one of great interest. It is of course still uncertain whether many of them will be found capable of acquiring a high degree of intellectual culture, and considerable time will be required for the solution of this problem. It does not appear to me probable that the race

in general will prove to be possessed of sufficient intellectual fibre and tenacity to enable them to endure the labor and discipline upon which a varied and complex culture depends. It will be very strange, considering their antecedents and their present environment, if the colored people do not show themselves manifestly inferior to the whites. I think that the sanguine friends of the black people may be disappointed by the results of their education, because, as it seems to me, they expect too much of a generation which has no intellectual past behind it. But it is possible that the disappointment really awaits those who are less hopeful. The negro has not failed where he has had a fair trial. He was successful as a slave. The race was developed and benefited by slavery in this country, instead of being corrupted and ruined by it, and this may indicate the possession of qualities which will render it capable of a high degree of civilization; but it is more probable that its most important characteristics are such as fit it for a subordinate position. In such a relation to a stronger race, the black people would be likely to evince great tenacity and power of endurance under conditions of depression and misfortune. But it is a question whether the race is possessed of qualities which will render it in a high degree vital and efficient in its relations to the actual environment here in America.

Negroes have greater imitative ability than the whites, and they acquire the rudiments of knowledge with a readiness which is often wonderful; but I doubt their possessing capacity for sustained and complex intellectual exertion. Yet they have more of sentiment, fire, and passion in their nature than the white people, and these elements may greatly increase the vigor and efficiency of their intellectual endowment.

It appears to be certain that they

have a superior equipment for oratory. It is said of many of their public speakers in the Southern States, politicians and preachers, that they will attempt to speak on any subject and upon any occasion, without preparation or previous acquaintance with the matter in hand; and that even with such odds against them they often succeed in saying *something* effectively, — in persuading or strongly influencing their auditors by fluency, pathos, humor, and beauty of expression. Eloquence seems to be natural for many of them, and I heard several colored men described as among the best public speakers in the South by cultivated white antagonists. But I do not think this aptness for oratory on the part of the negroes is likely to be of much value to them or to the country. Popular oratory and eloquence have not been highly serviceable during recent years as aids to progress in intelligence or morality in the Northern States of this country. They have been used in the interest of flippancy and coarseness, and in a manner rather to prevent than to promote discussion and serious thought. Oratory has its uses when great issues are clearly made and understood, — when men are to be roused from apathy to enthusiasm in a great cause. But at present there is no "great cause." The people of the country need light. We

want wisdom, direction, that we may deal successfully with the problems of the time, and thoughtfulness and serious discussion are more desirable for us than enthusiasm and eloquent oratory. It might be better for the country if our people cared less for eloquence; and if we were entirely destitute of orators for a few years, it would probably not be a great misfortune to the nation. It seems not unlikely that the South may again become distinguished for oratory, and that it may develop new power in poetry and other forms of art; and it is possible that the black race may be represented in this *Renaissance*.

The opportunities of education and development should of course be equally accessible to all races and classes in our country. There should be no proscription, no favoritism. But the question of what education should be for the working people of America is a very important one. So far from its having been decided, it has not yet been seriously entertained. That which they now receive in our public schools is mischievously inadequate. One of its defects is that it does not have in view in any definite manner the essential conditions or specific requirements of the life of the men who labor with their hands. The negroes of the South should have something better.

TEARS OF ISIS.

WHEN Isis, by her mother love oppressed,
Held wounded Horus to her goddess breast,
Each tear that touched the sympathetic earth
To some rich, aromatic herb gave birth.

Such healing sprang from her celestial pain,
Mortals no longer seek relief in vain;
Often as spring awakes the slumbering years,
In wood and meadow blossom Isis' tears.

O goddess of the starry lotus bloom,
 Thou didst foreshadow many a lonely doom, —
 Thy sorrow by divinest alchemy
 Could comfort others: *who could comfort thee?*

Frances L. Mace.

THE NATION OF THE WILLOWS.

I.

THE RIDE THITHER.

ONE winter night, some Indian brothers told me of a most marvelous country toward the sunset, covered by waterless wastes and vast pine forests, and cut through by cañons as deep as the peaks of the Sierra Madre are high. "A veritable land of summer," they said, "deep down in a cold country, where sit our younger brothers, the Kuhn-kwe."

"Are they a nation as great as our own?" I asked, wondering whether the old chief were telling me of a people of to-day, or of the personages of some fireside tradition of his forefathers.

"Oh, no," he replied; "there are but a few houses of them. They are wiser than the Navajos, and sit still in a cañon so deep that a little stone rolled from the top sounds like thunder ere it strikes the bottom. The road down is a whole day long, and only a little while in the middle of the day do you see the sun from below."

"Ah, no, you won't!" exclaimed my brother, when I enthusiastically told him I would go to that far-off country, and look myself upon the younger brothers of the Zuñis. "You are a little crazy, brother younger," he added, after a puff or two from his cigarette, and a sarcastic smile. "You Americans are a soft people. True, you are a Zuñi now, but you had an American mother; and the Americans sleep on

bags of down, I am told. I know they get thirsty before the morning of a hot day has gone, for did n't I make roads with them through the country of the Navajos, many years ago? — and there is water *there*. Now, could you go with the skin of your throat dry three — yes, four — days, or leave your horse dead by the trail-side, without thought, little brother? Don't talk any more about going to Kuhn. The young people will ask you 'how many buck-skins you brought back,' if you do. You would n't like them to do that, when you had never been there!"

But I did go, and this came to be the way of it.

I had to wait a year and a half for instructions; to use my authority as a chief, and to rant through two big councils, before Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa — a young Indian who had been there — would consent to guide me. He and Tits-ke-mat-se, Captain Pratte's Cheyenne *protégé*, educated at Hampton, and sent out by my directors as companion and assistant in the field, were my only companions, as, on a hot June morning, we wound down the hill on which old Zuñi stands, and struck out northwestward through the fields of half-grown corn, toward the ruin-covered, picture-scarred base of Kwilli yallon, or Twin Mountain. Our two headstrong government mules, laden with beads and shells for trade, provisions and scientific apparatus, gave us no little trouble until we had left behind us the mountain buttes, and began to ascend the low, long, gray and

grassy hills which bound the north and west of the valley of Zuñi.

Over these sandy trailed hills, up the wide, undulating western mesa, the solitary Twin Mountain behind us, the long stretch of ever-rising table-lands in front, we climbed and journeyed, until, toward evening, we rode down a beaten antelope trail to the mud-springs of Pi-la-na, or the "Row of Willows," just inside the eastern borders of Arizona.

Here we were detained until nearly dark by "Black," — "Black Corn," the Indians called her, — whose experiences in the winter campaign against the Apaches of Southern New Mexico and Sonora seemed to have taught her more of the wisdom of caring for herself than of obedience: for she characteristically rushed ahead to water, and was buried to the very eyes in one of the bottomless pools of mud, only her broad pack and much hauling saving her. So we were forced to build a big fire of pitchy piñon, — for the night was cold, — and to camp near an old deserted cabin; the coyotes, night-birds, and restless, half-wild Navajo horses made many a break in the camp-fire stories of my Indians, but disturbed not the slumber of the weary journeyers, after they had rolled themselves in their serapes and were stretched around the smoking brands.

Toward noon, the next day, we descended one of the tributary valleys of the Rio Puerco, finding, on our way down, a picturesque encampment of the Navajos. Ever awake to trade, the old men and women greeted us demonstratively, while the children scampered away and hid under sticks, blankets, or what not. For a few beads the men furnished meat for the remainder of our journey. The strange, beehive-shaped, earth-covered hut, with wattled shelter at its entrance, in the centre of which burned a smoky little fire, as well as the rude stick loom strung up in the shad-

ow of a cedar-tree, at which a brightly dressed young squaw was diligently weaving, excited much curiosity and comment on the part of Tits-ke-mat-se.

Beyond, up the valley, we came to a spring, carefully walled in by the Indians, flowing out from the base of a gray hill, crowned by the broken-down ruins of a once great pueblo. While we ate a lunch of jerked meat and parched corn meal, my Indian Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa told the story which gives name to the place as the "spring where the old woman entered."

"In the days of the Kâ kâ," he said, "a goddess, who was invulnerable, because she carried her heart in a little gourd rattle, continually stirred up strife between the gods and men. Things, thus, were not well. So the two infant children of the sun, A-hai-iu-ta and Matsai-le-ma, went up to their father, and implored his interposition. He gave to them the arrow of white lightning, and told them the secret of the life of the goddess. Now, the two immortal children had led the Pueblo races since the days of creation, and loved their people; so with great joy in their hearts they descended to earth. Even then the wars of the Kâ kâ were raging, and the goddess was striding up and down between the mortal and the immortal forces, ever uttering a low, long, moaning cry; for her person was pierced by many arrows, but she could not die, because her heart was in the rattle. Now one of the children aimed his sacred arrow, and, keen of sight, strong of arm, though but a boy, he let go, and shattered the rattle; and the goddess, so long unconquerable, fell before him. Peace was once more established between the gods and mankind; but the goddess died not. Far away to the northward, her spirit entered the clear waters of a spring, near a city of the children of men; and when she again came forth on earth it was as the benevolent leader of warriors against evil things and the ele-

ments, that mankind might be blessed with rain."

By such stories as this and dozens of folk-lore tales, often of great length, was the journey enlivened or the camp entertained by my ever happy Indians.

Thence, our way lay over rising hills to the westward, higher and higher, by long stretches of grass and piñon-covered mesa, until, toward evening, passing a deep, sandy arroyo, and again climbing, we found ourselves at the very edge of a high precipice, midway between Zúñi and Moqui. Deep down, like the basin of a sea, and many times longer than wide, was a great plain-like valley. Our trail wound down narrow banks of talus, around the bases of huge, broken red and gray sand rocks and columns, and led out across it in a wavering line, through bands of dark sage-brush, to the far-off western boundaries. There, just at the foot of a gray mesa as abrupt and grand as the one we stood on, a sheet of water shimmered, now golden, now burnished silver, which, from its brilliancy in a setting of dark gray twilight cliffs, seemed to stand far above the plain it watered. Clouds of sand were grandly wafted hither and thither by the evening winds, and far off to the right of the trail, half hidden by a cloud of dust fairly brilliant, the rays of the opposite sun shooting through in lines of rose-mingled shadow, a herd of wild Navajo horses galloped from their solitary watering-place toward their limitless pastures, off among the cedar-clad foot-hills to the north. A gray coyote was sneaking along amongst the bushes far below us, his tail almost dragging in the sand, and one ear pricked up toward ourselves, while the other was pointed toward the distant, speeding herd of horses. A great eagle, the envy of Tits-ke-matse, was circling uneasily about its nest among the rocks to our left, and some little brown cotton-tails, well aware of his presence, were dodging in and out far below. Beyond all, off to the west and

south, stood black, volcanic peaks: some pointed and narrow, like needles; others rising in perfect symmetry to a broad level top, giving them the appearance of giant cones, the points of which had been trimmed off midway down. One, which rose far to the southwest, among the milder plains of Arizona, like a great black chimney, was eagerly pointed out to me by Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa, as the home of Te-na-tsa-li, or the "medicine flower," from which my own Indian name was derived. Upon its summit, he said, apparently so narrow and scaleless, was an ancient town of stone, once the home of his own people, and in the open plaza of which still stood a shrine. Here pilgrim medicine men yet made sacrifices to the spirit of Te-na-tsa-li, whose flesh and blood spring yearly in many-colored flowers about its base. Sometimes a sudden current of air in the fading sunlight would lift these great mountains into the mid-heavens, making giant cities of them amid rosy floating clouds, and the sands, rolled along the great basin at our feet, made it seem like a red, yellow, and gray foam-capped sea, which divided us from a new and wonderful world.

I enjoyed this scene a few moments while the Indians were securing the packs. Then we descended, doubling once and again on our trail, here and there slipping over rounded soft boulders into great beds of limy *débris*. Black asserted her independence once more. She wished to make a trail of her own, and succeeded. It was straight and narrow, like a black streak, with much dust hanging over it; but after the dust had settled and the stones had ceased rolling, no traces of travel appeared, save occasional pieces of frayed rope and patches of black hair. It speaks well for Indian packing that when Black got up, shook herself, breathed deeply, and started for a bunch of sage-brush she carried with her the pack. But that night we had to straighten our

frying-pan with a chunk of sandstone, and throw our coffee-pot away.

As we approached the browsing mule, the Indians said she was taking medicine to overcome the effects of fear. "See!" said Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa; "she is all right, for she listens with her left ear for the coming of the other mule." But on nearing her I discovered that the ear in question was either disjointed or paralyzed. Not until three or four days after did it move back and forth with the same celerity or precision as had been the case when Black was listening for the customary morning lasso. She was without injury, save the paralyzed ear, and, having gathered her with the rest of the animals into the trail, we proceeded across the basin. Deceptive plain! It was filled with deep arroyos, the passage of which did far more toward disjointing the packs than had Black's descent of the precipice.

As we approached the sheet of water, we found it to be a pond, formed by the confinement of some streamlets from a spring, farther up among the cliffs, in an embankment of sand, which some Navajos had made, and whose smoke-bannered hogans stood farther below. Far as the eye could reach over the plains which we had just crossed, or up the great cliffs and hills we were to climb in the morning, not a piñon or cedar could be seen. The Navajos had erected many poles, however, in some corn-fields surrounding their huts, interruptedly dotting the sandy plain for nearly half a mile, which, variously decorated with worn-out dresses and blankets, deer-bones and clattering sticks, had served as scarecrows. I directed Tits-ke-mat-se, who could not understand Navajo expostulation so well as Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa, to gather a sufficient quantity of these for camping purposes, intending to pay for them in beads. In the centre of a grassy patch Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa unpacked the mules, while Tits-ke-mat-se, less mindful of the sing-

song jabbering of an old Navajo hogan than of my directions, gathered in the desirable number of scarecrows.

We were very tired that night, and supper was not finished until darkness had settled all around our little firelit camp. Even later we were approached by one after another of the Navajos, who came to examine our beads, shells, and other trinkets, no doubt with the hope of bartering. Tits-ke-mat-se was extremely suspicious of them. He called me a fool for entertaining them, and kept a close eye on the squaw of the party, who sat nearest the packages. He soon detected her secreting a bunch or two of bright red and black beads, and silently informed me of it by sign language. I demanded of her, in the few Navajo words I could muster, the delivery of the beads, which so astonished the poor natives, ignorant as they were of signs, that they soon departed as they had come, one by one.

I was awakened next morning by a chorus composed of Zuñi, Navajo, broken English, and Cheyenne imprecations, and soon learned that, under the leadership of Black, our animals had braved the restraint of hobbles and picket-ropes and entered the Navajo corn-fields. As soon as I looked around, however, all was quiet. Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa stirred the olla; Tits-ke-mat-se transferred his anger to Black, who was, as usual, dodging the lasso; and Mrs. Navajo No. 3, who had claimed damage, sneaked off toward the hut, returning soon with a blanket for trade.

Scarecrows, corn, and blankets paid for, breakfast over, packing done, the animals well watered, we climbed the gray cliffs, and turned westward over a great descending grassy plain to another line of cliffs, higher than the former, and red. At the summit of these was a plain, grassy and everywhere cut up with antelope trails. The view stretched far, revealing strange red sandstone houses, citadels, giants' heads,

monster forms as various and inconceivable as those of summer clouds. Here and there stood the great pointed black peaks and flat-topped mountains which we had seen the night before. Here, Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa said, were the homes of the gods of prey, who were changed to stone in the days of the ancients. Most marvelous indeed were these rock forms, and I blamed not the Indians for regarding them as so many "pillars of salt." The day was excessively hot. Almost famished for want of water, I asked a Navajo, whom I met on a fagged pony at the foot of a hill, for a drink. He motioned me to a mountain about twenty-five miles on. Where was I going? he asked; and when I told him, he shook his head, and moved his flat hand significantly back toward Zúñi.

Tits-ke-mat-se espied an antelope, and gave chase. Two hours after, when the hunter had returned and caught up with us, his horse fell by the trail-side, and refused for a long time to go further. Thereafter we slowly labored along, my own brave horse at last wavering in the path, but keeping faithfully on. Dismounting, I directed the Indians to proceed with the animals, while I followed on foot. Long and most lonely was this last but one of the days between Zúñi and Moqui. Over basaltic mesas with grassy plains between; here and there the trail sharp with slag, in other places dusty and burning in the rays of the southern sun; all around, mountains of the strangest forms imaginable; grass, piñons, cedars, blooming sunflowers, and twittering birds, but no water. Just before sunset, rounding to the left the western base of a malpais mesa, the favored home of rattlesnakes and sand lizards, I saw Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa running toward me with a canteen strapped over his forehead. Faithful fellow! He had waited for nothing, on reaching water, but left Tits-ke-mat-se to unpack while he ran down to the spring in a cave at the base of the cliff, filled the

canteen, and hastened back to me. He handed me the canteen with the smile of a child expecting praise, and, pleased when I gave it, walked along by my side, telling more of his charming stories. Further yet to the left, whither the trail led into a great half-round recess in the high basaltic cliffs, near a little cedar-tree, stood one or two of our jaded animals. Tits-ke-mat-se was kneeling near, kindling a fire; while far beyond him, where the cliffs again resumed their outward sweep and straight course, I could see a flock of Navajo sheep, scarcely distinguishable from gray rocks, save for the cloud of dust which hovered over them and floated gently off on the wind toward the west.

Cliffs six hundred feet high rose round our camp, capped by basaltic columns, on which grew stunted cedar and sage. Near the edge, up above the spring, a pair of screaming falcons were feeding their noisy young; and even before the coffee was boiled my two Indians had each tried his rifle on them, picking a feather from the wing of one, and leaving great white spots on the smooth dark cliffs wherever the bullets struck. Every report of a gun, or even the noise of a broken twig, thundered from one side of the recess to the other, gathering, descending, entering the cave of the spring, and issuing forth again like thunder, but softened and modulated by the sound of water.

Early next morning, I saw a herd of horses galloping toward us from the base of the opposite mountain. By and by, when a whirlwind lifted above the shadow of the mountain the mantle of dust which covered the coming herd, I saw among the horses' heads a lasso-encircled, bare-back rider, in red shirt and Navajo blanket. Not many minutes elapsed ere the rider and horses approached our camp, the horses wildly plunging past us into the cavern, again awaking its watery echoes. Ere breakfast was finished our red-shirted friend

was joined by others. Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa told me ruefully that Tits-ke-mat-se's horse could not proceed, so I began bargaining with the Navajos, who, at last, tempted by a number of silver dollars, traded a fine cream-colored stallion for my worn-out jade, and once more we took the trail. Each half mile changed the environment, and turned the more distant views into new ones. Every peak had its tradition interpreted by Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa. "Here, five generations ago, on the summit of that spindle-shaped mountain to the right, died a lonely Zuñi traveler, after keeping seventeen Navajos at bay half a day. Right there where the little heap of stones stands, the father of the Navajo who sold us the horse struck dead my grand-uncle and his wife, when they started home, one autumn, from the country of the Moquis. It is three plains and sand valleys from here to that red sandstone cliff you see away yonder," said Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa, pointing towards the horizon. "A tough climb it is; and do you see that black speck at the top? That is A-wa-te-u, near Moqui." "What's that?" I asked. "Ah, it's the ruin of the city where the gray water-fathers [Jesuits] were burnt out and 'war-clubbed' by our grandfathers and the Walpi." What a climb it proved to be: sandstone, red, gray, and white, worn by wind, storm, and water, broken down and piled up; the trail winding in and out among rocks as big as country taverns, or scaling terraces where the sure-footed pony would have slipped but for the stairway picked with flint hammers by the diligent cliff-dwellers in the centuries past. When at last I reached the top, and paused a moment in the plaza of the ancient city, the tradition of Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa bore abundant corroboration in the charred reed roofings, which still stuck in the mud walls; in the carefully mixed adobes of the broken-down church, which zeal had diligently built in the centre of the

court; or in the thousand of shining potsherds, red, green, white, yellow, and black, which besprinkled the bases of long lines of tumbled-down stone houses.

If another Francis Parkman could compile the yellow papers of the days of the Conquest, which are growing mustier and mustier in the Mexican and Spanish monasteries, and write the brave history of the faith in New Spain, what chapters of heroism, devotion, adventure, would be opened to an unconscious world of wondering readers!

Down the other side of the mesa of the ruin, we came to a spring in the face of the cliff, where a Moqui woman handed me a drink of the cool water. She was bright-skinned, red-cheeked, rosy-lipped, and graceful; her hair was done in two rolls, which hung down her breast; her arms were bare to the sun, yet not burned; her bracelets of silver shone against the dark blue dress, and clinked against one another as she filled her water-jar with a gourd-shaped dipper. A moment after she was shaking hands with Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa, and telling how many had died in Te-wa — this with a sigh — since his last visit.

Just at sunset, I reached, before the Indians, the base of the mesa of Walpi. A single young Indian was climbing up the great spiral trail from a cistern in the sand. I tried Spanish with him; it was useless. Then I spoke in Zuñi. The fellow was transfixed; he gazed at me with open eyes and mouth, dropped his canteen of water and raw-hide hobbles, forgot the burros he had brought to water, and, after some moments, exclaimed in the same language, "What do I hear?" So an acquaintance was formed with one of the few Zuñi-speaking Moquis; by lucky accident the first one I met. While I stood talking with the young Te-wan, my little caravan came up, and together we ascended the winding, difficult trail through the notch which separates the mesa of Walpi from all the world. But more than once it

was necessary for us to combine our efforts to urge the snorting animals along the giddy heights that we had to pass ere we reached the top. Here I found a compact little pueblo of stone houses, terraced one above the other, like step above step, in the rock-shelves of the mesa it stood on. It was built around a square plaza, entered by a single narrow opening in the southeastern corner, whence a heavy ladder led up to a solid three-terraced dwelling, which was destined to become our temporary house. On the first terrace a noisy assemblage of women and children was gathered, among whom could be seen the smiling face of a young man, who shouted hilariously in Zuñi, "Come you all? Well, well; come up and sit. Here," said he to a crowd of youngsters; "hurry down and unpack their mules and horses, while I lift them up. My girl," — to his wife, the handsomest of the crowd, — "set out the cooked stuff, peaches, and pí-ké."

As I ascended the ladder, I glanced south along the narrow mesa, and saw the long plaza, a sacred estufa in the middle, with its two ladder poles sticking out of the smoke-hole, a wall of houses, then a space of bare rock, and midway toward the end the pueblo of Shi-ma-co-vi; another space; then, towering, picturesque Walpi, its background of clear sky following the sun down behind the snow-capped peaks of the San Francisco, with the shadow-filled, deep-lying, southwestward arc of the terrace-bound Colorado Chiquito between. What a famous site is this long-lived remnant of the ancient province of Tusa-yan! It stands at the very end of the long, isolated, gray mesa, looks down six hundred feet upon miles of mesa-besprinkled sand plain, and each evening is a towering silhouette against a rose-streaked and golden-mountain-fringed sunset sky.

What a triumph was my arrival in Moqui! It was greeted, when I reached

the top of that ladder and afterward, as things long expected, yet often delayed, always are. The high priest of Walpi and all the chiefs of the three cities were summoned. The former performed, next day, the sacred and impressive rites of receiving me temporarily into his nation. Councils of learning, councils of mutual congratulations, councils of a sacred nature, councils of intermediation between the Moquis and our government, — these filled up my days and nights while in Moqui.

My pleasantest memories of the Moquis lie in the universal confidence reposed in and displayed to me by old and young. On the morning following my arrival, I opened my eyes to greet a little boy whom I had known at Zuñi, and who had sat affectionately watching me no one knows how long. As soon as I was dressed he beckoned me to follow him to his rock-built Walpi. As we neared his house a beautiful little girl, of perhaps eleven or twelve summers, her hair coquettishly coiled up on either side of her head, came smilingly down to meet us, and without fear or hesitation ran to my side and placed her hand trustingly in mine, then tripped along up the stone walk with us, and prattled away eagerly all the while to her brother. When we reached their home, and I had finished the introductory smoke with the elders, the young girl placed some rolls of pí-ké and a specially prepared stew of rabbit before me with all the grace of more civilized usage and hospitality.

Nothing could be more touching, or more convincing of the advantages of my methods with the Indians, than the way in which this little girl and my other friends urged me not to cross the great dry deserts between Oraibe and Kuhni until the autumnal rains should render it safe; or the way in which they came forward with all their best guides and interpreters, when they found that I was determined, or, as they thought,

compelled by the Great Father, to make the journey.

Out of the little company, I selected our smiling host, Pu-lá-ka-kai; and thus our party numbered four, as, on the morning of the fourth day, with the kind wishes of Agent and Dr. Sullivan, with the blessings and prayers of the high priest, said while giving me his parting embrace, and with every facility which Moqui generosity could give or Moqui ingenuity could contrive, — water-bottles, goat-skins, pí-ké, and hepa-lo-kia-óé, — we set out. Two sand plains and a high mesa between them passed, we found ourselves at Oraibe, where we witnessed a highly picturesque “dance of the Navajos,” which I sketched in colors, thereby frightening half the population; for the Oraibeans are the most isolated Indians we have, and, as they have been warned by the Mormons against the Americans, the treatment they gave us painfully contrasted with that of all other Moquis. We camped that night below the outlying Oraibe Gardens, a few miles away, rising early the next morning, and continuing northwestwardly to a sunken stream in the middle of a great sandy plain, where a Moqui, a kinsman of my guide, was attending his flocks. He showed at once his relationship and his generosity by sending us a fine fat sheep, and by coming down to spend an evening in chatting. When I went down to the water, before sleep, I saw a little prayer-plume eddying about in the wind, and “collected” it, but unfortunately fastened it, for safe-keeping, into the plume of my helmet.

Not very early the next morning we started off westward, over rolling, sandy stretches of country, turning at last southward, and following a well-beaten trail into the Desierto Pintado, which borders the Colorado Chiquito. Before we descended from the high sandy mesas which we had crossed, I rested on a great promontory, to take a nearer view of the

valley which I had seen from the top of Te-wa. Terrace after terrace, one below another, stretched out before me, melting off into misty mirages. Citadels, towers, rancherías, green, sunny oases, appeared to be before me. Giant sand-dunes rose from plains of blazing, dazzling white. Here and there, near and far, rose great solitary rocks, angular as if the sculptor’s chisel had clearly cut them, and gorgeous with chrome and pink. Everywhere over this mighty scene were wafted clouds and clouds of sand, which shimmered, golden and rosy, in the evening sun. Everything in the scene gave the false impression of intense past activity: fallen rocks; sublime depths of cañon; great basins; high, flat peaks; immense sandy plains, which looked as if they had been lifted and thrown upon their rocky heights, or cast into their sombre depths, where the winds of centuries had played with them daily. Of all this activity, with no sound, only great whirling, waving, drifting clouds of sand remained.

My watching detained me, and I followed down, down, down, to find that my guides had disappeared, and still down into a dark, sandy cañon, where I found them refreshing themselves on the few gallons of green water which were retained in a reed-encircled, sandy-bottomed tank, the only accessible spring in all this vast desert. Then came a succession of hard climbs, and break-neck descents, and plowings through deep sand-dunes, and followings of unmapable cañons, until dark found us in the dry bed of the Colorado Chiquito, where we built a huge fire and searched till we came upon a small pool of water. One more night of security, and we knew we had before us a hundred miles of desert, where water might or might not be discovered. Was it imagination that caused us to drink so often during that sleep-broken night from this soda-frosted pool? No; the first delicious

draught over, we found, to our great despair, that it was salty. All night long we could hear the animals traveling back and forth through the belt of cotton-woods which skirted the river between their grazing ground and the pool. When I rose, next morning, and looked northward, toward the high mesa homes of the Moquis, or turned southwestward toward the nearer slopes of the still distant sierra, it was not of the grandeur and solitude, the beauties and wonders by which we were surrounded, that I thought. It was of the deep, spiral-trailed cisterns in the sands near Moqui; of the clear streamlets of fresh, cool water which those mountain banks of snow were feeding. But I did not listen to the murmuring of my Indians. I knew that delay was dangerous, mutiny imminent if I stayed to listen to their gloomy prophecies. So, directing them to fill the goat-skin and every conceivable vessel with water, brackish though it was, I rode on ahead, never doubting they would follow my directions. The trail, well beaten, led over plains and little glades, which, merging into side valleys, ended in the great gray malpais terrace, over which the stoniest, most difficult trail at last brought me to the long but abrupt ascent of the border mesa of the Kuhni desert, the eastern edge of the Great Colorado Plateau. From the summit stretched off westward, northward, and southward a vast rolling plain, closed in on the south by the San Francisco mountains, on the west by the Juniper and blue mesa ranges, and on the north by an indefinite rising succession of undulations.

Imagine my surprise, as I struck out to cross it, on finding this great desert, never before crossed in this direction by a white man,—this desert where so many travelers, even hardy Indians, have perished,—covered with luxuriant grasses, green, gray, blue, flowers fresh as those of a valley, and giant piñons, with blue stretches of vast pine forests

in the westward distance. So deserted is this lying oasis that none save the strongest-winged birds break its silence with song; nowhere in its vast extent, along our trail, does a single stone or broken fragment of pottery attest the primitive neighborhood of the hardy Pueblo race. Only the beaten trail before us, the bones, sometimes human, the bits of cast-away cordage, show that man has ever penetrated its solitudes. Tortured by thirst, I was forced ere-long to rest beneath a piñon, and await the arrival of my Indians. Toward sunset they came up. I asked them for water. "Teukia," they replied. These scoundrels, who had all along exhorted me to "be a man, little brother," and had encouraged me with stories of the endurance of their race and correlative tales of the weakness of my own, had emptied the canteens, save one which they had carelessly broken, and only a few quarts of water remained in the goat-skin bag. Relying upon the good omen of the dance which we had witnessed at Oraibe, they had lazily neglected filling the latter. So they comforted me with the assurance that water was at hand, and, proceeding a little further, we began to descend a deep, dark, narrow cañon to our left. Three long hours we toiled down its thousand feet of descent, and, in the gathering darkness, saw in the last tank—our last hope—only dry, baked mud, which our animals piteously pawed, refusing to crop the green grass about them in their thirst.

The Indians laughed. Why not? They had been drinking all day. They started for the goat-skin, with usual Indian improvidence, intending to have one more good drink; but my hand laid on my pistol soon taught them, to use their own words, to be men. So I portioned out for each three cupfuls of the precious fluid, which, with he-pa-lo-kia-oé, served us as our evening meal. This over, we readjusted our packs and

recommenced our ascent, — twice separating in the dark, tumbling into holes, ascending high places to be stopped by black cañons as impassable as the first, only to descend again and try anew, until at last we found ourselves on the great level plain we had abandoned. A search of an hour discovered our trail. I saw that all packs were secure, then ordered the Indians to follow my example and walk. We had not proceeded far, however, ere I was compelled to draw my pistol again. One of the Indians — the Cheyenne — had quietly fallen behind and mounted his horse. The case was desperate, — sixty miles more without water either for our animals or ourselves. Toward midnight the Indians rebelled, and again mounted. I brought them to the ground by the method which I had used before, and reasoned with them. This carelessness on their part was inexplicable to me. They understood far more clearly than I the dangers of the situation, yet were utterly regardless of the possible future in the wish to relieve present suffering. One of them claimed to be ill; another said that he could not find the trail on foot; and a third, that his shoes were too heavy. Thenceforward I led the way myself. Finally, they stopped "to tighten the packs." After continuing on unconsciously a quarter of a mile or more, hearing no sound of their coming, I turned back, to find that they had lain down in the tall grass and fallen asleep, — all but Tits-ke-mat-se, who in despair was watching alone in the moonlight, faithfully mindful of the pistol I wore, yet not daring to disturb the less obedient sleepers. I roused them with their own words: "'Be men, brothers.' Remember how you reminded me of my weakness, and told me how you would have to carry me, crazy with fever, into the Kuhni cañon, or come to grief on my account."

Few scenes can compare with those we passed through during the remainder

of the night, though we but half saw them in the moonlight. Here the trail, almost straight, would lead down through a narrow, level plain, hidden by tall grass and closed in by long rows of pines, black-topped and stately, among which the shadows were so deep and heavy that it seemed as if even the daylight could not lift them. Then, again, the trail would ascend and descend successions of piñon-clad hills, or plunge on for miles through the pine regions, where the trees were many and tall and straight. On, on, on; down, down, down, — it seemed that the sun would never rise; and when the sky did grow gray behind us, we could see light through the trees, and gladly thought we were coming to water. Ah, no; it was only one more of those forest aisles, as beautiful and regular as if planned by man, yet opened really by the vicissitudes of nature. All unconscious were the lords of those grassy parks, who grazed and gamboled toward the opposite limits, rousing the sinking spirits of the ever watchful Tits-ke-mat-se with the hope of game. The heat of midday followed the sunrise; still there was nothing, save these grand parks, with the stretches of pines between; and, weary with ceaseless exertion, thirsty and hungry, we began to despair, when we were cheered by the sight of rain-clouds. The prayers of the Indians, in their belief, were about to be answered, and they roused the echoes of the old forest with their weird songs of thanksgiving and encouragement to the spirit-gods of their ancestors.

Rain did come. It was only a shower of fifteen minutes, just after midday; but, down in a hollow, by some lime rocks, whither flocked unnumbered doves and insects, we found a little tank containing much mud and two or three quarts of water. Blue as it was with insects, and stale even to stench from long keeping, — for the rain had added little to it, — we quaffed it, or mixed he-

pa-lo-kia-oé with it to hide its color and odor, and made breakfast on it; halting the while, for the first time since the previous morning. Then we bathed the mouths of the gaunt, panting animals, just now revived by the smell of water to almost uncontrollable strength, and continued on. Towards evening, we passed the last great descending body of forest, and, at a turn which led into a cañon, came upon a tank holding apparently a barrel of water, — aing-shi-ki-ana, or the waters of the bear. When the animals came up, we first filled our vessels, and then watered them one at a time. One drank until it could no longer stand; others, until they were rendered stupid. But the Indians said, "Let them drink." Still the waters were not diminished. So, after thirty-six hours of sleepless exertion, we were to rest, secure from death by thirst or famine, and only a day's distance, Pu-lá-ka-kai told me, from the entrance to the Kuhní cañon.

The spring, or reservoir, was a mere hole below some lime rocks at the very head of a little cañon, the outlet to a grand, shallow, amphitheatre-like grassy plain, only here and there a tree standing within its limits. It had been enlarged by digging; and broken sticks, sharpened and hardened in fire, and lying in the débris, gave evidence that Indians had done the work. Over the eastern edge of the water were planted two evergreen branches of cañon hemlock, with a wand of willow between, the protecting gods of the place. And in a little hollow among the rocks were the remains of an old bear's skull, which, bleached and broken, had long ago given name to the place.

A few rods below, in the rocks of the opposite side of the little cañon, was a cave, just under the shadow of two great pines. It had evidently served for generations as a camping place for the hunting parties of the cañon Indians; for, lying around, were broken basket

canteens, rude wooden implements, and flakes of jasper and flint, as well as many a broken deer bone and antler. At the mouth of this cañon we kindled a fire; and, storing our packs away in the recess, we shot some doves and night-hawks, cooked a glorious meal, feasted and drank, and rolled ourselves up for the night; not again opening our eyes until the morning sun poured into the mouth of our little grotto, and, waking us, revealed thousands of raindrops on the grass-stalks around us.

We lazily cooked breakfast, and, aside from hunting a little, quite as lazily loafed the day away, drinking, in mere memory of our past sufferings, unheard-of quantities of water.

At supper-time, however, the Indians discovered in the plume of my helmet the little prayer-feather. They were horrified. They demanded an explanation; for it proved to be the one that Pu-lá-ka-kai himself had sacrificed just before I picked it up near the sunken stream of the plain of Oraibe. I had to tell them I had hailed it as a good omen, and had placed it, not knowing how to make and consecrate such things myself, in my helmet, for emergencies. Mutiny would have resulted had not the two pious Indians been satisfied. As it was, they hurriedly taught me a prayer, gave me medicine-flour, and dragged me down to the spring, where, one on either side, they watched me sacrifice the plume under the evergreen branches, and scatter the water like raindrops to the four quarters of the world.

Nearly the whole night was filled with tales of these desert wilds, — of which Pu-lá-ka-kai knew no end, — and with fairy myths and Indian love-stories. Next day, down the cañon on a hunt, we found the relics of some poor traveler, who, visiting the spring years before, had evidently found no water, and perished.

Another night of telling stories and snatches of adventure round the camp-

fire, and early morning found us again under way, still westward and downward. The forests had ceased, and plain followed plain in descending succession. Just before we reached the lowest plain, broader by far than any of the others, a rain-storm soaked but gladdened us, and stored, at the head of the not distant though still invisible cañon, pockets of water for our animals, which ever since their recent thirst had been seeking drink. Moreover, it proved to the Indians my sacred character, exonerating me from the heinous offense of having stolen a sacred plume; for "was it not an answer to my prayer?" they asked each other.

Who would have imagined that between the terraced plains which we saw ahead and the one we were passing through was a cañon, which, though narrow, was so deep that no one could cross it for miles up or down its length? Even the entrance to that tremendous chasm can scarcely be pictured to one who has not seen the like. Perhaps the mention of its beauty and sublime depth, its silence, until the dislodgment of a single pebble awoke thundering echoes from its jagged abysses, may suggest a conception of the road-way into the home of the Kuhnīs. No more readily can I describe to one who has not traveled with Indians our first descent of twelve hundred feet, almost vertical, except to say that we here wound around a great bank of talus, with tons upon tons of rock impending above us, there scrambled over great rocks, and crept along a foot-wide trail, where one mistaken step would have precipitated us hundreds of feet; and how at last we reached and made camp on the seeming bottom, but with hundreds of feet still below us, and cooked supper by the light of a single ray of sunlight, which shot boldly down the length of the cañon through the eternal shadows of the place.

The Indians, before sleeping, told me that, when the waters of the world had

risen and overwhelmed the nations of their ancestry, from Kuhnī to the Rio Grande, A-hai-iu-ta, the sublime infant, the twin god of war, the guarder and guider of the Pueblo races, had perseveringly dug a little outlet where we now stood; and the devouring waters, rushing through, had worn this great chasm, leaving the marks of their foam and fury on the banded rocks, which rose everywhere above us, and almost echoed our faintest whispers. "Nor have the waters yet ceased flowing, as you shall see to-morrow, when you cross the river by which the Kuhnīs have life."

In the morning we resumed the trail, less abrupt, but still rapidly downward. I shall have to hasten on through the labyrinths of that sublime cañon without attempting description, where forty-three abrupt turns are made, each one deeper, each turn narrowing the vision, yet always revealing some giant fortress or castle, in styles of architecture never dreamt of by human minds, never reared by human hands. At one place, we would see, looking giddily down from the gray summit rocks, where the gray cliffs parted from the red, as if ashamed of their soberer color, the little swallow-nest houses of a bygone persecuted race. At another, we would pass the mouth of a resounding cave, the walls of which were painted with emblems, and whose nooks were the hunting shrines of the strange inhabitants. Once the rocks seemed to close above us, and only a narrow strip of sky could be seen from our pathway. Finally, the last knot was tied in the fringe of my buckskin shirt, the last turn made in the course of the cañon, and we entered a grove of fresh green willows and cotton-woods. We passed the mouth of a giant stream, which rushes from the base of two thousand seven hundred feet of precipice, already a river in volume, a torrent in force; for, "as I told you yesterday, the waters of the world have not yet ceased flowing."

The first Ha-va-su-pai I saw may be taken as a type of his race. But lightly clothed, a strange close head-band around his temples, he swiftly passed from one bush to another as we emerged from the little grove. Below us stretched a green, moist plain of sandy soil, nearly two miles long by half a mile at its greatest width. We could catch only occasional glimpses of it through the rank growth of willows, the leaves of which everywhere brushed our heads as we rode along the river trail. These glimpses, however, revealed numerous cultivated fields of corn, beans, sunflowers, melons, peaches, apricots, and certain plants used in dyeing and basket-making, and usually carefully protected by hedges of wattled willows or fences of cotton-wood poles. Everywhere these fields were crossed and recrossed by a net-work of irrigating canals and trails. Here and there were little cabins, or shelters, flat-roofed, dirt-covered, and closed in on three sides by wattled flags, canes, and slender branches; while the front was protected by a hedge like those of the fields, only taller, placed a few feet before the house, and between which and the house burned smoky little fires. The houses were always nestled down among the thick willows bordering the river, or perched on some convenient shelf, under the shadows of the western precipice. In several places, within some of the great horizontal cracks of these western cliffs, and often high up, were little buildings of stone laid in mud plaster, and not unlike the cliff-dwellings we had observed on the way down, and of which ruins exist in almost every cañon throughout the great Southwest.

When we again caught sight of our Kuhni, in a little opening near the trail, he was evidently uncertain whether to

run forward and warn the tribe—whose voices, mingled with the barking of dogs and the murmuring of the river, could be heard below—of our coming, or wait to greet us. Finally, he shouted, in a rapid, gurgling, soft sort of language, that the villagers were coming; and then, with a sort of questioning smile, turned toward us, keeping up a ceaseless gibberish, but eying me closely, and evidently thinking me the most curious member of the party.

He guided us through the willows to a crossing of the river, and as we rode up the opposite bank we were greeted by a waiting crowd of men, women, and children, who were gathered around two or three huts in front of a little sweat-house, closely covered with blankets. From out this primitive Turkish bath, heedless of the excited gestures of the presiding medicine man, issued in a cloud of steam a real American, red as a lobster, and half blinded by the steaming he had just passed through. At first he greeted me most blankly, eying me as he would a ghost, but ultimately he became talkative. This exile proved to be a prospector, named Harvey Sample,—“Sani pu,” the Indians called him,—who had accompanied a cavalry expedition to the cañon from Prescott, a few days previously; and having been left alone by his companions, was getting along as best he could with the Indians. Pu-lá-ka-kai led the way further down the river to about the middle of the plain, where, near a beautifully sheltered hut, a former host welcomed him and us with jolly cordiality; gorged us with succotash; cleared the principal portion of his hut of women, children, and dogs, for our use; and soon after summoned a council, which kept us blinking, jabbering, and smoking until past midnight.

F. H. Cushing.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XVII.

THE PAST OF KINGBOLT OF KING-
BOLTSVILLE.

THE despised passion of jealousy had, after all, done its work with Bainbridge, as it has with others. It had shown him that he was violently in love. He was forced to contemplate Otilie as the wife of another, and he knew the desperate pain it would cost him to lose her.

"Piece of my life," he soliloquized, "how shall I tear you out of it? What shall I do without you?"

It did not answer to recall the days of Madeline Scarrett, and to charge fiercely that he was of a weak and susceptible disposition. Some obstinate interior voice kept repeating to him, in spite of Otilie's unworthiness, —

"She *is* what I only fancied the other to be."

The former experience, however, had made him intensely skeptical, and added to a fund of stoical reserve. He knew that he could conquer and forget. Perhaps he knew also, now, how these enforced conquests may eat out the vitals of a once warm and generous nature, and leave it in the condition of a tree through the heart of which a flame of fire has run. His brain seethed with a hundred contradictory plans. Before he had had time to carry any of them into execution, something happened which put a very different aspect on the affair.

During this interval he suffered himself to be drawn back, one evening, by way of distraction, to Miss Emily Rawson's. That affable acquaintance at first affected to take him for some stranger, who had got into the wrong house by mistake, and she refused his

hand, extended for hers, but presently took it with a warm and friendly pressure. She was embroidering a velvet table cover by an astral lamp, which cast a becoming light upon her. She was much interested at present in decorative art, and was a subscriber to societies where the new principles were advocated, and to warerooms where articles made in accordance with them were exposed for sale.

"My design is something out of the common," she said, holding the work up to inspection. "How do you like it? It was drawn expressly for me by Mr. Lloyd, the architect. I met him first at Bridgefield, the past summer. I spent a few days there. It is not at all a bad summer resort. The air is very good. Mr. Lloyd and I were at the same hotel. We spoke of you, among others. He tells me you were classmates at college."

"Yes, we were classmates. We always called him 'G.' I recollect him better by that initial than by his name. There was another Lloyd, who was known in the same way as 'A. B.' It was necessary to distinguish them."

"That college life must have been so pleasant. By the way, we were quite near the large property of another classmate of yours, as I was told by Mr. Lloyd, — Mr. Kingbolt."

Bainbridge heard this name pronounced with astonishment. He had come here for some faint aid in avoiding the memory of it, and it was the very first thing to be forced upon his attention.

"Yes," went on the fair embroiderer, "there was a glimpse from my window of Kingboltsville, — the factories, the race-track, and the large stuccoed mansion where the family resides. The conservatories are interminable. I was told that the original Kingbolt bought

up all the land thereabouts for a song, and redeemed it. The best of it is among the most desirable residence property in the city, of which it now forms a part. I saw the fortunate heir's mother and sisters, but he himself was not at home. However, I was not interested in him then, but now I am. I want you to tell me about him."

"I don't know that I recollect anything in particular. I am afraid I cannot help you."

"What was he like in college?"

"We were not intimate friends. Bridgefield struck you, then, as a passable summer resort? For my part, I find those interior Connecticut cities too warm."

"Did he graduate with a high rank, for instance? Was he a hard student?" the questioner persisted.

"He was dismissed for some informality, I believe, before arriving as far as that," said Bainbridge, with a kind of final air.

"And is that all?"

"Yes, — no, — I believe that is all."

"Well, that is not enough for me. Ah, here is Mr. Lloyd. I shall ask him. Perhaps he has condescended to burden his mind with a little more detail."

Mr. Lloyd himself, who, it seemed, had formed the habit of calling occasionally, entered now to pay his respects.

"I want a full description of Kingbolt of Kingboltville, Mr. Lloyd. We saw his place last summer, you recollect. Mr. Bainbridge won't tell me anything, and I have reasons for wanting to know," said the lady.

"I cannot be expected to say a great deal of good of him, considering the way he treated me on one occasion. You have heard of that before," said the new arrival. "Still, a person of that kind is apt to be spoiled in his bringing up, and I suppose we should make allowances for him. Well, I was in his set in college and for some time afterwards, and

I dare say I know as much about his proceedings in those times as anybody. He left the alma mater considerably earlier than the rest of us, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, as it were. He dashed his money about freely while he was there, and lived in great luxury, for that primitive period. It was said by those who knew him only at a distance that he never wore a suit of clothes a second time. That is a period, you know, when a young man is very particular about his personal appearance. Among other doings, he erected a hall for his class secret society. Bless me, how much we thought of that sort of nonsense once! Between ourselves there was no secret at all, but we had a hall like a charnel-house, and went around with the mysterious air of murderers. The hall cost him forty thousand dollars. He got his mother to persuade his trustees to let him have the money. They thought that perhaps he would be more contented, and take an interest in his studies, if they humored him in this. It did not work in that way, however. The faculty, after a good deal of forbearance, had to send him away. He was really too much. They could have maintained no discipline at all in the place, if they had not done so.

"He asked a number of us up to his place to help celebrate his coming of age," Lloyd went on. Finding himself listened to, he showed a certain zest in these reminiscences. "When we got there we found him turned serious. His trustees had talked to him, after he was expelled, and made quite an impression on him, it seemed. They described to him how his father had built up a great institution, which had come to be known pretty much the world over, and how he had had honors from foreign courts, had been mayor and governor, and might have been ambassador, if he would. They said that he, the son, ought not to be willing to throw away, and even dis-

grace, the memory of all that had gone before. They said that if he did not desire to take a profession he ought to go into the works and learn the business, so as to be competent to manage it himself, and keep it always at the same pitch of importance. This our friend had consented to do. When he had arrived at this decision, nothing would do but he must wear a blue shirt and jack-boots and carry a tin dinner-pail, like any of the ordinary hands, and begin by oiling the machinery. He never does, or at least never begins, anything by halves. It was in such costume that he showed his visitors through the works, — fashionable young women and all, — when we came up to the birthday celebration. The festivities lasted three days. It was quite on the English plan. It was an idea of his sisters, who had been abroad a good deal. As for his mother, she would consent to almost anything. She was lady-like and well-meaning, but weak. One could easily see that. The fact is, Kingbolt never had any particular bringing up. He was never controlled. I was told that his father — as long as he lived, for he died early — treated everything the boy did as a huge joke. He used to say that he had not made a success enough of discipline in his own case to lay down rules for the government of others.

“‘Let him fight it out on his own account,’ his father would say. ‘He has good traits from his mother, and may be one or two not so bad from me; and no doubt, in the long run, the good will prevail over the bad.’”

“So if he got black in the face with temper, or smashed all the crockery, they simply put him in a padded room; and if he kicked the governess with his new boots till she cried, they comforted her with a liberal present. His mother took everything in the prayerful and tearful style.”

“They allowed him to kick his governess? A cheerful beginning, I must

say,” commented Miss Rawson. Bainbridge, who had been about to withdraw, found himself listening with a dazed interest to this cursory review of his rival’s education.

“Well, at his coming of age,” G. Lloyd went on, “there were dancing, and illuminations, and distributions of presents, and driving gayly through the streets of Bridgefield in all the conveyances the stables could turn out. Kingbolt was again ‘one of the boys,’ and joined in the proceedings with a will. If I had been a parent or guardian, I should have dreaded the effect of such a break in his routine. Whether or not this was the entering wedge, it is certain that within a year he tired of being a horny-handed son of toil, and gave it up.”

“The rest of us had taken our sheepskins considerably before that, and a group of choice spirits was assembled in New York. You recollect about it, Bainbridge. You were one of us occasionally, before you had gone into your manufacturing, your orange-planting, and what not.”

“Yes, I remember,” nodded Bainbridge, gravely.

“Kingbolt came down to visit us,” pursued Lloyd, “and the boys urged him to stay.”

“‘What shall I do about my trustees?’ he asked them. ‘Old Judge Bryan, the chairman, is continually at me about the glories of the past. He will consider me hopelessly lost.’”

“‘Hang your trustees!’ I recollect Anthropoid Walker replying. ‘The old Judge will be only too glad not to have anybody to overhaul him in his accounts. Let him alone, and he will embezzle your property in peace. You’ve got a soul above axle grease. Come into the law school with the rest of us! Look at me! I ascribe my future greatness entirely to that noblest of professions, the law.’”

“Let me see! Anthropoid Walker

and Zeus Baldwin — we kept up the old college nicknames still — were in the law school, in Lafayette Place, at that time. Sprowle Onderdonk was another of the legal luminaries. He was considerably older than most of us, and we had not known him so well in college, owing to this fact and his being above us. But with his leisurely way of taking things he had arrived at this point only at the same time, and here put himself quite on an equality with the rest. He had a good mind, that man, and with more pressure upon him might have done something worth while. He still sticks to law in a desultory way, and keeps an office. You recall him as a man of ability, do you not, Bainbridge?"

"I recollect a sledge-hammer style of argument he had sometimes in the debates in Linonia," replied Bainbridge. "We used to think he would succeed in politics."

"I was a Brother In Unity, not a Linonian, myself. Our college societies," Lloyd said to Miss Rawson, in explanation of this technical-sounding nomenclature. "De Longbow Rowley was studying medicine," he went on. "That fellow was always telling the most preposterous yarns about things that had happened to him, and he keeps it up yet. Whitehead Finch had gone into business. His family had got him a place in a broker's office, allowed him two thousand dollars a year to keep off the pangs of starvation, and left him to shift for himself. Gus Ramsdell professed the purpose of becoming a power in the commercial world. He had begun by entering the store of Rodman Harvey, at three dollars a week, but found that this interfered greatly with his society engagements. They 'did not know how to treat a gentleman,' he said, and he was obliged to give it up. He had not yet found another opening to his taste, representing himself as in search of one. We charged him with looking for a place, and hoping not to

get it. Sprowle Onderdonk declared, furthermore, that Ramsdell had confided to him, —

"I shall not work as long as I have my health."

"For my part, I was young and foolish then. I was in an architect's office, and paying the firm to teach me the business. They had to catch me when they could, in order to do it. I often went down to the office at two or three in the afternoon, and left at four. If the principals were out, even this brief space was spent, as likely as not, in fencing with a fellow-draughtsman, the weapons being T-squares.

"Well, this was the character of the interesting circle of which Kingbolt became a part. He set up handsome bachelor apartments, which were soon the general rallying point. More than once, after an evening of lively adventures, we spread ourselves out there on his furniture, and passed the rest of the night. There were suppers, at which one of the amusements was to shoot the necks off the champagne bottles with a small revolver, instead of uncorking them. Such rackets! Ah, yes, indeed! With our little English hats and English clothes, our sticks and eye-glasses, our hands in our pockets, and quips and cranks innumerable at the ends of our tongues, we tore about from one pleasure to another. I dare say we were a sort of terror to most with whom we came in contact. We took boxes at the spectacular dramas. We knew where the best beer was to be had, and the best Welsh rarebit, and anchovy sandwich. We patronized the Tyrolean warblers at the Vienna Garden, in the Bowery; dropped in at Herman's, where leading artists are to be found, and at Schwalbach's, where actors resort after the play. I remember how the joints of beef, the piles of oysters, the green of the salads, and the vivid scarlet of the lobsters, arranged in ornamental pyramids on Schwalbach's counter, im-

pressed my imagination when I saw them first."

"You describe to me not only Kingbolt, but a whole state of society," said Miss Rawson. "This is better than I expected, but of course you do not suppose that I approve of you."

"Oh, we reformed. I, at least, had my living to make. They are all club men now, those fellows, and great swells, and I have little or nothing to do with them, except when I go and bore one of them, unblushingly, for his influence in some building contract. Athletic sports were an important part of the programme, in the times I speak of. Not that we really took part in them, but it was the thing to be posted, and to be present on eventful occasions. The base-ball and cricket games, the dog shows, the shooting and rowing matches, — those were the important objects of life. A good running high jump at Hoboken would draw the coterie away from their ostensible occupations for a day. The long purse — and Kingbolt's was the longest — attended religiously any important regatta at Saratoga, or ball match at Chicago or Baltimore. If our university nine or boat's crew chanced to be passing through town, or the glee club came here to give a concert, you may be sure that a patriotic attempt was made to let them have as hilarious a time as possible."

"And society? I suppose you were great breakers of feminine hearts?"

"As a rule, society was rather despised, just then. Still, we did condescend to an occasional party. We trained around somewhat in company, taking a sardonic view of things; referring to the *débutantes*, for instance, as 'young gushers.' When the show was over we bounded up two stairs at a time, preparing cigarettes for lighting, on the way, got into our ulsters, opened our crush hats with the loudest explosions they were capable of, and so — not being club men, though there were some

petty junior clubs, in which membership might have been taken — off to Delmonico's, Schwalbach's, or some other of the chosen resorts. A certain reverential awe was entertained for a class of older men, whom we saw heading all the important movements in society and on the turf. Some of them were bald, corpulent, of weather-beaten visages and profuse whiskers, — the kind of persons one had been used to as officers of banks and companies and deacons of churches. Occasionally, one of them took his racing-stables abroad, by way of variety, and contested all the great events of the European turf. An existence which could hold the continuous interest of persons of such a maturity must be a life of pleasure indeed."

"But you do not separate yourself from Kingbolt," interrupted Emily Rawson. "Were you all exactly alike? Thus far you have not shown that he was worse than the rest of you."

"I do not admit that I set out to say anything so very bad of him. He is whimsical, — that is all. He separates himself from the rest of us mainly by that. He lets nothing stand in the way of his pursuance of a whim. He carries it to the bitter end."

"Ah, indeed!" said Emily Rawson.

And "Ah, indeed!" echoed Bainbridge, mentally, in a dull way. The exposition of this trait in Kingbolt was the knell of lingering hopes.

"He ran out to Colorado, now and then, for a hunt," continued Lloyd. "He was not greatly given to reading, nor a person of a romantic fancy, I should say; and for a time Europe seemed without the least attraction for him. At length, however, he went across with Gus Ramsdell. He proposed only a brief stay, but it extended into one of several years, and left his law course very much in the lurch. The pair traveled, at first, on the comic plan, modeling their doings after a class of literature then much in vogue. They were locked

up at Cologne, among other episodes, for beating a *commissionaire*, — who, no doubt, deserved it. Ramsdell came back, but Kingbolt remained, and the dignified side of things gradually took hold of him. He picked up manners and customs and languages, and began to make titled acquaintances, and conduct himself *en grand seigneur*. He registered as Kingbolt of Kingboltsville. In those places — and they comprise the greater part of Europe — where all the Americas, their languages and peoples, are confounded as one, and a corresponding ignorance of their social system prevails, he was taken to be, in his own country, the chief of a clan, or the lord of a barony at least. An African potentate who had bought farming implements of the Eureka Tool Works, and conferred a decoration on the father, gave a hunt in the young man's honor, — at least, so Kingbolt relates. A splendidly caparisoned steed was sent out to meet him, in charge of slaves, as he drew near the appointed place, — quite like a bit of the Arabian Nights. He killed a wild boar, the tusks of which, among other trophies, still ornament his room. I dare say this is so. He was not particularly given to stretching a point, like our friend Rowley."

"Not particularly," assented Bainbridge, being appealed to.

"Kingbolt returned from Europe with plenty of new airs and graces and enlarged ideas of spending money. He had been elected to the clubs, meanwhile, and was now in close relations with the older men we had been used to revere. It was at this time that he formally went in for a society career, and set up for 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' in town and country. Then he went off again, briefly, on an earnest tack. I doubt if it was anything more than a paragraph in a newspaper that started it, — a paragraph suggesting to rich men to do something with their money; improve the condition of their

subordinates, for instance. He ran across me again, turned serious enough myself by that time, I assure you. I had my living to get, and had been able to follow that idle group about as far — about as far as you could throw an ox by the tail, for instance. Well, he ran across me, and took me to Europe with him to prepare the most perfect plans for an industrial museum and model cottages. I was to have — well, he promised almost everything; and he meant it, I dare say. But he proved insufferable as a task-master. All our old intimacy went for nothing. We quarreled violently, and he turned me adrift; that was the way of it. It was devilish awkward at first, I recollect, — out of money, away from home, and my time and labors gone for nothing; but now I can look back at it more coolly. No doubt I was somewhat to blame myself. He had fallen in before this with a certain fascinating St. Hill, who attached himself to him as a sort of parasite, and probably had something to do with inducing him to abandon the philanthropic project entirely. St. Hill was brought back to this country instead of myself. *He* could give you points on the character of Kingbolt. And that is the extent of my information."

The architect drew a long breath, as if after having talked interminably.

"Sure?" queried Miss Rawson.

"Positive."

"Well, we are very much obliged to you. Concerning his more public career, I knew more or less already."

Lloyd and Bainbridge fell to exchanging a few casual remarks on some art club, where, it seemed, they were in the habit of meeting occasionally, and Bainbridge presently rose to go.

As he was passing out of the room, the Rev. Edwin Swan was coming in. This was an assistant lately attached to one of the minor Episcopal churches. He was a deserving, quiet, plain man, of a most respectable position naturally,

but without fortune; and it was thought that he was looking for a wife. Their fair entertainer was fluttered at the presence of so many presentable men in her parlor at the same time. Each would comprehend, she hoped, and in particular the recreant Bainbridge, that, if she was not in demand by him, she certainly was by others.

"But I have not told you the reason of my interest in Kingbolt of Kingboltsville," she said confidentially, at the threshold, to the departing guest.

"No," said Bainbridge.

"Well, I have seen him out driving with our friend Otilie Harvey. I hear he paid her much attention at Newport, also. I have my informants, you see. 'Such things *have* been, said Private James.' She would be an enterprising little minx if given but half a chance. I am sure of it. Do you not think so?"

"Very likely," said Bainbridge.

XVIII.

AT THE EMPIRE CLUB AND AROUND TOWN.

One morning, at about this time, Arthur Kingbolt of Kingboltsville awoke at nine o'clock, and rang the bell for his body servant. Ten or eleven was a more usual hour with him, and the services of Greenway were generally in requisition to rouse him from his somewhat heavy slumbers. He had met Greenway in the employ of one of the smaller London clubs, and brought him over expressly for his own use.

"Get to work now, Greenway," he said. "I am going to get up."

The well-trained and discreet Greenway first handed in the "brandy cock-tail" his master had accustomed himself to demand, as adapted to the needs of his peculiar constitution, and then proceeded deftly to shave him, while he still reined under the rich Persian can-

opy of his bed. The servant laid out a velvet jacket, braided and faced with silk. While Kingbolt exchanged for this the night-gown of China silk in which he had slept, and rose, and lounged in an easy-chair, with a cigarette and a morning paper, Greenway brought in from an adjoining room the articles of apparel selected for the day's wear. There was a store of clothing, hats, boots and shoes, and walking-sticks almost sufficient to have equipped a company.

The luxury of these chambers could hardly have jarred even upon a feminine taste. The masculine element was shown in many pictures of types of female loveliness—photographs of actresses and the like—of a rather free sort, in weapons, and in trophies of the chase. There could be seen the wild boar tusks that came from the hunt with the potentate of Barbary; the stuffed head of a red deer, shot, with a Scotch lord, in the Scottish highlands; the head of a "big-horn" of Montana, and of a fallow deer of the Adirondacks.

"Get me some sort of a breakfast, here, will you, Greenway?" directed the master, in a petulant tone. "It does n't make any difference what it is. I'll stand that villainous club cooking no longer. No," he countermanded, when a beginning of carrying the order into execution had been made, "I'll go to Delmonico's. Don't forget," he said, as a parting direction, "to take back to Millerick's that beastly driving-coat he sent me yesterday! What does he think I am, I wonder?"

When in the street, however, Kingbolt changed his mind once more, and went to the Empire Club, as usual. Greenway thought he had rarely seen his master in a more capricious and irritable frame of mind than at present.

Kingbolt was hailed in the lobby of the club by some men who affected to take his appearance at that time of day as a remarkable phenomenon.

"Turning over a new leaf, — out to see the sun rise, — early dewdrop, and that sort of thing, eh?" said one White-head Finch, of whom we have already heard some slight mention.

"I'm not turning over anything. I suppose a man has a right to get up, if he likes," the new-comer rejoined, not too amiably.

"Well, you can't keep the London style going a great while here," said Mr. Ramsdell. "Lord, I've tried it! I used to sleep till four in the afternoon, regularly. Over there in the fog, it makes no difference when you burn your gas; one part of the twenty-four hours is as proper for it as another. But here it is quite a different matter. If a fellow does n't show himself in pretty fair season, the programme for the day is made up without him, and he gets left."

"Your friend St. Hill is posted again for quite a stiff little sum," said De Longbow Rowley, nodding towards the bulletin board, where various matters of interest were officially brought to attention.

Kingbolt walked over to it, and read a notice to the effect that St. Hill was largely in arrears, in his dues of various kinds, to the club. Such delinquency subjected the offender to the embarrassment of this kind of publicity, and after a certain time, if it were still unsatisfied, to loss of membership. On going to his letter-box, there lay a note from the same person, which proved to be an appeal to him, Kingbolt, to take down the announcement and liquidate the indebtedness, as "a temporary accommodation," for which the writer would remain forever grateful.

"There is getting to be too much of this sort of thing. I am sick of it," he muttered, stuffing the note into his pocket.

But when the rest made the bulletin the text for an abusive discussion of St. Hill, it suited his perverse humor to

stand by the man. The Empire Club was a rather noted place for gossip. The characters of both men and women were often handled there in a style that would have become a tea-drinking of spinsters of the old school. This, however, rarely precluded the extending of the usual civilities to the victim if fallen in with at the very next moment.

"What sort of a company has the fellow got? What keeps him a-going, any way?" inquired Gus Ramsdell, who had long since come into property, by inheritance, which placed him beyond the need of aspirations, commercial or other, connected with the problem of his self-support.

"It's a swindle, if it's anything, as sure as a gun. That's my opinion," said Mr. Rowley. "I should not be surprised to see him come to grief, and dropped out of decent society, any day."

"We are not dropping people nowadays," said the elderly Watervliet. "The Texas is coming more into vogue. In Texas, I understand, they don't drop a man out of society till he is hanged."

Watervliet's own means of support were not of the most apparent. A friendly hand, now and then, stopped a serious gap in his exchequer. He varied his sitting in the club window with an occasional long voyage to the tropics in somebody's yacht, in the winter. In summer, he had been known to admit deprecatingly, in a rare moment of weakness for him, that his livelihood was but a matter of his railroad fares, since he passed from one hospitable country house to another, in a continual round of visits.

"Look at the way he took in that gudgeon of a Stillsby," said Mr. Northfleet. "He pretended to make a venture for him in stocks, and sent him word presently that his money was doubled. He did not pay the money over, though; you may be sure of that. He advised now that it be put into another deal, which, he said, promised

even better than the first. Stillsby, of course, was delighted at his luck, and advanced more funds. The upshot was that he never got a cent back. Now that the sum was a big one, St. Hill got away with it. He regretted to say that an unfortunate turn of the market had, etc., etc. Still, he felt that if entrusted with a new opportunity he could at once redeem previous losses, and return a handsome profit upon the whole investment. It's a very old dodge, — that is. I say, that is what St. Hill did to you, isn't it, Stillsby?" the speaker called to Stillsby, who had just come down the stairs.

"Yes, sir, that's what he did. I put up — He, he, I" — began Stillsby, stuttering in his eagerness to tell the story.

"Bah! Wall Street is Wall Street," said Kingbolt contemptuously, and setting foot on the stairs to go to the breakfast he had ordered in the restaurant. "What do people expect?"

"Yes, that is so, too," assented Stillsby, agreeing readily with any one who spoke with authority.

When Kingbolt had breakfasted he found the same men, with others, sitting in the conversation room, by the large windows giving upon the Avenue. A few who were reading newspapers offered laconic remarks, from time to time, on subjects enlisting their interest.

"I see there's another duke, a great swell, coming in by the French steamer," said Northfleet. "I suppose that crazy Mrs. Poyntz will go to his hotel, grab him by the hair of the head, and have him on exhibition before he knows he is fairly ashore. Poor duffers! they don't know the difference at first."

"I see old Elphinstone Swan has dropped off," said Ramsdell. "That must be what the club's flag is half-masted for to-day."

"I thought he was dead centuries ago," commented De Longbow Rowley, with a yawn.

"Not at all. I could have told you better than that," said Finch. "I have had my eye on the prospective widow this long time. Madeline Scarrett has made a good speculation of it. Here she is, about as young and handsome as ever, with all the old man's money to boot."

After this, silence for a while.

Mr. Watervliet broke it with a low whistle, expressive of keen emotion. "I see Canterbury Boy is gone," he said.

"What! — No! — It can't be! — When? — How did it happen?" were the general exclamations, with a letting fall of papers and rapt expressions of concern.

"At the Fashion Course, Long Island, yesterday, at five in the afternoon," pursued Watervliet, in a melancholy tone. "Taken with bleeding of the lungs at three o'clock, and expired at five. Only in the seventh year of his age. By Jove, that's hard!"

This striking instance of the brevity of life, the vanity of all things mortal, cast temporarily a deep gloom over the company. Such members of it as had won money in times past on Canterbury Boy were almost moved to tears; and even those who had lost now ignored the circumstance, in the shock of his untimely taking off. Anecdotes of the favorite were exchanged, then others of a kindred sort, all pervaded by a pensive cast. Finch recalled that owner who was accustomed to deck a pet mare, after her victories, with a collar and pendants of diamonds. Rowley admired that jockey who had desired to be buried on the race-course at the three-quarter stretch pole, in order to hear the inspiring rattle of the hoofs above his head, as he lay.

The gloom lifted by degrees, and, upon some other chance reference, the prospects of Rodman Harvey in the coming election were spoken of. Harvey had distanced General Burlington

in the convention, and secured the regular nomination of his party. Banners, duly weighted and pierced, and adorned with execrable portraits of himself in the usual way, had long been swinging for him across the streets. His rival at the polls was to be the Hon. Michael Brannagan, nominated by Tammany Hall. Bets for and against Harvey's success were being freely offered, when Sprowle Onderdonk entered.

"Hang your bets!" cried Onderdonk. "Stir yourselves up, and come out and vote for him, for once! He is the Sprowle candidate, as it were; we want him elected. His daughter marries into the family. See?"

"That's so," said Northfleet, while Kingbolt got up, and moved restlessly about the floor. "Well, count on me for one. By the way, that's another rather pretty girl they have up there at the Harveys',—the one they keep in the background, the cousin. What's her name? Otilie. You get a glimpse of her now and then, you know. What is she like?"

"Kingbolt can give you the points. Ask him! They were as thick as Siamese twins last summer,—sly dog!" replied Onderdonk.

"What is she like, Kingbolt, old boy,—the demure Miss Harvey number two, the gem of purest ray serene, the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean, etc.?" pursued the inquirer.

"On the intellectual lay, I believe. Wants to be quoted to, and that sort of thing. Don't trouble yourself to pitch in; you'll never 'get ahead.'"

The not over-bright Stillsby, on hearing this, crept up to the library, and was soon buried deep in a literature consisting of large volumes of poetical quotations.

Kingbolt, leaving the club, passed Sprowle with a surly "How are you?" treatment at which that person appeared surprised, having been accustomed to a much more friendly manner of late.

Gus Ramsdell came out into the hall after him, and called, "Don't forget the Capricorn dinner to-night!" Then, "Whither away?" he said. "I'll join you. What do you say to a game at the Racquet Club? Or will you put on the gloves? I spent most of yesterday over the ticker, watching a little go in Wall Street, and I want exercise."

"I have got to go and see my tailor," said Kingbolt.

"What! Millerick? By the way, so have I. Perhaps after that you will come up town with me to a stable. Rickardson, with whom I used to have dealings, has opened a new place, and I have promised him to drop in. I am on the lookout, in a general way, for a new off-wheeler for my four-in-hand. I think I ought to have something rather better in that place. The chestnut is n't quite what he should be of late."

When the pair entered Millerick's place,—one of the select small shops on the Avenue, profusely ornamented both within and without in the new style of decoration,—the fashionable tailor came forward to meet them. He was a tall, spare man, with large side-whiskers. He wore a long frock coat, of a spotless, technical sort of elegance, and rubbed his hands affably together. Kingbolt raised his voice in loud complaint almost from the door.

"I have come to overhaul you about that driving-coat," he said. "Don't you know I could n't show myself in a thing like that? Where is it? Yes, now, here! Could n't any human being understand that I would n't be seen with such shoulders on me as those? You have Eastlaked your place all over, you know, with your pictures, and your gilding, and stiff-jointed traps; but you can't Eastlake me, Millerick. I won't have it. Well, it's of no use; I shall have to get all my things over from London, as usual."

Millerick met this attack with an excellent grace. "You are perfectly right,

Mr. Kingbolt," he said, tossing the garment aside, with a large, magnanimous air. "It is not a proper coat for you. The fact is, we were changing cutters. But you shall have another right away. You will naturally want it for Mr. Onderdonk's garden party, the day after to-morrow. It will be quick work, but it shall be ready, and this time without fault, I guarantee."

"Oh, well, Millerick, if you are going to take it that way," said the young Crœsus, not to be outdone, — since, after all, it is desirable to stand well with one's tailor, — "you put it in the bill, all the same! I suppose it only wants a touch here and there. Mistakes will happen, you know. At any rate, let me have some kind of a coat, this or another, by to-morrow night. Do you understand?"

"Millerick is the only man in town who will do that," he said, somewhat mollified by this exhibition of his power, as he departed with his companion.

"He won't do it for me," said Ramsdell. "He would see me in Jericho first. How do you manage it?"

Ramsdell's acquaintance Rickardson was found in a large, new brick stable, presiding over an auction of horses. He was posted up at a little desk at one side of the interior, above a track on which the paces of the animals successively offered for sale were shown off. Spectators, seemingly for the most part livery-stable keepers and others connected with the equine interest in a small way, crowded thickly upon this track, with catalogues in their hands. They made way reluctantly as each horse was sped around, and they filled in behind him immediately after, as if such a thing as danger to life and limb from iron-shod hoofs had never been heard of.

"Anything in our line, Rick?" called Ramsdell up to the auctioneer where he stood at his desk.

"I should n't wonder if the next lot

but one would be worth your while to look at, Mr. Ramsdell," replied Rickardson.

The "lot" just then before the house was quickly disposed of. The next was brought out and run around the ring by a stable-boy. The lookers-on scattered to escape maiming for life, and closed up imperturbably, as before. This lot was a young filly of excellent stock, marred by some blemish, which allowed her to go for a song.

"She's a young un, and a good un!" cried the auctioneer. "Look wot you're a-gittin'. This magnificent two-year-old filly at seventy dollars' bid!"

The inexperienced filly tossed her head up against the restraining halter, and stared in a wild-eyed way at the crowd.

"This here magnificent filly at seventy dollars' bid! Eighty, do I hear? At eighty dollars! Eighty! Eighty dollars! Last call! At eighty dollars! Sanders," with a sudden fall of the voice.

The "next lot but one" now followed, the stable-boy this time on his back. This candidate for favor was described in the printed catalogues as "the chestnut gelding Rob Roy, coming seven years old next March; greatly admired at Long Branch last season; the property of a gentleman going to Europe, and got to be sold at any sacrifice."

Kingbolt gave a start of surprise, and began to study his appearance anxiously.

"Ah — ha — a!" cried Rickardson with gusto. "Here's the stock you're all a-waitin' for. Splendid, fine, high knee action. Beautiful combined saddler and driver. Send him along, there!"

The stable-boy struck the animal with his whip, and rode down the crowd, who escaped annihilation only by another of the usual miracles.

"There he is, — all in a nutshell," the sanguine auctioneer continued. "Let 'em see him walk! *There's a beauty!*

Game, beautiful-gaited, without doubt the most beautiful-styled young horse in New York! — best-styled and most promising horse in North America, to-day!"

But before any offer could be made for all these attractions, Kingbolt, who had scrutinized every motion of the so-called Rob Roy with a painful intentness, pressed forward to the auctioneer's desk, and, throwing up one hand, cried out excitedly, "You can't sell that horse! There is no Rob Roy about it. That's my horse Jim. You wait till you hear from me! Do you understand?"

To Ramsdell, who in much astonishment had endeavored to follow him, he said, "That's *Jim*, as sure as we are alive! I let St. Hill keep him for the summer, and here he is selling him out on me. He has changed him, but I would know the horse in a million."

Rickardson was disposed at first to put down this unseemly interruption. "Beauty!" he continued to the audience, by way of keeping the sale still in motion, while pros and cons were being discussed.

Influenced, however, by the representations of Mr. Ramsdell, he withdrew for the present the chestnut gelding Rob Roy from auction. He explained to the public that a mistake had arisen among gentlemen, which would no doubt be settled fair and satisfactory to all concerned.

"Was there ever a more stupendous piece of cheek?" said Kingbolt, in a towering rage. "St. Hill told me that the horse had gone a trifle lame, and he had left him at pasture. He would have told me after a while, I suppose, that he was dead, and I should have taken his word for it. And to think of what I have done for that man! Well, this ends it. By the way, oblige me, will you, Ramsdell, by not saying anything about this to the other fellows, just now! I was rather crowded into defending the wretch this morning."

Kingbolt put himself actively on the lookout for his knavish *protégé* for the rest of the day. He had not fallen in with him, however, up to the hour of the Capricorn dinner, at seven o'clock.

The culinary department of the Empire Club had been enlisted to do its best for these little Capricorn dinners. The terrapin to-day was of a flavor that could not have been surpassed in Maryland. The canvas-back was done to a turn. The Château Latour was comfortably warm, the Steinberg Cabinet iced to the last degree of perfection. The dishes called out a good deal of discourse of a gastronomical order. It was good form to be *gourmet* to a certain extent.

De Longbow Rowley laid down the axiom that "you can tell where a man belongs by his style of ordering a dinner."

Anthropoid Walker had taken to politics, and got himself elected a member of the legislature. He had abandoned on that account few of the practices of sweldom. His accomplishments as a good fellow, so far as they could be brought to bear, stood him in good stead, in his new career. He described a dinner he had given, from motives of policy, to brother legislators at Albany. He boasted of having at another time distinguished accurately, by the taste alone, seven different kinds of wine of a kindred sort, his eyes being blindfolded.

"We have seen you when you could n't tell water from champagne, and you know it," said Sprowle Onderdonk.

Walker admitted this, but claimed that the experiment referred to was made at an early stage in the evening.

The ages at which various wines are at their best and after which they begin to decline, and phenomena attending their decline, were touched upon by one and another.

De Longbow Rowley declared that he had seen and tasted a port so old that

it had turned snow-white. He forgot precisely where or when, but recalled that it was unmitigated slop.

Zeus Baldwin, who had abandoned the law, and was now a doctor in medicine, was also present. "All I know is," he said, "that they sell you, at one of the German cities, a wine which they say dates back to the year 1600 or so. It costs three or four dollars a thimbleful. It has become a mere thick syrup."

"Oh, they fill it up, you know," objected Mr. Northfleet.

"Not at all!" said Sprowle Onderdonk. "I have tried it, too. It would n't be so beastly if they did."

Society scandals, sporting matters, and narratives of personal adventure followed. De Longbow Rowley was, in accordance with his reputation, at the front, with the most marvelous experience. It was met with in his second-but-one-before-the-last expedition into the wilds of Crim Tartary, and was at the hands of roving marauders.

Whitehead Finch thought good to parody this, to the general delight of the company, with an egregious invention of prowess and desperate doings of his own on a Mississippi steamboat.

"I was the only peaceable person on board," he said, "and was beset by a gang of bullies and cut-throats. Alone and unarmed against such numbers, what could I do? The captain and crew were in league with them, also. It was as much as my life was worth to show the least resentment. But they little knew the sleeping lion they were arousing. They crowded the mourners too far. Unable at last to control myself, I rushed to a red-hot stove there was in the cabin, and bit a piece out of it, just to show what I was made of. For an instant those burly ruffians stood paralyzed. Before they could recover I had flown wildly to the deck and thrown myself over the bow. I took precautions to spring as far forward as pos-

sible. It must have been some eighty feet. The desperadoes thought I had suicided, and I could hear their shouts of demoniac glee rending the air behind me. But nothing of the kind. I calmly waited till that ill-fated boat came by, seized her cut-water in my teeth, — our family are known, I may say, for their excellent teeth, — and with a few ferocious yanks had in an instant torn the whole front out of her, so that she went to the bottom like a shot. Those bullies never knew what hurt them. Not a soul was left alive but myself to tell the tale. I rarely mention it. I am sometimes tempted to regret having used such extreme severity. Still, in a pinch like that, a man cannot always plan with the coolness that might be most judicious."

Rowley was accustomed through long practice to take rebuffs of this kind with great good-nature.

"I wonder if this new French duke will be wanting to marry an American girl, like all the rest of the heavy swells that come over," said Northfleet, branching out in another direction.

"Well, American girls have got to marry somebody," said Gus Ramsdell, "since they can't have us."

"Why don't we go over and marry their titled women in return?" inquired De Longbow Rowley. "Come! I have a notion to go and take a Lady Georgiana something, or an Hon. Miss Percy something or other, for a novelty."

"By the way, speaking of marriages," said Sprowle Onderdonk, "I may as well give you a bit of news. The day for the wedding of my cousin Sprowle with Miss Harvey has been set, and the cards are ordered. As I shall not have another chance of the same sort, I intend to call my garden party of Thursday partly a celebration in their honor. I have asked Dr. Wyburd to add a few lines of an appropriate hymeneal sort to his poem. You must all come up in

your drags, and give the occasion as distinguished a look as possible."

Kingbolt, who had shown no great interest in the gayeties of the feast, lost from this point even such as he had possessed. His lack of animation and appetite was openly commented on by the others.

"Has Dr. Zeus Baldwin been talking to you, Kingbolt?" cried Northfleet. "I believe I am right, doctor, in holding that your theory requires that nothing be taken into the stomach for twenty-four hours before retiring to bed."

"Forty-eight," replied Dr. Zeus Baldwin promptly.

The violent indignation Kingbolt had proposed to visit upon St. Hill had in a measure evaporated before he finally met with him, later the same night. The offense had become of a lesser consequence, in the stir of emotion aroused by the announcement of Sprowle Onderdonk. The day actually fixed, and near at hand, for the final loss of Angelica! As long as the marriage was not yet completed he must always have entertained some unreasonable hope.

St. Hill was lounging in the reading-room, with a somewhat downcast air, for him, when Kingbolt came out of the Capricorn dinner. This Lucifer-like spirit rather attracted than repelled the latter. Something irregular and desperate in another was in consonance with his own mood.

The protégé, however, was at first startled and much confused at being suddenly taxed with his fraud. He pleaded embarrassments in his business, losses and delays in the collection of debts. Then, grown bolder, on finding that the reproaches addressed him were after all but of an absent sort, he held that the attempt to sell the horse had been some piece of stupidity on Rickardson's part, and not done by his, St. Hill's, order.

"How can a man half tell *what* he is doing, in such a fix?" he said. "Things

like that staring him in the face, for instance!" He pointed to the bulletin board. "I can't even decently show myself here except at this time of night, when there are but few around. I was in hopes you would have taken that notice down."

He spoke in a melancholy way, as if more in sorrow than in anger, as at a disappointment in a friend which touched him in a very tender place.

"You are *always* in a box, man, and I am sick and tired of it!" cried Kingbolt. "Why don't you economize? Why don't you do something for yourself? You have the best of everything. You eat better dinners and wear better clothes than anybody else. You *look* as if you were worth forty millions."

"I have to, old fellow," argued St. Hill. "When a man is down, that is the time he has got to look his best. If he is really prosperous, it makes no difference how he looks. Besides, *you* cut off one promising source of revenue I had. You recollect how you prevented me when I proposed giving Rodman Harvey a twist."

"Twist him now, if you like, and be hanged to the lot of them!"

St. Hill did not disclose that he had already made the attempt and failed in it. He was astonished anew at the discovery that his patron's infatuation was finally over, just when he had begun to act upon the belief that it was confirmed, and Kingbolt as a means of profit lost to him for good. He had sold the horse with the purpose of reaping all the benefit possible from the last stages of this connection. He cursed his folly now; but Kingbolt's present demeanor encouraged him to hope that he might yet reinstate himself in favor, in spite of it.

Kingbolt was for making this a night of wild dissipation, and the parasite readily fell in with his humor. They joined a couple of kindred spirits, whom they met among resorts the bare exist-

ence of which — important as is the part they have in the lives of so many of the ornaments of polite society — it is the custom of society to ignore. This quartette repaired finally to a gaming establishment, discreetly kept, and provided with every convenience and luxury, and sat down to play.

Before daylight the heir of the Eureka Tool Works of Kingboltsville had squandered a sum which increased his reputation for extravagance even in quarters where large figures were no novelty. He awoke in his apartment late in the afternoon, that day, instead of at nine in the morning. There came

to him almost at once, as an unwelcome thought, the engagement in which he had involved himself, to drive a load of guests on his drag up to Sprowle Onderdonk's garden party on the morrow. He devoted some reflection to a means to get out of it, but none occurred as feasible.

No, he said. He would appear before Angelica at the *fête* — given to celebrate her coming nuptials though it were — with a proud and contemptuous demeanor, which should make it plain to her that she was by no means the cause of the agitation in his breast she might fancy.

William Henry Bishop.

THE LAST CHANCE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

ON the morning of the 19th of March, 1865, the little group of ragged wall-tents which formed the imposing headquarters of the Fourteenth Army Corps was pitched on a sloping hill-side about thirty or forty miles south of Raleigh, North Carolina, and about twenty-five miles east of Fayetteville, or nearly midway between that place and Goldsboro, toward which point General Sherman's army was moving.

The early spring morning was soft and balmy, and the trees were covered with such delicate verdure as our latitude shows more than two months later. Fruit trees were in full bloom around Underhill's farm-house, not far off, and here and there along the roadside. It was about five o'clock, and the reveille had been sounded in the camps of one regiment after another, in the woods and fields around; and now, as it was Sunday morning, the familiar strains of Old Hundred floated up to our ears from a brigade band hidden in the little valley of Mill Creek, below us. Never before, perhaps, had the sweet notes of the

grand old hymn sounded sweeter than they did in the stillness of that bright spring morning; and to weary soldiers, as they stopped to listen, they brought thoughts of quiet homes and of country churches and friends far away. Some of those who heard it then never heard it again; for, like many a Sunday in the army, that day, which opened so calmly and beautifully, was to be a day of battle and of death.

Six weeks before, General Sherman's army had started from Savannah; and it had ever since been toiling through mud and rain across the States of South and North Carolina. The inhospitable rains of the South had poured down incessantly, and unfriendly mud had met us in every road. Layer after layer of corduroy had disappeared in the ooze, as each hundred of our heavy wagons passed over them. The streams, faithful to their States, had risen into torrents, and swept away our pontoon bridges. Supplies were few, and shoes and hats and coats had been worn out and lost. The pride and pomp and cir-

cumstance of glorious war had disappeared, and the whole command was ragged and tattered. Here a Confederate coat and there a Confederate hat did duty on a Federal back and head, while many a valiant Union warrior went hatless and shoeless. But a hardier and knottier lot of men never carried musket or helped a wagon out of the mire. Years of hardship and exposure and fighting had sifted out the weak and the sickly, and nothing but the toughest material was left. The deeper the mud and the harder the march, the jollier they were; and a heavier rain pouring down on them as they went into camp, or a wetter swamp than usual to lie down in, only brought out a louder volley of jokes. An army of military Mark Tapleys, they strode onward, uncomplaining and jolly under the most difficult circumstances possible.

We had rested a day at Fayetteville, and had destroyed the beautiful United States arsenal there, so that it might never again fall into hostile hands. A day or two later, a part of the Twentieth Corps, supported by the Fourteenth, had had a sharp engagement with the enemy, under Hardee, at Averysboro, and had chased him northward toward Raleigh. After this affair and Hardee's retreat, General Sherman made his dispositions for an easy though rapid march to Goldsboro, — "supposing," as he says in his Memoirs, "all danger was over." In his report of the campaign, he says, "All signs induced me to believe that the enemy would make no farther opposition to our progress, and *would not attempt to strike us in the flank while in motion.* I therefore directed," etc. These directions provided for a rapid march of his army toward Goldsboro, over the best parallel roads available, without reference to a menacing enemy.

For once, General Sherman had reckoned without his host, and that host was Joseph E. Johnston, whose hospitalities

General Sherman had known and respected the year before, in all the long campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta. The Confederate president had but recently recalled General Johnston from undeserved retirement and placed him in command of all the Confederate troops in that region, with instructions to "concentrate all available forces, and drive back Sherman." It is difficult to ascertain exactly what those forces were, but from Johnston's own Narrative they must have numbered between twenty-five and forty thousand men. The event proved that when General Sherman supposed "all danger was over," these forces had been, unknown to him, well concentrated on his left flank and front, and within striking distance. Once more these two foemen, well worthy of each other's steel, were to try conclusions; and this time with the odds largely in favor of the Confederate chieftain.

General Sherman's army consisted of between fifty-seven and fifty-eight thousand men, not seventy thousand, as General Johnston states in his Narrative. On the morning of the 19th of March, this force was situated as follows: two divisions of the Fourteenth Army Corps, numbering a little over eight thousand men, and constituting the advance of the left wing, were at the point named at the opening of our narrative, on the direct road from Averysboro to Goldsboro. Two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, also about eight thousand men, had encamped eight miles in the rear of the advance divisions on the same road, — a terrible stretch of almost impassable mire lying between the two commands. The two remaining divisions of these corps were escorting and guarding the supply trains, some miles further to the south and rear. The right wing of the army was similarly scattered on roads lying five to ten miles south of the road on which the left wing was advancing.

General Sherman had himself been marching for several days with the left

and exposed wing, and on the night of the 18th his headquarters, as well as those of General Slocum, who commanded the left wing, had been pitched within the lines of the Fourteenth Army Corps. On the morning of the 19th, he had determined to ride southward to the right wing, composed of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps, and push them on rapidly in advance to Goldsboro. He did not leave, however, until after the leading division had moved out; and at perhaps half past seven o'clock he and General Slocum, with General Jefferson C. Davis, commanding the Fourteenth Army Corps, sat together upon their horses, at the cross-roads, listening to the signs of opposition which already came up from the front. Something impressed the soldierly instinct of General Davis with the belief that he was likely to encounter more than the usual cavalry opposition, and he said as much to General Sherman. The latter, after listening attentively a moment or two, replied, in his usual brisk, nervous, and positive way, "No, Jeff; there is nothing there but Dibrell's cavalry. Brush them out of the way. Good-morning. I'll meet you to-morrow morning at Cox's Bridge." And away he rode, with his slender staff, to join Howard and the right wing. It proved that three days yet lay between us and Cox's Bridge. But to go back.

When the strains of Old Hundred had ceased, and the men had had their accustomed breakfast of coffee and hard-tack, varied here and there with a piece of cold chicken or ham, or a baked sweet potato, foraged from the country, the regiments of the first division — General W. P. Carlin's — of the Fourteenth Corps filed out upon the road, and began the advance. This was about seven o'clock. For the first time almost in weeks, the sun was shining, and there was promise of a beautiful day; and the men strode on vigorously and cheerily.

They found in their front, as they always did, the enemy's cavalry, watching their movements and opposing their advance. But there was of course "nothing but cavalry," and the men pressed on, light-hearted, anticipating the rest they should have at Goldsboro, and then the last march toward Richmond and home. But the cavalry in front were stubborn. They did not yield a foot of ground before it was wrested from them. They were inclined to fight; and the old expression of the Atlanta campaign was brought out for use again: "They don't drive worth a damn." Even the organized parties of foragers, the historical "bummers" of Sherman's army, men who generally made short work of getting through a thin curtain of cavalry, when chickens and pigs and corn and sweet potatoes were on the other side, — even these renowned troopers fell back, dispirited, behind our skirmishers, and lined the roadsides.

At length the whole of the first brigade — General H. C. Hobart's — was deployed and pushed vigorously forward; but still the resistance of the enemy was determined and the advance slow. It began to be evident that they had some reason for this unusual opposition. Ten o'clock came, and we had gained but five miles. General Hobart was hotly engaged. The second brigade — Colonel George P. Buell's — was ordered to make a *détour* to the left, and take the enemy's line in the flank; but meanwhile our own right flank was becoming exposed to a similar fate, as the enemy overlapped us in that direction, and the third brigade — Lieutenant-Colonel Miles's — was deployed on the right of the first. Thus the whole of General Carlin's division was now deployed and in line of battle; yet everywhere it found the enemy in front strong and stubborn. The right and left of our line were ordered to advance and develop his strength. They did advance right gallantly, but they soon encountered a

strong line of infantry. This was pressed back several hundred yards, after severe fighting; and our men dashed, all unprepared, against a line of earth-works, manned with infantry and strengthened with artillery. The enemy opened upon them such a destructive fire that they were compelled to fall back, with severe loss. Many men and officers and two regimental commanders had fallen, and the whole line was severely shattered; but very important information had been gained. Observations and the reports of prisoners captured left little reason to doubt that General Johnston's whole army was in position in our immediate front, and the persistent fighting of the cavalry had been intended to give time for ample preparation.

It was now about half past one o'clock, and Generals Slocum and Davis were together in consultation, in the woods to the left of the road, when a deserter from the enemy was sent to them by General Carlin. He belonged to that class which had acquired the strange name of "galvanized Yankees." They were men who had been captured, and who, rather than endure the trials of prison life, had taken service in the rebel army. This man told a straight but startling story. It was to the effect that General Johnston's whole army, consisting of over thirty thousand men, had by night marches been concentrated in our immediate front, and was strongly entrenched. He said that General Johnston, accompanied by Generals Hardee and Cheatham and Hoke, had just ridden around among his troops, in the highest spirits, and that he had heard him address a portion of them, telling them that "at last the long-wished-for opportunity had occurred;" that they were "concentrated and in position, while General Sherman's army was scattered over miles of country, separated by almost impassable roads," and they "could now easily crush him in detail;" that a part of the Fourteenth

Army Corps was in their power, and they "would now take in those two light divisions out of the wet." He had been greeted with cheers and the highest enthusiasm by his men. At first this man's story — that of a double deserter — was doubted; but an officer of General Slocum's staff came up, and recognized him as a fellow townsman, and it was believed that he was telling the truth. Just then Colonel Litchfield, Inspector-General of the Fourteenth Corps, rode up with a confirmatory report. Colonel Litchfield was a competent and experienced officer, who had been superintending the extension of our line to the right, and when asked by General Slocum what he had seen, his reply was characteristically slow and emphatic: "Well, general, I find a great deal more than Dibbrell's cavalry: I find infantry entrenched along our whole front, *and enough of them to give us all the amusement we want for the rest of the day.*"

The news had come none too soon, for our little command was again preparing to attack. The first division — Carlin's — was all in line of battle, very much extended and attenuated. It had been deployed without reference to any such force as that which now confronted it; its position was weak, and its strength had been much impaired by the serious work it had already gone through. The second division — General J. D. Morgan's — had been deployed on the right of the first division, with two brigades in line and one in reserve; while one small brigade of the Twentieth Corps — Robinson's — had come up, and had been placed in an opening in Carlin's line. In other words, two divisions and a brigade, with a battery of artillery, — in all, less than ten thousand men, — were face to face with an overwhelming force of the enemy, who had chosen their own ground, strengthened it with field-works, and placed their artillery in position. Confident and prepared, they

awaited the order to advance, while we were deceived and surprised.

It was certain that they would lose no time, but attack at once and in overwhelming numbers. Up to this time General Slocum had shared the belief of General Sherman that the force in our front was inconsiderable. He was now thoroughly undeceived, and he went energetically to work to prepare for the most vigorous defensive fighting possible. Every precaution was taken, and the men all along our line were in the act of throwing up hasty field-works, when the attack came upon us like a whirlwind. I had gone to the rear, by direction of General Slocum, to order General Williams, commanding the Twentieth Corps, to push his troops to the front with all possible speed. I found him less than a mile to the rear, whither he had ridden far in advance of his troops. Receiving the order, he galloped back to his command, the greater part of which was still several miles to the rear and clogged in almost impassable roads, and I again started for the front, where the roar of musketry and artillery was now continuous. Almost immediately I met masses of men slowly and doggedly falling back along the road, and through the fields and open woods on the left of the road. They were retreating, and evidently with good cause; but there was nothing of the panic and rout so often seen on battle-fields earlier in the war. They were retreating, but they were not demoralized. Minie-balls were whizzing in every direction, although I was then far from the front line as I had left it only a short time before. Pushing on through these retreating men, and down the road, I met two pieces of artillery, — a section of the 19th Indiana battery, — and was dashing past it, when the lieutenant in command called out, "For Heaven's sake, don't go down there! I am the last man of the command. Everything is gone in front of you. The lieutenant

commanding my battery and most of the men and horses are killed, and four guns are captured. These two guns are all we have left."

Checking my horse, I saw the rebel regiments in front in full view, stretching through the fields to the left as far as the eye could reach, advancing rapidly, and firing as they came. Everything seemed hopeless on our centre and left; but in the swampy woods on the right of the road our line seemed still to be holding its position. An overwhelming force had struck Carlin's entire division and Robinson's brigade, and was driving them off the field. The onward sweep of the rebel lines was like the waves of the ocean, resistless. Nothing in Carlin's thin and attenuated line, decimated as it had already been, could stand before it. It had been placed in position on the theory of the morning, that it was driving back a division of cavalry; but in view of the fact that it was fighting an army, its position was utterly untenable. As it fell back, General Carlin himself, unwilling to leave the field, was cut off from his troops, and narrowly escaped death or capture. General Morgan's division, on the right, had also been heavily assailed; but it was better situated, and not being at this time outflanked, it held its position.

One of Morgan's brigades, — that of General Fearing, — being in reserve, had not been engaged. When the left first began to give way, General Davis sent Colonel Litchfield to Fearing, with instructions to hold his brigade in readiness to march in any direction. A few moments later, when the left was falling back, and the rebel line was sweeping after them in hot pursuit, General Davis came plunging through the swamp on his fiery white mare toward the reserve. "Where is that brigade, Litchfield?" "Here it is, sir, ready to march." It was in column of regiments, faced to the front. Ordering it swung round to

the left, General Davis shouted, "Advance upon their flank, Fearing! Deploy as you go! Strike them wherever you find them! Give them the best you've got, and we'll whip them yet!" All this was uttered with an emphasis and fire known only upon the field of battle. The men caught up the closing words, and shouted back, "Hurrah for old Jeff! We'll whip 'em yet!" as they swung off through the woods at a rattling pace. Officers and men, from General Fearing down, were alike inspired with the spirit of their commander, and "We'll whip them yet!" might well be considered their battle-cry. They struck the successful enemy with resistless impetuosity, and were quickly engaged in a desperate conflict. Upon this movement, in all probability, turned the fortunes of the day. It was the right thing, done at the right time.

Seeing at once that, as Fearing advanced, his right flank must in turn become exposed, General Davis sent to General Slocum, begging for another brigade to move in upon Fearing's right and support him. Fortunately, Coggs-well's fine brigade of the Twentieth Corps arrived not long after upon the field, and it was ordered to report to General Davis for that purpose. Not often does an officer, coming upon the field with tired troops (for his men had marched all the night previous), display the alacrity which General Coggs-well showed, on receiving his orders from General Davis to move forward into that roaring abyss of musketry firing. It was splendidly done. The men of these two brigades — Fearing's and Coggs-well's — seemed to divine that upon them had devolved the desperate honor of stemming the tide of defeat, and turning it into victory; and magnificently they responded. Finer spirit and enthusiasm could not be shown by troops; and it is no wonder that, after a fierce and bloody contest, the flushed and victorious troops of the enemy, thus

taken in the flank, gave way, and in their turn fell back in confusion. So stunned and bewildered were they by this sudden and unexpected attack that their whole line withdrew from all the ground they had gained, and apparently reëntered their works.

And now there was a lull along the whole front, which gave invaluable time for the re-formation of our shattered lines. It was late in the afternoon, and if the ground could be held until night-fall the right wing would undoubtedly be within supporting distance by the next morning at daylight. Rapidly the work of reorganization and re-formation was carried on. Morgan's line, on the right of the road, was still intact, and its left needed only to be slightly refused. Carlin's troops — veterans as they were, and used to all the vicissitudes of the battle-field — were easily rallied in a new line, considerably to the rear of their former position, with the left sharply refused, and supported by such troops of the Twentieth Corps, as had reached the front. The centre of the new line rested upon a slight elevation, with open fields in front, across which the enemy must advance to a second attack. Here several batteries of artillery were massed with a certainty of doing good service.

To the surprise of every one, a full hour was allowed by the enemy for these new dispositions; and it was about five o'clock before their long line was again seen emerging from the pine woods and swampy thickets in front, and sweeping across the open fields. As soon as they appeared, our artillery opened upon them with most destructive effect. Still they pressed gallantly on, but only to be met with a well-delivered fire from our infantry, securely posted behind hastily improvised field-works, such as our troops were then well skilled in throwing up in a very brief time, and of which they had dearly learned the value. Attack after attack was gal-

lantly met and repulsed, and the golden opportunity of the enemy upon our left was lost.

Meanwhile, the heat of the conflict was raging in front of and around Morgan's division, in the low swampy woods to the front and on the right of the road. This division had filed into position between one and two o'clock in the day, with two brigades — General John G. Mitchell's and General Vandervere's — in line of battle. When, a little later, the troops upon the left had been swept away, the third brigade, Fearing's, had been faced to the left, as we have seen, and, supported later by Coggswell, had made their gallant and effective charge upon the advancing enemy, checking him and forcing him back to his works. In this charge many had fallen, and the young and dashing brigadier, Fearing, had been severely wounded and disabled. Retiring from the field he left his brigade, shattered and still heavily pressed, to the command of a gallant officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Langley of the 125th Illinois. After their charge the brigades of Coggswell and Langley held position in a gap which existed between the divisions of Carlin and Morgan. But the gap was so large that those two decimated commands could but partially fill it.

Morgan's whole division was now stretched out over such an extent of ground that all his troops were in the front line, and he had no men left for a second line or a reserve. As all old troops were wont to do at that time, when in the presence of the enemy, they had at once fallen to to build such field-works as could be hastily thrown up with rails and light timber. As one of their officers expressed it, they had often attacked works, but they had rarely had the pleasure of fighting behind them themselves, and they rather enjoyed the prospect. They were there, and they meant to stay. Their skirmishers were heavily engaged from the time they took position, and they found the

enemy in front in force, and shielded by well-constructed works. They were fighting more or less severely until about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy attempted to carry their position by assault. The charge was desperate and persistent, and the roar of musketry, as it rolled up from that low wood, was incessant. For half an hour it continued, and the commander of the corps, General Davis, sat uneasily on his horse, a short distance in the rear, and listened to it. He could do nothing but let these men fight it out. Not a manœuvre could be made, and not a regiment could be sent to their assistance; even his escort and headquarters guard were in the line. Still that terrible and continuous roar came back through the woods, and the smoke obscured everything in front. No ground seemed to be yielded, and not a straggler could be seen.

After a while, a slight cessation was noticed in the firing; and by direction of General Davis, I rode forward toward the line to ascertain definitely how matters stood. The ground was swampy, and here and there were openings through the trees, while generally bushes and thickets obstructed the view. I had gone but a few rods, when I caught a glimpse through a vista, obliquely to the left, of a column of men moving to the right, straight across my path and directly in the rear of our line, though out of sight of it. They looked like rebels, and my sharp-sighted orderly, Batterson, said they were "rebs;" but the view was obscured by smoke, and the idea that the enemy could be in that position was preposterous. I hesitated but a moment, and pressed on. An hundred yards further through the bushes, and I broke out suddenly into a large, nearly circular, open space, containing perhaps half an acre. Here the view was not a cheerful one. On the opposite side of the opening, at perhaps twenty-five yards' distance, was a body

of unmistakably rebel troops, marching by the flank in column of fours, toward the right. Beyond the column, under a wide-spreading tree, dismounted, stood a group of Confederate officers, whose appearance and uniforms indicated high rank.

As I broke through the bushes, and my horse floundered in the mire, for the ground was very soft, I was greeted with cheers and shouts of "Come down off that horse, Yank!" Two or three years earlier, I should have quietly accepted the invitation; but we had all grown used to dangers, and preferred a little risk to the prospect of a Confederate prison. I gathered up my plunging horse, and struck my spurs vigorously into his sides, turning him sharply to the right and rear, just in time to become entangled with my orderly, who came through the bushes behind and on the right of me. Both horses went down together; and perhaps it is well they did, for just then my hilarious friends across the way, finding their summons not likely to be obeyed, sent a volley of minie-balls recklessly about our heads, and I saw the little twigs and leaves, which were cut off by the bullets, flutter down around us, as we, having extricated our horses, disappeared through the bushes. Neither man nor horse was hit. As usual, in their haste, our friends had fired high. I rode about a hundred yards to the right, and tried again to reach our line, but again encountered the enemy. This time I was more cautious, however. A third attempt, a little further to the right, carried me beyond their column.

In my ride I had met General Morgan. He was now thoroughly informed of his perilous situation. Mitchell's brigade had already discovered the intruders in their rear, who at first were thought by them to be reinforcements. At this time the division had successfully resisted the persistent attacks from the front, and General Vandervere's

brigade, leaping over their works, had pursued the retreating rebels into their own works again. In this pursuit the 14th Michigan regiment had captured the colors of the 40th North Carolina regiment. Fortunately, all was now quiet in front, and General Morgan quickly got his men to the reverse of their own works. In other words, they were now in front of their works, and prepared to sustain an attack from the rear. Hardee's corps, or a considerable part of it, had passed through the opening in the line on the left, and Hardee and his staff were the group of officers I had seen under the tree, superintending the movement, or so I was informed the next day by a captive Confederate captain.

The enemy attacked vigorously, but instead of taking Morgan by surprise, he found him ready. Again the struggle was sharp and bloody, but brief. Nothing could stand that day before the veterans of the old second division. Truly they were enjoying the novelty of fighting behind works. Hardee was repulsed, with severe loss. The men again leaped over their own works, and charged to the rear, taking many prisoners. The 14th Michigan captured the battle-flag of the 54th Virginia in the rear of their works, just as, a short time before, they had captured the North Carolina flag in front. An incident like this, where troops resist in quick succession attacks from front and rear, is exceptional in the annals of any battle; and yet it was repeated several times in the eventful history of Mitchell's and Vandervere's brigades that afternoon. Not once, but several times, between four and half past six o'clock, they scaled their works, and met and repelled the charges of the enemy from their rear. It is impossible to accord too high admiration to troops who, knowing themselves without connection or support on their right or left flanks, and overwhelmingly attacked in front and in rear, could preserve all their

steadiness and *morale*, and, fighting now in the rear and now in front of their own works, could successfully hold their position during several hours of almost continuous fighting. This, these two brigades had done. They had not lost a foot of ground, and had contributed their full share on that trying field to wrest victory from seemingly inevitable defeat. At length daylight faded, and gradually the firing along the whole line ceased. Never was coming darkness more welcome to wearied soldiers. Every one knew that before morning the troops of the right wing would have marched to our assistance, and that General Johnston's great effort was handsomely foiled.

Into what irregular and detached positions the troops upon the field had been thrown by the desperate wrestle of the afternoon is shown by one dramatic incident, which occurred soon after night-fall. General Mitchell, tired and worn out, had borrowed a rubber blanket, and was just comfortably settled on the ground, when an officer came and waked him, saying, "Here is a staff officer with a message for you." He sat up, and was confronted by a bright young fellow, who said, "Colonel Hardee presents his compliments to you, and asks that you will apprise your line that he is forming in your front to charge the Yankee lines on your left." General Mitchell sprang to his feet, and asked him to repeat his message, which he did. The general inquired what Colonel Hardee it was; and was told Colonel Hardee of the 23d Georgia, commanding a brigade in Hoke's division. General Mitchell asked the young gentleman if he had had his supper, and being told that he had not, he was politely sent in charge of a staff officer to the officer in charge of the prisoners in the rear. General Mitchell then drew in his entire picket line, and gave orders that at the tap of a drum his whole line should fire one volley, and that the picket line should then re-

sume its position without further orders. By the time this was arranged the marching and even the talking of the Confederate line in front could be distinctly heard. One loud tap was given on a bass drum, and one volley was fired low; and General Mitchell says, "I never expect to hear again such a volume of mingled cries, groans, screams, and curses. The next morning there was displayed in front of our works, among the dead, a line of new Enfield rifles and knapsacks, almost as straight as if laid out for a Sunday morning inspection. When we reached Raleigh, a week or two later, some of my officers went to see Colonel Hardee, who was there in hospital, wounded. He told them that his men had been in the fortifications in and around Wilmington during the whole war; that they had never before been in battle, and had not participated in this fight during the day. They were brought out for this night attack, and were determined to go right over the Yankee lines; and, breathing fire, they had vowed to take no prisoners. But out of the stillness of that dark night came that tremendous volley right in their faces and flank. 'The fools'—these were Colonel Hardee's words—'thought they were discovered and surrounded. They ran, and I have no doubt they are still running, for we have never been able to get ten of them together since their flight.'" No further attempt, it is needless to say, was made to disturb the Yankee lines during the night.

Considering the great disaster which was imminent, and which was averted, it is not too much to claim for this engagement that it was one of the most decisive of the lesser battles of the war. When Johnston, with skillful strategy, and with wonderful celerity and secrecy, massed his scattered troops near the little hamlet of Bentonsville, and placed them, unknown to his great adversary, in a strong position directly across the road upon which two "light divisions,"

as he expressed it, were marching, he proposed to himself nothing less than to sweep these two divisions from the field, in the first furious onset; and then, hurrying on with flushed and victorious troops, to attack, in deep column and undeployed, the two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, which, through heavy and miry roads, would be hastening to the assistance of their comrades. These divisions he expected to crush easily, while General Sherman and the right wing were many miles from the field. Then, with half his army destroyed, with supplies exhausted, and far from any base, he believed General Sherman and his right wing only would no longer be a match for his elated and eager troops. Never before, in all the long struggle, had fortune and circumstance so united to favor him, and never before had hope shone so brightly. If Sherman's army were destroyed, the Confederacy would be inspired with new spirit, and ultimate success would be at last probable. Doubtless such dreams as these flitted through General Johnston's mind on that Sunday morning, when his well-laid plans seemed so sure of execution. With what a sad and heavy heart he turned at night from the hard-fought field, realizing that the last great opportunity was lost, we can only imagine. As the sun went down that night, it undoubtedly carried with it, in the mind of General Johnston, at least, the last hopes of the Southern Confederacy.

At night-fall of that eventful Sunday, General Sherman went into camp with the head of General Howard's column, at a distance of nearly twenty miles from the battle-field. At about eleven o'clock that morning, after the battle had commenced, General Slocum, then of the same opinion with General Sherman, had sent an officer to inform the general-in-chief that he had nothing in his front but a division of cavalry, and that he could easily take care of it. This confirmed General Sherman's view

of the matter; and in spite of the heavy and continuous firing which resounded during all the afternoon in the direction of Bentonsville, he continued his march.

But meanwhile many of the officers and men of the right wing listened with anxiety to the distant sounds of battle. The diary of an officer in General Howard's command gives ample evidence of this. He says, "For a time, the general [Howard] and most of the staff thought it was nothing more than a spirited cavalry engagement; but at the end of an hour, and as battery after battery went into position, and the heavy rumbling of the guns increased, all shook their heads, and it was the universal opinion that the left wing was heavily engaged." Again, "We were all satisfied that the artillery fire we heard indicated heavy battle." And again, "The engagement was evidently a long way off; nevertheless, we could distinctly hear the deep, heavy, sullen boom, boom, of the guns. We estimated their number at not less than seventy-five." And farther on, "All day long we have heard the heavy and continuous roar of artillery, which was indicative to us of a fierce and desperate struggle between the left wing and Johnston's army; and as hour after hour passed, and no word came, our anxiety increased." General Howard's notes of the day bear witness to the same uneasiness. But General Sherman rode on, and turned no head of column to the scene of conflict. His wonderfully acute military instinct, right at least nine times out of ten, so wonderfully sure and correct that he had learned to rely upon it as he would upon actual knowledge, had decided that there was nothing there but cavalry, and this decision had been reinforced by Slocum's later dispatch. His cavalry, under Kilpatrick, which should have been well informed of the movements of the enemy on his exposed flank, had given him no intelligence of their rapid movements and concentration, and

he rode on, confident that Johnston and his infantry were forty miles away, near Smithfield or Raleigh.

Late in the afternoon, General Slocum had sent Major Guindon with information of the true state of affairs. The great distance and the heavy roads had detained him, so that it was long after dark before he reached the general-in-chief at General Howard's headquarters. The diary of an officer who was present gives a graphic picture of his arrival: "At about half past nine, one of General Slocum's aids came up at a dashing pace, and, throwing himself from his horse, asked for General Sherman. We all gathered round, and listened attentively, as he told the particulars of the battle. The commander-in-chief would have made a good subject for Punch or Vanity Fair. He had been lying down in General Howard's tent, and hearing the inquiry for him, and being of course anxious to hear the news of the fight, he rushed out to the camp-fire without stopping to put on his clothes. He stood in a bed of ashes up to his ankles, chewing impatiently the stump of a cigar, with his hands clasped behind him, and with nothing on but a red flannel undershirt and a pair of drawers." No wonder the general-in-chief was thoughtless of appearances, for Major Guindon informed him that "the enemy had made four distinct assaults on our line, and been repulsed; but that just as he left they were coming again, and he feared we had lost the battle, as the enemy overlapped our troops on both flanks." Then, of course, there was hurrying to and fro, and mounting in hot haste; and the troops of the right wing spent most of the night retracing their steps, and marching with all possible speed to the rescue of their comrades. At daylight on the morning of the 20th the advance division — Hazen's — filed into position in support of their battle-tried comrades of the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, and

never were fellow soldiers more heartily welcomed. The next two days were spent in manœuvring, skirmishing, and fighting; but the history of those two days has been frequently given, and does not need repeating here. Johnston's only object then was to extricate his army from the very dangerous position which his failure to overwhelm the left wing on the 19th had left it in. He was now surrounded on three sides by Sherman's united army, and Mill Creek was in his rear. But General Sherman did not deem it wise to press him sharply, and Johnston once more showed that he was a consummate master of the difficult art of retreat. On the morning of the 22d he had safely recrossed Mill Creek, and we moved on to Goldsboro.

Why the great effort failed, it would perhaps be impossible to say. So well was the plan laid, and so completely was General Sherman deceived, that it would seem as if victory must have crowned the attempt. Probably the quick and decisive action of General Davis in hurling his one reserve brigade upon the flank of the enemy when in full tide of success was the chief factor in determining the result. But it must also be said that while this checked and paralyzed the enemy, and gained invaluable time, it could not have secured final success had it not been followed up by steady, plucky, persistent fighting on the part of the troops, such as has seldom, if ever, been excelled. The men would not acknowledge defeat. It is even rumored that while at one time the regimental commanders of one brigade were considering whether their duty to their men did not demand a surrender, their deliberations were cut short by the action of a gigantic sergeant-major, who sprang forward with a cheer, and called for a charge, which was successfully made, and the dilemma was ended. It is probable, too, that Johnston's long practice in defensive fighting unfitted him for the confident and persistent dash

which was necessary, at the critical moment, to secure success, while a lack of confidence in the steadiness of troops hastily gathered together, and consequently without perfect organization, must also have embarrassed him.

The history of the first day's fight at Bentonville has been, till now, an untold story; nowhere, so far as I know, can be found in the histories of the war any adequate account of it, and General Sherman's *Memoirs* make little more than an allusion to it, while two or three pages of his book are mainly occupied with the accounts of the operations of the next two days, when he had come up with the rest of the army. In the battle of the first day, out of ten thousand men actually engaged on our side, we lost during the afternoon 1200; and General Johnston, in his narrative, admits a loss on his side of 1915. In all the fighting of the next two days, we lost in our whole army a little over 400 men; and Johnston states his loss at 428. These figures easily show when the severe fighting was done.

It is natural that the men who fought the battle of the first day, and were proud of doing, as they supposed, something toward saving their great leader and his great army from defeat, should have wondered that so little is known about Bentonville. Many an old soldier who was in that leaden rain and iron hail, and who perhaps carries with him a memento of it in a shattered limb or the recollection of a dead comrade, has smiled grimly as he has read General Sherman's scanty reference to it. If he was in Fearing's, or Cogswell's, or Mitchell's, or Vandervere's brigade, he may have looked back to Chickamauga, and to twenty pitched battles besides, and may still have thought that in none of them had he had a hand in such stubborn work as that at Bentonville. And then he has been doubly amused as he has read in the *Memoirs* this sentence:

"I doubt if, after the first attack on Carlin's division, the fighting was as desperate as described in Johnston's narrative." He has probably thought that his old chief, whom he deeply loved and respected, could have learned all about that by asking some one nearer home than General Johnston, and he has felt like rising to a personal explanation, and a statement such as I have here attempted. It is due to the gallant troops who so heroically did their duty in that deadly breach, and to the commanding officers, — to Henry W. Slocum, to Jefferson C. Davis, to Morgan and Carlin, and their brigade commanders, — whose cool judgment and quick intelligence aided to conduct the fight to so fortunate an end, that the truth about the battle of Bentonville, as about all other battles, should be told.

The reputation of the general commanding-in-chief is of such strong and stalwart stuff that he can easily afford it. There may be men who would not have made the mistake at Bentonville; but they are men who could not have made that masterly five months' campaign, when every hour brought its skirmish, every day its fight, and every week its battle, which secured the fall of Atlanta. Nor could they have planned and executed that great march, without example or precedent, which in its demoralizing effects crumbled the rebellion in the minds of its stanchest upholders, and showed them that its end was near. History may admit, and will admit, that there was an error and a narrow escape at Bentonville in the great game played between Sherman and Johnston; and yet she will find remaining enough of brilliancy and genius in the many masterly moves and combinations of General William T. Sherman throughout the struggle to lift him into the front rank of great captains, and enough to dwarf most of the military reputations of modern history.

Alexander C. McClurg.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

FEW of us feel much interest in the reign of the fierce and vicious son of the Norman conqueror of England. We remember his strange death by the arrow of Walter Tyrrel, in that New Forest which he had made ready for his pleasure at the cost of so many ruined homesteads. We know that he was hated in life and abandoned in death, and we turn to some brighter theme. And yet to any one who cares to study the origin of our institutions, his reign is full of interest; for in it that feudal system was formed under which England was governed for centuries. The Red King made no written code, but he shaped the nation. Mr. Freeman¹ makes this important period more real to us than ever before. We feel now that we know the man, with all his strange ability and shocking vice. The general effect is no more striking than the picture of him in the Norman Conquest, but here we have the details before us from which to make up our own opinion; and that opinion is somewhat more favorable to the political genius of William Rufus than Mr. Freeman is ready to grant.

There was no courtly dignity about the Red King. In bodily form he resembled his father. "He was a man of no great stature, of a thick, square frame, with a projecting stomach. His bodily strength was great. His speech was stammering, especially when he was stirred to anger. He lacked the power of speech which had belonged to his father, and had descended to his elder brother; his pent-up wrath or merri-ment, or whatever the momentary passion might be, broke out in short, sharp sentences, often showing some readiness of wit, but no continued flow of speech.

He had the yellow hair of his race, and the ruddiness of his countenance gave him the surname which has stuck to him so closely." His character was a curious compound of savage impulse and sound judgment, of foxy cunning and profound statesmanship, of bravery and cruelty, of falseness and chivalry, of filial reverence and contempt for everything that man holds dear. He united the political genius of his race with its vices in their most detestable shape. Passionate and vicious were all his house, but in him excesses took a form so hideously repulsive that even his callous contemporaries shrank from him. It is hard for a modern writer fairly to weigh virtues against such a frightful accompaniment of crime; the work of Rufus is the harder to judge because he avoided new legislation, and one can judge his course only by comparing the English kingdom which he left to Henry with that which he had received from his father, the Conqueror. During the dozen years thus spanned a novel system of government arose. A form of feudalism, not only new to England, but unknown anywhere else, had been created, without the approval of the people, and against the vehement opposition of the nobility and the church; a system which held its own for hundreds of years, until a new form of civilization grew up, in which the old organization was no longer necessary.

One of the most marked characteristics of the English people was their determined opposition to any new burden. They never asked for a new reform. The freedom of their forefathers was ever their demand. The main stress of the anger which the new institutions of the Red King aroused naturally fell upon

¹ *The Reign of William Rufus and the Accession of Henry the First.* By EDWARD A. FREEMAN. VOL. I. — NO. 299.

their introducer, and it was intensified by his capricious violence and hardness of heart. The monkish historians from whom we get our account of him bitterly resented the burden of institutions, the value of which they acknowledged in later reigns. And thus the Red King gets the blame for the faults of a system, the benefits of which are credited to his successors. But it appears plainly enough, from Mr. Freeman's story, that both fairly belong to him. He had a difficult political problem before him, one which his father had not solved. The Conqueror's irresistible personal influence had kept the kingdom quiet. He had understood the situation, and had introduced forces which were certain to modify its constitution profoundly; but he had adopted no broad plan, and their operation was as yet uncertain. Under the Red King these forces were combined in a novel form of feudalism, which Henry I. kept in essence unchanged. That cold and crafty king profited at once by the insight and the errors of his brother William, whom he succeeded. He kept the system, but by alleviating its hardships and giving it regularity, and above all by making a good many promises, which he took little pains to perform, he succeeded in keeping its advantages, while the odium of it was thrown upon his brother. And as by that time the detested novelty had worn off, and the advantages to the community were more evident, he was greeted as the lion of justice for carrying out the far-reaching schemes of the detested Red King. These schemes may very probably have originated in the subtle brain of the unscrupulous justiciar, Randolf Flambard, who was certainly responsible for many of the abuses in their execution; but the king, by whose command and under whose direct supervision they were carried out, must be regarded as the real author. To give the credit to his Norman lawyers, and impute to the king the blame,

as some historians have done, is surely unreasonable. Mr. Freeman is too fair-minded a historian for this; but he does not appear to appreciate sufficiently the merit of these vast designs, or to give his hero due credit for the power displayed in them. He is too much influenced by the judgment of William's contemporaries, who were not likely to appreciate any new feudal constitution, and hated as much as they feared the king.

William Rufus came to the throne with no better claim, to say the least, than his older or his younger brother. He was not personally popular; the old constitution gave him too little power, and his position involved him at once in a contest for supremacy with his turbulent nobility on the one hand, and the church on the other. And yet, during his reign of thirteen years, no rebel force dared meet him in the field on English soil; he conquered Wales, colonized Carlisle, and won Normandy. He was a vigorous and daring soldier. He was hunting in the New Forest when he heard the unexpected news of the capture of Le Mans. "Let us go beyond the sea," he said; and without a moment's delay put spurs to his horse for Southampton. There was nothing there but an old and crazy ship; the sky was lowering, the wind was contrary, the waves were high. "I never heard of a king being drowned. Make haste," he said to those who urged delay; and the next morning he had reached the haven of Touques, and his messengers were out gathering a force before which the enemy fled in despair. Like all his race, he loved the din of battle, and swung his battle-axe in the thickest of the fight. Like them, he could unhesitatingly doom the vanquished to mutilation or death. Yet he had a fitful generosity and aspiration, which made him take up the new doctrines of chivalry with enthusiasm. At times he would release his prisoners on parole, and even set them free without a ransom; and

he seems never to have abused women. With all his faults, he never did anything so atrocious as did the admired Henry when he blinded his own grandchildren.

Mr. Freeman dwells with deserved emphasis upon the importance of his hero's appeal to the loyalty of his people, at the very beginning of his reign. It was the foundation of his power. He was a despot because the people liked to obey him. They did not care for his vices. They knew that they were well off under his firm rule, and that was enough for them.

It was this popular support that enabled him to feudalize England. When he came to the throne, much was still unsettled. William the Conqueror had not sought to impose any new code upon England. The people were too conservative to bear it. He had begun by making no more changes than were necessary to reward his followers. Afterwards, as he found his power insecure, he had placed nearly all the great offices in Norman hands, and brought the sheriffs, through whom the local administration was conducted, directly under his control. The wager of battle, and some legislation establishing separate ecclesiastical courts and attaching the peasantry more closely to the soil, is traced to him. One other thing he did: he made extensive re-grants of the English estates in a manner which, later on, the astute lawyers of the Red King held to establish feudal obligations. We may be sure, however, that the Conqueror did not wish to introduce into England anything like the feudalism of France, which crushed the poor, annihilated trade, and allowed the king to act only through great vassals, whose power was so extensive as to make the sovereign's control little more than nominal.

William the Conqueror left England quiet, but agitated by strong passions, and assuredly not feudal. The Saxon and the Norman had not yet coalesced.

They were governed by different laws. The Englishman recognized in the foreigner a superior and irresistible force, but he hated him none the less. The Norman repaid the hatred with scorn. His ordinary imprecation was, "May I become an Englishman!" and he strengthened his denials by the phrase, "Do you take me for an Englishman?" Had William been followed by a weak king, like his son Robert or his grandson Stephen, there would have been immediate anarchy, in which the fruits of the Conquest might have been lost. His oldest son, Robert, a feeble ruler, was little known in England, and the claim of primogeniture was far from conclusive. Henry, the youngest son, was English born, and better liked, but he was far away. William Rufus, with his usual energy, had crossed to England, received the assent of the Witan, and been crowned king before his brothers thought of doing anything. His Norman nobles soon resented his firm control, and rose in rebellion under the lead of Odo of Bayeux, in behalf of Robert. But the Red King had already grasped the principle by which his race kept what looked like despotic power, — that of meeting the approval of the English people by identifying himself with the national feeling.

Foreigner though he was, he appealed to them without a moment's hesitation, and they rallied round him in irresistible force. For the second and last time the Saxon and the Norman met in battle, and now the conflict was finally settled by the triumph of the Saxon under the Norman king. There were later quarrels; there was anarchy under Stephen and John; there was constant bickering between the great Norman houses until their fiery strains died out; but there was no more fighting between the Saxon and the Norman after the overwhelming success of the English king. No attempt was made in behalf of the Saxon Atheling, and the rest of the reign of

Rufus was accepted by his English subjects without any opposition, except the quickly crushed rebellion of Robert of Belême. When he wanted troops he had only to call his "young men" around him, and they came from far and near. Thus the fundamental question of a new government, its basis, was settled by the Red King in a way that seems natural enough to us, but which was far from being so then. Most probably William took this bold step with the approval of his minister Lanfranc, but he was too headstrong for us to doubt that the act was entirely his own.

A more complicated question was as to the form which his government should assume. Odo's rebellion showed how largely the power of the Conqueror had been due to his mere personal influence. It was plain that there must be a closer organization, and above all a larger revenue; for it was an age when money was very powerful, and the Red King's system was based on it to a degree formerly almost unknown. He was ambitious, and when he died he had possession not only of his own island, but of Normandy and other fair French provinces. The best of his foreign victories were the bloodless triumphs of wealth. The Norman duke, the French king, even the Pope, bent before that golden hoard at Winchester. Without his great revenue he probably could not have kept England quiet, much less have made her a great power. This he did, and he did it in the face of the bitter opposition with which the English always met a new tax. The way in which he accomplished it was by the introduction of a new form of feudalism, whose design deserves examination.

Feudalism was not unknown in England before the Conquest, but it was alien to Saxon instincts, and had attained but slight development. It was an institution of Frankish origin. It differed from the early political customs of the Normans and the Saxons in that it was

founded on land, and was not a relation of tribesmen to their chief, but of tenants to their landlord. Each feudal tenant was thereby a soldier in an army to which he must furnish armed men in proportion to the extent of his farm, at the command of his landlord; and that lord himself held of an overlord, who was his military commander; and so on everywhere, in an order of which the king was the head. This organization had the defects and advantages of a martial as contrasted with a civil government. As an organization for the government of a half-civilized people of mixed blood, it was probably unsurpassed. Every man was a soldier with a fixed status, independent of race, in a national army. On the other hand, in the early forms of feudalism, the king's power reached the lower class so indirectly that he was not able to save it from oppression; and even the nobility often defied his power, knowing that the weightier force was theirs. On its civil side the king's power was very weak. It extended directly only to his private estates; and the law was too much localized everywhere. Each noble laid the taxes and held the court in his own estate. Every hill was crowned with a castle, which was little better than a robber stronghold, where each petty lordling was separated from his tenantry, whom his position tempted him to abuse.

The Normans, with their power of rapid assimilation, had quickly adopted this feudal system from their French enemies, and their kings had experienced its defects. The problem of how to keep its strength and avoid its weakness was the one which they had to meet on their settlement in England; and especially it was desirable to combine the better organization of the lower classes in England with the firmer feudal union of the upper class which prevailed on the Continent.

As it was worked out by the Red King,

the yeoman was protected and the power of the nobility limited in many ways, both civil and military. The great estates were not in compact masses, but were usually scattered through several counties. Castle-building was strictly forbidden except on the Welsh and Scotch borders, where it was necessary for military defense. The lord lived as his tenants lived, and felt the value of their goodwill, and grew one in feeling with them. The judicial power of the local courts could not be taken away, but it was slowly sapped by extending the jurisdiction of the king's courts, under pretense, sometimes very far-fetched, of the king's power of equitable relief, or of the relief and protection of the king's revenue. Thus the royal courts were soon preferred, on account of the ability which the king's appointments secured. The power of the lords to lay taxes was generally limited to fixed and moderate rents, which they collected of their tenants, to certain dues for markets, fairs, and the like, and to feudal assistances and relief. The only general tax was the Danegeld, a tax levied on land by the king, which had its origin in an occasional assistance to meet a Danish inroad, but which became a regular yearly levy under the Norman kings. From this, and from the revenue of the king's own estates, nearly the whole revenue of the government was derived, until William Rufus introduced reliefs and other feudal sources of revenue. By these causes, and by the protection given to the villein and the commercial classes, the power of the nobles was brought within reasonable limits. The king had an extensive civil as well as military authority, and kept a firm hold over the church, which had already become a great landed power. And thus William Rufus was able to summon his Witan year after year, with the certainty that no one would venture to oppose his will.

The element of the feudal system

which was more especially due to the Red King was the extension of military tenures, with the new features of wardship and relief. He maintained that, inasmuch as the great estates were held directly of him on the condition of military service, it must follow that when the tenant died, leaving only minor or female heirs, unable to render this military service, the condition of the grant was broken, and the estate reverted to its royal grantor, who should enjoy its revenues until the boy came of age or the girl married. The king held as owner, not guardian, and the revenues went into the royal coffers. The heir had to pay a relief before he could take his father's place, — something between a succession duty and a reward paid for a new grant; and so had the man whom the heiress should marry. Similarly, the estate of a bishop or abbot was held by the king while the office was vacant, and a relief demanded from the new appointee. These new regulations brought the king a great revenue, but there were many abuses in their collection, and they met with much opposition.

There was, however, much to be said in their favor, if imposed with moderation and regularity. The relief was a succession tax like the Roman *vicessimo hereditatem*; and many political economists consider this the best of all taxes, because it does not diminish the reward of labor, but falls upon unearned wealth, and tends to restrain the overgrowth of great fortunes. In England, at that time, there were special reasons for its imposition. There was no rich middle class to tax, and no considerable foreign commerce upon which to levy duties. Any increase of the local trade dues, if it had been possible, would have been very unwise. Forced loans were still more objectionable. It would have been poor policy to increase the land tax, the Danegeld, which fell directly upon the small farmer. The burden of wardship and relief, however, fell directly

on the large landholders, where it could best be borne, and whom it was difficult to reach in any other way; and though some part of it was transferred to the small tenant, the greater portion of it was not. The yeoman was no worse off for having his rent go to the king, while his lord's heir was a minor, or the bishopric was unfilled. Indeed, the king's custom of granting long leases at a low rent for a bonus was directly for the benefit of the farmer. The great lords, it is true, claimed the same feudal privileges of wardship and relief of the lesser nobility, who held of them, and also asked assistance of their tenants to meet the burdens laid upon them. Still, rents were generally low and unalterable. If we compare the Red King's plan with the method in vogue on the Continent, there can be no question as to its superiority; for abroad the burden fell almost exclusively on the poor, and crushed them in hopeless destitution, while the English peasantry prospered, and the towns grew in wealth, under William and his brother, in spite of wet seasons and bad crops.

The system had other advantages, quite as important in the keen eyes of the Red King. It required no new legislation, but was legally inferred from some doubtful grants of the Conqueror; and it fell at any one time only upon a few scattered and masterless estates, so that there could be no concerted opposition. It very sensibly diminished the power of the great nobles and of the high dignitaries of the church, both of whom were still too masterful. It was from the church, indeed, that the most strenuous opposition came; but it was the church organization, not religion, which suffered. No priest lost his living, no parish flock was untended, while the king was appropriating the rich income of the benefices. Had the system been justly administered, there would have been little injury from it. Unfortunately, this was not the case. The king's

plans were good, but it was hard for him to let a chance to make money go by. Unreasonable sums were demanded instead of a fixed rate, and heiresses and abbacies were sold to the highest bidder. Thus there was much occasional hardship and wrong, but the principle was so vital that William's successors were compelled to continue it in a more regular form; for a revenue had to be raised, and this was the best way to get it, until the advent of the rich middle class brought in a new form of civilization. We talk of the modern worship of the dollar, but money brought far greater prizes in those days of chivalry, when heiresses and high preferment and even rich kingdoms were bought and sold, and the worst crimes were openly committed to obtain it. In the absence of safe dividend-paying investments, men spent their money more lavishly, but there was less public spirit than now. William Rufus was actually blamed for building London Bridge, Westminster Hall, and the Tower. But no one was surprised at Henry's leaving that last fatal hunting party the moment he heard of his brother's death, to ride full speed to Winchester, where the treasure lay.

We have dwelt upon the fiscal side of the administration of William Rufus because it has received such exaggerated blame. Free from grave faults it was not, but it had important merits, which we have to put ourselves in his place to recognize. The Red King showed in other ways the same far-sighted ability. It is hardly possible to doubt that, like his father and brother, he desired to improve the condition of the lower classes. The servile laws, which seem to us so near slavery, were a necessary safeguard, in those lawless times, both to the laborer himself, who was placed under a lord whose interest it was to protect him, and to society, which needed to have its labor supply made certain and its morality and conservatism strengthened by the force of public opinion in an

immovable population, — a force which was the main reliance of the community, in those days of inefficient legislation and feeble police supervision.

Under the Red King trade was safe, without any increase in the burdens that embarrassed it. He granted no monopolies. He favored the hated Jews, and when Earl Robert of Mowbray seized the goods of some Norwegian merchants, the king made them whole again and punished the earl. Evidently, he appreciated the advantages of commerce. He had not reached the modern view of it. He believed, no doubt, in fixing prices by statute, and in regulating supply. But we must remember that the great law of supply and demand did not work then with any trustworthy certainty. The scarcity of money, the poorness of roads, the dangers of travel, the difficulty of obtaining intelligence, and the almost total absence of modern commercial facilities made business an entirely different thing from what it is to-day; and government interference was expected and obeyed, both in fixing prices and in regulating the movement of labor. The Englishman did not desire competitive fluctuations. His ideal was a steady market, with moderate profits, at the same prices that his fathers paid, and this the government regulation helped powerfully to secure. Enforced as the laws were in England, they gave the peasant and the merchant a better chance than he had anywhere else in the world, and he prospered accordingly.

In the difficulties with the church, it was not so much the Red King's plans as his way of executing them that we must blame. He had good reason to dread the spread of the Pope's power. The sending of Peter-pence to Rome was a great evil in those days, when the want of currency often reduced trade to barter. Even before the Conquest, the monasteries and other religious foundations had obtained a dangerously large

portion of the fertile land of the kingdom; and as society grew more orderly and prosperous, the Pope sought to strengthen his own power as well, and to exercise over the English church a control until then unknown, not so much from the ambition of the pontiff as from the nature of his system.

Twice under the reign of Rufus did bishops claim the right of appeal to the corrupt court of Rome; and although neither Stephen nor Anselm cared to press it after having escaped from the king's clutches, it would have been very poor statesmanship for an English king to acknowledge such a claim, or to allow the church lands to escape the duties of feudal service. But, as usual, the Red King's course was rapacious and violent. He not only kept sees vacant for years in order to enjoy the revenue, but he carried his irreligion to the point of blasphemy. He was not an atheist. He abused the Deity as a personal enemy. "God shall never see me a good man," he once said. "I have suffered too much from him." And again, "He knows nothing about crimes, or else he weighs them in unjust balances." At another time he offered to join Judaism, if it should prove the victor in a public contest, which was really held, though of course with indecisive results. Compared with this childish blasphemer, the saintly prelate Anselm appears in such sharp contrast that it is hard not to forget on which side England's needs really lay. "Treat me as a man," said Anselm, in a speech which Mr. Freeman does not quote, "and I give myself and all I have to your service. But if you treat me as your slave, you shall have neither me nor mine." Anselm's great work, the *Cur Deus Homo*, played a great part in the religious movement of the age, and helped to bring in the purer view of the Atonement, that Christ died to satisfy the divine justice, and so make possible the pardon of man without a violation of eternal law, in place of the

primitive theory, that it was a ransom paid for man to Satan, who found out too late that his supposed victim had a divinity that could not be confined in hell. Mr. Freeman does not mention these religious controversies, probably because Rufus cared nothing for them; but the persecution of Roscelin by the king, when he fled to England under banishment for denying the reality of abstractions, should not have been omitted.

There were other hardships in the Red King's reign besides the religious and financial ones. His guard of troops was generally quartered upon the people, and this caused much suffering, as it did in other reigns. Then the king, like all of his blood, was passionately fond of hunting, and extended his forests with little regard to popular outcry. The farmers complained not only on account of their eviction from fertile land, but because of the destruction of crops by the game which it cost a man's life to destroy. In modern eyes this protection of forests and encouragement of manly out-door sport seems hardly criminal, but the farmers did not think so then, and when the weakness of Stephen's reign gave an opportunity there was at once an enormous slaughter of game.

If we compare the progress of this Norman empire with similar triumphs elsewhere of imperfectly civilized but highly gifted races, we shall find in the reign of the Red King the two principal evils by which those races have been arrested in their march. One is the tendency to overburden the conquered people with taxation; to draw away their life-blood in order to make the administration strong, and supply the natural desire of the victors for luxury. It was this over-taxation that ruined the Italian farmers under the Roman Empire, until population fell off to a point at which

the foreigner had to be called in to recruit her armies, and at last, when the misery had grown so intolerable that even anarchy had lost its terrors, to rule the sacred city. The same evil, in a much more oppressive form, accompanied the march of the Turkish Empire in later times, and we may well believe that it was one of the most important causes of the decay of the great empires that preceded Rome. The same danger threatened England under the Normans, but the sturdy independence of the people and the political ability of her rulers averted the misery in which the yeomanry of the Continent were plunged.

One other evil has usually accompanied a conquering race,—the tendency to vicious excesses. It is not that luxury in itself is enfeebling. We know, by the statistics of modern times, that in itself it is strengthening, not enervating. But the absence of accustomed occupations and modes of working off surplus excitement, the loss of old ideals of living, and the elevation to new spheres of life where the old habits of self-control seem out of place, and public opinion loses its restraining force, all tend fatally to criminal laxity. The outspoken Latin historians describe plainly enough the frightful immorality of Rome. Modern travelers hint at it in the harem of the Ottoman. More than once the same hideous bestiality has soiled the English throne which flaunted itself under the Red King. The taint did not spread, however, in that healthy race, and with a new king a purer régime came in. If we cannot acquit William of degrading vice, we can at least credit him with his true powers. Brutal as he was, he was not a mere beast, but, like all of that strange bastard brood, he mingled with his vices a statesmanship and power which may fairly be called genius.

MOZLEY'S REMINISCENCES.

THE history of Christianity is the history of a Person, and the history of any religious movement under it is very largely the history of persons. Indeed, we may assert that the profounder the movement, the more positively will it be the expression of personality. It is not thought alone, but thought transfixed by will, which works religious revolutions and changes. There have been two great movements in English religious life during the last century which illustrate this, the Wesleyan and — but the second fails to answer to the name of any one leader. There was a time when the nickname of Puseyite was given to it, but no one hears that name now. Newman did not give it a name, nor did Keble, nor Ward, and yet all these and others were distinctly leaders. Mr. Mozley, in his *Reminiscences*,¹ speaks of it as the Oxford Movement, and that is perhaps as comprehensive an historical title as the facts warrant. Oxford was the visible birthplace of the Movement, and Oriel College was the innermost nest; but it is in the idea of a college as a society, not as an educational centre, that the name gets its fitness.

Mr. Mozley leaves to more philosophical minds the task of methodizing the Movement and accounting for its origin and force. His pleasure is to recall the figures of the persons who were engaged in it, and to give them a new vitality in the printed page. He is a gossip who has an apprehension of the greatness of the period of which he writes, but who was himself on too familiar terms with the persons of the period to overestimate their consequence. We say apprehension; it is open to doubt if Mr. Mozley comprehended the scope of the Oxford Movement; he

frankly admits his own shiftiness of mind, and one unacquainted with the great change which has taken place in the English church would hardly surmise it from Mr. Mozley's pages. Yet this low tone in which he paints the figures of the actors has its advantage: it gives one a view of a hero midway between that of the hero's valet and the hero's worshiper.

We confess to having been singularly affected by the view of Mr. Mozley which Mr. Mozley gives. He does not despise himself, nor does he think more highly of himself than he ought to think. There is something whimsical in the half-puzzled and quite commiserating way in which he contemplates Mr. Mozley's critical condition, when he had been pushed by circumstances and doubts and Mr. Newman to the edge of the precipice. He watches him with some concern, as he sees him crawl away on all fours, and he worries himself to find reasons for a decision which was no more a conscious and deliberate act than were the successive steps by which he had reached dangerous ground. We like his frankness, as where, when Newman bade him take two years to think over his final resolution, he says, with pathetic self-justification, —

"Two years are not too long for a consideration affecting one's eternal happiness, and the present and future happiness of many. But I had always found it not easy to concentrate my attention on a serious matter for even ten minutes. There was sure to be some irrelevant idea shooting right athwart the range of my speculations. It is so invariably the case that, sometimes in charity to my poor self, I have tried to account for it physically. Was

¹ *Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement.* By the REV. T. MOZLEY,

M. A. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

it a peculiar working in the organ of vision? Had I a bee in my bonnet? I know the Provost, who himself could work his mental apparatus with perfect regularity, thought sometimes I was light-headed. I can, however, return to a point again and again."

This is a most ingenious account of Mr. Mozley's mind, and it serves to explain the general drift of his Reminiscences, whether they regard himself or his associates. He was a lively, good-hearted busybody, very much interested in everything that went on about him; and, swept into the current of the Oxford Movement, he was carried forward both by a loyalty to his friends and by a repulsion from the spirit of the opposition. When he came to that point where the roads divided, it was not so much indecision which kept him from going to Rome as weakness of conviction. He could explain away objectionable features of Romish theology and practice, but he could not invest the Romish system in its entirety with sufficient force to draw him irresistibly. Newman believed profoundly in a superior act of volition overruling and containing his own. Mozley, and thousands of Englishmen like him, believed lightly in the same act, and never feeling its force upon his nature remained where he was. He acted upon the common rule: in case of doubt, do nothing.

It is pardonable to linger at the person of Mr. Mozley, because it is by getting some notion of his temperament that we are able to determine how far his reminiscences of other men have a value, especially when those men, as in the case of Newman, are ardent and visionary spirits, restless and unsatisfied until they have found the key to the problems which perplex them. As might be expected, we get but glimpses of the real life of the persons associated in the Movement. Yet, if we know the men through fuller and deeper revelation, there are shrewd side-lights thrown upon

them here, which help to enlarge, or at any rate to adjust, our knowledge. Of this character is the chapter on Keble, and this anecdote, in which something of Mozley's own nature appears:—

"Keble was a latitudinarian, if not a utilitarian, in architecture. He could see a soul in everything, if he could only be allowed to enjoy the illusion. Traveling with me on the top of a coach, he came in sight of the west front of Lichfield Cathedral, and fell into raptures. 'They do nothing like that in these days.' I let him go on for some time, and then had the wickedness to tell him that only a year before I had seen the entire front chopped and chiseled away, sheets of copper laid on the rough wall, big nails driven in, tarred cords stretched from nail to nail, and all the niches, saints, and angels of the old work reproduced in Roman cement upon this artificial backing. I received a very sharp rebuke indeed for not letting him remain under an illusion, which had been honestly intended, and which had contributed to his happiness. 'What good could it do to him to know how the thing was done?'"

The figure of Newman flits across the page throughout the two volumes, but he receives less substantial notice than some of the subordinate characters. This may be due in part to the personal relations subsisting between them, for Mozley married Newman's sister; but the natural separation of the two men may sufficiently account for it. The external characteristics of the great leader offered few points of description, the incidents in his career were uneventful, and the movement of his mind lay outside the range of Mozley's power of analysis. Yet the affection which he had for his great friend has made him set down many little incidents which are of value in constructing his personality. Such is his account of Newman's love of nature:—

"One striking peculiarity in New-

man's character must have been often noticed by his walking companions. It was his admiration of the beauties of earth and sky, his quickness to observe the changes overhead, and the meaning he put into them, sometimes taxing the patience of a dull observer. Flowers, especially certain flowers, he was as fond of as a child could be. He could seldom see a flower without it reviving some memory. Old English forest trees he delighted in. . . . The walk from Oxford to Littlemore, especially if taken every other day, might be thought monotonous, but it never palled on Newman. The heavens changed if the earth did not, and when they changed they made the earth new. His eye quickly caught any sudden glory or radiance above; every prismatic hue or silver lining; every rift, every patch of blue; every strange conformation, every threat of ill or promise of a brighter hour. He carried his scenery with him, and on that account had not the craving for change of residence, for mountains and lakes, that most educated people have. Unless his voyage with Froude to the Mediterranean in 1832 be excepted, he never made a tour for pleasure sake, for health sake, or for change sake. He did move about a good deal, but it was to the country parsonages to which so many of his friends were early relegated. He had much to say; he had to advise, to direct; and he had occasionally a note to make. He looked for progress of some sort or other. These visits sometimes took him into districts singularly wanting in the features constituting 'scenery' and 'landscapes.' But even in Salisbury Plain, where there are no trees, no hedges, no water, no flowers, no banks, no lanes, and now not even turf, and seldom even a village or a church in sight, he would walk or

run with a friend as cheerfully as the prophet ran before the king from Carmel to announce the opened gates of heaven to Jezreel."

To the reader who is not over-anxious to be instructed, but likes an association with scholars and gentlemen, these two volumes afford abundant opportunity. It is in the picking off of small game that Mr. Mozley excels, and although the reader unfamiliar with the Oxford Movement will find many names here of men utterly unknown to him, who yet appear to have had some degree of notoriety, he will assuredly find few for whom he will not thank Mr. Mozley for an introduction. A more entertaining company of gentlemen it would be hard to discover within the same compass, and Mr. Mozley's good-breeding guards him against any idle tale-bearing. He has known many persons who were deeply interested in a great religious and semi-political movement. His memory is tenacious of little things, and he spins and spins his yarns to what must surely be a delighted audience. One person, named once or twice, we miss from the book, but it is to Mr. Mozley's credit that he has not shown us more of his singularly able brother, J. B. Mozley. What a contrast there is between the two men! What searching analysis Canon Mozley could have given, if he had undertaken to draw the portraits of this company of Oxford gentlemen! Yet, with all the limitations of this book, we repeat that it has, besides its own worth as a delightful picture of society, an important place as a contribution to history. It will always remain to humanize and correct a too exclusively theological or polemical consideration of that great movement in the English church, which has lifted the church to a higher plane of spiritual activity.

LECKY'S ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE fifty years which elapsed between 1765 and 1815 cover the most memorable period in modern history, if not in the history of mankind and of human civilization. This half century is one of the great eras of history, like that of the Reformation. In the latter, men shook off the tyranny of the church; in the former, they began the movement for social and political freedom. In the closing years of the eighteenth century, modern democracy, the greatest fact of our day, rose in its strength, bearing with it the principles of equality before the law, and of hostility to privilege in any and every form. It was the uprising of the people, who had been till then almost as much forgotten as the beasts of the field. This vast power had been so chained down that men had almost ceased to reckon upon it, and when it burst its bonds in France, and made Europe quiver from centre to circumference, every one was aghast at the mighty force which had slumbered hardly dreamed of at their side. The first effects of this unfettering of the popular strength and energy were of course terribly destructive, and then came the ebb of the tide; but the democratic movement has, through all, gone steadily forward, and is to-day the dominant impulse and influence in the affairs of men.

Upon this great period Mr. Lecky has now entered, in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, and in the volumes just published¹ he has described the first act in the drama, which, opening in a Massachusetts village, closed on the plains of Waterloo. The preceding volumes, thoroughly admirable in all respects, are still fresh in every one's mind. They dealt with the early years of the century, when Eng-

land and America were resting and drawing breath after the long period of political conflicts and dynastic wars, which may be said to have closed with the death of Anne. No one needs to be reminded of the masterly manner in which Mr. Lecky handled those years of sloth and inaction, the days of Walpole and Fleury. It is a time too little known and too little understood, or was so until Mr. Lecky took it up, and displayed it in its true character as a formative period, and showed beneath the sluggish stream of current events the gathering forces which, rising to a torrent, were to sweep on, as the century closed, with a blinding, maddening rush. There Mr. Lecky had the advantage of presenting to the public in a strong and novel manner the history of a time of which they knew comparatively little. He has now entered upon a period which is illustrated almost every week by some new and minute study of character and details, which is known like no other past time to every intelligent man, and on much of which it is impossible for any one to cast new light. Yet this period is so momentous, so grand in its incidents, in its actors, and in its effects, that it is impossible to tire of it. Mr. Lecky can touch nothing without adding to our knowledge of the subject which he discusses, or without helping us to understand it better; but the chief interest of these volumes lies in their disclosure of the author's views upon an epoch of surpassing importance, with which we are particularly familiar. Mr. Lecky is, as we believe, one of the very small number of historians who make up that final judgment on past events which is known as the verdict of posterity. In this capacity his opinions are looked for

¹ *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

Vols. III. and IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882.

with eagerness by all students, and excite the interest of the public from this as well as from other causes. The present volumes have a peculiar attraction for Americans, inasmuch as they cover the period of the war of the colonies for independence, and are chiefly occupied with that subject, on which Mr. Lecky has expended his best thought and exercised his utmost skill.

The reigns of the first and second Georges, closing with the brilliant episode of Pitt's administration, form the preface to that of George III., which covers the whole of the great era of revolution and of change in politics and thought. Mr. Lecky begins his third volume with a sketch of the character of George III., who for fifty years was an important factor in English history. As we read the opening sentences of this analysis, it seemed as if Mr. Lecky were going to fall into the common English practice of dwelling on George III.'s domestic virtues, his manners, and his courage, of attributing his errors to stupidity, and counting his personal influence and liability to censure as of small moment. There was no danger of this. With true artistic sense, Mr. Lecky enumerates fairly and justly the good qualities possessed by George III. as an individual, and upon these, as a bright background, he paints in strong relief and with dark colors his vices as a public servant. The contrast thus obtained greatly heightens the effect. "All these things," says Mr. Lecky, "have contributed, very naturally, to throw a delusive veil over the political errors of a sovereign of whom it may be said, without exaggeration, that he inflicted more profound and enduring injuries upon his country than any other modern English king." Then follows a list of the political misdeeds of George III., too long for quotation, but given with telling effect, and exhibiting his narrowness, treachery, and hostility to every good thing, until "insanity extin-

guished his powers of evil." "In a word," this powerful passage concludes, "there is scarcely a field of politics in which the hand of the king may not be traced,—sometimes in postponing inevitable measures of justice and reform, sometimes in sowing the seeds of enduring evil." Cool, impartial, and perfectly candid, there is no one who has done such exact and terrible justice to George III. as Mr. Lecky. It is to be hoped that his summing up will destroy forever that utterly false view of George's character, founded on respect for his domestic virtues and pity for the miseries of his old age, which has become so common, owing largely to the delicate sentiment and magic style of Thackeray. The truth is that George III.'s virtues were a great misfortune to his people, for they strengthened enormously his power of evil. This is always the case. The utter profligacy of Charles II. made him a far less dangerous man than either his father or his brother. The austere and rigid virtue of John C. Calhoun made him infinitely more evil in his influence than a shallow libertine like Aaron Burr. If a ruler or political chief is dangerous in his public principles, it is far better for the people whom he governs or leads that he should be a man of abandoned private character than one of strict virtue, because his power of ill is thus greatly diminished, and in the end generally destroyed.

It is impossible to follow Mr. Lecky through these elaborate and able volumes. We can only touch on one or two of the leading points. He shows at length and with great force, as no English historian has ever done before, the deliberate effort of George III. to extend his prerogative and break down constitutional government. The scheme was reasonable enough, and the king proceeded for a long time very well and with every prospect of success. To effect his purpose, George III. counted on

the demoralization of the whig party, on the factions among the great family connections, and on unlimited corruption, and he did not reckon in vain. England drifted steadily toward personal government during the first twenty years of the reign. But as the king, representing the spirit of the past, grew stronger, in appearance at least, the spirit of the future began to make itself felt. It was first heard in deep, inarticulate murmurs from a misgoverned and unrepresented people, little understood at the time by those who ruled the state. Then it broke out roughly, incoherently, but still full of meaning, with Wilkes and the Middlesex election. It was seen in the constant riots, the amount of crime, and the chronic disorder of the country, all of which Mr. Lecky has depicted and given meaning to in a way hitherto unknown. The same spirit of the future, of progress, liberty, and equality found vent in the press and in the savage diatribes of Junius. The expression was rude and imperfect, but there can be no doubt of the nature and magnitude of the cause. In the democratic societies of that day, historically neglected until now, but of which Mr. Lecky gives a very striking account, and in the utterances of advanced liberals, including many men of high rank, we find the same spirit rampant. While the king was straining prerogative and buying votes, while privilege seemed omnipotent, men could be heard publicly demanding annual Parliaments and manhood suffrage. The truth was that England was on the very verge of a terrible revolution. This great fact has been becoming more and more apparent with the progress of historical research, but it was reserved to Mr. Lecky to put it in the clearest and strongest light. That this revolution did not occur Mr. Lecky attributes to the influence of a growing and free press, and to the troubles in the colonies. Whatever the effect of the free press may have been, it was

the second cause which was decisive. The revolution came in reality, but in the colonies instead of in the mother country. It is not a little striking that it should have broken out in the least oppressed and least taxed, the freest and best governed, portion of the British dominions. Laws which would have been borne without a murmur by the people of England lighted up a war in America. The colonists took arms on a question of principle, and, as Mr. Lecky points out very forcibly, and with that clearness of perception which distinguishes him from other English historians of this epoch, the severance of the empire was due to the blunders of a stupid ministry and of the king, was wholly unnecessary, and had nothing arising from the character or condition of the colonies to render it inevitable.

To the colonies and to their revolt Mr. Lecky gives many chapters. It can be said without exaggeration that while in perfect candor no Englishman except Mr. Green has at all approached Mr. Lecky, there are but few historians, native or foreign, who, treating the subject in a large way, have written about the war for independence so thoroughly and so well. To the early leaders of the opposition to England, Mr. Lecky does scant justice, and fails to treat fairly their character and motives. This is especially true in the case of Samuel Adams, who was really a great revolutionary leader, and who is here wholly misconceived and misunderstood. Mr. Lecky also gives a great deal of space to showing that the loyalist faction was very large and respectable, that indifference was wide-spread in America, and that revolution was brought about and carried through by an active and energetic minority. In all this we are disposed to agree entirely with Mr. Lecky, but he is open to criticism in having failed to point out that these very facts which he emphasizes so strongly heighten the praise which is due to the

patriot party for courage and persistence, and ought especially to excite and increase our admiration for the greatness of Washington. It would be impossible, probably, for any English writer to satisfy Americans with his estimate of Washington. Mr. Green did so when he said that "no nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life." Mr. Lecky is so cool and careful in all his judgments that, while we cannot say that he does not do justice to Washington, we yet do not feel fully contented with his elaborate sketch of that great leader.

As an instance, however, of Mr. Lecky's candor and frankness we must refer to his treatment of the West Point treason. He is the first English historian who has had the moral and intellectual honesty to admit that, however much André was to be pitied, his execution was just. He is the first to admit the force of the obvious facts that André was a spy, and as such amenable to the severest laws of war; that he was engaged in aiding the consummation of the blackest treachery; and that he was fairly tried by a board of officers of the highest rank and character, among whom were three distinguished foreigners, and that there was no dissent from the justice of the sentence.

Nothing is better in Mr. Lecky's work than his estimates of men. His opinions will not in all cases command universal assent, but they are singularly penetrating and impartial. The test of a man's greatness in the period covered by these volumes seems to us the extent to which he appreciated the rising spirit of the age which was to dominate the future, and which represented the elevation of the people and the spread of the democratic principle. Mr. Lecky seems inclined to put Burke at the head of the statesmen of that time. Yet with all his profound philosophy and depth of political thought and reasoning, with all his brilliancy as an orator, his gor-

geous rhetoric, and his fervid imagination, Burke was blind to the truth. He saw health and safety in a parcel of noble whig families, and he degenerated into a fanatical conservatism, insensible to all existing facts. He aimed at reform, but his reforms were skin deep, and he shrank with horror from the changes which were sure to come. He died hugging to his bosom the corpse of a worn-out political system, which rested on a handful of aristocratic whig "connections." No man so gifted as Burke, who failed so terribly to grasp the essential needs of the time, and fell back so madly and blindly in his efforts to resist the truth, deserves to stand at the head of the great men of his epoch. With all his weaknesses, Chatham was nearer the light. The days of his glory were when he was known as the "great commoner," and in the darkest times he still reverted to the people, and saw beyond kings and lords and squires a mightier force than either or all. In a still greater degree was this true of Fox, to whom Mr. Lecky fails to do justice, except when he sets forth very strikingly the correctness of Fox's objects in seeking by the coalition to break down the royal influence. This work was done by the victor in that struggle, and Pitt, when he rode into power, destroyed prerogative as well as his rival could have done it. Pitt, then, was above Burke, and imbued partially at least with the truth, and so continued until he sold himself to retain office. But Fox, with all his short-comings, his hankering for whig "connections," and his relapses in his brief tenure of office, was the great Englishman of the age. The spirit of the past and the spirit of the future contended in him, because he was typical of his time. But it was to the latter that he gave himself. He looked beyond the mob of lords and gentlemen, and was one of those rare men who represented great ideas. He was the first of modern English states-

men. He felt for humanity and for the people, and the fierce current of reaction swept by him in vain.

Let us say in conclusion that Mr. Lecky's volumes are contributions of the first importance to the most difficult

of sciences, the science of history or of human action. When we consider the period with which Mr. Lecky deals, we cannot praise him more highly than by saying that he has proved himself equal to his task.

LELAND ON THE GYPSIES.

By a connection of sympathies not difficult to understand, Mr. Leland has made himself as well known to a smaller audience in the character of a gypsologist as to the general public by his Hans Breitmann's Ballads. In his new work¹ there are elements which ought to appeal to both branches of his constituency. In these chapters about the gypsies of Russia, England, America, Wales, and India, one finds material for the general reader no less than for the ethnologist. Indeed, the volume is one especially well adapted to those who wish to loiter along pleasant by-ways rather than to climb the steep path of systematic investigation. And yet it is precisely because the author knows his subject so well that he is able to present it so easily, and with such charming glimpses of landscape and adventure and personal reminiscence; as, for instance, his mention of Oatlands Park (in which readers of Mrs. Kemble's Autobiography already feel at home), his account of Cobham Fair, or of The Pious Washerwoman, or the Philadelphia crocus-pitcher — street-quack — and the gypsies in a New Jersey camp. Americans are inclined to regard the Romany as a creature remote from the sphere of their exceedingly practical interests, and hence are sometimes skeptical as to his active existence in their

midst. Many will therefore be surprised at Mr. Leland's statement that "America is a far better place in which to study the [gypsy] language than England." His own collection of Anglo-Romany words (still unpublished) embraces four thousand terms, while George Borrow limited the vocabulary to fourteen hundred. Not less surprising in its way is the belief — which by its *naïveté* escapes blasphemy — entertained among gypsy wanderers that Christ himself was of their tribe, because he was poor and went about upon a donkey. Surprise, however, becomes, if we may say so, an established state of mind in looking through the pages of Mr. Leland, which abound, like his subject, in quaintnesses and the unexpected.

The section devoted to Russian gypsies is very properly given the place of honor, since it is the most elaborate of the studies here presented, and contains perhaps the greatest share of novelty. The music of the Zigani, as heard in St. Petersburg and Moscow, is described with an enthusiasm that can hardly fail to communicate itself. "These artists," it is said, "with wonderful tact and untaught skill, have succeeded, in all their songs, in combining the true, wild Eastern music with that of regular and simple melody, intelligible to every Western ear. . . . There is no self-consciousness,

¹ *The Gypsies*. By CHARLES G. LELAND, Author of *The English Gypsies and Their Language*, *Anglo-Romany Ballads*, *Hans Breitmann's Bal-*

lads, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1882.

no vanity, — all is real. The listener feels as if he were a performer; the performer is an enraptured listener." Among these interesting folk Mr. Leland had the curious experience of telling their fortunes to professional chiromancers, and also of being asked by them what kind of people they really were and whence they came. This gave him an opportunity to set forth a theory, which he likewise elaborates in a special chapter on the Origin of the Gypsies. The hypothesis that they came from India is not especially new, having been advanced by Rüdiger in 1782. Still, it is here developed in accord with the latest and fullest research. The Jats, who were driven from India by Mahmoud in the eleventh century, are accepted as the main stock, supplemented by the Doms, — still extant in India, — who are simply Roms (the D and R being interchangeable in Hindustani and English Romany). There are other wandering Indian tribes that resemble the gypsies: the Nuts, as well as some not mentioned by Mr. Leland, such as the Thuba-rajá and Chandala outcasts, and the Tchingani robbers at the mouth of the Indus; these last presenting a coincidence of name which is worth noticing. The author of *The Gypsies*, however, supplies a valuable link of evidence in his account of a Hindû, seen by him in London, who in youth had lived with a roving tribe in his native country, known as Trablus (Syrians), but "calling themselves and their language *Rom*." They were not really of Syrian blood, but were Hindûs, and gypsy, as their language proved. This is certainly a very important contribution, and goes a good deal farther than Bishop Heber's statement that he met with a camp of gypsies on the banks of the Ganges, who spoke Hindustani as their mother tongue.

Concerning Mr. Leland's explanation of the meaning and origin of the term Zingan or Tchenkan, we feel less confi-

dence, although it is doubtless plausible. He derives it from two words, — *chen*, the moon, and *gan* or *kan*, the sun, — thus making this all but universal appellation of the roving folk signify the moon-sun people. Indirect evidence in favor of such a derivation is afforded by a legend current among Roumanian gypsies about the marriage of the sun and moon, which were regarded as brother and sister. The gypsies of Turkey have the same story, which with them becomes a tradition concerning the early history of their people: *Chen* having been a gypsy chief, who wedded his sister *Guin*, soon after the departure of the tribe from its home country (presumably India). It was this unholy union that gave their nation a name, and also drew down upon it a curse, dooming them to perpetual migration. We could wish that Mr. Leland had here discussed the fact to which Francis Hinde Groom refers, namely, that when Sultan Selim conquered Egypt, in the sixteenth century, many of the inhabitants refused to submit to him, revolted under a chief named Zinganeus, and on being subdued agreed to disperse in small bodies through various countries. Mr. Leland's ingenious derivation leads back to a period so much earlier than the date of Selim's conquest that he is disinclined to consider any other theory; and perhaps he would account for the appellation Zinganeus as merely a type-name. Another distinct addition to our knowledge of obscure dialects is made by the author in his discovery, entirely new to literature, of the Minklers Thari, or Shelta Thari, — the language of tinkers. How he came to make this discovery is narrated in picturesque and attractive fashion; and an interesting though brief vocabulary is given, one end of which was picked up in Wales, and the other in Philadelphia. The Shelta Thari appears to be Celtic, though quite independent of Old Irish, Welsh, or Gaelic. "I have always

supposed," says Mr. Leland, "that the tinkers' language spoken of by Shakespeare was Romany; but I now incline to think it may have been Shelta." Indeed, it seems likely enough that we have here a new proof of Shakespeare's wide-reaching observation, in his allusion to a kind of speech which for two hundred and fifty years since his death has remained unnoticed and unknown.

It is to be regretted that in the translation of the gypsy letter given on page 275 so much that does not appear in the original should have been interjected, since this gives to the whole the air of a fancy-piece. Much more satisfactory are the gypsy stories in Romany and English, which form one part of this diversified collection of curious matter. New and useful, also, is the list of gypsy names, with appended notes on the characteristics of families bearing them, and a classification of those that are represented in America. Mr. Leland's style is not in all respects to be commended. "A sufficient cause for wits calling it Lindsay-Wolsey" (page 98), while embodying a clever witticism, is an example of certain inelegant forms that occur. There are passages of rhyme printed as prose; and nearly the whole paragraph on page 129 (which is, by the way, a totally irrelevant one) turns out to be blank verse. The author's predilection for coining eccentric words, like "carnivalers and carnivalentines,"

"womanity," and "traveler-esque," amounts to a failing. These peculiarities, taken with a tendency to the grotesque and a species of cumbrous playfulness, give the reader occasionally a sense that he, and possibly the subject, is being trifled with. Yet Mr. Leland has so much of that genuine humor, which is rather a pervasive atmosphere than the definite electric flash of a jest, that we may easily forgive the minor blemishes of a book so exceptional in merit, so full of erudition and originality, as this one. It contains probably more information, more variety of fact, about gypsies than any other single volume devoted to them; and it presents this with all the charm of an autobiography tinged by romance. The mood in which the theme is approached abounds in warm human interest and a fresh out-of-door feeling that verges upon the poetic. The author regards gypsies as the types of a simple, direct, mute love of nature, and as possessing "an unexpressed mythology," the sentiment of which he tries to preserve. He succeeds so well that the book acquires added importance as an indirect protest against the pseudo-artistic and intensely artificial way, now in vogue, of regarding the things of nature. Being healthy in that regard, it is of a sort to lend strength to current literature, at the same time that it enlarges its resources for entertainment.

POLITICAL SCIENCE.

THE unrecognized influences of our late war in moulding and quickening certain of our American qualities, because of our nearness to the events, has been little considered; but it is quite clear that the effects of the struggle, working perhaps with other factors, are

wide-reaching and important as touching our national character. There occurred a sudden and prodigious deflection of the nation's energies from peaceful, private occupations to matters of great and vital concern to the whole country. Certain it is that the years

since the war have given birth to a livelier and more energetic participation in civil duties and in the discussion of public questions, and have witnessed a very considerable diminution in that neglect of political duties, and the apathy arising from a good-natured submission to public abuses, which may almost be said to be synonymous with the word "American." The war plunged us at once into the settlement of extraordinary problems of taxation, government, international law, and political economy, and proved that we had no class of carefully trained men in this country from whom successful publicists could be recruited in the time of our greatest need. The ready adaptability of the American mind was shown clearly enough by the way these demands upon us were met, and by the discussions which, while often discreditable to our experience and honesty, were yet generally based on an honest desire in the mass of the people to face the difficulties; but the vast number of financial blunders with which the course of our war was strown were sad evidences of the lack of training in our public men, even though they were proofs of such unbounded resources as make gigantic blundering but a harmless diversion. The stimulating effect of great national necessities on our political thinking is undoubtedly to be seen in an increased avidity for instruction, attended by a corresponding increase in publication, and even by the endowment of special schools of political science in the great universities of the country. And now American publishers boldly offer large and costly works on these subjects.

The present book¹ is an example in point, and so far as it answers our undoubted needs it should have a warm welcome. As a people we need instruction, and we need the best. It is al-

ways a question whether the lack of unity in treatment by a wide range of writers conduces as much to clearness of thinking as to breadth of thought; but in this encyclopædia we miss the guidance of a strong and vigorous editor, one who could so arrange the selection of articles as to lead up to a complete and rounded whole, and restrain the vagaries and hobbies of specialists within the limits of a general purpose. It is a reckless waste of space in a book of political science, intended for American readers, to admit papers on Bourgeoisie, Brahminism, Buddhism, Chivalry, Cæsarism, Crusades, Christianity, Churches, Congregations, Councils, even though they are written by men like Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, and Bluntschli. Had the account of Brahminism explained what life is in the inmost fold of the Boston social onion; had that of Chivalry pointed out why Blaine was "a plumed knight;" or had Cæsarism disclosed the secrets of Washington political life in past administrations, it would have been quite another thing. But the articles on Brahminism and Buddhism, moreover, do not deserve a place because they are behind the times. The religion of the Hindus is spoken of as if it could have come from "a person who first conceived the system," or as if we were to say that the Reformation was conceived by Luther, and took place at a certain date; while in fact Buddhism was a thing of gradual growth. The author maintains the old idea that Nirvâna meant annihilation of the soul, without hinting that later scholars, like Rhys-Davids, think it was the extinction of lust in the human heart. We note great irregularity of spelling. The Hungarian Csoma de Kőrös appears as Cosma; and, from ignorance that *dh* was one letter, we find such a division into syllables as Budd-hism (as if we

¹ *Cyclopædia of Political Science, Political Economy, and of the Political History of the United States*. Edited by JOHN J. LALOR. Vol.

I. Abdication—Duty. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 1881.

were to write Athens). The remark in the preface that "there is no more a German, or French, or American political economy or political science than there is a German, or French, or American science of astronomy or chemistry," is no explanation whatever of the presence of these articles in a work of this nature, for they do not belong to either subject. The articles over the signatures of French writers are, as a rule, translations directly from either Maurice Block's *Dictionnaire de la Politique*, or the *Dictionnaire de l'Economie Politique* of Coquelin and Guillaumin. Within about a hundred pages there are perhaps a score of papers transferred directly from these sources, and with a corresponding flavor of age about some of them. It was well to select Lavergne's account of Agriculture from Block's work, rather than H. Passy's from the other and older dictionary; but it makes one a little impatient to find that this title in a work intended, as the preface says, for "members of our state and national legislatures" should have not one word in regard to American agriculture, which is at present one of the greatest factors in our industrial activity. The unprecedented crops of a few years ago, by their effect on exports and the consequent flow of specie to this country, made resumption possible. Nor is a word said about the probable future of Western agriculture, nor about our competition with Europe in breadstuffs.

The general subject of American political history is in the hands of a most competent authority, Mr. Alexander Johnston, and the reader can always be assured of good fare at his table. The articles to be classed under political economy disclose a bias in favor of the historical school by the selection of the late Cliffe Leslie as a writer upon *Definitions in Political Economy and Cost of Production*. It is likely that ill health would explain much of the

captious and quibbling, although keen, criticism which this lamented economist directed against the English school. While the subject of finance is treated in most cases by men of special fitness, yet it is a disappointment to find that the really essential points in banking are not clearly elaborated. Of the three functions of banking, issue, discount, and deposit, the latter is not considered worthy of distinct treatment; while in fact the experience of the Bank of England since the Act of 1844, which separated the issue from the banking department, has shown that the difficulties of banking rest not, as people have generally supposed, with issues, but rather with the management of discounts and deposits. The intimate connection between these two items in a bank account and their relations to the reserve are not discussed here, and but briefly outlined in a too short paper by Edward Atkinson. So important a question deserved fuller treatment. It is well within the truth to say that more than eighty per cent. of deposits in this country are credits arising from discounts. And without understanding this in its effect on the reserve, no one can intelligently follow the movements of foreign or American banks, and watch the changes in coin reserves. Moreover, the title, *Discount*, is simply treated arithmetically, and all the principles of banking dependent on these two functions are passed over, except so far as they receive incidental attention from writers on other topics. The fact that the short article on Alloyage is a direct translation from the work of Coquelin and Guillaumin explains why it is not stated that the amount of alloy in our own coins is $\frac{1}{10}$, while previous to 1837 it was $\frac{1}{12}$. In Director Burchard's article on Coinage, he exhibits his little foible as to the cause which drove silver out of circulation subsequent to the act of 1834. He certainly knows that in this country the value of silver in the bullion market was

so much higher than its value in coin, as estimated relatively to gold by the act of 1834, that silver was worth more as bullion than as coin, was melted to gain the profit, and disappeared from circulation. And this took place wholly apart from legislation, and because of changes in the natural value of the two metals. But the director of the mint holds that silver vanished from circulation only because France and other European nations had established different legal ratios, which made it profitable to send silver abroad. As a matter of fact the trouble arose from having two legal standards in metals which could not, in the nature of things, keep the same relation to each other. The change in

value was the cause; the journey of silver to France or elsewhere was a mere accident of trade and distribution.

The articles on the American Merchant Marine and Distilled Spirits by David A. Wells, Banking in the United States by Comptroller Knox, Functions of Banks by Edward Atkinson, Chinese Immigration by Henry George, Civil Service Reform by Dorman B. Eaton, Conseils des Prud'hommes by Joseph Weeks, Customs Duties by E. J. James, Debts by R. P. Porter, and the numerous contributions of Mr. Johnston are most excellent as showing the superior practical qualifications of American writers, and would of themselves make the encyclopædia worth having.

MRS. KEMBLE'S MEMOIRS.

THE reminiscences which Mrs. Kemble has been giving to the world, under two or three different titles, form one of the largest contributions made during the last few years to biographic literature. One volume, of more than average bulk, was devoted simply to her girlhood; another book,¹ of equal compass, has just been published, which continues the narrative through the next fourteen years, and closes abruptly, leaving its heroine still in the meridian of life. It will be remembered, moreover, that these publications were preceded, long ago, by that of three or four journals, gleaned from the same experience. With all these opportunities, it is time for us to consider, a little more fully than we could do while reading the first of her *Old Woman's Gossip*, the value of what Mrs. Kemble has to tell about herself and her qualifications as an autobiographer.

Biographies, like people, fall naturally into groups or sets. As one volume of reminiscence after another comes from the press, we take those which treat of similar mental phases, or introduce the same events and people, and compare their testimony; turning from one to another to form our judgments, or taking sides according to our sympathies. We recall only one recent memoir which covers to a certain extent the same ground as Mrs. Kemble's, and that is the *Life of Macready*. It is curious to compare the passages in which the two tragedians cross one another's orbits, so to speak, for a moment. In Macready's fragment of autobiography he has a passing allusion to the Kembles, and to the writer of these Records in particular, as being always theatrical in manner. Mrs. Kemble, on her part, tells at some length of her acting with Macready, on her return to the stage in 1848, and describes in a tone which is fairly indignant his rushing movement

¹ *Records of Later Life*. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. London: J. A. Bentley & Son. 1882.

on the boards, and the brusqueness of his manner in the green-room. Her sketch of him, both as actor and acquaintance, is made with a harder pencil than she usually employs; she does not bestow on him the dignity which he wears in other records, but she does justice to the amiable character of his journal, a work which could hardly fail, we should think, to soften his harshest enemy. If Macready had lived to read Mrs. Kemble's Records, he would have found in them a sincerity not very far from his own, albeit differently expressed; the simple humility of the one utterance being very unlike the spirited, gracious — shall we say theatrical? — tone of the other. For Macready's word is not contradicted by the testimony of these Records. Every page which Mrs. Kemble has written is vividly stamped with her personality. She is always a presence in her book, and we never forget that this presence is, so to speak, a royal one, — that of a person who belongs by birth and by talent to the once reigning family of the English stage.

This individual tone forms the keynote of the book, and helps us to a classification of its somewhat heterogeneous material. Rich as it is in anecdote, its place is not among the gossips, but in the higher department of personal biography; it is more nearly related by its qualities to certain French memoirs than to any recent English autobiography.

Mrs. Kemble has not the points of a great observer. Her mind is of a romantic and imaginative rather than perceptive order. Her likes and dislikes get in the way of her vision, hindering her from seeing many minor characteristics in people, and causing her to magnify their outlines. Hence her portraits are idealized in the manner of old miniatures; though full of distinction and charm, they bring out no new or striking features in the personality of her sitters. Nor has she, on the other hand, any inward experience large enough to be a

guide to the experience of others. Religious feeling, of a sincere, spontaneous kind, she undoubtedly has, and her pages are full of interesting and often suggestive thought on religious subjects, from which the involuntary cant of her more youthful speculations has in great part disappeared. This book is not, however, sufficiently spiritual in tone to please the professed readers of religious biography, while it is too conventional for the *esprits forts*. In short, Mrs. Kemble's religious faith, her intellectual powers, her vigorous common sense, and her positive idiosyncrasies are all integral parts of her personality, and could serve no "purposes" so well as they do the purpose of memoir writing. She has the art of gossiping about self without being egotistic or tiresome; she is at once garrulous and dignified, reticent and frank, and can ignore her public — even hold it at arm's length — while taking it freely into her confidence.

A critic, whose literary insight was spiritual perception, — Alexandre Vinet, — has said somewhere, "*On dit souvent que l'esprit est dupe du cœur ce qui n'empêche pas que le cœur même ne soit une lumière.*" Many charming French memoirs testify to the value of heart as an element in biography, but we recall no English writer of this class of works who has relied upon it more frankly and gracefully than Mrs. Kemble.

Her letters to her friends show an unwearied affection, which does not falter even under the weight of life-long correspondence with one who continues to put to her such hackneyed and unresolvable questions as whether imagination makes a fair balance in heightening our pains and our pleasures. Readers who grew a little impatient of the endless reasonings of Miss Kemble and her friend H. S., in the former volume, will be alarmed at recognizing traces of the debating in this one. These relics of girlhood have their uses, however, in

connecting the personality of the two books and marking the development into womanhood. Everybody knows the reply of Punch's dowager to the young beauty who declares that no woman is worth looking at after thirty, "Nor worth talking to before, my dear." Fanny Kemble was well worth listening to in the correspondence of her girlhood, even; but the record of her later years exceeds its predecessor in interest, as the conversation of a cultivated woman surpasses in finish that of a girl. The letters become more varied and impulsive in tone, more unconstrained in thought.

Mrs. Kemble's experiences as a resident of the United States take up about one third of the book, and are as entertaining as might have been expected, from the known energy of her pen. That instrument is in its way almost as vigorous a protestant against the minor discomforts of life as Carlyle's own. In the journey to Georgia, — the results of which have been recorded in her journal on a Southern plantation, and are therefore not detailed here, — we have a minute account of the annoyances occasioned by the scarcity, in some cases the absence, of clean towels. A community of interests, in this respect, with "voters who use the wrong kind of soap," as George Eliot puts it, was too much, in spite of abolitionism and liberalism. In fact, the problem of American equality at that day presented a good many hard knots, both speculative and practical, to the English mind, — questions which nowadays confront it nearer home. Mrs. Kemble seems to have faced them all with the same conscientious spirit in which she answered the questions of H. S.

"Did I tell you," she writes, "that the other day our farmer's wife sent me word that she had seen me walking in the garden in a gown that she had liked very much, and wished I would let her have the pattern of it? This message

surprised me a little, but, upon due reflection, I carried the gown down to her, with an agreeable sense of my own graceful condescension. My farmer's wife gave me small thanks, and I am sure thought I had done just what I ought."

A later observation on this subject is less experimental. It is called out by a short rustication at a Pennsylvania farmhouse, where the writer, her own servants, and the haymakers in their shirt-sleeves sat down at one table: —

"It is nonsense talking about positive equality. These people are sorry associates for me, and so, I am sure, am I for them."

Mrs. Kemble is not, as we have said, a particularly close observer, but she has a very charming gift of narration, and imparts to her account of her friends something of the warmth of her intercourse with them. On the other hand, she often depicts herself from the outside with considerable picturesqueness, as when she tells us of a hot night at Butler Place, during which, unable to sleep for the heat, she went out-of-doors, and walked up and down the avenue "barefooted, *et dans le simple appareil d'une beauté qu'on vient d'arracher au sommeil.*"

Of the London gossip, of which we have a good deal and of a very pleasant kind, nothing is more prettily told than one or two little anecdotes of Thackeray, in which all his sensitiveness is finely preserved in the sympathetic tone of the writer. We have room only for the shorter of these anecdotes:

"The last time I saw Thackeray was at a dinner at my dear friend Mr. Harness'. As we were about to seat ourselves at table, I being between Mr. Harness and Thackeray, his daughter Anne (now Mrs. Ritchie) was going to place herself on the other side of her father. 'No, no,' said our dear host. 'That will not do. I cannot have the daughter next the father.' And Miss

Thackeray was invited to take another place. She had just published *The History of Elizabeth* [Mrs. Kemble is wrong in assuming our little friend Elizabeth to be a woman with a history] in which she showed herself to have inherited some of the finer elements of her father's literary genius. As we sat down, I said to him, 'But it appears very evident, I think, that the daughter *is* to be *next* to the father.' He looked at me for a moment with a beaming face, and then said, 'Do you know, I have never read a word of that thing.' 'Oh,' cried I, 'Thackeray! Why don't you? It is excellent! It would give you so much pleasure!' 'I could n't, I could n't!' said he, with the tears in his eyes.

'It would *tear my guts out!*' Which powerful English expression of emotion would have startled me less in French or Italian: *Cela m'arracherait les entrailles*, or *mi soiscerebellero.*'"

We cannot take our leave of Mrs. Kemble without a word as to the beauty of her style, partly the result, perhaps, of her early acquaintance with the best dramatic literature. It is a more negligent style than would at first appear from its stately movement, but is never really incorrect, though some of the sentences might be difficult to parse. Such a large, easy, vigorous style very few women have written. With more condensation, it might almost deserve the epithet of great.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

MANY years ago, I was one day journeying from Brattleboro to Boston, alone. As the train went on from station to station, it gradually filled, until there was no seat left unoccupied in the car excepting the one by my side. At Concord, the door of the car opened, and Mr. Emerson entered. He advanced a few steps into the car, looked down the aisle, turned, and was about to go out, believing the car to be entirely full. With one of those sudden impulses which are acted upon almost before they are consciously realized, I sprang up, and said, "Oh, Mr. Emerson, here is a seat!"

As he came towards me, with his serene smile slowly spreading over his face, my courage faltered. I saw that he expected to meet in me an acquaintance, and as he looked inquiringly and hesitatingly in my face I made haste to say, "You do not know me, Mr. Emerson. I never had the pleasure of seeing you before. But I know your face,

and I could not resist the temptation of the opportunity to speak with you. You know that so many people, who are strangers to you, know you very well."

"Perhaps there should not be the word stranger in any language," he answered slowly, in a tone and with a kindly look which at once set my timidity at ease. "I do not know any good reason for it."

In a short time, with that rare faculty which he had for drawing out of each his inmost thought, he had led me into speaking to him, with half-familiar freedom, of my own personal history, and of my experience as a mother. Hardly by question so much as by tone and expression, he made me feel at liberty to confide to him some of the many perplexities and doubts with which every young mother's heart is burdened.

His replies were more in the form of suggestions than of solutions to the doubts, or direct meeting of the perplexities. He told me much of his own the-

ories, somewhat of his own experience. Many of his words remained vividly present with me for years, and more than once recurred to my mind in situations when they bore the weight and came in with the appropriateness of specific advice, in immediate emergencies.

One point I recollect as most earnestly dwelt upon was the unspeakable value of simplicity of life and surroundings as an agency in the formation of character. Of this he spoke at length, and with great fervor. He said that the children of rich men were born at such disadvantage in this respect that it was a question if all their other advantages, such as educational facilities, travel, etc., could make up for it.

"This is the true meaning," he said, half humorously, "of a scripture which is much misquoted, — that it is easier for the camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. It does not mean that the rich man must necessarily find it harder not to sin than another man; on the contrary, he is removed from some of the deadliest forms of temptation to sin. But the kingdom of heaven which the creative worker knows is shut against him. Into that heaven we have to be driven, either by need, or by the narrowing of the ministering horizons of our lives."

One sentence which he spoke in connection with this was said with such lingering emphasis that it stamped itself indelibly upon my memory. He said, "When I think how I am sparing my boy all that made me, — the barefooted chambers and the stern denials of poverty, — I know I am making a mistake. But," he added, after a pause, "I cannot help it."

In later years I had the privilege and pleasure of seeing Mr. Emerson frequently. At one time I spent a few days with him in a friend's house at Newport, Rhode Island. There was something in the dreamy serenity of the

bay, upon which my friend's house stood, that greatly charmed Mr. Emerson, and his remark on first looking out over the water was a characteristic one. It was from the dining-room windows that he looked. We had given him a seat from which he could see the bay. As we took our places for breakfast, he gazed across the shining silver surface, and said half dreamily, "And there are clocks in Newport?"

It was some minutes before any one perceived the precise drift of this question; and during the brief interval of our bewilderment the smile on Mr. Emerson's face deepened and spread, until his whole countenance beamed with humorous enjoyment of our perplexity.

How precious is every memory of those days! The tender yet beneficent way in which Mr. Emerson listened for replies to the searching questions he sometimes put had in it a certain expression of unconscious royalty, that no words could convey; and it kindled in one's breast that mingled sentiment of affection and incentive to all possible effort for which allegiance is the only fitting name. As time goes on it will be more and more sure that he is the one truest representative our republic has borne, his thought and his words the truest rendering of the republic's idea, and his life and character the truest fulfilling of the republic's ideal.

— In reading No. V. of *Studies in the South*, I noted under the head *The Talk of Crowds* mention of a lack of interest in politics among the most intelligent and public-spirited citizens, and of their conviction that the true course for the Southern people would be to let national politics alone in great measure, and give their strength to work, education, and the improvement of the laboring classes. The fact thus stated is patent to any observer, and naturally occasions comment at the North, where it is often reported, I think, with some misapprehension of its meaning. And be-

cause of this misapprehension, I have a few words to say about the significance of this apparent indifference. It seems to me that the successful shaping of our national life depends so much upon mutual understanding between different parts of the country that even a very slight contribution to such an understanding may have some value. A woman unconnected with people of political influence, coming from the North with the sole object of finding a healthful wintering place among cultivated and agreeable people; an interested observer, though an entire stranger, of the current of thought and feeling in this community for nearly a year, I should have learned something. The persons whom I meet are from all parts of the South, drawn hither by the advantages of a university town. The University of the South is situated here, an institution controlled by the Protestant Episcopal church of the ten Southern States. It is a conservative, cultivated community, where are represented the Barnwells, Elliotts, Prestons, Hugers, and other historic families of the South. In general conversation national politics are almost ignored, though state politics awaken a lively interest. There may underlie this indifference to national affairs a certain scornful despair of the republic, a feeling which does not seem strange to one who sees for the first time the ruinous effects of the years of mismanagement which followed the close of the war, more disastrous than the war itself. But this apparent indifference is not apathy. A Nashville, Tennessee, paper gives a hint of its explanation. "Too intense devotion to the dead past. That was well for a time, — perhaps not for too long a time. The time has passed. Let us have no more of it till the necessity for it again arises; *as it will, doubtless.*"

The South is as ambitious of power, and as determined to have it, now as it

was in its palmy days, when it gave presidents to the republic, and dictated to the country at large. Why, then, does it withhold its best men from an arena where, in former years, Southern men were first in eager conflict, and carried off trophies and spoils? People like these cannot be indifferent to political contests. The Southern mind is fond of theories of government, and ardent in support of them. While impetuous with all the flush and fervor of youth, Southerners begin to think and act on matters which, among us, are left to the calmer judgment of older men. These young men know far more of the causes which led to the late war, the claims sought to be enforced by it, the logic of the struggle, than Northern youth do. There are reasons for this. The marks of those terrible years are not yet effaced here, as they are at the North. In such ways as have no parallel in Northern experiences, the preciousness of a cause for which suffering and loss — whose consequences are still constantly felt — were gladly endured is impressed upon them. Privation of the social and educational advantages which were possessed almost as an inheritance by their families for generations is keenly felt. So long as we continue to suffer for an idea, we continue to find it dear. The very family names, once famous, are reminders of a vanished power and influence, which those who bear them naturally long to see again exercised in the affairs of state. And there is a strong, though rarely expressed, determination that they shall be, though it may be at a distant day.

This, then, I take to be the meaning of Southern indifference to general politics. "We bide our time. We failed once, because we were starving. Next time we shall not fail. For the present, we devote ourselves rather to the development of our resources than to political effort. By and by, we shall grow our own cereals, raise our own food sup-

plies, have our own manufactures, and we shall be in a position to enforce, without war, our demand for place and power in the government." It is not an ignoble ambition. A worse thing might happen to the country than to have power placed for a season — the *continuous* power of *any* section is to be deprecated — in the hands of people who, by the time they can attain it, will have gone through a discipline of such suffering and waiting, such labor and perseverance, as will make them more fit to exercise it than ever before. If only, in the mean time, fairness and consideration of Southern interests on the part of those who control affairs can have won these people to an attachment to the whole country, and to a conviction that the welfare of the whole is the welfare of each part, it will not be unwisely or injuriously exercised.

I do not fancy that the South contemplates, at any future day, a second appeal to arms. She seeks power in the Union, — not independently of it. The great, sensible majority of people, North and South, agree, I think, in the feeling that there must never be another civil war, whatever may be the braggart bluster of third-rate politicians, who hope to find their own account in stirring up strife.

I do think the South means to obtain possession of the government. Not, however, more positively, nor by any other means, than the North, the West or the East purposes to keep or to obtain such possession. No one section, in a country so immense as ours, can hold control in its own hands constantly. The wheel may have a vast circumference, but its lowest point comes highest, at last. In the success of each section in attaining the material prosperity which gives it influence, the entire country is benefited.

If only this strife between East and West, North and South, for the control of the government can be recognized as

a necessary accompaniment of healthful life in all parts of the country, it need not be alarming, nor need the success of either section be disastrous. Politicians and their newspaper "organs" still keep brethren alienated by falsehood and misrepresentation, but their devices are becoming too well known, both North and South, to be much longer successful.

When the wonderful prosperity which is a certain future for this magnificent region of our country is attained, in the development of its marvelous resources, and the people can afford to take refuge from summer heats in our homes, as we now do from winter snows in theirs, we shall value each other more justly; for I think we are always at our best beneath our own roof tree. It will be a good thing for the country when North and South learn each other. If the Southern people are unfair to us, their unfairness has an excuse which ours has not, — the pain of disappointed hope, and of the loss which we count gain. Not till we have been among them do we realize the noble and quiet patience and courage with which they accept the inevitable; and it may be, too, that we have not yet learned to judge them by the truest of rules, — that of putting one's self in another's place.

— What right have I, a coward by confession, to treat of courage, a virtue so far removed from my experience and claim? Such encouragement as I have for my presumption is derived from the fact that the most accomplished connoisseurs are seldom practically versed in the art over which they exercise the judicial authority; indeed, the most astute and fine-grained critics with whom the painter and poet have to deal are often those who never handled a brush, never pleaded guilty to the iniquity of verse-making. A confessed coward, I enter into no jealous and derisive competition with professional courage. On the contrary, I am its most hearty and

grateful reverencer. I like to see it carry off the popular prizes at all the wrestling and racing matches. I would have a temple erected to Courage (the Spartans had one to Fear), and keep incense continually burning upon its altar, and hire the Muses for its choir. Courage easily gets the votes of the whole world; has a Mercury-like faculty for making itself acceptable to the highest and the lowest. He who possesses it has an ample mantle with which to cover a multitude of his own failings and frailties. Both the savage and the man of "ultimate" culture, the desperado and the lofty idealist, admire and exalt courage, each after his fashion. The breathless admiration with which we regard obvious instances of pluck and daring might be construed as arguing the general desideratum of these qualities. Were we all born cowards, that courage should be so anomalous and phenomenal in our eyes? Perhaps courage, like heat, is of two kinds, free and latent; if so, there may be in the habitually timorous a generous allowance of latent courage, requiring only the spark of an intense occasion to set it visibly on fire. There is a volunteer courage, such as goes with a robust organization and a hot vitality, a skirmishing and buccaneering article, that follows up the war from mere love of hazard and turbulent sensation. This is best known and most admired. There is another courage, drafted by duty, that is sober and circumspect in its conduct; mindful that the lawgivers punish as severely those who throw away their shields as those who abandon their swords and spears. Another kind of courage is that which is rooted in fear,—a desperate, fearful courage. As a coward, I am always aware that my position is a signally unsafe one; theoretically, at least, I would much rather take my chances with the courageous of the vanguard than lag in the rear with the craven-minded. Our ancient

friend of the poised scales, open-hearted, frank-spoken Monsieur de Montaigne, may not have been remarkable for personal intrepidity, but he made a brave speech when he declared, "The thing in this world I am most afraid of is fear."

It is humanly comforting to us of small prowess to recall the naïve confession of that old French warrior, whose soul was so calm and uninfected by the terror of battle, but whose wretched body so trembled and longed to betake itself from the field! We flatter ourselves that our spirits would be brave enough, if the body did not communicate its panic. It is the chinkiness and general insecurity of this clay garrison that so embarrasses our fighting courage. Lodge the spirit behind a spiritual rampart, and see how redoubtable it becomes! It is significant that, in acknowledging our lack of physical courage, we are always pleased to have it inferred that we possess a compensating degree of another and more excellent kind of courage,—moral courage; as though the two were in some way opposed and irreconcilable! In the best specimens of the hero, they are no doubt exactly balanced. "I am courageous enough in principle, and can do anything for it; but I am all fear in imagination,—I may add, all sympathy." Plainly, the trembling body comes in for a larger share of blame than it actually merits; after all, it is the mind's prompt presentment of danger that so demoralizes our valor, and unscrews it from the sticking point. Imagination does make cowards of us all. But he is not necessarily mean-spirited whose acute nerve and prophetic sense give him a vivid foretaste of danger; nor is he more courageous whose thicker skin and duller nervous *papille* allow him to advance, cool and impervious, to the very edge of battle.

"Tell me, where is [courage] bred
In the heart or in the head?"

Among all the glowing qualities referred to the human heart, is this the most powerful and inclusive, that the most generic word was chosen to express it? How would it do to put the equation marks between *heart* and *courage*?

— It might not be unedifying to ascertain how the word "mother" came to have the unreverential and reproachful signification with which one may often hear it used in country neighborhoods. Every such neighborhood has its "Old Mother So-and-So," never spoken of without a peculiar and stigmatizing emphasis. We shall find her either a shrew or a gossip, or, more likely, a flagitious blending of the two. She is not, necessarily, of advanced years; the adjective "old" being used purely *in malam partem*, as thought to indicate a certain seniority in evil-mindedness. Now, "Old Aunt What's her name" is quite another manner of person. We may not have an acquaintance with her, but we have received, through frequent neighborly mention, the most agreeable impression of her many virtues. She is proverbial for benevolence and practical sympathy. In the rustic bestowal of the title "aunt" there is no implied disrespect; on the contrary, compliment and endearment are expressed. It is the nearer and dearer word, strangely enough, that is forced to do slurring and sarcastic service.

— I should like well to have some philologist, who has leisure for such a thing, trace the history of the expression *nem. con.* We all know it to be an abbreviation of *nemine contradicente*; but this expression happens not to be Latin, — at least, not good Latin. Evidently, it should be *nullo contradicente*. It would be interesting to know how the generally tabooed ablative of *nemo* has worked itself into favor in the former phrase. I was surprised, the other day, to find a usually exact writer like Scho-

penhauer using the expression *nemine dissente*, the relationship of which to our common *nem. con.* is pretty plain. Another would-be foreign expression, in very general use both in England and this country, is *nom de plume*. One would like to know what Englishman first made use of this phrase, under the impression that it was French. The French themselves do not use it, but say *nom de guerre*.

— I have never wished that I had been born in some other century than the nineteenth. Our age, if not a picturesque one, — and I think it has its picturesque aspects, — is without doubt the most comfortable to live in, take it on the whole, the world has yet known. It seems to me that persons of rational mind and humane disposition cannot be too thankful to belong to it, for it is hard to see how such persons could ever have enjoyed life in earlier times as we of the latest days can. The world has certainly gone forward, and the feature of its progress that I chiefly rejoice in is its advance in humanity. The elder world — the world but a very little elder than our own — was such a terribly cruel one!

The only objection to living in the present time that I know of is the increased quantity of things one must know, or would like to know. Eighteenth-century people did n't have to read Lecky's history of their times in four volumes, or a hundred thousand other books it now seems obligatory upon all cultivated persons to acquaint themselves with. Nowadays one is required to read a small library every year, if one would have even a smattering of knowledge on the various subjects that invite an intelligent man's interest. The specialists, in the abundance of whom we glory, carry investigation so far forward, each in his own line, that the general reader cannot hope to do more than accept a number of things at second hand, or be content to have no understanding of

them at all. It is hard to resign one's self to ignorance of so many interesting matters, and yet that is what one seems driven to. One finds that the first thing to learn is "how much need not be known," which is perhaps a sort of sour-grapes wisdom, but apparently the only wisdom attainable. What is the use of expecting to know anything worth speaking of in history, philosophy, philology, ethnology, and all those kindred and mutually illuminating branches of study, and of natural science, the arts, and the languages, at the same time? We fancy that we have a small store of ideas on some subject,—let us say architecture; and it happens that we take up Mr. Freeman's *Historical and Architectural Sketches*, and by the time we have put it down our modest acquisition seems to have dwindled into nothingness, beside the writer's extensive and minute knowledge of his subject. Or it may be that a love of poetry has led us to cultivate not only an intimacy with a few of the poets, but a certain general acquaintance with the whole brotherhood; and some day we find the author of a little volume, the biography of one English poet, showing such a close familiarity with the French and English poetry of the last five hundred years that we cannot help beginning straightway to envy him the possession of his delightful knowledge. Of course it may be asked, Why envy him? Why should we care to know so much of everything, or even of any one thing? But there are people who cannot get rid of a desire not merely to be thought to know,

but really to know for the simple sake of knowing; and the having of the desire is their answer to the question why. And so the multitude of things that cannot be known remains to them a distress. The only practical thing to do is to make choice of what we will read, and what we will leave alone; and here it is well to allow our natural tastes to be the guide. One solace lies in the reflection that a slight acquaintance with some subjects is often better than none at all, and it need not be despised as mere smattering. One may gain a real insight into the principles of a given subject, when a thorough familiarity with detail is impossible. Even small knowledge, that is in any real sense knowledge, on a variety of subjects is always worth the getting, for the sake of the enlarging of our mental vision; the world of thought is so magnificently vast that the more windows we can open, the broader and more inspiring will be the outlook.

One torment that we make for ourselves is certainly very unnecessary; it comes of the notion that we must read for other people, not for ourselves. Mr. Howells has expressed the truth about this so exactly that I cannot refrain from quoting him: "We all read in such a literary way, now; we don't read simply for the joy or profit of it, but to say how it's this or that, and I've no doubt that we are sub-consciously harassed all the time with an automatic process of criticism. We don't read with the sense of those old days when people read in private, not in public."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Ages, is the title of a volume of verse by Aubrey de Vere. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.) The

other legends are The Sons of Usnach and The Children of Lir. It is not given to every one to enter with hearty sympathy into Irish legendary poetry; the barbaric quarrel seems scarcely more attractive

to many than the Kilkenny row, but Mr. de Vere is always smooth, and sometimes musical, in his verse. He sings, however, for patriot ears. — In the Saddle (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a capital collection of the best English and American poems which a lover of riding may read with delight. The motion of the subject forbids these poems from being dull, and it is curious to see how often the poet has unconsciously fallen into a canter in his verse. — Atlas, by Charles Leonard Moore (John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia), is a dramatic poem which has been deliberately conceived in dignity, and if it lacks a compelling reason possibly the fault is in the nineteenth century.

Science. Essays on the Floating-Matter of the Air in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection (Appletons) is the latest of Professor John Tyndall's works. It contains chapters on Dust and Disease, Optical Department of the Atmosphere in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection, Fermentation and its Bearings on Surgery and Medicine, and Spontaneous Generation. — To the various series of science made easy and interesting must now be added Science Ladders, edited by N. D'Anvers (Putnams), of which two numbers have been issued: Forms of Land and Water and Vegetable Life. These books are intended for children, to be used by them as readers, but they need the interpretation of an intelligent teacher. — The forty-second volume of the International Scientific Series (Appletons) is Sir John Lubbock's *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, containing records of experiments made in a series of years with the purpose of testing the mental condition and powers of sense of these little creatures. The gravity with which Sir John goes into the experience of an ant is amusing as well as instructive. One would like to believe that the ant was not wholly aware of what his historian was doing.

History and Biography. Mislav, or The Conversion of Pomerania, is a historic tale, carefully squared with the authorities, by Bishop Milman, of Calcutta. It was published in 1854, before Milman had become bishop, and has now been reissued, after lying some time out of print. The time of the tale is the twelfth century, and it purports to be told by a contemporary. It is spirited, and yet hampered by the author's recurrence to his old clothes, whenever he remembers himself. — *Charlemagne*, by the Rev. Edward L. Cutts, is a popular historical survey of the period of which he is the conspicuous person, and is furnished with a good map. Both of these volumes are publications of the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.)

Law. A Treatise on the Law of Stock-Brokers and Stock-Exchanges, by John R. Dos Passos, of the New York bar (Harpers), is devoted to a discussion of the legal nature and character of stock exchanges, to a history of the various transactions made in such places, and to a consideration of the reciprocal legal rights and duties which are evolved from the relation of broker and client, as well as to the nature and kind of securities dealt in on the exchanges. The appendix contains the Constitution and By-Laws of the New York Stock

Exchange, and the Rules and Regulations of the London and the Paris Exchanges.

Travel and Chorography. China is a volume of popular encyclopædic character, by Robert K. Douglas, Professor of Chinese at King's College, London, and published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the New York agents for which are E. & J. B. Young & Co. It is furnished with a clear map and a few illustrations. — *Camps in the Rockies* is further explained on the title-page as a narrative of life on the frontier, and sport in the Rocky Mountains, with an account of the cattle ranches of the West, by Wm. A. Baillie-Grohman, K. C. E. H.: and member of the Alpine Club. (Scribners.) Mr. Grohman, in spite of his trail of letters, is a lively writer and sensible traveler, who takes his hard knocks good-humoredly, and makes the reader agree with him in thinking nothing in life quite so worth while as roughing it in the extreme West. — Paul Dreifuss, his *Holiday Abroad*, by John W. Allen, Jr. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston), is a nondescript book of travels and personal reflections, the assumed work of a man who did not go abroad to write a book, but to enjoy a holiday. It is in effect a sketch of contemporaneous life in Paris, and may be read as the notes of an intelligent American with literary affectation.

Fiction. Marjory Graham (Putnams) is a story of the war, a domestic story, with sincere if not always controlled sentiment. — *Bright Days in the Old Plantation Time*, by Mrs. Mary Ross Banks (Lee & Shepard), is a volume of reminiscences and stories of the ante-bellum times in Georgia. Its artlessness and unliterary character give one greater confidence in its general fidelity to manners, though there is evidently a desire on the writer's part to put in a plea in defense of Southern life. — *Lady Beauty, or Charming to her Latest Day*, by Allan Muir (Putnams), is probably to be taken as a summer novel. At any rate, it would not stand the calm light of a cold winter day; the author has been much too desirous of lightness and wit. — *A Woman's Perils, or Driven from Home*, by Mrs. James C. Cook, of Columbus, Georgia, as the title-page announces parenthetically (Petersons), is one of those fearful and wonderful Southern novels which lead one into the deepest mazes of improbability. — *The Marquis of Carabas* (Roberts) is the title of a new romance by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. — *Leone* is the title of a new novel in the Round Robin Series. (Osgood.) It reads curiously like a poor translation of a poor Italian story. There are brigands and artists and Americans, and all are faintly washed in on a dull canvas. — The latest two novels in the Trans-Atlantic Series (Putnams) are *At the Eleventh Hour*, by Annie Edwardes, always an acceptable writer, and *Abbé Constantine*, by Ludovic Halévy, translated from the twentieth French edition by Emily H. Hagen. — The latest numbers of the Franklin Square Series (Harpers) are *Marjory*, by the author of *James Gordon's Wife*, and *The Lady Maud*, *Schooner Yacht*, by W. Clark Russell, the prince of nautical story-tellers, whose portrait, topped by an insolent hat, is a frontispiece.

Literature. *Hood's Own*, with its antiquated

fun and pictures and perennial good-temper, has been issued by the Putnams in the three-column style which seems to make an easy descent from the shelf to the kindling barrel. — *Bird-Bolts, Shots on the Wing* (George H. Ellis, Boston), is a little volume of brief essays, by the Rev. Francis Tiffany. He takes his title from the passage in *Twelfth Night*, "To be generous, guiltless, and of a free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets;" and so the author applies his light and kindly philosophy to thirty or more topics which have an attachment to great themes. The reading is pleasant and not over-fatiguing to the mind. — Mrs. Oliphant, who is always to be spoken of with respect, has written *The Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century*. (Macmillan.) The work is in three volumes, and is inclusive of Cowper and Father Mahoney. "The aim of the author has been throughout rather to give, as fully as she was able, a history of the new departures, in poetry above all, in criticism, in fiction, and to the extent of her ability to indicate those which have occurred in history and philosophy, than to undertake an absolute commentary upon every individual writer." Mrs. Oliphant's training as a character-novelist has qualified her for a certain side of her task, and her strong sympathy with great ethical movements peculiarly fits her for tracing the undercurrents of that English renaissance which was contemporaneous with the tempestuous French upheaval.

Criticism and Scholarship. The Harpers have issued in a convenient form the Revised Greek-English New Testament, containing Westcott & Hort's Greek Text and the Revised English version on opposite pages, with an introduction by Dr. Philip Schaff. As nearly as possible the English and Greek pages correspond in contents; a sized paper has been used and a wide margin given, so that the student can annotate his copy; the thinness of the paper, with ample back margins, and the good quality of the binding allow the book to lie open well on the table. The finish of the binding is not what it should be when so much pains have been taken, but in most respects this is a well-made and serviceable book. On the whole, the American student has a convenient hand-book in this edition. — An edition of *Beowulf*, edited by Prof. J. A. Harrison, is published by Ginn, Heath & Co. The present installment includes the text alone which follows Heyne's fourth edition. It is proposed to publish shortly a glossary. 'T is a pity that text and glossary could not have appeared together. — A Preparatory Book of German Prose, by Hermann B. Boisen (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is planned upon the principle of a gradation of difficulties. The editor has drawn largely from

the profuse German literature for the young, and has perhaps given a surfeit of the fantastic and sentimental.

Theology and Philosophy. Natural Religion, by the author of *Ecce Homo* (Roberts), will attract attention, but nothing like the attention given to the author's former work. That was in a sense a pioneer work; this comes to readers accustomed to the rudest and softest attacks upon traditions. Moreover, a book which discusses a system and an organism has nothing like the power of one which deals with a person. Meanwhile the book will interest many as an attempt at getting the bearings of current Christianity. — A new volume of sermons by H. W. Beecher (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) has been issued, including those preached between September, 1873, and March, 1874. Besides the sermons, Mr. Beecher's accompanying prayers are reported: it is hard to avoid criticising them; it is equally hard to imagine any one who reads the book using the prayers as means of devotion. — *National Religions and Universal Religions*, by A. Kuenen, Professor of Theology at Leiden (Scribners), is the title of the Hibbert Lectures for 1882.

Public Affairs and Politics. Our Merchant Marine, how it rose, increased, became great, declined, and decayed, with an inquiry into the conditions essential to its resuscitation and future prosperity, is an essay by David A. Wells. (Putnams.) Mr. Wells recognizes the complex character of the problem, and apparently does not transmute cause and effect. — Mr. Herbert Spencer issues his *Political Institutions*: being Part V. of the *Principles of Sociology*, the concluding portion of Vol. II. (Appletons.) Using the theory of evolution, he proceeds to develop his subject from Political Organization in general to the subsidence of the military and supremacy of the industrial type. — *Political Economy, with Especial Reference to the Industrial History of Nations*, is a treatise by Professor R. E. Thompson (Porter & Coates), who is a pronounced Protectionist, or, as he would prefer to be called, a Nationalist. It is a revised edition of a previous work, and is written by a man who warms to his subject.

Wit and Humor. William Penn, by Robert J. Burdette, is the latest issue in *Lives of American Worthies*. (Holt.) The dates 1644-1718 on the title-page at once raise an uneasy apprehension. May there not be something funny in them? If, however, one takes the book as a specimen of rank good humor, and can once settle the score with his sense of shame, he may find his entertainment quite uninterrupted. It is sometimes hard, however, to take one's history in a slouch, and we do not take kindly to such elaborate burlesque.



Two Beautiful Calendars are in preparation at the Riverside Press, one to contain brief selections from the writings of Longfellow, and the other from Emerson. These extracts are of peculiar beauty and suggestiveness, and in literary merit these calendars are far superior to most calendars.

The artistic features will be quite as excellent as the literary. Their distinctive outlines are altogether harmonious with the character and writings of the eminent authors with whom they are associated. The Longfellow calendar contains a portrait of Mr. Longfellow, a picture of his residence, and various artistic embellishments which render the whole exceedingly attractive. The Emerson calendar has for its leading feature a pine-tree, apropos of Mr. Emerson's verses on the pine. There are also other characteristic features which will commend it to the readers of Mr. Emerson's works. The lovers of both Emerson and Longfellow cannot fail to welcome and prize heartily for the coming year these daily reminders of authors to whom they owe so much, and whose memories they so gladly cherish.

Summer Editions have been issued of Mr. Howells's two books, which combine in the most charming way a story with descriptions of places through which the characters of the story work out the story's plot. These two books, "Their Wedding Journey," and its sequel, "A Chance Acquaintance," describe a journey from Boston to New York, up the Hudson, to Niagara Falls, down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, up the Saguenay, and many pleasant scenes in and around Quebec. Mr. Howells's descriptions of the scenery through which they pass do not interfere in the slightest with the development of the characters and the progress of their drama, but rather aid it and enhance its interest. These stories are put up in tasteful paper covers, and are about as delightful books as can be found for summer tourists, or for those who spend the summer months at the sea-shore or among the mountains.

Mozley's *Reminiscences* attract naturally very marked attention in England, inasmuch as they deal with events and persons which have figured conspicuously in the history of religion in England. The *Spectator* in noticing this book says:—

Mr. Mozley is extraordinarily fortunate in the main subject of his *Reminiscences*. They deal chiefly, he tells us, with Oriel College and the Oxford Movement, but in fact, their principal interest is still more definite and personal. Above everything else, they are reminiscences of Cardinal New-

man, and they have the charm which everything associated with that mysterious and solitary figure inevitably possesses. In one respect, Mr. Mozley is specially qualified to tell the story of the Oxford Movement. The leaders of that Movement necessarily have their estimate of it affected by their attitude towards the step which deprived them of a leader. If they followed Newman, they regard Rome as the one natural and legitimate goal, and all who have not reached it as having made shipwreck. If they have not followed him, there will ordinarily be an effort, conscious or unconscious, to mark the point at which he missed the true end of his labors, and gave to an alien church the devotion he should have kept for the Church of England. Mr. Mozley holds a middle place between these extremes.

He regards the Oxford Movement with the keenest possible interest, but it is with an interest which is historical and personal, not theological. The characters of those who took part in it, even in a humbler degree, have to him an "unearthly radiance." . . .

It is in the reminiscences which deal with Cardinal Newman that every reader will be most interested. But there is much besides in these volumes that is interesting, and much that is amusing.

There are good stories about the Wilberforces, about Archdeacon Denison, and about others who were associated with the Oxford Movement.

An Important Book on the Union War is a "History of the Twenty-First Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers," by General Charles F. Walcott. It has been prepared with great care and research. To the surviving members of that regiment and to their families it is of the highest interest; and to all who bore a part in the great struggle, and to those who wish to gain all accessible information concerning it, this book will be both valuable and engaging. Its value is enhanced by maps and by excellent portraits of Generals Burnside and Reno.

A Game of War. — Capt. W. R. Livermore, of the Corps of Engineers U. S. Army, has prepared "The American Kriegsspiel," a game for practicing the art of war upon a topographical map.

This is "a device by means of which military operations are represented upon a map, the troops being indicated by movable blocks. The movements are made, and the losses and other results of the conflict are determined, in accordance with established rules, which are designed to conform as nearly as possible to the conditions of actual warfare." Capt. Chas. W. Raymond, of the Corps of Engineers U. S. Army, in a paper on "Kriegsspiel," read before the U. S. Military Service Institute at West Point, February 17, 1881, said: "My conclusion is that Capt. Livermore's system is

greatly superior to any other yet devised ; and indeed is the only one offering any hope of success in the solution of the problem of Detachment Kriegsspiel."

In the Harbor.—In noticing Mr. Longfellow's latest book the *Boston Advertiser* very justly and felicitously remarks :—

The reader lingers affectionately over these last poems of Mr. Longfellow ; it is so hard to think that they are the last. Two generations have grown to love the sweet, pure, graceful poems that seemed to flow from an inexhaustible source, and that carried with them comfort, feeling, peace, faith, hope and charity. Happy are they whose early love of poetry was fed and fostered by the calmness and sweetness of Mr. Longfellow's verse ; who learned from him that poetry does not mean despair, or suffering, or unbelief ; whose minds and hearts were filled with his simplicity and purity and tender human feeling, not lacking nobleness or strength ; and who learned from him to go into the wider and stormier realms of poetry, to climb its heights and descend to its depths, guarded by the taste and character that his own writings had formed and strengthened. It would be difficult to overstate the debt that we owe to Mr. Longfellow for all this.

Mr. Houghton's "Niagara" has attracted even more attention than his "Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk." The *Christian Union* says of it :—

In very expressive language the grand story of Niagara's moving waters is told by Mr. Houghton in his most felicitous style. Its deeper, hidden meaning is suggested, and the author rehearses in graphic verse the lessons drawn from its origin, and sung by the upper rapids, the cataract, the gorge, and the whirlpool. The poem is one of real strength and beauty. Read on the spot, with the spray of the dashing fall moistening the page, the unimaginative visitor would find a new world open to view. Many of the lesser poems are very choice. "The Drift from York Harbor" is all very attractive. The charm of truthfulness is in every line. Among the pen-pictures, the "Dream of the Stork" awakens delight. The Norse legends quicken the desire to read Mr. Houghton's other volume, "The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk."

John C. Calhoun. Dr. Von Holst's book is read with marked interest, it is so impartially written, it appreciates Calhoun's great qualities so highly, and it forms so valuable a contribution to the history of American politics.

The *Boston Journal* remarks :—

Dr. Von Holst's volume is certainly not the least valuable of the three that constitute the series, so far as it has at present progressed ; and of the series, as a whole, it may be said that if the succeeding volumes are of the same high order of excellence as those that have already appeared, they will serve a valuable purpose, not only as exemplifying American statesmen, but as a means of training in statesmanship.

The *Dial*, of Chicago, remarks :—

Nothing can exceed the skill with which the political career of the great South Carolinian is portrayed in these pages. The work is superior to any other number of the series thus far, and we do not think it can be surpassed by any of those that are to come. The whole discussion in relation to Calhoun's position is eminently philosophical and just.

Björnson's Norwegian Novels, as they have appeared in Prof. Anderson's authorized translation, have been welcomed with great heartiness by the press. Speaking of the latest volume issued, the *Boston Advertiser* says :—

"The Bridal March" is the last of Björnson's peasant stories ; it was published in 1882 ; it presents the life of Norwegian peasants so vividly that the reader sees the farms and the *sæters* and knows the simple, pious people, so frank in their love, so loyal, so innocent, and with such depths of sentiment, poetry, and romance in their natures. In this last of the author's stories of the life that he depicts so faithfully and with so much affection, there is more intensity than there is in any of his earlier tales. The piety is more earnest ; the love more sudden and passionate ; the seriousness is deeper, the gaiety more tempered with sadness ; the element of mystery more marked.

Two other novels by Mr. Björnson, of different character, are yet to be published to complete the remarkable series.

Mr. Sanborn's "Thoreau," the third volume in the series "American Men of Letters," is "good reading all the way through ; it always is entertaining, and frequently is thoroughly interesting," says *The American*, of Philadelphia. The *Christian at Work* pronounces it "a charming volume in every respect, full of interesting mentions of literary and other celebrities." The *New York Evangelist* remarks :—

Mr. Sanborn knew Thoreau intimately. Living in Concord during the later years of Thoreau's life, meeting him almost daily, a constant companion of the people who had associated with him from childhood, and having a profound respect for the man in spite of his eccentric moods and ways, he was peculiarly well fitted to be Thoreau's biographer. And moreover, Mr. Sanborn is a great lover of Concord. He appreciates the old town thoroughly, and the people who have contributed to make it famous. And the charm of his book is very largely in the Concord part of it.

The *Boston Transcript* observes :—

Many orthodox people regarded him as an unbeliever, yet his life and his writings go to show that at heart he was deeply religious.

It may be proper to add that Thoreau's books have never been in so great demand as now, and the circle of his readers is constantly growing larger, both in this country and in England.

"Hammersmith."—A new edition at a reduced price (\$1.50) has just been published of this admirable story of college life at Harvard. The *Hartford Courant* pronounced it "the best of college novels ;" and the *Boston Transcript* said of it : "There is adventure enough to make the record piquant, and love enough to make it fascinating, and the reader is irresistibly drawn on to the end by a magnetic sympathy."

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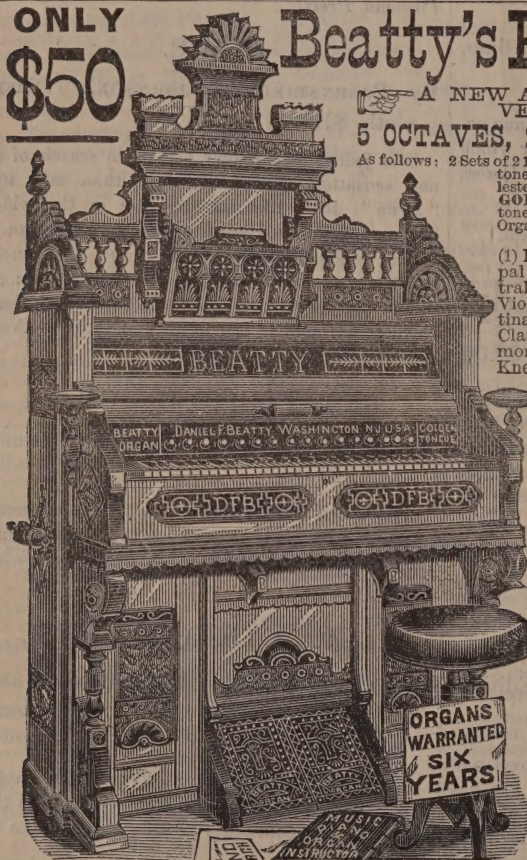
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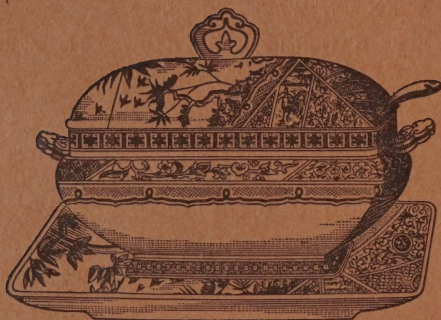
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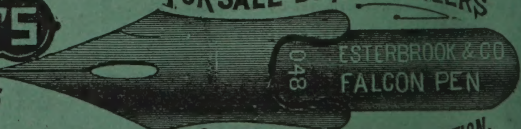
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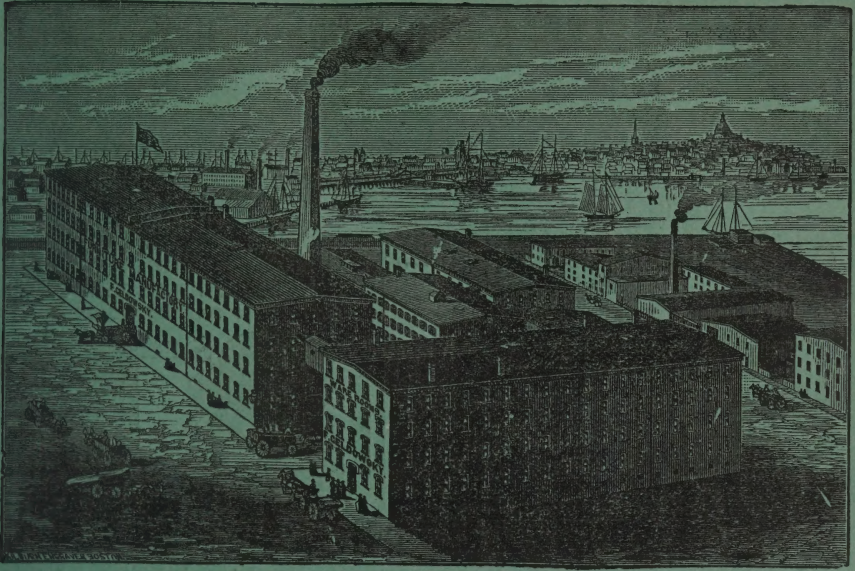
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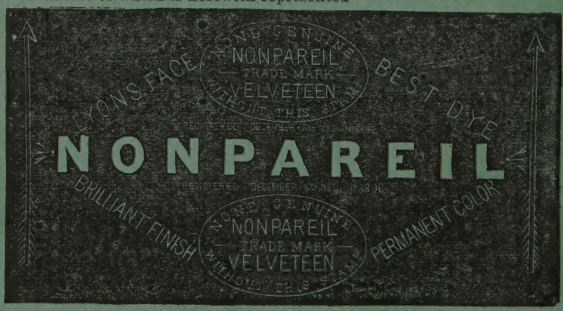


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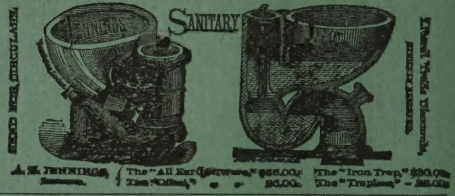
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TWO ON A TOWER.

XXVIII.

THE conversation which arose between the Bishop and Lady Constantine was of that lively and reproductive kind which cannot be begun and ended during any reasonable halt of two people traveling in opposite directions. He turned, and walked with her along the laurel-screened lane that bordered the church-yard, till their voices died away in the distance. Swithin then aroused himself from his thoughtful regard of them, and went out of the church-yard by another gate. Seeing himself now to be left alone on the scene, Louis Glanville descended from his post of observation in the arbor, and came through the private doorway to that spot among the graves whereon the Bishop and St. Cleeve had conversed. On the tombstone still lay the coral bracelet which Dr. Helmsdale had flung down there in his indignation; for the agitated, introspective mood into which Swithin had been thrown had banished from his mind all thought of securing the trinket, and putting it in his pocket.

Louis picked up the little red scandal-breeding thing, and while walking on with it in his hand he observed Tabitha Lark approaching the church, in company with the young blower whom she had gone in search of, to assist her in

her organ-practicing within. Louis immediately put together, with that rare diplomatic keenness of which he was proud, the little scene he had witnessed between Tabitha and Swithin during the confirmation and the Bishop's stern statement as to where he had found the bracelet. He had no longer any doubt that it belonged to her. "Poor girl!" he said to himself, and sang in an undertone, —

"Tra deri, dera,
L'histoire n'est pas nouvelle!"

When she drew nearer, Louis called her by name. She sent the boy into the church, and came forward, blushing at having been called by so fine a gentleman. Louis held out the bracelet.

"Here is something I have found, or somebody else has found," he said to her. "I won't state where. Put it away, and say no more about it. I will not mention it either. Now go on into the church, where you were going, and may God have mercy on your soul, my dear."

"Thank you, sir," said Tabitha, with some perplexity, yet inclined to be pleased, and only recognizing in the situation the fact that Lady Constantine's humorous brother was making her a present.

"You are much obliged to me?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, Miss Lark, I've discovered a secret, you see."

"What may that be, Mr. Glanville?"

"That you are in love."

"I don't admit it, sir. Who told you so?"

"Nobody. Only I put two and two together. Now take my advice. Beware of lovers! They are a bad lot, and bring young women to tears."

"Some do, I dare say. But some don't."

"And you think that in your particular case the latter alternative will hold good? We generally think we shall be lucky ourselves, though all the world before us, in the same situation, have been otherwise."

"Oh, yes, or we should die outright of despair."

"Well, I don't think you will be lucky in your case."

"Please, how do you know so much, since my case has not yet arrived?" asked Tabitha, tossing her head a little disdainfully, but less than she might have done if he had not obtained a charter for his discourse by giving her the bracelet.

"Fie, Tabitha!"

"I tell you it has not arrived!" she said, with some anger. "I have not got a lover, and everybody knows I have n't, and it's an insinuating thing for you to say so!"

Louis laughed, thinking how natural it was that a girl should so emphatically deny circumstances that would not bear curious inquiry. "Why, of course I meant myself," he said soothingly. "So, then, you will not accept me?"

"I did n't know you meant yourself," she replied. "But I won't accept you. And I think you ought not to jest on such subjects."

"Well, perhaps not. However, don't let the Bishop see your bracelet, and all will be well. But mind, lovers are deceivers."

Tabitha laughed, and they parted,

the girl entering the church. She had been feeling almost certain that, having accidentally found the bracelet somewhere, he had presented it in a whim to her as the first girl he met. Yet now she began to have momentary doubts whether he had not been laboring under a mistake, and had imagined her to be the owner. The bracelet was not valuable; it was, in fact, a mere toy,—the pair of which this was one being a little present made to Lady Constantine by Swithin on the day of their marriage; and she had not worn them with sufficient frequency out of doors for Tabitha to recognize either as positively her ladyship's. But when, out of sight of the blower, the girl momentarily tried it on, in a corner by the organ, it seemed to her that the ornament was possibly Lady Constantine's. Now that the pink beads shone before her eyes on her own arm, she remembered having seen a bracelet with just such an effect gracing the wrist of Lady Constantine, upon one occasion. A temporary self-surrender to the sophism that if Mr. Louis Glanville chose to give away anything belonging to his sister she, Tabitha, had a right to take it without question was soon checked by a resolve to carry the tempting strings of coral to her ladyship that evening, and inquire the truth about them. This decided on, she slipped the bracelet into her pocket, and played her voluntaries with a light heart.

Bishop Helmsdale did not tear himself away from Welland till about two o'clock that afternoon, which was three hours later than he had intended to leave. It was with a feeling of relief that Swithin, looking from the top of the tower, saw the carriage drive out from the vicarage into the turnpike road, and whirl the right reverend gentleman again towards Warborne. The coast being now clear of him, Swithin meditated how to see Viviette, and ex-

plain what had happened, and with this in view waited where he was till evening came on.

Meanwhile, Lady Constantine and her brother dined by themselves at Wel-land House. They had not met since the morning, and as soon as they were left alone Louis said, "You have done very well so far; but you might have been a little warmer."

"Done well?" she asked, with surprise.

"Yes, with the Bishop. The difficult question is how to follow up our advantage. How are you to keep yourself in sight of him?"

"Heavens, Louis! You don't seriously mean that the Bishop of Melchester has any feelings for me other than friendly?"

"Viviette, this is affectation. You know he has as well as I do."

She sighed. "Yes," she said. "I own I had a suspicion of the same thing. What a misfortune!"

"A misfortune? Surely the world is turned upside down! You will drive me to despair about our future, if you see things so awry. Exert yourself to do something, so as to make of this accident a stepping-stone to higher things. The gentleman will give us the slip, if we don't pursue the friendship at once."

"I cannot have you talk like this!" she cried impatiently. "I have no more thought of the Bishop than I have of the Pope. I would much rather not have had him here to lunch at all. You said it would be necessary to do it, and an opportunity, and I thought it my duty to show some hospitality when he was coming so near, Mr. Torkingham's house being so small. But of course I understood that the opportunity would be one for you in getting to know him, your prospects being so indefinite at present; not one for me."

"If you don't follow up this chance of being spiritual queen of Melchester, you will never have another of being

anything. Mind this, Viviette: you are not so young as you were. You are getting on to be a middle-aged woman, and your black hair is precisely of the sort which time quickly turns gray. You must make up your mind to grizzled bachelors or widowers. Young marriageable men won't look at you; or if they do just now, in a year or two they'll despise you as an antiquated party."

Lady Constantine perceptibly paled. "Young men what?" she asked. "Say that again."

"I said it was no use to think of young men: they won't look at you soon; or if they do, it will be to look away again very quickly."

"You imply that if I were to marry a man younger than myself he would speedily acquire a contempt for me. How much younger must a man be than his wife — to get that feeling for her?" She was resting her elbow on the chair as she faintly spoke the words, and covered her eyes with her hand.

"An exceedingly small number of years," said Louis, drily. "Now the Bishop is at least fifteen years older than you, and on that account, no less than on others, is an excellent match. You would be head of the church in this diocese: what more can you require, after these years of miserable obscurity? In addition, you would escape that thorn in the flesh of bishops' wives, of being only Mrs. while their husbands are peers."

She was not listening; his previous observation still detained her thoughts. "Louis," she said, "in the case of a woman marrying a man much younger than herself, does he get to dislike her, even if there has been a social advantage to him in the union?"

"Yes, — not a whit less. Ask any person of experience. But what of that? Let's talk of our own affairs. You say you have no thought of the Bishop. And yet if he had stayed here

another day or two he would have proposed to you straight off."

"Seriously, Louis, I could not accept him."

"Why not?"

"I don't love him."

"Oh, oh, I like those words!" cried Louis, throwing himself back in his chair, and looking at the ceiling in satirical enjoyment. "A woman who at two-and-twenty married for convenience, at thirty talks of not marrying without love; the rule of inverse ratio, that is, in which more requires less, and less requires more. As your only brother, older than yourself, and more experienced, I insist that you encourage the Bishop."

"Don't quarrel with me, Louis," she said piteously. "We don't know that he thinks anything of me, — we only guess."

"I know it, — and you shall hear how I know. I am of a curious and conjectural nature, as you are aware. Last night, when everybody had gone to bed, I stepped out for a five minutes' smoke on the lawn, and walked down to where you get near the vicarage windows. While I was there in the dark, one of them opened, and Bishop Helmsdale leant out. The illuminated oblong of your window shone him full in the face between the trees, and presently your shadow crossed it. He waved his hand, and murmured some tender words, though what they were, exactly, I could not hear."

"What a vague, imaginary story, — as if he could know my shadow! Besides, a man of the Bishop's dignity would n't have done such a thing. When I knew him as a younger man he was not at all romantic, and he's not likely to have grown so now."

"That's just what he is likely to have done. No lover is so extreme a specimen of the species as an old lover. Come, Viviette, no more of this fencing. I have entered into the project

heart and soul, — so much that I have postponed my departure till the matter is well under way."

"Louis — my dear Louis — you will bring me into some disagreeable position!" said she, clasping her hands. "I do entreat you not to interfere, or do anything rash about me. The step is impossible. I have something to tell you some day. I must live on, and endure" —

"Everything except this penury," replied Louis, unmoved. "Come, I have begun the campaign by inviting Bishop Helmsdale, and I'll take the responsibility of carrying it on. All I ask of you is not to make a ninny of yourself. Come, give me your promise!"

"No, I cannot, — I don't know how to. I only know one thing, — that I am in no hurry" —

"No hurry be hanged! Agree, like a good sister, to charm the Bishop."

"I must consider!" she replied, with perturbed evasiveness.

It being a fine evening, Louis went out of the house to enjoy his cigar in the shrubbery. On reaching his favorite seat he found he had left his cigar-case behind him; he immediately returned for it. When he approached the window by which he had emerged, he saw Swithin St. Cleeve standing there in the dusk, talking to Viviette inside.

St. Cleeve's back was towards Louis, but, whether at a signal from her or by accident, he immediately turned and recognized Glanville; whereupon, raising his hat to Lady Constantine, the young man passed along the terrace walk and by the church-yard door.

Louis rejoined his sister. "I did n't know you allowed your lawn to be a public thoroughfare for the parish," he said suspiciously.

"I am not exclusive, especially since I have been so poor," replied she.

"Then, do you let everybody pass this way, or only that illustrious youth, because he is so good-looking?"

"I have no strict rule in the case. Mr. St. Cleeve is an acquaintance of mine, and he can certainly come here if he chooses." Her color rose somewhat, and she spoke warmly.

Louis was too cautious a bird to reveal to her what had suddenly dawned upon his mind, — that his sister, in common with the (to his thinking) unhappy Tabitha Lark, had been foolish enough to get interested in this phenomenon of the parish, this scientific Adonis. But he resolved to cure at once her tender feeling, if it existed, by letting out a secret which would inflame her dignity against the weakness.

"A good-looking young man," he said, with his eyes where Swithin had vanished. "But not so good as he looks. In fact, a regular young sinner."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, only a little feature I discovered in St. Cleeve's history. But I suppose he has a right to sow his wild oats as well as other young men."

"Tell me what you allude to, — do, Louis."

"It is hardly fit that I should. However, the case is amusing enough. I was sitting in the arbor to-day, and was an unwilling listener to the oddest interview I ever heard of. Our friend the Bishop discovered, when we visited the observatory last night, that our astronomer was not alone in his seclusion. A lady shared his romantic cabin with him; and finding this, the Bishop naturally enough felt that the ordinance of confirmation had been profaned. So his lordship sent for Master Swithin this morning, and, meeting him in the churchyard, read him such an excommunicating lecture as I warrant he won't forget in his life-time. Ha-ha-ha! 'T was very good, — very."

He watched her face narrowly, while he spoke with such seeming carelessness. Instead of the agitation of jealousy that he had expected to be aroused by this hint of another woman in the case, there

was a curious expression, more like embarrassment than anything else, which might have been fairly attributed to the subject. Can it be that I am mistaken? he asked himself.

The possibility that he might be mistaken restored Louis to good humor, and, the lights having been brought, he sat with his sister for some time, talking with purpose of Swithin's low rank on one side, and the possibly sordid struggles that were in store for him. St. Cleeve being in the unhappy position of deriving his existence from two channels of society, it resulted that he seemed to belong to either this or that, according to the attitude of the beholder. Louis threw the light entirely on Swithin's agricultural side, bringing out old Mrs. Martin and her connections and her ways of life with luminous distinctness, till Lady Constantine became greatly depressed. She, in her hopefulness, had almost forgotten, latterly, that the bucolic element, so incisively represented by Messrs. Hezzy Biles, Haymoss Fry, Sammy Blore, and the rest, entered into his condition at all; to her he had been the son of his academic father alone.

But she would not reveal the depression to which she had been subjected by this resuscitation of the homely half of poor Swithin; presently putting an end to the subject, however, by walking hither and thither about the room.

"What have you lost?" said Louis, observing her movements.

"Nothing of consequence, — a bracelet."

"Coral?" he inquired calmly.

"Yes. How did you know it was coral? You have never seen it, have you?"

He was about to make answer; but the amazed enlightenment which her announcement had produced in him, through knowing where the Bishop had found such an article, led him to reconsider himself. Then, like an astute man, by no means sure of the dimensions of

the intrigue he might be unearthing, he said carelessly, "I found such a one in the church-yard to-day. But I thought it appeared to be of no great rarity, and I gave it to one of the village girls who was passing by."

"Did she take it? Who was she?" said the unsuspecting Viviette.

"Really, I don't remember. I suppose it is of no consequence?"

"Oh, no; its value is nothing, comparatively. It was only one of a pair such as young girls wear." Lady Constantine could not add that, in spite of this, she herself valued it as being Swithin's present, and the best he could afford.

Panic-struck by his ruminations, although revealing nothing by his manner, Louis soon after went up to his room, professedly to write letters, emitting a low whistle when he was out of hearing. He of course remembered perfectly well to whom he had given the corals, and resolved to seek out Tabitha the next morning to ascertain whether she could possibly have owned such a trinket as well as his sister, — which at present he very greatly doubted, though fervently hoping that she might.

XXIX.

The effect upon Swithin of the interview with the Bishop had been a very marked one. He felt that he had good ground for resenting that dignitary's tone in haughtily assuming that all must be sinful which at the first blush appeared to be so to his eyes, and in narrowly refusing a young man the benefit of a single doubt. Swithin's assurance that he would be able to explain all some day was taken in contemptuous incredulity.

"He may be as virtuous as his prototype Timothy; but he's an opinionated old foggy, all the same," said St. Cleeve petulantly.

Yet, on the other hand, Swithin's nature was so fresh and ingenuous, notwithstanding that recent affairs had somewhat denaturalized him, that for a man in the Bishop's position to think him immoral was almost as overwhelming as if he had actually been so, and at moments he could scarcely bear existence under so gross a suspicion. What was his union with Lady Constantine worth to him when, by reason of it, he was thought a reprobate by almost the only living man who had professed to take an interest in him? Certainly, by contrast with his air-built image of himself as a worthy astronomer, received by all the world, and the envied husband of Viviette, the present imputation was humiliating. The glorious light of this tender and refined passion seemed to have become debased to burlesque hues by pure accident, and his æsthetic no less than his ethic taste was offended by such an anticlimax. He who had soared amid the remotest grandeurs of nature had been taken to task on a rudimentary question of morals, which had never been a question with him at all. This was what the exigencies of an awkward attachment had brought him to; but he blamed the circumstances, and not for one moment Lady Constantine.

Having now set his heart against a longer concealment, he was disposed to think that an excellent way of beginning a revelation of their marriage would be by writing a confidential letter to the Bishop, detailing the whole case. But it was impossible to do this on his own responsibility. He still recognized the understanding entered into with Viviette before the marriage to be as binding as ever, — namely, that the initiative in disclosing their union should come from her. Yet he hardly doubted that she would take that initiative when he told her of his extraordinary reprimand in the churchyard.

This was what he had come to do when Louis saw him standing at the

window. But before he had said half a dozen words to Viviette she motioned to him to go on, which he mechanically did, ere he could sufficiently collect his thoughts on its advisability or otherwise. He did not, however, go far. While Louis and his sister were discussing him in the drawing-room he lingered, musing, in the church-yard, hoping that she might be able to escape, and join him in the consultation he so earnestly desired.

This she was at last enabled to do. As soon as Louis had left the room, and shut himself in up-stairs, she ran out by the window in the direction Swithin had taken. When her footsteps began crunching on the gravel he came forward from the church-yard door.

They embraced each other in haste, and then, in a few short, panting words she explained to him that her brother had heard and witnessed the interview on that spot between himself and the Bishop, and had told her the substance of the Bishop's accusation, not knowing she was the woman in the cabin. "And what I cannot understand is this," she added: "how did the Bishop discover that the person behind the bed-curtains was a woman, and not a man?"

"Why," explained Swithin, "in addition to seeing the curtains move he unluckily found on the bed one of the bracelets I gave you, which you accidentally left there. He brought it to me in the church-yard."

"Oh, Swithin, what do you say? Found the coral bracelet? What did you do with it?"

Swithin clapped his hand to his pocket. "Dear me! I recollect — I left it where it lay on Reuben Heath's tombstone."

"Oh, my dear, dear Swithin!" she cried miserably. "You have compromised me by your forgetfulness! I have claimed the bracelet as mine. My brother did not tell me that the Bishop brought it from the cabin. What can I, can I do, that neither the Bishop nor

my brother may conclude *I* was the woman there!"

"But if we announce our marriage" —

"Even as your wife, the position was too undignified — too I don't know what — for me ever to admit that I was there. Right or wrong, I must declare the bracelet was not mine. Such an escapade — why, it would make me ridiculous in the county; and anything rather than that."

"I was in hope that you would agree to let our marriage be known," said Swithin, with some disappointment. "I thought that these circumstances would make the reason for doing so doubly strong."

"Yes. But there are, alas, reasons against it still stronger! Let me have my way."

"Certainly, dearest. I promised that before you agreed to be mine. My reputation, — what is it! Perhaps I shall be dead and forgotten before the next transit of Venus!"

She soothed him tenderly, but could not tell him why she felt the reasons against any announcement as yet to be stronger than those in favor of it. How could she, when her feeling had been cautiously fed and developed by her brother Louis's unvarnished exhibition of Swithin's material position in the eyes of the world? — that of a young man, the scion of a family of farmers recently her tenants, living at the homestead with his grandmother, Mrs. Martin. That this objection, at present so strong in her, was only temporary she quite believed, and was as convinced of his coming success as ever; praying and hoping for it on his account not less than on her own. She hoped all the more earnestly from an occasional twinge of conscience on the question whether his marriage with her had been so greatly for his good as they conventionally assumed it to be. She could not be blind to the fact that she had

agreed to the step as much for her own pleasure as from a disinterested wish to release his mind from a distraction which was fatal to his studies; that had Swithin never seen her it would probably have been far better for him and his prospects, since she had brought him no solid help as yet, either in wealth or friends.

To soften her refusal, she said in declaring it, "One concession, Swithin, I certainly will make. I will see you oftener. I will come to the cabin and tower frequently; and will contrive, too, that you come to the house occasionally. During the last winter we passed whole weeks without meeting: don't let us allow that to happen again."

"Very well, dearest," said Swithin good humoredly. "I don't care so terribly much for the old man's opinion of me, after all. For the present, then, let things be as they are."

Nevertheless, the youth felt her refusal more than he owned; but an unequal temperament like Swithin's, so soon depressed on his own account, was also soon to recover on hers, and it was with almost a child's forgetfulness of the past that he took her view of the case.

When he was gone she hastily reentered the house. Her brother had not reappeared from up-stairs; but she was informed that Tabitha Lark was waiting to see her, if her ladyship would pardon the said Tabitha for coming so late. Lady Constantine made no objection, and saw the young girl at once.

When Lady Constantine entered the waiting-room, behold, in Tabitha's outstretched hand lay the coral ornament which had been causing Viviette so much anxiety.

"I guessed, on second thoughts, that it was yours, my lady," said Tabitha, with rather a frightened face. "And so I have brought it back."

"But how did you come by it, Tabitha?"

"Mr. Glanville gave it to me; he

must have thought it was mine. I took it, fancying at the moment that he handed it to me because I happened to come by first after he had found it."

Lady Constantine saw how the situation might be improved so as to effect her deliverance from this troublesome little web of evidence.

"Oh, you can keep it," she said brightly. "It was very good of you to bring it back. But keep it for your very own. Take Mr. Glanville at his word, and don't explain. And, Tabitha, divide the strands into two bracelets; there are enough of them to make a pair."

The next morning, in pursuance of his resolution, Louis wandered round the grounds till he saw the girl for whom he was waiting enter the church. He accosted her over the wall. But, puzzling to view, a coral bracelet blushed on each of her young arms, for she had promptly carried out the suggestion of Lady Constantine.

"You are wearing it, I see, Tabitha, with the other," he murmured. "Then you mean to keep it?"

"Yes, I mean to keep it."

"You are sure it is not Lady Constantine's? I find she had one like it."

"Quite sure. But you had better take it to her, sir, and ask her," said the saucy girl.

"Oh, no; that's not necessary," replied Louis, considerably shaken in his convictions.

When Louis met his sister, a short time after, he did not catch her, as he had intended to do, by saying suddenly, "I have found your bracelet. I know who has got it."

"You cannot have found it," she replied quietly, "for I have discovered that it was never lost," and stretching out both her hands she revealed one on each, Viviette having performed the same operation with her remaining bracelet that she had advised Tabitha to do with the other.

Louis was mystified, but by no means

convinced. In spite of this attempt to hoodwink him, his mind returned to the subject every hour of the day. There was no doubt that either Tabitha or Viviette had been with Swithin in the cabin. He recapitulated every case that had occurred during his visit to Welland in which his sister's manner had been of a color to justify the suspicion that it was she. There was that strange incident in the corridor, when she had screamed at what she described to be a shadowy resemblance to her late husband: how very improbable that this fancy should have been the only cause of her agitation! Then he had noticed, during Swithin's confirmation, a blush upon her cheek when he passed her, on his way to the Bishop, and the fervor in her glance during the few moments of the imposition. Then he suddenly recalled the night at the railway station, when the accident with the whip took place, and how, when he reached Welland House, an hour later, he had found no Viviette there. Running thus from incident to incident, he increased his suspicions without being able to cull from the circumstances anything amounting to evidence; but evidence he now determined to acquire without saying a word to any one.

His plan was of a cruel kind: to set a trap into which the pair would blindly walk, if any secret understanding existed between them of the nature he suspected.

XXX.

He began by calling at the tower one afternoon, as if by accident. After a friendly chat with Swithin, whom he found there (having watched him enter), Louis invited the young man to dine the same evening at the house, that he might have an opportunity of showing him some interesting old scientific works in folio, that, according to Louis's account, he had stumbled on in

overhauling the library. Louis set no great bait for St. Cleeve in this statement, for old science is not old art, which, having perfected itself, has died and left its secret hidden in its remains. But Swithin was a responsive fellow, and readily agreed to come; being, moreover, always glad of a chance of meeting Viviette *en famille*. Besides, he hoped to tell her of a scheme which had lately suggested itself to him as likely to benefit them both: that he should go away for a while, and endeavor to raise sufficient funds to visit the great observatories of Europe, possibly with a view to obtaining a post in one of them. Hitherto the only bar to the plan had been the exceeding narrowness of his income, which, though sufficient for his present life, was absolutely inadequate to the requirements of a traveling astronomer.

Meanwhile, Louis Glanville had returned to the house, and told his sister in the most innocent manner that he had been in the company of St. Cleeve that afternoon, getting a few useful wrinkles on astronomy; that they had grown so friendly over the fascinating subject as to leave him no alternative but to invite St. Cleeve to dine at Welland the same evening, with a view to certain researches in the library afterwards. "I could quite make allowances for any youthful errors into which the young man may have been betrayed," he continued sententiously, "since, for a scientist, he is really admirable. No doubt the Bishop's caution will not be lost upon him; and as for his birth and connections, — those he can't help."

Lady Constantine showed such alacrity in adopting the idea of having Swithin to dinner, and she ignored his "youthful errors" so completely, as almost to betray herself. In fulfillment of her promise to see him oftener, she had been intending to run across to Swithin on that identical evening. Now the trouble would be saved in a very delightful way, by the exercise of a lit-

tle hospitality, which Viviette herself would not have dared to suggest.

Dinner-time came, and with it Swithin, exhibiting rather a blushing and nervous manner, that was, unfortunately, more likely to betray their cause than was Viviette's own more practiced bearing. Throughout the meal Louis sat in his chair like a spider in the corner of his web, observing them narrowly, and at moments flinging out an artful thread, here and there, with the same view to their entanglement. But they passed through the ordeal marvelously well. Perhaps the actual tie between them, through being so much closer and of so much more practical a nature than even their critic supposed it, was in itself a protection against their exhibiting that ultra-reciprocity of manner which, had they been merely lovers, might have betrayed them.

But Louis's scheme was as yet only half developed. After dinner the trio duly adjourned to the library, as had been planned, and the volumes were brought forth by Louis with the zest of a bibliophilist. Swithin had seen most of them before, and thought but little of them; but the pleasure of staying in the house made him welcome any reason for doing so, and he willingly looked at whatever was put before him, from Bertius's Ptolemy to Rees's Cyclopædia. The evening thus passed away, and it began to grow late. Swithin, who, among other things had planned to go to Greenwich next day, to view the Royal Observatory, would start up and prepare to leave for home, every now and then, when Glanville would unearth some other volume, and so detain him yet another half hour.

"By George!" he said, looking at the clock, when Swithin was at last really about to depart. "I did n't know it was so late. Why not stay here to-night, St. Cleeve? It is very dark, and the way to your place is an awkward cross-cut over the fields."

"It would not inconvenience us at all, Mr. St. Cleeve, if you would care to stay," said Lady Constantine.

"I am afraid — The fact is, I wanted to take an observation at twenty minutes past two" — began Swithin.

"Oh, now, never mind your observation," said Louis. "That's only an excuse. Do that to-morrow night. Now you will stay. It is settled. Viviette, say he must stay, and we'll have another hour of these charming intellectual researches."

Viviette was entrapped with delightful ease into a furtherance of Louis's scheme. "Do stay, Mr. St. Cleeve!" she said sweetly.

"Well, in truth I can do without the observation," replied the young man, as he gave way. "It is not of the greatest consequence."

Thus it was arranged; but the researches among the tomes were not prolonged to the extent that Louis had suggested. In three quarters of an hour from that time they had all retired to their respective rooms; Lady Constantine's being on one side of the west corridor, Swithin's opposite, and Louis's at the further end.

Louis, however, was never more broadly awake in his life than now, when he was believed to be composing himself for sleep. Had a person followed him when he withdrew, that watcher would have discovered, on peeping through the keyhole of his door, that he was engaged in one of the oddest of occupations for such a man, — that of sweeping down from the ceiling, by means of a walking-cane, a long cobweb which lingered on high in the corner. Keeping it stretched upon the cane, he gently opened the door, and set the candle in such a position on the mat that the light shone down the corridor. Thus guided by its rays, he passed out slipperless, till he reached the door of St. Cleeve's room, where he applied the dangling spider's thread in such a manner that it stretched across,

like a tight rope, from jamb to jamb, barring, in its fragile way, entrance and egress. This operation completed, he retired again, and, extinguishing his light, went through his bedroom window out upon the flat roof of the portico, to which it gave access.

Here Louis made himself comfortable in his chair and smoking-cap, enjoying the fragrance of a cigar for something like half an hour. His position commanded a view of the two windows of Lady Constantine's room, and from these a dim light shone continuously. Having the window partly open at his back, and the door of his room also scarcely closed, his ear retained a fair command of any sounds within the corridor that might be caused by meeting and whispering lovers. In due time certain sounds from that quarter actually became audible; whereupon, returning to his room, he reëntered the corridor, and listened intently. All was silent again, and darkness reigned from end to end. Glanville, however, groped his way along the passage till he again reached Swithin's door, where he examined, by the light of a wax-match he had brought, the condition of the spider's thread. It was gone; somebody had carried it off bodily, as Samson carried off the pin and the web. In other words, a person had passed through the door.

Still holding the faint wax-light in his hand, Louis turned to the door of Lady Constantine's chamber, where he observed first that, though it was pushed together so as to appear fastened to cursory view, the door was not really closed by about a quarter of an inch. This being all he wished to see, he dropped his light, and extinguished it with his foot. Listening, he heard a voice within, — Viviette's voice, in a subdued murmur, though speaking earnestly. Without any hesitation, Louis then returned to Swithin's door, opened it, and walked in. The starlight from without was sufficient, now that his eyes had be-

come accustomed to the darkness, to reveal that the room was unoccupied, and that nothing therein had been disturbed.

The worthy gentleman's plot was now complete. With a heavy tread he came forth, walked loudly across the corridor, knocked at Lady Constantine's door, and called "Viviette!"

She heard him instantly, replying "Yes" in startled tones. Immediately afterwards she opened her door, and confronted him in her dressing-gown, with a light in her hand. "What is the matter, Louis?" she said.

"I am greatly alarmed. Our visitor is missing."

"Missing? What, Mr. St. Cleeve?"

"Yes. I was sitting up to finish a cigar, when I thought I heard a noise in this direction. On coming to his room, I find he is not there."

"Good Heaven! I wonder what has happened!" she exclaimed, in apparently intense alarm.

"I wonder," said Glanville grimly.

"Suppose he is a somnambulist! If so, he may have gone out and broken his neck. I have never heard that he is one, but they say that sleeping in strange places disturbs the mind of people who are given to that sort of thing, and provokes them to it."

"Unfortunately for your theory, his bed has not been touched."

"Oh, what then can it be?"

Her brother looked her full in the face. "Viviette!" he said sternly.

She seemed puzzled. "Well?" she replied, in simple tones.

"I heard voices in your room," he continued.

"Voices?"

"A voice, — yours."

"Yes, you may have done so. It was mine."

"A listener is required for a speaker."

"True, Louis."

"Well, to whom were you speaking?"

"God."

"Viviette! I am ashamed of you."

"I was saying my prayers."

"Prayers!—to God! To St. Swithin, rather!"

"What do you mean, Louis?" she asked, flushing up warm, and drawing back from him. "It was a form of prayer I use, particularly when I am in trouble. It was recommended to me by the Bishop, and Mr. Torkingham commends it very highly."

"On your honor, if you have any," he said bitterly, "whom have you there in your room?"

"No human being."

"Flatly, I don't believe you."

She gave a dignified little bow, and, waving her hand into the apartment, said, "Very well; then search and see."

Louis entered, and glanced round the room, behind the curtains, under the bed, out of the window, — a view from which showed that escape thence would have been impossible, — everywhere, in short, capable or incapable of affording a retreat to humanity; but discovered nobody. All he observed was that a light stood on the low table by her bedside; that on the bed lay an open Prayer Book, the counterpane being unpressed, except into a little pit beside the Prayer Book, apparently where her head had rested in kneeling.

"But where is St. Cleeve?" he said, turning in bewilderment from these evidences of innocent devotion.

"Where can he be?" she chimed in, with real distress. "I should so much like to know. Look about for him. I am quite uneasy!"

"I will, on one condition: that you own that you love him."

"Why should you force me to that?" she murmured. "It would be no such wonder if I did."

"Come, you do."

"Well, I do."

"Now I'll look for him. Tabitha Lark does n't stay in the house, does she?"

"No."

Louis took a light, and turned away, astonished that his sister had not indignantly resented his intrusion and the nature of his questioning, if she was so innocent as she seemed!

At this moment a slight noise was heard on the staircase, and they could see a figure rising step by step, and coming forward against the long lights of the staircase window. It was Swithin, in his ordinary dress, and carrying his boots in his hand. When he beheld them standing there so motionless, he looked rather disconcerted, but came on towards his room.

Lady Constantine was too much agitated to speak, but Louis said, "I am glad to see you again. Hearing a noise, a few minutes ago, I came out to learn what it could be. I found you absent, and we have been very much alarmed."

"I am very sorry," said Swithin, with contrition. "I owe you a hundred apologies: but the truth is that on entering my bedroom I found the sky remarkably clear, and though I told you that the observation I was to make was of no great consequence, on thinking it over alone I felt it ought not to be allowed to pass; so I was tempted to run across to the observatory, and make it, as I had hoped, without disturbing anybody. If I had known that I should alarm you I would not have done it for the world."

Swithin spoke very earnestly to Louis, and did not observe the tender reproach in Viviette's eyes, when he showed by his tale his decided notion that the prime use of starlight nights was in the furtherance of practical astronomy.

Everything being now satisfactorily explained, the three retired to their several chambers, and Louis heard no more noises that night, or rather morning; his attempts to solve the mystery of Viviette's life here and her relations with St. Cleeve having thus far re-

sulted chiefly in perplexity. True, an admission had been wrung from her; and even without such an admission, it was clear that she had a tender feeling for Swithin. How to extinguish that romantic folly it now became his object to consider.

XXXI.

Swithin's midnight excursion to the tower in the cause of science led him to oversleep himself, and when the brother and sister met at breakfast in the morning he did not appear.

"Don't disturb him, — don't disturb him," said Louis laconically. "Hullo, Viviette, what are you reading there that makes you flame up so?"

She was glancing over a letter that she had just opened, and at his words looked up with misgiving. The incident of the previous night left her in great doubt as to what her bearing towards him ought to be. She had made no show of resenting his conduct at the time, from a momentary supposition that he must know all her secret; and afterwards, finding that he did not know it, it seemed too late to affect indignation at his suspicions. So she preserved a quiet neutrality. Even had she resolved on an artificial part, she might have forgotten to play it at this instant, the letter being of a kind to banish previous considerations.

"It is a letter from Bishop Helmsdale," she faltered.

"Well done! I hope for your sake it is an offer."

"That's just what it is."

"No, — surely?" said Louis, beginning a laugh of surprise.

"Yes," she returned indifferently. "You can read it, if you like."

"I don't wish to pry into a communication of that sort."

"Oh, you can read it," she said, tossing the letter across to him.

Louis thereupon read as under: —

THE PALACE, MELCHESTER, }
June 28, 18—. }

MY DEAR LADY CONSTANTINE, —
During the two or three weeks that have elapsed since I experienced the great pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with you, the varied agitation of my feelings has clearly proved that my only course is to address you by letter, and at once. Whether the subject of my communication be acceptable to you or not, I can at least assure you that to suppress it would be far less natural, and upon the whole less advisable, than to speak out frankly, even if afterwards I hold my peace forever.

The great change in my experience during the past year or two — the change, that is, which has resulted from my advancement to a bishopric — has frequently suggested to me, of late, that a discontinuance in my domestic life of the solitude of past years was a question which ought to be seriously contemplated. But whether I should ever have contemplated it without the great good fortune of my meeting with you is doubtful. However, the thing has been considered at last, and without more ado I candidly ask if you would be willing to give up your life at Welland, and relieve my household loneliness here by becoming my wife.

I am far from desiring to force a hurried decision on your part, and will wait your good pleasure patiently, should you feel any uncertainty at the moment as to the step. I am quite disqualified, by habits and experience, for the delightful procedure of urging my suit in the ardent terms which would be so appropriate towards such a lady, and so expressive of my inmost feeling. In truth, a prosy cleric of five-and-forty wants encouragement to make him eloquent. Of this, however, I can assure you: that if admiration, esteem, and devotion can compensate in any way for the lack of those qualities which might

be found to burn with more outward brightness in a younger man, those it is in my power to bestow for the term of my earthly life. Your steady adherence to church principles and your interest in ecclesiastical polity (as was shown by your bright questioning on those subjects during our morning walk round your grounds) have indicated strongly to me the grace and appropriateness with which you would fill the position of a bishop's wife, and how greatly you would add to his reputation, should you be disposed to honor him with your hand. Formerly there have been times when I was of opinion — and you will rightly appreciate my candor in owning it — that a wife was an impediment to a bishop's due activities; but constant observation has convinced me that, far from this being the truth, a meet consort infuses life into episcopal influence and teaching.

Should you reply in the affirmative I will at once come to see you, and with your permission will, among other things, show you a few plain, practical rules which I have interested myself in drawing up for our future guidance. Should you refuse to change your condition on my account, your decision will, as I need hardly say, be a great blow to me. In any event, I could not do less than I have done, after giving the subject my full consideration. Even if there be a slight deficiency of warmth on your part, my earnest hope is that a mind comprehensive as yours will perceive the immense power for good that you might exercise in the position in which a union with me would place you, and allow that perception to weigh in determining your answer.

I remain, my dear Lady Constantine, with the highest respect and affection,

Yours always,

C. MELCHESTER.

"Well, you will not have the foolhardiness to decline, now that the ques-

tion has actually been popped, I should hope," said Louis, when he had done reading.

"Certainly I shall," she replied.

"You will really be such a fool, Viviette?"

"You speak without much compliment. I have not the least idea of accepting him."

"Surely you will not let your infatuation for that young fellow carry you so far, after my acquainting you with the shady side of his character? You call yourself a religious woman, say your prayers out loud, follow up the revived methods in church practice, and what not; and yet you can think with partiality of a person who, far from having any religion in him, breaks the most elementary commandments in the decalogue."

"I cannot agree with you," she said, turning her face askance, for she knew not how much of her brother's language was real, and how much assumed, the extent of his discoveries with regard to her secret ties being a mystery. At moments she was disposed to declare the whole truth, and have done with it. But she hesitated, and left the words unsaid; and Louis continued his breakfast in silence.

When he had finished, and she had eaten little or nothing, he asked once more, "How do you intend to answer that letter? Here you are, the poorest woman in the county, abandoned by people who used to be glad to know you, and leading a life as dismal and dreary as a nun's, when an opportunity is offered you of leaping at once into a leading position in this part of England. Bishops are given to hospitality; you would be welcomed everywhere. In short, your answer must be yes."

"And yet it will be no," she said in a low voice. She had at last learnt, from the tone of her brother's latter remarks, that at any rate he had no knowledge of her actual marriage, whatever

the indirect tie of which he might suspect her guilty.

Louis could restrain himself no longer at her answer. "Then conduct your affairs your own way. I know you to be leading a life that won't bear investigation, and I'm damned if I'll stay here any longer."

Saying which, Glanville jerked back his chair, and strode out of the room. In less than a quarter of an hour, and before she had moved a step from the table, she heard him leaving the house.

XXXII.

What to do she could not tell. The step to which Swithin had entreated her, objectionable and premature as it had seemed, in a social aspect, would at all events have saved her from this dilemma. Had she allowed him to tell the Bishop his simple story in its fullness, who could say but that that dignitary might have generously bridled his own impulses, entered into the case with sympathy, and forwarded with zest their designs for the future, owing to his interest of old in Swithin's father, and in the naturally attractive features of the young man's career?

A puff of wind from the open window, wafting the Bishop's letter to the floor, aroused her from her reverie. With a sigh she stooped and picked it up, glanced at it again, then arose, and with the deliberateness of predetermined purpose wrote her reply:—

WELLAND HOUSE, June 29, 18—.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF MELCHESTER,
—I confess to you that your letter, so gracious and flattering as it is, has taken your friend somewhat unawares. The least I can do in return for its contents is to reply as quickly as possible. There is no one in the world who esteems your high qualities more than myself, or who has greater faith in your ability to adorn

the episcopal seat that you have been called on to fill. But to your question I can give only one reply, and that is an unqualified negative. To state this unavoidable decision distresses me without affectation; and I trust you will believe that, though I decline the distinction of becoming your wife, I shall never cease to interest myself in all that pertains to you and your office; and shall feel the keenest regret if this refusal should interfere to prevent a lifelong friendship between us.

I am, my dear Bishop of Melchester,
Ever sincerely yours,

VIVIETTE —.

"Viviette what?" she exclaimed to herself hopelessly, as she flung down the pen. A sudden revulsion from the subterfuge of signing herself "Viviette Constantine," in a letter of this serious sort, and the impracticability of using another signature for the present, wrought in her mind a feeling of dissatisfaction with the whole epistle, and pushing it aside she allowed it to remain unfinished. In a few minutes she heard Swithin approaching, when she put the letter out of the way, and turned to receive him.

Swithin entered quietly, and looked round the room. Seeing, with unexpected pleasure, that she was there alone, he came over and kissed her. Her discomposure at some foregone event was soon obvious. "Has my staying caused you any trouble?" he asked, in a whisper. "Where is your brother, this morning?"

She smiled through her perplexity as she took his hand. "The oddest things happen to me, dear Swithin," she said. "Do you wish particularly to know what has happened now?"

"Yes, if you don't mind telling me."

"I do mind telling you. Among other things, I am resolving to give way to your representations, — in part, at least. It will be best to tell the Bishop

everything, and my brother, if not other people."

"I am truly glad to hear it, Viviette," said he cheerfully. "I have felt for a long time that honesty is the best policy."

"I at any rate feel it now. But it is a policy that requires a great deal of courage!"

"It certainly requires some courage, — I should not say a great deal; and indeed, as far as I am concerned, it demands less courage to speak out than to hold my tongue."

"But, you silly boy, you don't know what has happened. The Bishop has made me an offer of marriage."

"Good gracious, what an impertinent old man! What have you done about it, dearest?"

"Well, I have hardly accepted him," she replied, laughing. "It is this event which has suggested to me that I make my refusal a reason for confiding our situation to him."

"What would you have done if you had not been already appropriated?"

"That's an inscrutable mystery. He is a worthy man; but he has very pronounced views about his own position, and some other undesirable qualities. Still, who knows? You must bless your stars that you have secured me. Now let us consider how to draw up our confession to him. I wish I had listened to you at the first, and allowed you to take him into our confidence before his declaration arrived. He may possibly resent the concealment now. However, this cannot be helped."

"I tell you what, Viviette," said Swithin, after a thoughtful pause. "If the Bishop is such a sort of man as this, a man who goes falling in love, and wanting to marry you, and so on, I am not disposed to confess anything to him at all. I fancied him altogether different from that."

"But he's none the worse for it, dear?"

"I think he is, — to lecture me and love you, all in one breath."

"Still, that's only a passing phase, and you first proposed making a confidant of him."

"I did. . . . Very well. Then we are to tell nobody but the Bishop?"

"And my brother Louis. I must tell him; it is unavoidable. He suspects me in a way I could never have credited of him."

Swithin, as was before stated, had arranged to start for Greenwich that morning, permission having been accorded him by the Astronomer-Royal to view the Observatory; and their final decision was that, as he could not afford time to sit down with her, and write to the Bishop in collaboration, each should, during the day, compose a well-considered letter, disclosing their position from his and her own point of view; Lady Constantine leading up to her confession by her refusal of the Bishop's hand. It was necessary that she should know what Swithin contemplated saying, that her statements might precisely harmonize. He ultimately agreed to send her his letter by the next morning's post, when, having read it, she would in due course dispatch it with her own.

As soon as he had breakfasted Swithin went his way, promising to return from Greenwich by the end of the week. Viviette passed the remainder of that long summer day, during which her young husband was receding towards the capital, in an almost motionless state. At some instants she felt exultant at the idea of announcing her marriage, and defying general opinion. At another her heart misgave her, and she was tormented by a fear lest Swithin should some day accuse her of having hampered his deliberately shaped plan of life by her intrusive romanticism. That was often the trick of men who had sealed by marriage in their inexperienced youth a love for those whom their maturer judgment would have re-

jected as too obviously disproportionate in years.

However, it was now too late for these lugubrious thoughts; and, bracing herself, she began to frame the new reply to Bishop Helmsdale,—the plain, unvarnished tale that was to supplant the undivulging answer first written. She was engaged on this difficult production till daylight faded in the west, and the broad-faced moon edged upward, like a disk of old gold, over the elms towards the village. By that time Swithin had reached Greenwich; her brother had gone she knew not where; and she and loneliness dwelt solely, as before, within the walls of Welland House.

At this hour of sunset and moonrise, the new parlor-maid entered, to inform her that Mr. Cecil's head clerk, from Warborne, particularly wished to see her.

Mr. Cecil was her solicitor, and she knew of nothing whatever that required his intervention just at present. But he would not have sent at this time of day without excellent reasons, and she directed that the young man might be shown in where she was. On his entry, the first thing she noticed was that in his hand he carried a newspaper.

"In case you should not have seen this evening's paper, Lady Constantine, Mr. Cecil has directed me to bring it to you at once, on account of what appears there in relation to your ladyship. He has only just seen it himself."

"What is it? How does it concern me?"

"I will point it out."

"Read it yourself to me. Though I am afraid there's not enough light."

"I can see very well here," said the lawyer's clerk, stepping to the window; and folding back the paper he read:—

NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

"CAPE TOWN, *May 17, via Plymouth*.—A correspondent of the Cape Chronicle states that he has interviewed an Englishman just arrived from the

interior, and learns from him that a considerable misapprehension exists in England concerning the death of the traveler and hunter, Sir Blount Constantine'"—

"Oh, he's living! My husband is alive!" she cried, sinking down in nearly a fainting condition.

"No, my lady. Sir Blount is dead enough, I am sorry to say."

"Dead, did you say?"

"Certainly, Lady Constantine; there is no doubt of it."

She sat up, and her intense relief almost made itself perceptible like a fresh atmosphere in the room. "Yes. Then what did you come for?" she asked calmly.

"That Sir Blount has died is unquestionable," replied the lawyer's clerk gently. "But there has been some mistake about the date of his death."

"He died of malarious fever on the banks of the Zonga, November 4, 18—."

"No; he only lay ill there a long time it seems. It was a companion who died at that date. But I'll read the account to your ladyship, with your permission:—"

"The decease of this somewhat eccentric wanderer did not occur at the time hitherto supposed, but only in last December. The following is the account of the Englishman alluded to, given as nearly as possible in his own words: During the illness of Sir Blount and his friend by the Zonga, three of the servants went away, taking with them a portion of his clothing and effects; and it must be they who spread the report of his death at this time. After his companion's death he mended, and when he was strong enough he and I traveled on to a healthier district. I urged him not to delay his return to England; but he was much against going back there again, and became so rough in his manner towards me that we parted company at the first opportunity I could

find. I joined a party of white traders returning to the west coast. I stayed here among the Portuguese for many months. I then found that an English traveling party were going to explore a district adjoining that which I had formerly traversed with Sir Blount. They said they would be glad of my services, and I joined them. When we had crossed the territory to the south of Ulunda, and drew near to Marzambo, I heard tidings of a man living there whom I suspected to be Sir Blount, although he was not known by that name. Being so near, I was induced to seek him out, and found that he was indeed the same. He had dropped his old name altogether, and had married a native princess'”—

“Married a native princess?” said Lady Constantine.

“That’s what it says, my lady,— ‘married a native princess according to the rites of the tribe, and was living very happily with her. He told me he should never return to England again. He also told me that, having seen this princess just after I had left him, he had been attracted by her, and had thereupon decided to reside with her in that country, as being a land which afforded him greater happiness than he could hope to attain elsewhere. He asked me to stay with him, instead of going on with my party, and not reveal his real title to any of them. After some hesitation I did stay, and was not uncomfortable at first. But I soon found that Sir Blount drank much harder now than

when I had known him, and that he was at times very greatly depressed in mind at his position. One morning in February last, I heard a shot from his dwelling. His wife rushed frantically past me, as I hastened to the spot, and when I had entered I found that he had put an end to himself with his revolver. His princess was broken-hearted all that day. When we had buried him, I discovered in his house a little box directed to his solicitors at Warborne, in England, and a note for myself, saying that I had better get the first chance of returning that offered, and requesting me to take the box with me. It is supposed to contain papers and articles for friends in England who have deemed him dead for some time.’ ”

The clerk stopped his reading, and there was a silence. “Last February,” she at length said, in a whisper. “Has the box arrived yet?”

“Not yet, my lady. We have no further proof of anything. As soon as the package comes to hand you shall know of it immediately.”

Such was the clerk’s mission, and, leaving the paper with her, he withdrew. The intelligence amounted to thus much: that, Sir Blount having been alive till at least ten weeks after her marriage with Swithin St. Cleeve, Swithin St. Cleeve was not her husband in the eye of the law; so that the marriage with the latter would have to be repeated, if she wished to become legally that young man’s wife.

Thomas Hardy.

AMONG THE SABINE HILLS.

“Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.”

THERE is not a day, and scarcely an hour, of the gentle Roman winter in which the substance of Virgil’s eloquent verse does not recur to the memory of

an exile from austere New England. Every phase of light and shade, every change of wind and weather, is such that its like would be hailed at home as a harbinger of spring. The *tramontana*

blows and blusters as if animated by a perverse intent to baffle the dazzling sunshine, but we never take it seriously. It is only a wind of March to us, boisterous because so full of wakeful vitality, with no fierce earnest lurking under its wanton play. Anon the sky darkens, and the *scirocco* sighs, and then we think of the April showers that bring forth May flowers, and are well content to feel the warm breath, and wait in the temporary shadow. Here, indeed, the May flowers are perennial. The brown grass of the sad Elysian fields outside the city is perpetually starred with daisies; the pansies never fail from the garden beds, nor the monthly roses from the mossy wall. And here, precisely, lies the distinctive charm of the Roman landscape: in its profound urbanity in the midst of desolation; in the way it seems to have of putting aside its own overpowering memories, that it may offer the stranger a smiling welcome; in its *faux air* of vernal brightness and promise, suffusing the worn patrician lineaments, which tell so plainly, nevertheless, the tale of a life lived out and a destiny long accomplished, — of an artificial composure, never perhaps to be disturbed again before the final catastrophe.

The real spring, when it comes, is but a higher light, lifted by softest gradations from this gracious background. There is no sudden burst of life and blossom; none of the astonishment and ecstasy of spring in more northern latitudes. The sentiment of mingled rapture and pain which is crowded into a few memorable days with us is here diffused and extended into the tender mood of many weeks; and we neither know nor care just when the almond-trees upon the Aventine became like puffs of thin white smoke, or the billows of jessamine boughs that crest the boundary of the Colonna gardens awoke from their short rest, and began feathering into light green spray.

It was on the 14th of March, about midway of this lingering dream of spring, that a few of us set forth from Rome for a pilgrimage among the Sabine Hills. We had various kinds of vows to pay in that storied region, — some pagan and some Christian; and of the make-up of our party, it may suffice to say that we were of that number which is described in the sententious language of Spain as company *par excellence*. A company of one, says the proverb, is no company at all, — “*Compañía di uno, compañía di ninguno*,” — a company of two is divine, and a company of four is diabolic; but “*Compañía di tres, compañía es*,” and we occupied that safe mean between the joys of the souls above us and the pains of those below most fit for modest mortals.

The Campagna, in the early morning hour at which we crossed it for Tivoli, would have been exciting at any season; how much more in this, its most perfect moment, when its level reaches were streaked with golden green, while the guardian hills yet held their violet hues, with the lark-songs ringing through the living blue, and the many-hued stars of the anemone shining at our feet! As we drew near the base of the Sabines, and prepared to begin our devious ascent through the immemorial olive-wood to Tivoli upon the mountain side, we were struck by the first of those exquisite contrasts of color which the presence of the olive in a landscape furnishes in such endless variety. Sometimes it is with the clear green of sun-touched grass under the hoary boughs, sometimes with the rich brown of the upturned soil; here it was with the changeful blush of the fruit-orchards at the foot of the mountain, — a beauteous cloud of every possible shade of pure pink, from the hardly tinged blossoms of the almond to the deep crimson of the apricot. Such were, no doubt, the

“*Uda mobilibus pomaria rivis*”¹

¹ Book I., Ode 7.

of Horace's time, which he so sweetly celebrates along with the "ringing home of the nymph Albunea," the "plunging Anio," and the "Tiburnian shades." At any other time we should certainly be tempted to tarry awhile at Tivoli, among the strange grottoes and the bright cascades, in the old sibylline temple above the torrent, or the sombre yet sophisticated shades of the far-looking Villa d'Este. But now, since our pilgrimage is, first of all, a Horatian one, we care chiefly to remind ourselves, as we thread the narrow, picturesque streets of ancient Tibur, and come out upon the fine post-road leading upward among the hills, that this is the place where the genial and social poet spent much of the leisure of his latest years. He had prayed that he might do so, —

"Tibur, Argeo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ!"¹ —

and his wish was fulfilled, but sadly, and with a difference, as human wishes are apt to be. Read over the letter to Celsus, the eighth in the first book of the *Epistles*. It is lightly and suavely worded, — he was too polite a correspondent to indulge in long-winded lamentations over personal griefs; but what a confession it contains of failing powers and irremediable satiety! "If Celsus Albinovanus inquires for me, O my Muse," he says, in substance, "you may tell him that, although I threaten all manner of fine things, I am not living either pleasantly or profitably. And this is by no means because the vines have been hurt by the hail, and the olives by the heat, nor because there is sickness among the cattle somewhere a long way off. It is because I am ill myself, yet rather of a mental than of any bodily ailment. Neither have I the slightest desire to hear what would be good for me. I shall offend my faithful physicians, I shall outrage the friends who are trying to make me shake off this deadly lassitude, because I am

bound to do the harmful things, and avoid those which might possibly benefit me. I am as fickle as the wind. When I am at Rome I long for Tibur, and the moment I am at Tibur I shall be sighing for Rome."

How natural and how painful! But we will not mourn prematurely over the poet's decline, seeing that our immediate destination is the Sabine farm, his favorite retreat in the heyday of youth and at the height of his literary celebrity and social success. Both as the gift of the generous Mæcenas, and for its own beauty of situation, Horace loved his little country-seat with an ardor which has made all the world love him. Every allusion which he makes to it is full of fond enthusiasm, and yet marked by his own unflinching good taste. He was not in the least a snob, and he had never desired a sumptuous place. It would have oppressed him with care, and a sense of too great obligation even to that free-handed donor.

"Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus."² For the little Sabine estate he could be gratefully thankful. He was entirely, and even exultingly, contented with its modest arrangements, and, so long as health and spirits were unshaken, quite sufficient to himself among them; yet he triumphantly invited to its modest hospitalities the grandest company of his time, and we may be sure that his invitations were not slighted.

It would be strange, indeed, if the antiquaries had overlooked so likely a subject for contention as the site of that modest villa, which could hardly, in the nature of things, have been built in a sufficiently massive and costly style for even its foundations to have withstood the wear and tear of many centuries. Divers localities have, in fact, been thought to answer most of the conditions which Horace affectionately names, and the claims of each have been warmly supported. The artless criticism of

¹ Book II., Ode 6.

² Satire VI., Book II.

the fifteenth century, as represented by Flavio Biondo in his *Italia Illustrata*, pitched upon Vaccone, twenty miles distant from Tivoli toward the Abruzzi, owing, doubtless, to the likeness of this name to that of Vacuna, near whose temple, a ruin already in his day, Horace had dated his letter to Aristius Fuscus: "Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunæ." ¹ But Vacuna was the name of the Sabine goddess corresponding to the Roman Victoria, — Juno Victrix, — and at Rocca Giovine, or the Arx Junonis, a tiny hamlet clinging to a sharp hill peak, three miles from Vicovaro, there is an inscription which tells how Vespasian, who was born in the Sabine country, and brought up, no doubt, on traditions of the cult of Vacuna, *restored the temple of Victory upon this spot*. Vicovaro was the ancient Varia, whither the fine stout peasants, who constituted, as Horace tells us, his Sabine tenantry, used to carry the produce of the farm.

"Quinque bonos solitum Variam dimittere patres." ²

Accordingly, it was at Vicovaro, seven miles from Tivoli, that we left our carriage, and began the steep ascent to Rocca Giovine. There is only a bridle-path at present, which is being transformed into a carriage-road after so leisurely a fashion of engineering that we are as likely to see the end of it in this generation as of any contemporary geological change. Arrived at the Rock of Juno, we stop to quench our thirst at the fountain, which gushes into a rude stone basin in the centre of the uninviting little piazza; and broad-armed women stop, with their *conchas* half poised, to regard our invasion, while black-eyed babies multiply mysteriously at our feet, crying, in shrill chorus, the one intelligible word their infant lips can frame, "*Sordo!*" Nothing could be more foreign to an Anglo-Saxon — or, to use the stronger Teu-

tonic word, *outlandish* — than the aspect of this piazza and its inhabitants; nothing more homely and familiar than the country lane which leads out of it. It is for all the world like a cart-path across some well-wooded hill farm in New England. The way, on either side, we found bordered by a riotous tangle of sweet-brier and blackberry vines, just coming into leaf. The young grass underneath was full of spring blossoms, mostly of a vivid blue. There were violets, of course, and anemones, and yards of the periwinkle or ground myrtle. There were hepaticas, also, larger and deeper in color than the adventurous little blossoms we know so well; and we noted, what is very curious, that the fine, downy fur on stem and calyx, so needful to the home hepatica as a protection against frost and snow, is here safely discarded, and the plant is nearly smooth. Here, too, relieving the prevailing azure, were occasional tufts of "primrose pale," and the first cyclamen of the season was discovered shooting above its mottled leaves. After a mile of rather rugged walking by this pleasant but always ascending path, we came upon the first spot which preserves, in its name, a reminiscence of the poet. "E qui," says the rather taciturn guide we had engaged at Vicovaro, "il colle del Poetello," — or *Po-vatello*, as he seems to say in his soft, slipshod utterance. It is only a grassy hillock, commanding a pleasing outlook, backward, upon Rocca Giovine, with its mediæval tower and sombre chapel; upward, at the higher hills, the "*arduos Sabinos*," wooded in part, and partly open and terraced for orchard and vine, of which the highest should be Horace's Lucretilis; down, into the valley of the Licenza, which is the lisping Italian name for the Dientia of the poet: —

"Me quoties refecit gelidus Dientia rivus
Quem Mandela bibit" ³ —

¹ Epistle X., Book I.

² Epistle XIV., Book I.

³ Epistle XVIII., Book I.

Mandela is now Bardella in Cantalupo, another high-perched mountain village, hidden from the poet's hillock, but only a few miles away. A second landmark, important for the identification of the villa site, is the lonely little chapel, embowered in ancient olive-trees, on the right of the path as you proceed, and only a few rods distant from the foot of the hill. The guide will tell you that this is the *Madonna delle Case*, and Muratori will tell you, or rather Anastasius, in the life of Pope Sylvester, that among the possessions deeded by the Emperor Constantine to the Church of St. Peter at Rome was a piece of property in the Sabine country, lying *under Mount Lucretius*, and known by the name of *ad duas casas*. Pausing in the silvery shadow of the olives to win breath after our climb, we can hear the joyous murmur of the unwearied fountain, which gushes out of a rock by the wayside, immediately beyond the chapel. And how should this be other than Horace's

"Tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons" ¹

and his

"Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus?" ²

since even at the present day the Digentia or Licenza is known simply as *Il Rivo* up to the point at which it receives this fountain's tributary stream. Is it also the

"Fons Baudusiæ splendidior bibro" ³

of that sparkling ode which even the most perfunctory student of Horace is pretty certain to remember? Probably not, unless the poet re-christened his home rivulet after another of that name in his native country of Venusium, which he loved, we may believe as well as Virgil loved Mantua. One fancies that the ode in question may have been thrown off in some happy moment of revisiting, under specially gay and triumphal circumstances, the simple scenes of childhood, and that a

genuine touch of the natural religion which binds us to our early years may have been concealed under its exultant salute and playful promise of a sacrifice on the morrow.

A hundred years ago, when the investigations of the Abbé Chapuy were supposed to have fixed the site of the Sabine villa two miles farther down the valley toward the modern town of Licenza, another source and affluent of the river was identified with Horace's fountain. At that time also, — 1780, — a series of twelve plates illustrating the region was executed at Naples. They give us the Sabine landscape, combed, curled, and conventionalized, after the fashion of the engraving of that day; but the prominent features are there, of course, and the map or plan of the hill-country, by which the plates are accompanied, is a sufficiently good guide to its localities to-day, except that the point marked Villa Horatii must be moved back toward Rocca Giovine to the artificial oblong plateau at which we are now arrived. It is a terrace of precisely the proper shape and size for the foundation of a small villa, perfectly regular, and raised some five or six feet above the roadway. It is under culture at present, surrounded by a low wattled hedge; and a single stout laborer, one of Virgil's own *fortes coloni*, was dropping seed of some sort into its freshly turned furrows. This, then, was the place. The view is broader than from the poet's hillock, and more interesting. The town of Licenza is in plain view on the left; blue peaks of very distant mountains are seen upon the right. The stream of the Digentia is shrunk, at present, by the drouth of the almost cloudless winter just past, but it winds charmingly, and if its bed were full the valley would be perfect. Lucretilis and the lesser hills draw their skirts protectingly around the little terrace,

¹ Satire VI., Book II.

² Epistle XVI., Book I.

³ Ode XIII., Book III.

and seem, with their budding boskage and fair, open slopes, a perfect store-house of sunshine. Involuntarily, in our praises of the spot, we use the word *amenity*, — “such a wonderful amenity of aspect,” — and not until we come to review the text of the odes in our inn, at night, do we perceive that we have made use of Horace’s very expression : —

“Velox *amœnum* sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycaeo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis, pluriusque ventos.” ¹

Whether the word has lain overlooked in our memories ever since the remote period when we went to school, or whether we may indeed flatter ourselves with having selected the expression which is intrinsically fittest to depict the thing (and so, of course, the poet’s) may not be absolutely certain; but we linger long over the various odes of invitation, and the pictures which they suggest: a summer dew-fall, for example, in this cosy hill solitude, rose light upon the mountain tops, long shadows in the valley. The goats, for whose protection Faunus is supposed to have forsaken the Arcadian mount, come trooping in single file down the declivity of Lucretilis. Slaves bearing a litter are mounting, with the ease of long practice, the pathway by which we have come. They deposit their burden in the court-yard of the vanished villa, and we need no introduction to the emerging figure. It is of a true Italian type, rather short, but active, and not yet too rotund. We recognize the fine complexion, of which the owner appears to have been rather vain; the thickly-curling black hair, which will be white in the later days at Tibur; the low, antique forehead and bright, dark, short-sighted eyes; the varying charm of expression and boyish habit of bright speech and laughter, whose inevitable decline with advancing years the poet

¹ Ode XVII., Book I.

whimsically pleads as unfitting him for city society : —

“Quod si me noles usquam discedere, reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos
Reddes dulce loqui, reddes ridere decorum.” ²

The rustic household hurry in to welcome their easy-going master, and he has a friendly word for each and all. He has flung out his frank greeting to the *bonos patres* already, upon the way. And now orders are to be issued for such a banquet as the hills may afford, for company from Rome is presently to follow the lord of the little manor into his retreat. Mæcenas is coming, of whom the *familia* stands not a little in awe, and Virgil, perhaps, who is rather a favorite among them, because, in spite of his reserve and shyness, they somehow divine his dreamy sympathy with their own obscure lot. The household understands the joke perfectly when the command is given for a *moderate* supply of *vile Sabinum*; and so do we, after we have dined at Subiaco, and tasted the pale red *vin du pays*, beside which hard cider is a smooth and mellow beverage. There was plenty of Formian and Falernian to follow, in the olden time, we may be sure; but what followed the Formian and Falernian, when hearts were lightened and tongues loosed? “O noctes, cenæque deum!” What would we not give to know?

Suddenly, as the pall of a mounting tempest is drawn over a glowing summer landscape, there falls upon our conjured vision of the Horatian feast a shadow from the fast-coming doom of Rome. The world of which the men who here unbent from ceremony formed so illustrious a part was literally a dying world, although they knew it not. The sun of its last day had arisen when the Augustan age began. Between the informal junketings here among the hills, or the more lavish orgies away in Roman or suburban villas, — the wines

² Ecistile VII., Book I.

and garlands, the Lydias and Chloes, — the customs and courtesies and scandals and vanities and vices, the themes and theories and standards and anticipations of 720 U. C., — and that monastic age of which we are to see a famous monument upon the morrow, a gulf is fixed as deep and mysterious as that which divides one planet from another. The change from the world in which we now live to the new heavens and new earth of the apocalyptic dream, wherein shall dwell righteousness, will not be more radical, when it comes, than that which was actually accomplished in this quarter of the world between the life-time of Horace and that of St. Benedict, — only about five hundred years. We even ask ourselves and one another, as we bid good-by to the Sabine farm, and retrace our thoughtful steps along the blossoming mountain path to Vicovaro, whether this tremendous revolution and that of the evangelist's vision may not, after all, have been one and the same; in which case the visible reign of the saints on earth (as of St. Benedict up yonder at the *Sacro Speco*) would have ended with the first Christian millennium, and we should literally be living in "the last of the latter days." How can a world be born again when it is old? we say; yet all around us are the startling proofs that the Roman world did die and was born again; and if one regeneration be possible, why not two? Be that as it may, we are crowning, in our route, the watershed between paganism and Christianity.

Nothing, meantime, could be more serene and beautiful outwardly than the scenery of our afternoon drive to Subiaco. The sun descended through a sky still absolutely cloudless, and all of that warm, gold-penetrated blue, which is the birthright of Italy. The air freshened a little, but only a little, as we passed into the lengthening shadows of the loftier hills. At every turn in the road

new summits were disclosed, surmounted in most cases, as by finials, with some ancient piece of human handiwork, — a church, a convent, a machicolated tower, a town, whose tall huddled houses appeared all of one dun piece with the native rock, while the fashion of the foundations of its boundary walls carried us back to ante-Roman days.

"Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros,"

is remembered and quoted out of the second *Georgic*. The description applies as well now as it can have done nineteen hundred years ago, and it is evident that his beloved Italy looked quite as old to Virgil as she does to us. As a matter of fact, however, he can never have seen either San Cosimato upon our left, or Saracinesco upon our right, — the last a very eyrie of a town, which has alighted twenty-five hundred feet above the Anio, and whose name still tells the story of its foundation by a colony of Saracens, a remnant of the army defeated in the ninth century by Berengarius, after they had laid waste the entire valley. It is said that many of the inhabitants of this apparently inaccessible hamlet bear Arabic names to this day, and that the added touch of orientalism in their looks makes them favorite models with the artists in Rome.

And so we skirt, in the clear twilight, the *Costa sole*, — for this is the name of the fine mountain range of which the peak of Saracinesco is an outpost; and when, at length, we cross the beautiful one-arched bridge, with its flanking tower, which forms the entrance to Subiaco, the stars are already *pointing* in the blue depths above the high-perched cathedral of Pius VI. and the palace, which, as abbot of the monastery in this place, he greatly enlarged and beautified.

In spite of the *vile Sabinum* already mentioned, we have only good words to say of the hospitalities of the Pernice inn, although perhaps the member of

our party who affected donkeys would wish to insert a word of warning concerning the strange and penitential character of the saddles furnished there. We slept sweetly in clean linen, and early in the morning, in the always unshadowed weather, we set forth for the Benedictine mount, only regretting that we must anticipate by a week the saint's real fête, which occurs on the 21st of March.

In all the world there are few more romantic prospects than that commanded by the noble modern bridge which springs across the Anio at a height of two hundred and fifty feet, just where the carefully graded path to the monastery diverges from the main road. Aquamarine where it runs quietly, but breaking, at every few paces, into laughter of dazzling foam, the river flashes through the deep gorge below, between the mountain of the Sacred Grot and Monte Carpineto, so called from the young hornbeam trees, whose light spring leafage swathes all its vast slopes as with a veil of golden gauze. Only a generation ago, they say, this hill was bleak and bare. It was one of the last victories won by the Benedictine monks, in the loving warfare which they waged for thirteen centuries with the wildness of nature hereabout, — the clothing of this barren tower with green. Their simple method, in this instance, was resolutely to exclude the goats from pasturage upon the hillside, and nature took care of the rest. High up in the gorges behind Carpineto were the sources which fed the three artificial lakes of Nero's famous villa, from which the town derives its name, — Subiaco, *Sublaqueum*. The dikes were carried away by a flood in the fifteenth century, and nothing is left of all the fabulous magnificence of the imperial seat but a row of mossy arches a little way above the bridge, — the remains, it is thought, of a nymphaean which formerly overlooked one of the lakes. It was here, according to Tac-

tus, that the table of Nero was once struck by lightning and thrown down while he was at supper; where, perhaps, for one lurid instant, even that besotted reveler saw and read clearly the handwriting upon the wall. So the last tatters of Roman imperialism flutter in the breeze beyond the chasm, while, on the hither side of the river, the beneficent work of the Benedictines is all intact as yet, although the brothers are banished from their peaceful home, and scattered far and wide. They have built along their special mountain-side a zig-zag stair, two miles in length, of broad and easy degrees, with frequent seats for rest before quiet shrines, and widening occasionally into a sort of semicircular terrace, with an enchanting outlook, lifted like a tower upon some projecting spur, and firmly walled and buttressed. Beyond the first of the two monastic houses — which is dedicated to Santa Scholastica, the sister of St. Benedict, and which we leave to be visited on our return — we pass through a gateway, and into the dense and grateful shadow of a long avenue of ilex-trees, — "*nemus nigrum*," "*umbra sacra*." We are still fain to fall back upon Virgil for the words which best describe the refreshment and protection which they offer. Emerging, we find ourselves close upon the two long stories of the original monastery, lifted upon a row of tall arches, and flattened, as it were, against the mountain-side, with tower-flanked portal, terraced garden, and Gothic windows (the oldest, it is claimed, in Italy), whose pictured casements, thrown wide to the bright vernal day, will presently afford us the finest of all our long views up and down the valley. The principal part of this curious building, as we see it now, dates from 1066, — the year of the Norman Conquest. It covers the grotto, or grottoes, of the blessed saint's earliest retreat, and is fairly overhung by the projecting rock which the simply faithful still believe to have been mirac-

ulously held in place ever since he sought refuge here.

But what wonder that legend and rumor of miracle should hover and hum about the story of St. Benedict, like the bees around the rosemary and wall-flowers in the sunny convent garden? That story in its baldest form is more than marvelous. A young patrician of Spoleto, a mere boy, sent to Rome to study law near the end of the terrible fifth century; winning without effort the prizes of the schools, and disregarding them; sickened by the vices of the putrescent society about him, and ardently desiring a better country, flies to the secrecy of this cave in the wilderness, and actually passes here the stormy and egotistical years between fifteen and eighteen in solitude and meditation and strong crying to the unseen Father of the stricken world. An old family servant dogs the footsteps of the child, lingers about, begs for him, tries to ameliorate his hardships. An elder recluse sometimes lowers him food in a basket from the frowning edge above. His harsh novitiate accomplished, the youth comes forth, not twenty yet, not crazed, nor sickened either, but strengthened, enlightened, resolved, and armed with a lever which is to move the world. He comes forth to seize and transform the selfish monasticism of the indolent East into an institution fraught with health and wealth and blessing for the after-time; to bring the lives of thousands upon thousands of aimless men and helpless women under the wise restraints of that austere but not unkindly law, whose perfect operation has been said to fit it to be the study of kings; to add to the stern, subjective vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience the broader obligation of labor, the inestimable privilege and delight of study. All that could be collected of the old-world lore was carefully transcribed and treasured in the Benedictine houses. The seeds of every art in which we now luxuriate

— agriculture, architecture, music, painting, and sculpture — were fostered and propagated there; and we do actually owe to one Benedictine or another almost all that was earliest notable in the manifold creations of the modern mind. Surely the feet of the founder of their order were beautiful upon these barren mountains, and the voice of the torrent in the fruitful vale may well repeat the anthem, “*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini!*”

The saint's especial cave, the *sacro speco* par excellence, is but one of a series, the like of which abound in all the mountains hereabout. One of them is said to have been the seat of an oracle of Faunus in primeval times. All are now transformed into chapels, each with its altar and rude mural paintings, historical or devotional, some of which are executed upon the native rock. They are interesting chiefly for their extremely archaic character. Those in the chapel of St. Laurence bear the signature *Conxolus pinxit* and the date 1219. They are therefore older than Cimabue, who died in 1300, and tradition says that their author, Consolo, was, by birth, a Greek. We do not care much for the reclining, not to say sprawling, figure of St. Benedict, by Bernini, seen dimly among the shadows of the sacred cave behind the altar in his chapel, nor for the marble basket conveniently set upon a ledge hard by; but we know well with what reverence these two palpable images will be regarded by the throngs who will come hither for the fête next week, and we revere their veneration. What does interest us extremely is the contemporary portrait of St. Francis of Assisi, who visited the monastery in 1223. Nothing could be stiffer, flatter, more childish, in the way of drawing; and yet the thin face is winning, and wears even to the eye of sense something of that gentle, wistful, *débonnaire*, and yet rapt expression, inseparable from the ideal of the well-beloved

saint. Another memento of St. Francis is to be found in the garden, where an inscription upon the wall, above a luxuriant rose-bed, records that here grew the thorns among which St. Benedict plunged in the agony of his conflict with sensual temptation; which very thorn-trees the pitying monk of Assisi, when he came, grafted with the roses that have never failed from the spot to this day.

We had been shown about the convent, and gallantly presented with bouquets of *giroflées* from the garden, by a highly good-humored, but somewhat obtuse and irreverent young monk, — one of the half dozen suffered by the Italian government to remain as custodians of the place; and he now proceeded to expound for us, in fluent Italian-French, the series of pictures illustrating the life of St. Benedict, which also adorn the subterranean church. So slightly was he penetrated by the spirit of the place that he even took a humorous view of the most touching scene in all monastic history, the parting of St. Benedict and Santa Scholastica. All the world knows the legend. The brother and the sister, who had imitated his self-devotion, had long been dwelling in their separate cloisters away at Monte Cassino, not very far apart, yet seldom indulging themselves in the joy of meeting. One night, at the close of one of his rare visits, when St. Benedict was about to bid his sister good-by, she, contrary to her patient custom, entreated him to remain; and when he would not, she bowed her head upon her folded hands, and for the first time in many years of prayer she asked of Heaven a favor for herself, — that her brother, namely, might be hindered from leaving her. Even while she prayed, a furious tempest broke over the convent, accompanied by thunder, hail, and flood, and rendered his return impossible. So they supped together, and then passed the night in sweet, mystical communings

and in prayer. With the dawn St. Benedict departed indeed; but two days later, when alone in his own cell, he saw as in a vision a white dove soaring upward into heaven, and knew that it was the soul of his sister, and that they would hold converse upon earth no more.

The two stiff, black-robed figures clasping hands over the meagre board, in the old mural painting, do not jar as harshly upon our imagination of this spotless and tender scene as the curious jocularities of the youthful monk: "*Adesso, lui dit-elle partez si vous pouvez!*" At Santa Scholastica's own beautiful house below, which we visited upon our return, we found another young monk, quite as courteous and cheery as the first, but much more reverential and refined. He led us through the portico, adorned on either side with beautiful columns of porphyry and *giallo antico* from the ruins of Nero's villa; through the new cloister, for the backwardness of whose flower-beds he rather anxiously apologized; through the exquisite elder cloister; and into the stately library, whose treasures he displayed with genuine enthusiasm and a touching delight in the company of appreciative guests. Though the place, like all such places, is wofully despoiled, those treasures are still great. The first printing-press ever set up in Italy was established here in 1465, by two Germans named Schweinheim and Pannartz, who had not been encouraged to start their chimerical enterprise in the city of Rome. Our gentle young monk — himself a German, too, to judge by his fair face and frank, spectacled blue eyes — displayed specimens of the first two books produced by the new process, and of the beautifully transcribed and illuminated manuscripts which they closely imitated. One was a volume of Lactantius, the other a copy of St. Augustine's City of God. He would willingly have introduced us to every individual book and manuscript in

the collection, but the day was advancing, and we wanted to be at Olenano before sundown, for its celebrated view; so we bade him a regretful good-by, carrying away in our memories a pleasant picture of the young librarian as we saw him last, solitary and smiling, handling the ancient tomes with loving care, as he passed and repassed through the echoing Gothic hall.

"But why is it," asks the voice of the nineteenth century, as we come slowly down from the mount, "notwithstanding that all we now have and hope for is so deeply involved with the life lived and the work done in these conventual shades, that the pagan existence which we were yesterday endeavoring to restore is, after all, so much the more real and natural and germane to us of the two? Unquestionably it is so. Horace became a living man to us when we stood where his threshold used to be. St. Benedict, in his unshaken house, remains an aureoled vision."

"Possibly," was the hesitating answer, "because the natural is inevitably more natural than the supernatural, and the slenderest ray of the latter slightly dazzling to the sight. First the physical, afterward the psychical."

And whereas yesterday we felt the human race to be so *blasé* that its experiences on this familiar planet must needs be well-nigh over, to-day we are chiefly impressed by the slightness of its advance in twenty centuries, and the elementary and preliminary character of its utmost attainments. Turning at the angle of the road, where the monastery finally disappears from view, to wave a farewell salute to the iron cross, outlined upon the sky above its highest tower, we realize profoundly how far we are as yet from comprehending "with all saints the height and breadth" of all that symbol signifies.

I fancy we are all glad, however, that no grand historic memories impertune, nor spectral spiritual problems con-

front us at Olenano. A buxom landlady made us vociferously welcome to that quaintest of country inns, bewitching Casa Baldi, set high among the terraced vineyards and olive plantations of the sunniest of mountain-sides, whose trellised and vine-shaded porch, as many a traveler knows, commands an incomparable prospect. Far away, beneath and before, for immeasurable miles, extended the plain which divides the Sabine from the Volscian hills. The white road over which we were to pass upon the morrow traced a devious line across it, and straight in front of us, in the vagueness of the extreme distance, Velletri "sparkled like a grain of salt." The Volscians command the plain upon the left. They are distant enough to be richly empurpled, and their outlines, essentially beautiful, are softened yet farther by the soft spring atmosphere; but their very name is resonant of warlike memories of Roman and Etruscan days. Close at hand, upon the right, divided from us by a narrow valley full of flowering trees, the town of Olenano crowns another height like ours.

It is picturesque, of course, with its dark walls, crowded dwellings, open *loggie*, and tall mediæval castle, as richly draped with ivy, in this instance, as any English abbey. Higher still ascends the last promontory of the Sabine range which we shall have to round before reaching Palestrina. We do not even care to explore the little town. We remember that it takes its name Olenano (*Olibanum*) from the fact that its revenues were long applied to the purchase of incense for the churches, and we sagely doubt whether, if we penetrate its streets, this fragrant association may not be overpowered by others of a less agreeable nature. So we simply sit entranced by the almost incredible loveliness of the great vista and the declining day, till the sun dips behind the mountains on our right, and the sound of the Ave Maria bells mingles with the shouts

of the children at play in the streets of the town and the twitter of birds in the Casa Baldi orchards.

A portly cardinal, who tells us upon his picture-frame that he lodged here sixty years ago, and four comely, pouting ladies in buckram and pearls — all of the Borghese family, to whom the village and hostelry belong — looked down with not a little superciliousness upon our evening meal. The door panels, also, of the room where we dined were decorated with sketches from the hands of German artists, who much frequent the Casa Baldi in summer; and we observed with some amusement, and instantly referred to the romantic influence of the same Teutonic wanderers, the airs and graces, the pauses and poses, of the landlady's two pretty daughters, who waited on us at table. Very pretty indeed they were: tall and rosy, and with long fair hair, which, disdain- ing the neat braids of the ordinary Italian peasant maiden, they had piled, waved, looped, and left to stray in an æsthetic and wonderful manner; while their drooping heads, diffident smiles, and quick upward glances of excessive *ingénuité* exactly reproduced the sketches in the Casa Baldi album, which the mother proudly showed us on the following morning. We praised the portraits and their originals, whereupon our hostess assumed an air of critical disparagement: "Non c' é male, MA," — she waved her arms to indicate the transcendent comeliness of her girls, and added, by way of apology for the good-natured artist, with the patronizing accent of the most exasperating of connoisseurs, "é paesista, non figurista." The little white casa, which is distinguish- able for miles and miles from different points upon the plain, seemed always repeating, as over and over again it flashed us farewell, the knowing wink and superior smile of its comfortable mistress.

Descending from Olenano, one drives

for an hour or two over low and level ground; looking upward at the mountains from their feet, instead of gazing straight into their faces, as in the earlier and later portions of the Sabine route. But we found the variety charming, and the white hawthorn hedges also, and the emerald meadows, and the farmers busy with plow and *rastrum*, — "*hominum- que bonumque labores*." Afterwards, when we began our final ascent for Palestrina, — our latest destination is on the further side of the Sabine promontory, facing Rome, — snow-peaks of the greater Apennines lifted themselves above the Vol- scian line at our back, and the way grew exceedingly difficult and wild. We lunched at Gennezano, with its grand mediæval gateway, its exquisite frag- ments of Gothic carving gleaming amid sordid modern structures, its kindly shrine of the Madonna of Good Counsel, sought of all the country side. And so, amid the slant shadows and cool breezes of one more perfect afternoon, we came to old Præneste.

A certain languor seized us here. Whether it came of the very fatigue and satiety of delightful impressions, or of the inevitably pensive perception that our rare play-time was nearly over, we found ourselves quite unable to do more than cursorily survey the great remains of many epochs, and idly glance, in thought, at a little of the all that makes Palestrina memorable. We read the headings of its history upon its wonder- ful walls, where Pelagic foundations — composed, that is, of immense *polygons* of stone, fitted one to another without cement — support massive quadrilateral blocks of the later republic, surmount- ed by brick-work of the empire. We remember that there were kings ruling here at Præneste before Roma Quadra- ta was outlined with a plowshare, and we trace for a little way the foundations of that stupendous temple of Fortune, which covered, in the early imperial days of its greatest glory, almost all the

space now occupied by the lower town. We mount the mouldering staircase of the desolate Barbarini palace, built upon the foundations of the great hemicycle which fronted the shrine of the capricious divinity, and we gaze at the famous mosaic, once the floor of one of the tribunes in the temple. It was unearthed in 1640, restored where imperfect by Pietro da Cortona, and removed, with the utmost care, to the spacious and solitary hall, where it is now seen to remarkable advantage. Yet no one knows precisely what it was intended to represent. The vicissitudes of fortune; the voyage of Alexander to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon; the history of Sylla; the course of the Nile; the meeting of Helen and Menelaus in Egypt; the voyage of Hadrian to Elephantina; the conquest of Egypt by Augustus, — such are a few of the guesses at its *motif*. For ourselves, we care only to note the common element in all these conjectures, — the sphinxes and lotus flowers, which prove the subject to be something Egyptian, and the remarkable representations of animals, with Greek names affixed, which perambulate the stony space; and then we stroll away to the dusty window of the hall, and look out once more over the old Campagna, illimitable under the roseate mist that hides the distant dome. Dimly and dreamily we recall and recount the many contests which Præneste waged with Rome: its conquest by Cincinnatus; that Pyrrhus and Hannibal both made reconnaissances from the citadel; that the young Caius Marius put an end to his own life here after his defeat by Sylla; that Sylla, after he came back from the Mithridatic war, destroyed the town for its resistance to himself, and afterward rebuilt it; that Augustus lived here sometimes, and Tiberius and Nero and Hadrian; and that our Horace himself re-read the Iliad within these walls, while Lollius was holding forth at Rome: —

"Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi."¹

But of all the heroes, conquerors, ravagers, and rebuilders of Palestrina, by far the most vivid to our imagination was that "*glorioso Colonna*," who arrived a thousand years later than the imperial Romans, and for whose sake chiefly, on the following morning, we achieved the breathless climb to the citadel. Here the two cardinals of that fierce and famous Ghibelline race defied the Popes; here, in the mountain stronghold of the Colonnas, they were besieged, and finally vanquished, and driven forth into that harsh exile, where one, meeting Stephano, the nephew of the rebellious ecclesiastics, and asking him what fortress he now possessed, saw him strike his hand upon his gallant breast, as he returned the immortal answer, *Eccola!* We should hardly have been Ghibellines if we had lived in the fourteenth century, but we inconsistently adopt the heroism of Stephen, and exult in the thought that he lived to return to his dismantled fastness, and that the castle which now crowns the peak is the very one of his rebuilding. For the sake of standing in the grassy space inclosed by those frowning walls, we surmount so many difficulties and dangers, wrestle with so many sturdy beggars, tread so steep and difficult a path, that we feel, in our proper persons, something of the elation of a conquering army; and we note, as symbolical of Stephen's dazzling fame, that his shield in white marble shines untarnished out of the dark stone above the moss-grown gateway, with slender column and flanking initials, as distinct as though cut but yesterday, s[ic], and the triumphant legend, perfectly legible, "*Magnificus dominus Stephanus de Colonna reedificavit civitatem Præneste cum monte et arce, anno 1332.*"

From every point at which we pause for rest, upon our lingering descent,

¹ Epistle II., Book I.

amid beds of dwarf marigold, on broad stones painted with rose-hued lichen, we find our eyes drawn backward by that bright symbol of human pride and valor, until a turn of the path withdraws it finally from our view, and its spell is vanquished by another and yet mightier. For the mists of the morning have dispersed by this, and the great dome

swells clear in the pulsing heat upon the far-off southern horizon, and we hear the grave mandate of the mistress of the world proclaiming the end of our *vacances*, the limit of our week of dreams, — the compulsion which all feel who have ever turned the back on her to return, and submit once more to her stately and sombre custody.

Harriet W. Preston.

STORM ON LAKE ASQUAM.

A CLOUD, like that the old-time Hebrew saw
On Carmel prophesying rain, began
To lift itself o'er wooded Cardigan,
Growing and blackening. Suddenly, a flaw

Of chill wind menaced; then a wild blast beat
Down the long valley's murmuring pines, and woke
The noon-dream of the sleeping lake, and broke
Its smooth steel mirror at the mountains' feet.

Thunderous and vast, a fire-veined darkness swept
Over the rough pine-bearded Asquam range;
A wraith of tempest, wonderful and strange,
From peak to peak the cloudy giant stepped.

One moment, as if challenging the storm,
Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel
Looked from his watch-tower; then the shadow fell,
And the wild rain-drift blotted out his form.

And over all the still unhidden sun,
Weaving its light through slant-blown veils of rain,
Smiled on the trouble, as hope smiles on pain;
And, when the tumult and the strife were done,

With one foot on the lake and one on land,
Framing within his crescent's tinted streak
A far-off picture of the Melvin peak,
Spent broken clouds the rainbow's angel spanned.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AN ENGLISH INTERPRETER.

In the summer of 1881 I was in Bedford, England, visiting the haunts of Bunyan. Upon the edge of a pretty green in the town is a statue in bronze, erected in Bunyan's honor. The attitude of the figure is indicated by the words which are engraved upon the stone pedestal: "It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of Truth was written upon his lips. . . . It stood as if it pleaded with men." I recognized the felicity with which these words were made to do service in formulating the sculptor's conception of Bunyan, and when I turned to *The Pilgrim's Progress* I found the sentence to describe the "picture of a very grave person," which hung upon the wall of the house of the Interpreter. In the half-shadowy substance of Bunyan's allegory, this very grave person appears to stand not for any one apostle, prophet, or preacher, but as a figure of the true apostle of righteousness, under whatever guise he may assume; and as easily happens in dreams, we let the picture and the Interpreter discoursing upon it blend into one person. Such a very grave person, the sculptor rightly apprehended, was Bunyan, and such a very grave person I conceive to be an English painter of to-day: known to a few in England; totally unknown, I may say, in America, except as travelers have now and then come upon his work and brought back reports.

A few days after I was in Bedford, I was persuaded by the painter Herbert Gilchrist, son of the authors of the *Life of William Blake*, to visit with him the studio of Frederic James Shields, whose name I knew only as connected with the excellent service rendered in perfecting the new edition of *Gilchrist's Blake*, where he furnished descriptive notes of the designs to *Young's Night Thoughts*,

and aided by his pencil in transcribing some of Blake's drawings. I was persuaded against my judgment; when does not a traveler magnify the importance of taking a particular train to his next stopping-place! Never was I good-natured to such good purpose. I lost the train I had intended to take, and gained an introduction to a world of thought and beauty. In Mr. Shields's studio I saw cartoons upon which he was engaged, in pursuance of a commission from the Duke of Westminster; and I changed my plans of travel that I might make a journey to Chester, to see the perfected work at Eaton Hall Chapel.

Eaton Hall, the seat of the Grosvenor family, is one of the great show places of England, and thus it will not be long before Mr. Shields's name will be known to travelers who visit the Hall and enter the private chapel, now approaching completion. Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R. A., the architect of the chapel, invited Mr. Shields to design the glass and mosaic decorations, and most of the glass was in position when I visited the place in September. The south side of the chapel has no lights and is to receive the mosaic decorations, which form a part of the entire scheme, of which the windows in the chancel and upon the north and west furnish the translucent portion; the chancel windows only were not in place when I was there.

The scheme of windows and mosaics is a graphic and illuminated presentation of the *Te Deum Laudamus*, and it is in the grouping and disposition under this majestic theme that the interpreting power of this painter is first discovered. That is to say, the thought which should analyze the hymn of the church in all ages and produce an artistic synthesis is independent of the pictorial skill of reproduction, so far as our power of ap-

prehension is concerned; it is not independent of the painter's originating power. The mind which conceived and executed this work is one. It would be a mere mechanical conception of the human soul which should justify one in saying, The painter's exegetical intellect made the disposition; his perception of form and color and his trained hand did the rest. But for us, contemplating the result, it is so far possible to separate these parts that I, by the use of words, can give some notion of the plan, with its rich interpretation of the Christian faith. The presentation of single figures through the translation of engraving would give a hint of the modeling of form; the color and translucency, color and glass and light alone could give.

There are six chancel windows; and running from north to south, the longer upper sections of the casement follow this order:—

PARADISE. *All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.*

NATIVITY. *When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man.*

CRUCIFIXION. *When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death.*

ASCENSION. *Thou sittest at the right hand of God.*

PENTECOST. *Make them to be numbered with Thy saints.*

JUDGMENT. *We believe that Thou shalt come to be our judge.*

The shorter lower sections are complementary. Beneath the Crucifixion, the Ascension, and Pentecost are Faith, Hope, and Love; beneath Paradise is Praise; beneath Nativity is Obedience; beneath Judgment is Vigilance. The great facts in the divine order are answered by the great spiritual factors in human life; the heaven above is reflected in the waters of the earth below.

Turning now to the west, we see, above a gallery which crosses the chapel, a great window, divided into four perpendicular compartments, the head of the window being pierced by three mul-

tifoils, which contain cherubim and seraphim which "continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy,"—might and movement suggested in the former, rest and tenderness in the latter; with no bodily discrimination of sex, the beholder feels the one to be masculine, the other feminine. Beneath are the four lancet windows, and in these begins the series of the glorious company of the apostles, which is completed in the windows on the north side of the chapel. Yet these four are in a sense an epitome of the whole company: for the first is S. John the Baptist, the first apostle, since he was sent before His face; the fourth is S. John the Divine, desiring the second advent of the Lord, as the other John desired the first; and between the two are S. Peter, glorifying Christ as the Son of God, and S. James the martyr, ascribing salvation to the Lamb.

Upon the level with these windows are two which continue the series on the north wall, S. Andrew, as the first called, and S. Philip. Above S. Andrew are the words, "We have found the Messiah," and above S. Philip, "We have found him of whom Moses and the prophets did write." S. Andrew, with half-parted lips and animated face, points with one hand and beckons with the other; by his side is the mustard plant, with birds gathering upon it, all the great plant of Christianity having sprung from this first seed. S. Philip is shown as the gentlest of the apostles, and his words are taken to carry forward the thought of the Messiah by connecting it with its historic prophecy. In the quatrefoil above is the angel, with cup of sorrow and crown of thorns.

As soon as the gallery is passed, the continuing series of apostles, arranged still in pairs, has beneath it a second series of smaller lights, which contain the confession, "The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee;" and in these smaller lights there is a distinct reference to the apostolic

manifestations above, while both above and below the juxtaposition of subjects in the same window is a natural and sig-

nificant one. To make this clearer, let me arrange the windows in a plain diagram :—

Angel of the Resurrection.		Angel with Bit and Mirror.		Reaper Angel.		Angel bearing Mission Ship.	
S. BARTHOLOMEW.	S. THOMAS.	S. MATTHEW.	S. JAMES THE LESS.	S. JUDE.	S. SIMON ZELOTES.	S. MATTHIAS.	S. PAUL.
Mary Magdalene.	Lazarus.	The Woman who was a sinner.	Dorcas.	Barnabas.	The Ethiopian Eunuch.	Priscilla and Aquila.	The Roman Jailor.

Any one conversant with the gospel narrative can, from these brief hints, catch at the significance of the disposition ; but I venture to fill in the outline a little, as I dwell perhaps with more affection than discretion upon the separate figures, for I would fain give some notion of the picturesque qualities as well as of the intellectual and spiritual harmony. Thus in the first window, S. Bartholomew is the type of the guileless believer, — for Mr. Shields assumes the identity of Bartholomew and Nathanael, — S. Thomas of one victorious over doubt ; Mary Magdalene gazes sorrowfully upon the grave-clothes ; Lazarus bursts forth from the tomb. By S. Bartholomew is a fig-leaf, suggestive of “Under the fig-tree I saw thee,” and a lily by his side typifies his purity. His attitude is that of aspiration, in answer to Christ’s words, “Ye shall see greater things than these.” S. Thomas, as if mindful of his past incredulity, and expressing also the victory over doubt, is in his old age preaching the certainty of the Lord’s resurrection. “The wound in his side was here,” he seems to say, as he points to his own side. The figure of Lazarus below is magnificent. He is bursting forth at the sound of Christ’s voice, and praising him ; the open tomb is behind him ; his hands are still bound,

but lifted in adoration ; a shadow falls upon the upper part of his face from the tomb or from the bands, as if to indicate the presence still of death, — his is not yet the perfect resurrection, and a bud is opening at his side. I could not help placing the figure, in my mind, beside Blake’s familiar figure of the young man upon the tomb, into which the old man is entering. The two are somewhat alike ; but Blake’s figure is the joy of a new life, Shields’s the adoration of one delivered.

In the next window, S. Matthew is listening to an angel while he writes, not looking upon the scroll, where his hand is employed. His foot is upon the tax-gatherer’s money-box, which lies forgotten on the ground. S. Matthew was a publican, and below him is the woman who was a sinner, both praising him who was a friend of publicans and sinners. As S. Matthew’s praise is that of the faithful evangelist, careful only to hear the gospel which he is to record, so hers is the praise of the humble, repentant sinner, who does not so much as lift up her eyes to heaven ; but the alabaster box has been broken, and above her are the signs of the feast in Simon’s house. S. James stands next in the attitude of authority, as a pillar of the church and its president. A curule

chair is behind him: he is inculcating government of the tongue, one finger being upon his lips; and good works, as with the other hand he points to Dorcas below. Dorcas is clothing a naked child, who looks up with grateful affection to her, one hand laid upon her shoulder, while an aged woman, with clasped hands, stands by.

Beyond these come S. Jude and S. Simon Zelotes. S. Jude's epistle being almost wholly denunciatory of hypocrites, citing the prophecy of Enoch against ungodly men, whom the Lord shall judge, the apostle stands in an attitude and with an expression of scorn and indignation. A fruitless tree plucked up by the roots is there, and a toad, emblem of uncleanness. S. Simon is shown with the zeal of an evangelist, and a serpent idol lies destroyed at his feet, as evidence of his power over his hearers. Beneath S. Jude is S. Barnabas, as the opposite of the insincere follower condemned by S. Jude; for he sold his field, and laid the money at the apostles' feet. This act is represented, and he himself, with a strikingly ardent face, is shown as a Levite, fresh from the temple service. Beneath the zealous evangelist S. Jude is the eager convert, the Ethiopian, who called promptly for baptism.

The final window includes SS. Matthias and Paul. At the foot of the former is the urn used in the lot, and he is represented meek and bowing with awe at the high service to which he is called. Beneath him is a lovely scene in Priscilla and Aquila holding one another's hands, while a lamp above throws its light upon the scroll which they are reading. The checkered goat-skin fabric of tents lies at their feet. In this is the dedication of the family. S. Paul's figure is majestic. He is preaching Christ crucified, and his form suggests the cross. His expression is of passionate entreaty. Pan has fallen dead at his feet, as significant of the apostle's attitude toward paganism. The high, intellectual brow,

the thin face, the long beard, make up a splendid conception of the great apostle. The figure below him is that of the Roman jailer, who is in a half-kneeling attitude, — S. Paul's first Gentile convert, brought out of the dark prison-house of paganism.

There are, besides, certain symbols which run through the group. As the barren fig-tree of the Jewish church stands by the side of the precursor Baptist, so the fruitful branch of the Gentile church grows beside S. Paul, the branch being grafted in. The olive appears throughout the series, but the most striking and original symbol is in the divided flame above each head except that of S. John Baptist, as intimating that all after John were in the power of the Holy Spirit. I do not think this has ever before been used in art, but it is entirely fit and beautiful. It is wonderful how the painter has made this flame to have an individuality in each case. It is the same Spirit, but with a different manifestation in each. In the case of S. Paul, the flames lie almost horizontally, one on either side, as embracing Jew and Gentile; in S. John the flame is ruddy at the tips, pale at the roots, as of the dying life radiant with hope; in S. James the Greater it burns calmly and broadly; in S. Andrew it is a twisted flame, each tongue binding the other; in S. Philip the two tongues are clearly marked, as of the old and new; in S. Thomas the flame is erect, as of a spirit now undivided by doubt; in S. Jude it flames fiercely; in S. Matthias it is pale and pure.

There is in all this an independence of merely traditionary art: the apostles are no longer distinguished by conventional symbols; each is marked by that historic act or expression which serves to realize his personality to the beholder, and the symbols used are those which have a clear and natural historic basis. Take, for example, the four figures in the west window, which Mr. Shields has

chosen to epitomize the whole college of apostles. Beside S. John Baptist is the barren fig-tree of the Jewish church, with the axe laid at its root. On the other side is a lamb, but it is that creature lifted by the force of its symbolic expression into singular dignity of being, and its foot is crushing an adder. S. John stands by a pool; he bears a torch in his hand, as the friend of the bridegroom, and his figure is that of a strong man, with the face of a seer. It is a superb face, full of fire and splendid visions, — the face of a youth. There is no asceticism in it, but a fire which has burned out every earthly passion. S. Peter is girt about with his fisher's coat, and, holding in one hand the fish, in the other raises, in the attitude of praise, the coin which he has taken. His face is rugged and massive, but without the long beard which generally belongs to him. It is a fisherman's face so ennobled that toil is transformed into worship. S. James the Greater holds the cup of suffering empty, as drained to the last drop; he bears also a palm branch, and his face is rapt with the glow of triumph. S. John the Divine is an old man, with withered hands, holding an unclasped book. He stands upon the brink of a river, but he looks back, as one still hoping to see the Lord upon earth, since it is no personal release for himself that he desires. The eagle by his side holds in his claws a radius, inscribed "Apocalypsis Jesu Christi," and a scroll above contains "Amen, come, Lord Jesus." The face of the apostle is earnest, with sunken eyes and long beard; the whole figure possessed of a deep fervor. Seven lamps flame above him.

The difficulty with a written description of such a series is that it inevitably breaks up the effect, and even suggests a fanciful and quiddling treatment. But the eye, dwelling upon these imposing figures, denies any such notion, — cannot, indeed, entertain it at all; and the mind is impressed by the unity of the

design, by the sweep of imagery, and, above all, by the commanding thought in this iconology of the ascription of praise. Whatever act may be indicated in a scene, it is made distinctly to have a glorifying end; every figure, however engaged, is through its occupation praising God. The painter has clearly distinguished his work from a series of saints and martyrs for men to praise. It is the body of apostles, prophets, and martyrs, the holy church throughout all the world, singing, "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

I have given in detail the windows which I saw, and must content myself with brief mention of two transept windows and the mosaics, which complete the scheme, but had not been executed last summer. For my knowledge of these I am indebted to some notes furnished me by Mr. Shields, and also to the cartoons which I saw in his studio. The transept windows, facing each other, are to be occupied by the noble army of martyrs, — one comprising the Old Testament, the other the New Testament, martyrs. Over the former window, with its two compartments, is to be an angel with a fiery sword drawn for vengeance, hearkening to the cry of righteous blood; and the martyrs chosen for the long lights are the first and last, as indicated by Christ in the words, "From the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar." Abel lays his right hand on the head of the kid; his left is raised to his own head; and, with an expression of faith, he seems in the act of transferring his sins to the sin-offering. In the other, Zechariah lays his hands on the head of the scape-goat, confessing the sins of the people over it. He is clad in his white linen vestment, as he was wont to appear on the great day of atonement. The golden altar of incense is behind him, with its crowned top, emblem of

the kingly mediation of Christ. Beside him bubbles a fountain of blood, in reference to the Talmudic legend that where he was martyred such an unceasing fountain sprang up from the temple floor. The lower subject under Abel is a group of martyred prophets, pleading with Israel; the foremost, an aged man, has been scourged, and bears a scroll with the legend, "Is it a small thing to weary man, but will ye weary my God also?" The stocks are seen behind him, and the sword of martyrdom is at his feet, with a hen gathering chickens under a wing, — a quick reference to the Saviour's words, after his burst of indignation. The subject under Zechariah is the Three Children in the Furnace, with one like the Son of man with them.

In the head of the opposite window is an angel bearing a crown over a cross wreathed with poppies, intimating the violent death of martyrs to be as under an opiate: so Stephen fell asleep. The first and last martyrs here are S. Stephen and S. Antipas. There is a contrasted and correspondent sentiment with the other window. Here S. Stephen appears with hands clasped in prayer, a strange blending of physical suffering and spiritual fervor. His face is radiant as an angel's, as he prays for his murderers; one foot is raised on a heap of stones, beneath which lies a crushed lily. In the lower compartment, is a group showing SS. Ignatius and Polycarp and Bishop Pateson in the front row; Bishop Latimer, Savonarola, Le Clerc, Huss, and James Pamel, behind. S. Antipas, with a palm in his left hand, bears in his right a model of the brazen bull (from which a whirl of flame streams upward round his head), into which he is said to have been thrown alive by the devotees of Æsculapius; the altar dedicated to that deity is at his side, bearing the significant serpent attribute, that old enemy which is the last to be overcome. Beneath Antipas, are SS. Vivia, Perpetua, and Felicitas, with

little S. Agnes, in the front row; behind, Mary Dyer, Anne Askew, and Rosalima, the first martyr of Madagascar. It will thus be seen that the painter has drawn one figure from American annals, and has taken her from the ranks of the only body that did not persecute. Thus has he also repeated again and again the Lord's words — "from Abel to Zacharias" — in his several series, from Stephen to Antipas, from Ignatius to Pateson, from Perpetua to Rosalima.

The scheme of mosaics to occupy the south wall, opposite the windows which set forth the apostles and the holy church of the dispensation of the Spirit, intends, in like manner, the goodly fellowship of the prophets with the holy church of the old dispensation. The design here is not yet sufficiently advanced to permit description, but one thought running through it is that which lies in the Lord's words, indicative of the Gentile fellowship of the Jewish promises, when he said significantly, "Many widows were in Israel, . . . but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow." Hence this widow will be placed in the compartment beneath Elijah, as beneath Jeremias will be placed Ebed-melech, beneath Elisha, Naaman.

With such barren words must I describe this rendition of the *Te Deum*. I do not attempt to report the vitreous determination. I will frankly say that I liked the cartoons better than the windows, and that I think the painter worked under conditions which he did not wholly accept. He had a conception to embody in glass and stone, and he allowed himself to use these materials as if they were canvas. The translucency of glass is its determining quality; and while noble form may be retained when design is executed in it, color can be only symbolical, not natural, and subtle expression of line is impossible. The result, therefore, at

Eaton Hall chapel is not that a series of wonderful glass decoration has been executed, the design great and the color a triumph of art and mechanism, but that a great thought has been attempted through a medium imperfect and inadequate. The highest success has not been attained, because there is not a perfect equilibrium of forces; art, to have triumphed here, would have called for a repression of the full and subtle meaning which the artist has poured forth. But when this failure is granted, how magnificent is the dream, how vast the attainment! We may almost say that the new wine has burst the old bottles.

It is in the interpretative function of art that Mr. Shields has shown his great power; and the interpretation is not of a school of thought, nor of a historic tradition, nor of an individual fancy, but of a catholic and comprehensive conception of the spiritual life. The dominating thought is in the vivifying power of the spirit, and the religious sentiment is unhesitating and profound. It is frankly modern, and not a careful reproduction of antique phases of belief. We have had examples of religious art in this generation which are learned, thoughtful, minute in archæological accuracy, and yet dependent for their motif upon a fancy, a play upon words, a mere momentary impulse: these have no power to move men, nor to penetrate them with the reality of faith, for they are not themselves real; they are but simulacra. It is not the careful preservation of a memorial Christianity, but the energetic action of a living, palpitating belief, which is to supply art with purpose and effect; and the person behind the picture is just as necessary as the person behind the sermon. The conditions of religious art are unquestionably different from those under which painters worked in the mediæval church; but it is idle to suppose that religious art itself was a historic accident. It is very certain that what was real

then is real now, and the spirit which would seek to satisfy itself with a careful reproduction of the forms of that day is totally foreign from the spirit of that day, which used the forms that lay nearest them. The Venetian or Florentine painted Holy Families which were ingenuously composed of Venetian or Florentine persons; he did not aim at reproducing Judaic forms. The English or American painter of to-day has no such simple solution of the problem, for he has to meet a body of spectators and critics to whom Christianity has a positive historic character, and he is forbidden to indulge in anachronisms. But there is no element of time at all in the inner spiritual apprehension of Christianity; the painter's success in revealing that will not depend upon the fidelity of his work to Syrian models, but upon his power of transfiguring humanity; he is simply deterred from using locality and personality about him in a way to create opposition to the profounder thought.

The painter of religious subjects has the immense advantage that he addresses a sense already prepared by knowledge to apprehend his work, and, moreover, to be kindled by the appeal which it may make to his higher nature. There is a common ground on which painter and spectator meet, and it is not the common ground of an unrelated historic knowledge. The address through the religious sentiment has an enduring and a universal power, which it is idle to claim for an appeal through the classic or ethnic sentiment. The mind that can receive intelligible and enjoyable impressions through the unexplained medium of a statue of Psyche is one of a thousand, but the thousand will need no guide-book to interpret for them the Angel of the Resurrection. The mere presentation of such work as this of Mr. Shields is a triumphant vindication of the power of a vital Christian art, and the secret of its success is in the spirit of the painter. He goes to the records of

Christianity as frankly, as directly and forcibly, as the landscape painter goes to nature, and he interprets a word of God to the soul, which is far more articulate than rocks, trees, and flowers.

The work at Eaton Hall chapel, so far as it has been completed, stands as the most elaborate expression of Mr. Shields's art. It is not the solitary expression. The work of a similar character which preceded it, and led to the commission, was a series of designs for the decoration of the private chapel on the estate of Mr. W. H. Houldsworth, at Kilmarnock, Scotland. These designs, known as the Triumph of Faith, are a presentation of the pageant of faithful witnesses which fills the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Here also the painter, as interpreter, has conceived of the subject in its largest and completest phase. The central design is of the crucifixion, with the Divine figure supported on the one side by Melchisedec, on the other by S. John Baptist, while the faithful form the great procession of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Sarah, Abraham and Isaac, Moses, Rahab, Gideon, Samson, and David. The wealth of symbolism, the dignity and sweetness of the figures, the strength of the designs, render this series one of power and splendor.

It is fortunate for the untraveled student that a means is afforded of becoming acquainted with Mr. Shields's work in part, in the publications of the English Picture Publishing Company of Manchester and London. The autotype process employed preserves for us the Triumph of Faith series in a form of sufficient size to render a study of detail quite possible; the autotypes are from the original cartoons in black and white. By the same means one may

possess himself of the wonderfully beautiful Nativity, a decorative treatment of the subject, which has the technical charm of an "old master," with the fresh, unaffected spirit of modern belief. In the same company's publications is a delightful little series of red chalk domestic subjects, bearing such titles as *The Limpet Gatherers*, *Tick-Tack-Toe*, *My First Go*, *Good-Night*, *Music hath Charms*.¹

I suppose that my association of Mr. Shields with Bunyan's *Interpreter* may have been caught partially from the interesting work which happened to be his first important introduction to an English public. The publisher of the *Manchester Examiner* conceived the notion of issuing a series of well-known works, with illustrations, at a popularly low price, and gave Mr. Shields a commission to draw on the block a set of designs for *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The book was published, not as an illustrated edition, but as a series of designs with explanatory text, and drew from Mr. Ruskin the delighted commendation, "I have not seen anything at all approaching these designs in power or originality in any modern illustrated work that I remember." The earnestness with which the subjects are conceived is in marked contrast to the perfunctory treatment which such subjects customarily get. They disclose at the beginning of his career what the *Te Deum* continues to show in these latest years, a stern devotion to his art, and a conception of that art as interpretative of the highest human thought and feeling.

I asked a friend of Mr. Shields to give me one or two facts concerning the painter's early life and study. In reply I received the copy of an autobiographic

¹ The English Picture Publishing Company undertook the commendable work of affording the English public inexpensive copies of the best modern English art. It is, I believe, still operative, although its success has not been commensurate with the merit of its designs. Besides the exam-

ples of Mr. Shields's work mentioned above, it has issued autotypes after designs by Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, E. Burne Jones, Holman Hunt, Wallis, Cope, Herkomer, and others. A set of these publications is in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

sketch which Mr. Shields some time ago wrote at request, and I add it to my article as the best presentation of the man possible, aside from his works.

"My first conscious impressions are of the streets of London, whither I had been brought as a babe, when my parents removed from my northern birth-place, Hartlepool, on the Durham coast. The three R's were acquired at the charity school of the parish church of St. Clement's Danes, under a master who taught me also religion and morality, as strongly by his example as his precept, — Mr. Thomas Davies, whose name is to this day venerable to me. My mother came from Alnwick, in Northumbria, and used to sing me many a stirring Border ballad, and tell me many a wondrous legend of the olden days. My father belonged to Perth, and was a book-binder's finisher, in which art he excelled, and so found some vent for a strong artistic faculty, which had been bottled down in his boyhood by my grandfather's determination that he should not be, as he wished, an engraver, lest he should fall into the temptation of bank-note forgery; three engravers having suffered death lately at Edinburgh for that crime.

"So one of the remote circles, stirred by their fate, was to mar my father's hopes for his own course of life, and to make him resolute that they should find development in myself, his eldest boy, so far as his means sufficed; and at the age of six I received my first lesson, my father setting me, with a sheet of paper laid over a penny theatrical character print of J. P. Cooke as William, in *Black-Eyed Susan*, to trace its lines against the window-pane.

"This was a spark to tinder. Henceforth the pencil was my passion, and many a day have I simulated illness that I might stay from school, to creep up-stairs, and with trembling delight draw as long as daylight served. What

wonder that, untaught as I was, I yet left school, at the age of fourteen, with the reputation of a draughtsman.

"What was to be done with me now, my father's health failing, and my poor mother laboring with her needle to assist in supporting the family? About this time I received some kindly lessons from a lithographic artist, in the manner of Harding, on oak touch, ash touch, willow touch, etc.; but beyond some astonishment at these slick signs for objects almost unknown to my eyes, they had no effect upon my practice, and I went on in my own way for some six months daily at the British Museum sculpture galleries, which were not then the haunts of coquetry and flirtation that they have become since female students have flooded them.

"But now life must be seriously entered on, and after applications at various establishments, Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald, then in Leicester Square, consented, on inspection of my boyish drawings, to receive me as an apprentice to lithography, artistic and commercial, my wages to commence after three years. But the arrangement collapsed at the end of the first, for it was impossible to maintain me profitless at home, with the younger children growing up. My father, too, had been compelled by slackness of work to leave London for the post of foreman at McCordale's works at Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire. He was alone there, and desired me to be sent to him. He stimulated me to sketch from nature, continually inciting me with his advice, — 'Observe, observe,' — and guiding me into an acquaintance with the best books, of which he knew much more than their gilded covers. After a time he procured a situation for me (then about sixteen) in Manchester, at the wages of five shillings a week, to do anything required in mercantile lithography.

"My father sickened, and I was left wholly dependent on this sum for food,

clothes, and lodging; and when, afterwards, even this sum was cut off by my employers' failure, there came lower sinks of privation,—absolute want of bread even,—and as the culmination of my distress my loved father's death, and I was left alone in a strange city. But just before his death, he succeeded in obtaining a situation for me at Messrs. Bradshaw and Blacklock's. Here, in the extremest drudgery of commercial lithography, I endured daily torture of mind,—suffering also from a disease brought on by semi-starvation, which sapped my strength for four years. Months passed in this new circle of misery, and then I was dismissed for inability to execute with sufficient nicety repetitions of bobbin tickets; some eighty on one cold stone to be neatly painted with the brush for printing from. Conceive the dull round of agony; suffering as of the victim of the Inquisition under the slow drops of water falling on his chest. In vain I strove to satisfy the foreman, for my heart loathed the task; so again I was without means of bread-winning.

"I remember tramping to Liverpool, thirty-two miles by road, with a few pence in my pocket, and back without any, in fruitless search of work. What to do? I thought of my father's friends at the Newton works, poor, but warm-hearted; they might show me kindness. There, at the tariff of seven shillings a head, they found me physiognomies enough to keep my pencil busy for months. These were drawn on tinted paper, life-size, in black and white chalk, with a little red. Excellent practice, and joy delirious, after the grinding bondage of bobbin tickets, to be face to face with nature's work.

"But the mine of the little town grew exhausted, and at this juncture old Bradshaw, the Quaker partner in the Railway Guide printing firm, sent for me, and said, —

"‘Dost thou think thyself able to de-

sign for Baxter's Patent Oil Printing Process?'¹ Modestly, but confidently, I replied, 'Yes.'

"‘What wages wilt thou require?’ Seven shillings a week I had received at bobbin tickets, and I dared to ask ten shillings a week for the elevated post of designer, and returned to my old shop in honor. The despised became a head, with a little room to himself, where no defilement of bobbin tickets ever entered; and I reveled in gleaners and milkmaids and rustic lovers, and a box of colors for the first time.

"But a few months so passed, when my good master died (the old man is sure with his Lord, for he was rich in loving charity), and I was an outcast once again; the chief advantage from my increased wages being that I had been enabled to pay for a quarter's attendance at the School of Design, my only art educational curriculum. But by this time I had attained some repute in the trade, and I easily entered on service, at something like comfortable wages, with a French firm, in the execution of every variety of ornamental label used in drapers' goods for the Manchester market.

"The firm failed, after a short-lived existence, and my next employment was with a German lithographer, who also, soon after, failed, and I began to think myself fatal as the plague to all who entertained me; but as I had now grown into the reputation of being the most tasteful designer in the Manchester ticket trade, I resolved to abandon shop situations and lodgings at once. It was at this period that my mother, sinking under the struggle of maintaining the three younger children, came to live with me in Manchester. Alas, it proved to die (after a few months of patient suffering) from consumption.

"I rented a small house in the out-

¹ Readers of this narrative will doubtless recall the little oil-print pictures which flourished in book and print stores twenty-five years ago.

skirts, and began to work for the general trade, by which course I increased my means, and so gradually compassed leisure to begin painting in water-colours, in hope eventually to break through this lithographic chrysalis which had encoffined my art aspirations so long. Throughout these years of bitter drudgery I kept up the habit, in my daily journeying to the shop where my employment lay, of familiarizing my eye with nature by observation of faces, figures, and groupings that caught my attention either for beauty or oddity, rapidly sketching them on the moment in the street, ere the impression faded,—an exercise which did much to train my eye to swift perception of essential points, and my hand to facility in portraying them. But the offer of two pounds ten shillings a week tempted me into the service of a firm at Halifax for a year, and the fresh Yorkshire moors greatly strengthened my enfeebled health; and when I returned to Manchester, it was with a few pounds — a novel experience — in my pocket.

“Every point gained only made me set my eyes more covetously on the bright summit which my eye had seen in childhood, and longed after through every shadowed valley where Fate had pushed me. Like the Japanese designers, who love to depict their snow-clad Fusi-yama crowning the background of almost every subject, so, through every engagement, no matter how incongruous, I sought the path to my distant goal. And now, when such an opportunity arose as the proposal from the late Mr. Henry Rawson, of the Manchester Examiner, of a set of illustrations to *The Pilgrim's Progress*, I threw my whole soul into the suggestion as the beginning of a new life.

“‘Cheaply they must be done,’ he said. I was indifferent to money, in my enthusiasm, and, fearful lest the first scheme of serious design which had fallen to my lot should escape me, un-

dertook to execute the larger drawings for two pounds each, the smaller for half that sum. This arrangement very soon consumed my savings from the Yorkshire service, and brought me to bread and water again: yet I was happy; my soul was filled. But a cruel disappointment befell me in the experience that it was most difficult to secure a wood-engraver capable of rendering deliberate drawing, and block after block was travestied out of all resemblance to my lines. At last more efficient help was secured; but the general disappointment attendant on wood blocks sickened me of further effort in that direction, and I fell into the service of a landscape painter, who used me chiefly to put figures into his own drawings, and at length took me with him to Devonshire, where my clogged wings fairly expanded under the genial inspiration of the marvellous and hitherto unimaginable loveliness of its northern coast, and all at once I felt myself start into power of painting with unexpected facility.

“The *Pilgrim's Progress* had won warm commendation from John Ruskin. . . . These designs were also the medium of my recommendation to the friendship of Dante G. Rossetti, a friendship most precious and steadfast to this day. His influence has, moreover, always been directed in the most generous spirit to stimulate and encourage me in the noblest paths of design.

“My name gradually became known as a painter of domestic pictures, chiefly of children, a course into which I was first drawn through my inability to pay for adult models, and in which I continued, because such subjects find ready sale. In this character I obtained election into the Old Society of Water-Color Painters, and . . . [I left] Manchester, a few years ago, to settle in London,—a resolve made chiefly for the sake of the opportunities and facilities of study presented by the metropolis, in which the city of cotton is notoriously deficient.”

The reader has already been made acquainted with the two important works which have since occupied the painter's attention. It is the misfortune of men that they cannot see great buildings without going to them, nor great art in

buildings without the same labor. Yet to those who have been, and in some degree to those who have heard the tale, there often remains a higher pleasure in the contemplation of the artist's life, when that life is crowned by noble work.

Horace E. Scudder.

CICADA.

WHAT tones are these?

What notes, outborne from stillness, now are slipping?

Some small musician of the trees,

Some sprite, his bow in spicy resin dipping,

Drew it with sudden sleight

Across the strings, to-night.

The air was strange,

Half sweet, half harsh, the little elf was playing;

His score had moderate range,

And still returned; its measure short, delaying,

Slow into silence ran,

And then anew began.

Though strong, I thought

The strain a trifle husky. I remember,

In its mixed mesh was wrought

A wire of sadness, moaning of September;

More blithe and full the tune

I heard and loved in June.

He is aware,

This rustic fiddler, that the year is waning.

A voice is in the air,

Skirting the forest edges and complaining;

Frighting by warnings dire

The poplar leaves to fire.

Whence came his sign?

Decay, unwoke, still in his lair is sleeping;

Green, on the growing vine

The wild grapes hang, through the twined tendrils peeping;

Springs the long, lush grass,

In the unchilled morass.

Still keen and bright

The brown wren sings at morning, and the swallow

Swings her wide wheel of flight;
 Crowding the narrow pathway through the hollow,
 Comes in mid-August's power
 The stately cardinal-flower.

And yet he feels
 (That quaver in his touch gives hint of grieving)
 The whisper fine that steals,
 The subtle presence, past my gross perceiving:
 Hence that andante thin,
 On his small violin!

Again inclined
 To haunt the wood when nights are longer, colder,
 Surely, I shall not find
 This mournful prophet rasping at my shoulder:
 Low he'll be laid,
 Here where he played!

Heaven bless him!
 Some good nymph lay his fiddle close beside him;
 In red leaves dress him,
 And underneath the mould and mosses hide him,
 Far from the fruits of these
 His woful auguries!

John McCarty Pleasants.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

VIII.

I FOUND travel in the South interesting, but not picturesque. This latter quality would not have been entirely absent, perhaps, if I could have studied Southern conditions and tendencies during the worst days of the reconstruction period, and could then have had the opportunity to observe the breaking up of the old order and the development of the new South. What I saw throughout the country impressed me strongly with the conviction that this change from the old to the new order of things was, in some important respects, accomplished at a considerably earlier date than is generally believed in the North.

Much that I saw and heard, most of it indeed, had no political significance, no direct bearing — or very little — upon any "burning questions," or upon any sectional or partisan interests.

I find in my "deep-laden note-books" — to borrow a phrase from a recent work of the most competent observer and reporter who has ever studied the South *in extenso* — many sketches and incidents, which illustrate no theories, which do not lend themselves readily to any important or impressive generalizations, but which simply reveal the life of the people as I saw it; mostly prosaic and somewhat commonplace, as human life is apt to be, I believe, except in works of fiction.

NEW DIGNITIES.

Many curious traits appear in the character of the negroes under the influence of the new conditions of life, or survive as products of the old order, not yet outgrown. They have sometimes made amusing changes in their names, by way of meeting the requirements of their new estate of freedom, or as a tribute to the dignity with which they now feel themselves invested. Thus Romeo Jones of the old time now signs his name Romey O. Jones; Pericles Smith writes himself down Perry Clees Smith; and a boy who was always known as Polly's Jim, having learned to read the New Testament, is now Mr. Apollos James. They still feel great pride in having belonged to rich and important families when they were slaves. One might almost as well give a Southern white man the lie as to accuse a negro of having been the slave of "low down," or "common," white people. "Never had nothin' to do with po' white folks" is the universal asseveration.

Two young negroes in one of the larger Southern cities were quarreling, not long ago, and when passion rose to its highest pitch one of them asserted that the man to whom the other had belonged in infancy was "only a half-strainah," — a half-strainer being a man not of full blood or social rank, an inferior person, a kind of social half-breed, merely hanging on to the skirts of the true aristocracy. This was a mortal insult, and it was answered by a stab, which was meant to be a death-blow. The wound was a serious one, and things looked very dark for the champion of his former master's dignity. But the gentleman heard of it, and came from a distant part of the State to assist the negro; and by employing able counsel, and exerting himself in many ways, succeeded in having the culprit "let off" with very moderate punishment.

It is almost impossible to meet with

a negro who will admit that he ever belonged to an unkind or cruel master. They nearly always speak of their former owners in most affectionate terms. The virtues of obedience and loyalty seem to be natural to the negroes, and it is easy to see that many of them sadly miss and need the control of somebody stronger than themselves. They may rise to the height of their freedom in the future, but at present it is often an oppression to them. Many of them, however, greatly enjoy doing as they please. They like to spend money, and "to have things like white folks." The houses of the prosperous negroes are kept very neat inside. The women are not afraid nor ashamed of work. Sometimes the kitchen is on the second floor, and the labor of carrying all the wood and water up-stairs is cheerfully undergone, in order to maintain the lower room in state as a parlor. Negroes in good circumstances often feel much satisfaction in paying extravagant prices for showy articles, and I suppose they are the most easily cheated people in the world. In many of their houses there is a profusion of pictures and other ornaments on the walls, and the taste of the negro shows already that he is "a man and a brother."

TOBACCO TOWNS.

The production and manufacture of tobacco are extending enormously in the regions adapted to this industry, and where they are taken up they tend to exclude most other manufacturing and business enterprises. Just before I visited the South I looked into a cotton-mill at Waterville, Maine. Soon afterward, in an important Southern city, which has a much finer water-power than the New England town, and where cotton is grown almost in the suburbs, I observed that the principal dry-goods dealers were selling cotton cloths manufactured in Waterville. The Southern city is almost entirely devoted to

the manufacture of tobacco, and in consequence little use is made of its important water-power, while vast quantities of cotton pass through it by rail on the way to the New England mills. Most of the hands employed in the "tobacco factories" are negroes, many of them women. So far as I observed and could learn about the matter, only such white persons engage in the work as common laborers in these factories as have "lost caste" entirely. I saw a few white women of this class at work among the negroes, in various places. Of course the foremen and overseers are white men.

The manufacturers assured me that the tobacco business is not so profitable as formerly, since the reduction of the tax on the manufactured product, as this measure has had the effect of enabling many persons with a small amount of capital to engage in the manufacture, thus placing an inferior article in the market, and bringing prices down by competition. They said also that the introduction and use of improved and costly machinery for the manufacture of tobacco has affected the interests of the laborers injuriously. The appliances necessary for the business are much more expensive than formerly, and the wages of the working people are necessarily much less than in the times of simpler methods and more hand work. All the manufacturers with whom I conversed said that they preferred the old methods, but that it was impossible to return to them; that whenever a new or improved machine was introduced every one must buy it, or he could not successfully compete with those who had it. I think that most of the hands in the factories might save money, but it does not seem probable that many of them do so. Most of them appear good-natured and cheerful, with little forethought, ambition, or care, or idea of "an object in life." Many expend their earnings nearly as fast as these are re-

ceived during the busy season, and when the factories are closed are soon in a state of destitution, and have to be assisted by the town. In most of the "tobacco towns" the people who are improving their condition most rapidly are the Italians, who sell groceries and confectionery. A large proportion of the earnings of the negro laborers goes into their hands. Most of their goods are cheap or of poor quality, but they are sold at an enormous profit. The young colored people eat candies and fruits almost incessantly, whenever they have money. They do not save anything, because they cannot pass a stand or shop where such articles are sold without buying something.

INCIDENTS AND SKETCHES.

Many of the negro schools are maintained under great disadvantages and inconveniences, such as would be regarded as most discouraging by white teachers in a Northern town. Here is an instance: I saw two colored men at work in one room with a school in which the average daily attendance for the winter was one hundred and twenty-six. They had to conduct recitations at the same time in opposite corners of the room. The house was open and very cold. The teachers were obliged to furnish fuel, and to provide desks, brooms, blackboards, and all other appliances at their own expense. The school was free to the pupils, the salaries of the teachers being paid for out of the public school fund. The house in which the school was maintained was owned by some Northern missionary or aid society, and was held by colored trustees, living in the town in which it was situated. They were too poor to repair or improve the building, and the (white) public school officers would not (perhaps could not under the law) appropriate anything for repairs of the house, unless the colored people would surrender their title to the property, which they declined to do.

I think it would be well for Northern missionary and freedman's aid societies to continue their interest in the colored teachers whom they have formerly aided or employed in the Southern States.

It is very interesting to listen to the singing in the colored schools. I several times heard many hundred children singing together the old plantation and revival melodies, and other songs of their race. Some of these are very peculiar and wonderful. One hears everywhere a few rich and powerful voices, and the negro churches in the larger towns have fine choirs. But the old negro music will soon disappear. All the educated negro ministers discourage or forbid the use of it among their people, and the strange, wild songs, whether religious or not, are coming to be regarded as relics and badges of the old conditions of slavery and heathenism, and the young men and women are ashamed to sing them. Some of these pieces should be carefully written out — both words and music — before they are irrecoverably lost. They would always have interest and value as characteristic expressions of the life of an era which has closed, the products of the native genius of a race of people under conditions which can never be repeated.

AT CHURCH.

I was at a "colored church" in the country, one Sunday, in a populous black district. The services were to begin at eleven o'clock. When I arrived, a minute or two before the hour, there were but five or six persons present, but soon afterward others began to come in. All bowed, and said good-morning to me as they entered. In half an hour the minister came, and gave his people a scolding for being late. He said they "had ought always to come promptly at eleven o'clock." He at once proceeded to organize a Sunday-school. He spoke with an air of much authority, which was probably

wise and necessary under the circumstances. A young man did most of the work, acting under the minister's directions. He put those who could "read in the Testament" in a class by themselves, and formed other classes with a simple catechism as a lesson-book, and others still with a primer. Several negro grandmothers were in the primer classes. Many officers were elected, — superintendent, clerk, treasurer, librarian, and others. The proceedings exhibited a queer mixture of awkwardness and dignity in about equal proportions. One thing was especially commendable: nobody declined to serve, or made any excuses or apologies. There was no indifference or lassitude, but a general air of resolution and purpose. The minister was competent to direct, and the people obeyed.

The Sunday-school closed at half past twelve o'clock, and the devotional services which were to precede the sermon were begun at once. The discourse was about an hour in length, and was a rambling talk, in which the old plantation dialect was used to introduce passages from the text-books prescribed by the church authorities for ministerial study. The people had been coming in all through the services, and by two o'clock, when the sermon ended, there were more than two hundred hearers. There were no white persons present except myself and a gentleman who accompanied me. One of the visitors was asked to "say something for our encouragement." He spoke for a few minutes, and when he ended a very old negro, a "local preacher," arose, and said he would "make a few more feeble remarks;" but the minister said, "We have had enough." The old man persisted, but the minister made him sit down, and dismissed the congregation.

I found in many places a commendable spirit of self-help among the negroes of the better class, but there were many who thought that any "gen'lman

from de Norf mout do sumfin' to help 'um." When I told them I was not the representative of any missionary or aid association, and could not give them anything, they would say, "But you'll tell 'um 'bout us, boss; an' if dey gives ye sumfin' for us hyah at de Owl Crick Ford, you'll send it to us, boss, shoah." "Oh, yes." Often, after I had visited the negro cabins in a country town, a procession of lame, blind, and aged negroes would call on me at my hotel. The clerk would turn them out-of-doors, scolding them good-naturedly for their intrusion upon a stranger; but they usually waited for me about the streets, with their stories of misfortune. "I's mighty po'ly, boss," they would say, "an' a little he'p 'ud do me a heap o' good."

A STEP UPWARD.

There are important changes among some of the negroes, especially in the towns, in the conditions and methods of family and social life. I was in many negro boarding-houses of the better class. Such houses were always divided by a partition, without doors or windows, or any means of interior communication. A stairway inside led to the upper floors of the women's part of the house, but the stairway to the men's apartments was on the outside. A decided public sentiment has been developed in a small class of colored people, in some places (mostly near the towns, I think), in favor of a stricter morality in the relations between the sexes. The new virtue at times assumes great vigor. I happened to visit a colored neighborhood, one day, just as a disturbance reached its climax. A lady near by explained the excitement. Aunt Lucy, a very worthy and very dignified colored woman, had learned that her husband, Uncle Abs'lom, had been engaged in a merry conversation with a young girl who lived just across the next field. The white people near by did not believe that anything wrong was intended. But

when Uncle Abs'lom came home to dinner, on the day when his wife heard of his sociability with their young neighbor, he encountered his wrathful consort at the front gate, at the head of their numerous family, all arrayed in her support, and armed with sticks and stones, which they used so effectively upon the astonished old man that he was glad to make his escape, as his denials and explanations were entirely disregarded. He replaced the harness on the old one-eyed white horse, and went back to his work without his dinner. The neighborhood was in a ferment during the afternoon, for this family was the most influential and exemplary in the community. Everybody seemed to feel relieved when, at dusk, the two old people were seen coming up the lane to their home together. Aunt Lucy was leading the horse, and Uncle Abs'lom was carrying the lines in his hand. I did not learn what was the basis of their reconciliation. Such incidents and affairs, so petty to us, help to make up the drama of life for these simple people, and are to them sometimes matters of grave and even tragic concern.

THE FORTUNES OF BLACK DEMOCRATS.

In the "black counties" I often asked the principal negroes, "Are any of your people democrats? Do they ever vote the democratic ticket?" "Yes, sometimes, boss; a few of 'um, boss." "Well, how do you like that?" "We don' like it, boss." "But you can't do anything about it?" "Can't do nothin' 'bout it? Humph!" "Well, what do you do?" "Hup 'um, boss." "Whip them! Who whips them? White men?" "Oh, no. We 'tends to our own affairs." "But I thought this was a free country now, and so every man had a right to vote as he pleased." "We think our people has no right to vote agin theirselves. If a man's sich a fool as to vote agin hisself, he ought to be teachd to have moah sense." "Then why not teach him,

argue with him, and explain things to him?" "Humph! Dey don' know nothin' 'bout argimunce, an' 'splainin' things. On'y way to teach a nigger's wif a whip." Then often followed what was to me, at first, a most extraordinary and surprising appeal to experience. Again and again, in such conversations, negroes said to me, "When I was a slave, boss, dat 's 'e way I l'arned to behave myself. Dey hupp'd me, 'n' it done me a heap o' good. 'Pears like I would n't think o' nothin' 'less I's hupp'd sometimes. Den a man 'll 'member." I confess I did not quite know what to say to this, and as I had not gone to the South to instruct anybody, but to hear what all kinds of people would say, I made no reply.

In one of the larger towns I saw an energetic colored man, who, soon after the war, — "de second yea' o' de surrender," to use his own phrase, — had taken up the business of city expressman. He soon had a good team, and carried trunks and parcels for all the best families. To the astonishment of everybody, he at once became a democrat. The negroes were furious. They determined to "run him out," and one after another engaged in the same business, in opposition. But he was a shrewd fellow. He knew the old-style people at a glance, and would always take off his hat to them, and call them "Mas'r" and "Mistis." When the cars came in, and ladies got out, there he stood, in exactly the old plantation attitude. "Hyah I is, Mistis," he would say, "jes' a-wait-in' for yo' trunks." His rivals had to yield the field, but they despised him as a renegade and a traitor, because he "voted agin his own people." One day, as the mayor of the town was escorting a distinguished Northern general about the place, they happened to meet the negro expressman, and the mayor said, "This fellow 's a democrat, they say. Here, Jim, explain to the general your political views." Jim understood, and,

turning to the mayor, he replied, "You knows my political views very well, mas'r. Has niggers got any trunks?"

"WHO WILL DO OUR WORK?"

In most places in the South everybody seemed to understand the negro, to know how to manage him as a laborer, and appeared to be hopeful regarding his prospects and their own. But in some regions the people were in a complaining mood respecting the condition of labor. They said the negro would not work; "that is, you can't depend on him. He stays away for all kinds of excuses and reasons, and for no reason at all. And if you remonstrate he says, 'Well, pay me what you owe me. Don' care 'bout workin' any moah, now.'" The business men said they wanted white labor from the North, — wanted it badly. "Fifty good Northern girls could at once find employment in the houses of gentlemen in this city." Some of the gentlemen who talked to me of these subjects appeared to regard the negro population as a kind of incubus upon the life of the State, and a very serious hindrance to its development and prosperity. But this view, or feeling, seemed to me somewhat absurd. I thought the white people of the region might easily find the remedy for such difficulties in their own hands. It must be a queer country if there are not many white girls there — and boys too — who need to work for their living. But in such places the white people did not seem more disposed than the negroes to engage in labor of any kind.

HIGH TRAGEDY.

I happened to reach one of the country towns in the interior of Kentucky on a day when the place was fairly ablaze with excitement. The editors of the two local democratic newspapers were rival candidates for the nomination for the state legislature. They had

begun the canvass with some kind of bargain about the use of money and of whisky to influence voters, and, as a leading citizen told me, "up to a few days before, both had had excellent prospects of success. But as they warmed up to the work there were some very serious developments." One candidate published a card, in which he charged the other with having broken the agreement not to use whisky "as a motive power" in the campaign. His antagonist replied at great length, giving his own personal and family history and that of his opponent, and afterward proceeding thus: "I desire to say, clearly and explicitly, that his course toward me has been the result of delirium tremens, or of the most fiendish and vicious feeling of jealousy and envy. He is a liar and a cowardly puppy. He is not in my way, and is hereafter welcome to do whatever the promptings of a soul which professes to believe there is no God may suggest," etc.

If I had not seen the extraordinary behavior of the entire population of the town which followed upon this publication, the grotesque and melodramatic absurdity of it would have appeared incredible. Everybody who had any business or occupation dropped it at once. The men and boys swarmed into the streets, and the women looked out of the doors and windows. The leading citizens hurried hither and thither, and held conferences, and received "overtures from delegations representing" first one of the belligerents, and then the other, — all with an awful seriousness, a solemn formality of proceeding, as if the fate of empires hung upon every movement. Meantime, the infuriated antagonists, though thirsting for blood, kept away from each other's presence. At the end of a day of stupendous and exhausting effort on the part of all the principal citizens to avert bloodshed, Mr. Brown's friends swore out a peace warrant and arrested Mr. Jones, and

Mr. Jones's friends swore out a peace warrant and arrested Mr. Brown. One editor gave bail, and was released under bonds to keep the peace. The other editor refused to give bail, and was put in jail, where he went on editing his paper and appealing to the people for their votes. Everybody said that his "incarceration," as he called it, would give him a decided advantage over his opponent.

This was as much like the old South as anything that I saw during my entire journey. There are still many people who enjoy such fooleries, and call them by dignified and solemn names. I could not observe a sign of the perception on the part of any person concerned that the whole affair was ridiculous, but it seemed to Northern eyes mere boyish nonsense. Its silliness would have made it impossible in a Northern community. The young men did not wish to fight, — had no idea of fighting. Both were very glad to be arrested and put under bonds to keep the peace. They enjoyed immensely the excitement which they produced; their attitudinizing gave them the exquisite sensation of being heroes, and very cheaply, too. They posed because they had an audience, and they had an audience because the community in which they lived was idle and frivolous. If the people of that town were industrious, they would have no time for theatrical stupidities of this kind. More than anything else, it seems to me, such people need to have to work ten hours per day for six days of each week. I doubt there being anything evil or absurd in the South that could endure that regimen.

ENTERTAINMENTS ON THE ROAD.

Going down the Cincinnati Southern Railway from Lexington, Kentucky, to Chattanooga, I was in the rear car of the train, and sat near the rear door of the car. Just as we were leaving a station in a considerable village, I heard a

pistol shot, which seemed quite near. I went to the door, and found on the platform a well-dressed, good-looking man, wildly excited in appearance, who was firing his revolver in the direction of the station; but whether he aimed at any person or not I could not determine, as there were many people in sight, all excited, some running after our train, some running away from it. With each discharge of the revolvers — he emptied two — the man gave a wild whoop or yell. At the first crack of the pistol all the passengers in the car sprang to their feet. The women all hurried into the next car forward. The men all put their hands into their hip-pockets, and then went into the next car after the women. As I had nothing in my hip-pocket, I thought I would stay and see if anything occurred. Presently the man looked in at the door for a while, but as he was then quiet and undemonstrative I grew tired of watching him, and resumed my reading. He rode on the platform past several stations, and then got off. All this time, and a good while afterward, I had the car to myself. The women did not return at all, but by and by some men came back after cloaks and shawls which they had left. They said, "Such a man ought to be arrested at once, but it might be very dangerous to attempt it."

A little further down the road we were stopped by the wreck of a freight train on the track before us. A huge rock had fallen in the night from the steep side of a deep cut. At one o'clock in the morning, a freight train, running at full speed, had struck it before any one was aware of the danger. Two or three freight cars were reduced to kindling-wood, and a brakeman, seated on the front of the forward car, was instantly killed. For once the negro proved himself of indisputable utility. A dozen or twenty stalwart black fellows carried all the baggage and express goods of our train over the hill and around the

wreck (through a blinding snow-storm) to the train awaiting us on the other side. Soon after we started, the conductor and train hands put a man off the train. He had been drinking, and as he was pushed from the car he struck at the conductor with a knife, and cut him in the foot. That night, after leaving the train, I rode for an hour in a wagon with a Tennessean, who told me more than fifty times that he had a saw-mill at Helenwood, that he was no sardine, and that he had the money in his breeches to buy the whole team. Then he quarreled with the driver. When he leaned over on me and went to sleep the entertainment began to grow monotonous, and I got out and walked on and left him. I had seen so many drunken men in Kentucky and Tennessee that it began to seem that intoxication was the normal state for the inhabitants of that part of our country.

In these regions of the South the consumption of tobacco exceeded anything that I had before observed connected with the prevalence of this habit. In the best hotels gentlemen sat around the hot stoves, spitting on them incessantly; and in the cars, and almost everywhere, the explosive sounds of expectoration reminded me of what we called a rattling fire of musketry in the army. The pattering and splashing of tobacco juice on every side made one wish to dodge, but there was no place of safety. The sextons of the churches have much harder work than their brethren in the North, where only the "roughs," the lowest and coarsest men, will chew tobacco and spit the juice on the floor, even in a hall which is used for public worship. But gentlemen do this in the churches, in many places in the Southwest, with no attempt at disguise or apology. I attended the Sunday-school at one of the principal churches in Corinth, Mississippi, on a cold winter morning. The school was a large one, and many of the children

evidently belonged to the "common people," or poorer class, while several ladies and gentlemen of "the best families" were among the teachers. So far as I have had opportunity to observe them, Southern children appear to have less intellectual quickness, or precocity, than those of the North; they are less mature than Northern children of the same age, and more unsophisticated. They seem to have greater sunniness of temper, and in the towns I saw far less of that sharp, hard, old, and vicious look which is so common on the faces of "street boys" in Northern towns. In Corinth, as at other places in the South, the children showed more of animal life and spirits than one sees in Sunday-schools in most Northern towns; but there is in the South, almost universally, more reverence for the church as "the house of God," and for Sunday as a holy day, than I have ever seen manifested in cultivated Northern communities, and the behavior of the children was nearly always better than is common in Northern Sunday-schools.

In this Corinth Sunday-school there was one gentleman who wore gloves, and was dressed much better than any one else. He sat near the stove, almost surrounded by the young ladies of the choir and the teachers. He chewed tobacco vigorously during all the introductory exercises, and spat on the floor again and again. I own that it made me so nervously apprehensive lest the young women's gowns should be injured, or some little girl should fall into the puddle on the floor, that I could not fully keep my mind on the services. By and by I was courteously invited to join a Bible class of ladies and gentlemen, and this man proved to be the teacher. He talked fluently, and was several times appealed to by the superintendent of the school as a person of superior attainments; but his mustache and beard were in sad need of washing, as was the floor all about him.

MISSISSIPPI CIVILIZATION.

I often saw indications of a somewhat primitive degree of development, like that of frontier communities, in the subjects and character of the conversations and discussions which I heard in the cars and at the hotels. From the Atlantic to the Mississippi, all along my route, much of the talk was of mesmerism, animal magnetism, spiritualism, and of things marvelous, supernatural, and impossible generally; and all these topics were treated as if they were novel and fresh. Whoever had anything wonderful to tell of such matters, or who talked confidently of such themes, handling them seriously, as if they were real and important, was sure of unlimited attention. The talk was almost exactly the same as I heard thirty years ago in the log-cabins of the settlers in the forests of the Mississinewa and the Wabash in Indiana. There was the same dogmatic assertion, the same uncritical acceptance of the most absurd stories, and the same intolerance of all dissent.

After supper, one evening, in the hotel at Corinth, Mississippi, about a dozen men were seated around the stove in the bar-room, while an old man with a bad face repeated the familiar rubbish about the superiority of spiritualism as compared with Christianity. He ridiculed the Christian religion as the product of barbarous times, and the greatest foe to "expansion and progress." Everybody listened with much interest, and now and then some of the hearers asked questions designed to elicit additional information. This was always forthcoming, and as I could see no reason why the same process should not go on *ad infinitum*, I was about to go to my room, when something happened to lead the expounder of the "philosophy of harmony," as he called it, into personal reminiscences connected with the early, or *ante-bellum*, history of the town of Corinth. Said he, "I was in that kill-

ing affair here," — mentioning a date, and giving the names of the other men who were concerned in the fight. "I handed — a pistol during the operation. I was indicted, but the matter was compromised." The talk now became more general, and passed into a sort of entertaining and pleasant review of the various "killing affairs" in the history of the town.

One feature of the conversation was very noticeable, and, to me, interesting. The character of the man who "did the killing" was in each case discussed with much interest, and almost entirely in the way of praise and eulogy. Some one had the temerity to affirm, in regard to a particular murderer, that he was "inclined to be overbearin'," that he "was somethin' of a bully;" whereupon the expounder of the philosophy of harmony assured us, with heat and emphasis, that it was "only when he was drunk, — *never* but when he was drunk! He was a perfect gentleman, an' there never was nothin' rough about him when he was sober." Here another old resident of the town volunteered the information that this perfect gentleman "was never sober for a number o' years, if he could git whisky;" and added that after the murder referred to he never stopped till he drank himself to death. "Yes," the spiritualist observed sympathetically, "I s'pose his conscience troubled him."

When I first went to my room in the hotel at Corinth, I found there was no key in the door. I asked for one, but the landlord assured me that keys were entirely unnecessary in that part of the country, and that they were not much used in first-class houses or among respectable people. He expatiated with much feeling upon the simple innocence and goodness of the people of Mississippi, and of the inhabitants of Corinth and its neighborhood in particular, till I inquired what security he had (his house being full) that some bad man from Boston would not some time gain admit-

tance, and wrong his guileless and unguarded guests. He assured me that no such serpent ever entered this Mississippi Eden. I had asked for a room with fire and with facilities for writing. These were provided, and I sat down to my work, near the fire-place, with my back to the door. The landlord had spread the story of my unreasonable and surprising demand for a key throughout the house, as I was aware, and every few minutes a man would push the door open and gaze around the room. "Come in!" I shouted, merely looking up from my writing. "What will you have?" Each one muttered something about wanting "to see a gen'l man," but reckoned he'd gone away, and went out. Presently one left the door open, and I let it so remain. Probably every person in the house came and looked in. I wrote till I was tired, and then shut the door and went to bed, and slept soundly till morning. During the day, whenever I was absent from my room, it was plain, when I returned, that somebody had been in it during my absence.

THE BATTLE-FIELD AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

I looked over the battle-field of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, and explored much of the surrounding country. It was an interesting experience, but anything written about the place now must be dull, compared with the description of it, and of the great battle which made it famous, which was read everywhere with such intensity of interest in those days of early spring in 1862. The distance from Corinth, Mississippi, to Pittsburg Landing may be eighteen, twenty, or twenty-two miles, according to the judgment of the Corinthian livery-stable keepers as to what they can make a traveler believe and pay. I wished to make the journey on foot, as I had found that the best method of studying a march or a battle-field; but there was too much water, and I had to take a

wagon. I was fortunate in securing an old Illinoisan as driver. He had lived in that region for many years, and had seen much of life there from the point of view of a hard-working, managing, shrewd farmer and trader.

We took dinner the first day with a Tennessee farmer, who lives near the spot where the battle began. It happened that a number of women from the neighborhood — that is, anywhere within ten miles — were visiting the woman of the house on that day. Two or three farmers also called. All were invited to the long table, and we sat down together. We had a busy talk, with rapid questioning and reply on both sides. The women were rather shy and reserved at first, but both men and women soon talked freely and cordially. Two or three of the men had been in the battle on the rebel side, and one of the farmers at the table had been a Union soldier, having settled in the vicinity after the war. They asked at once if I was in this battle, on the Union side. I said no, but that some of my relatives and friends were there, and that I was in the Union army farther East. They all seemed to wish to entertain me, and to make my visit to the place as interesting to me as possible; and it was plain, as on many other occasions during my journey, that I was treated with all the more cordiality because I had been a Northern soldier. They told me many stories of the fight and of the camp, and what the common soldiers said and thought of everything.

They were of the opinion that their officers — the Southern generals — managed better than ours at the beginning of the fight; and that some of our men were surprised at breakfast, and some in bed. (A Confederate officer in Mississippi, who was in the advance on that first morning of the battle, told me that he distinctly heard the calling of the roll in the companies which formed the Union line just in front of him, and

that this was but a moment before the Southern soldiers made their charge.) But the Northern men could fight, they said, even when surprised. All these people still seemed profoundly impressed by the awfulness of the struggle, and the terrific and deadly character of the fighting here. At many places which they mentioned, they said one could walk all over the ground on dead men, after the wounded had been removed.

MEMORIES OF THE STRUGGLE.

I asked the women how it seemed during the battle. One family lived between the lines. They took shelter under the bluff along the river, and stayed there till the battle was over. Then their house was full of wounded men, and they could not return to it for some time. The others lived farther in the rear, some miles away from the heaviest fighting. They said the sound of the small arms was a continuous roar, like that of an approaching hurricane, kept up through the whole day, and that the cannon made a "poom, poom-poopoom," like thunder rolling and clapping all the time. One woman said very seriously, "If it was n't wicked to say such things, you could n't tell it any better than to say it sounded like as if hell was open, over there toward the river." They thought their officers made a mistake in not pressing the battle that first evening. But the Southern commanders thought that General Grant and General Sherman had a line of heavy batteries all along the river. A Union officer was captured some time in the afternoon, and was carried before General Beauregard, who asked him about these batteries; but he merely said, "General, you may be assured that General Grant and General Sherman are able commanders; they know their business, and whatever is necessary has been attended to."

The company at the table thought that perhaps the death of General Al-

bert Sidney Johnston made a great deal of difference. General Beauregard was not a great general, though he did the best he could, and he had never seen the battle-ground before the fight. The engagement ought to have been decided and finished before General Buell's men had time to get over and help. I thought they had a pretty intelligent idea of matters connected with the battle. They all went on to say that it was all for the best; it was to be so; it was fated to be so; it was Providence; but it was very hard for the people at the time. The foragers of the two armies swept the country clean. What one side left the other soon took. The women said, "It got so we would just as soon see one side as the other. They took everything we had. They had to." All the men said, "It was a great blessing that the war put an end to slavery. It's a great deal better for the country for the people to have to work for their own livin'."

The element of humor or fun came in, as was usual in the talk of Southern people about the war and the relations between the North and the South. One old woman, a grandmother, to whom all deferred, asked me, "Don't you think you ought to pay us for our things that was destroyed, and what the soldiers took? You whipped us, and we was left with nothin' at all." "No," said I. "If you had whipped us, the Confederate government would have paid you for all your losses, I suppose. But when we go to war, the defeated side does not get paid." She smiled, and answered, "Well, it's all over now, and no doubt it's better as it is."

Proceeding after dinner, we reached Pittsburg Landing at four o'clock, and were welcomed by Captain Doolittle, who had charge of the National Cemetery. Taking a pair of mules, he and I rode about the country till after night-fall, calling on some of the people who lived on the battle-field, and visiting

various places of interest. The whole region is covered by a rather open oak forest. The trees, for miles, are torn and splintered by cannon shot. Some still have cannon balls in them, though many have been cut out by relic-hunters. Rifle balls are still picked up everywhere. Walking over the field, and finding a bullet now and then, I picked up the head of an Indian arrow or dart, — a relic, I suppose, of a still earlier battle. The road up the bluff from the river, "made that night by Buell's men," to quote a phrase commonly used by the people of the region, is still a good one, except that it is now overgrown with trees and saplings. I walked up its entire length, finding many old canteens, pieces of belts, shoes, and ammunition boxes. Some of the leather was still tough and flexible. As I went on, seeing more and more of what remains as sign and memorial of the terrible conflict which was fought out on the ground over which I was walking, the reality came back more and more distinctly, and as the night drew on, all the sounds about me seemed to resemble and suggest those of a battle, or the preparation for it. I seemed to hear again the tramp, tramp, of the soldiers, the noises of embarking and disembarking, the trundling of the guns, the handling of ammunition, the sound of picks and shovels, the movements of the boats, the orders given now and then in suppressed tones; and, through all the night, the stubborn pounding of the gun-boats, and the whistling of shot and shell, skurrying and screaming through the trees toward the enemy. And ah me! out there in the dark forest the thousands of wounded men, with their pain, and weariness, and thirst! I found that the sounds of a battle still lingered in my ears, exactly as in the old army days after a fight.

The cemetery is a very attractive and lovely spot. Nearly four thousand Union dead lie there. About two thirds

of the graves are marked "unknown." Every day the flag of our one country floats high, in sight of all, above them. When I awoke in the morning, and looked out over the thousands of graves, and saw the flag touched by the first

rays of the sun, Theodore O'Hara's fine lines came into my mind : —

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

AND MRS. SOMERSHAM.

"Many are the thyrsus bearers, but few are the mystics."

"Who is staying here?"

"Walter."

"Anybody else?"

"McElroy."

"Who else?"

"The Vintons, with Marian."

"All the Vintons?"

"All six of them."

"Is that all?"

"Two Jarvises, three female Careys, and" —

"And" —

"And Mrs. Somersham."

"Somersham?"

"Somersham."

The questioner went seeking about in his mind for a hook to hang the last-named lady upon, but did n't find it.

"What Mrs. Somersham?"

"I — don't — know!" Having examined himself carefully between the words, in an effort to assist in the cataloguing of Mrs. Somersham, Bailly suddenly dropped from a rather high, questioning key plump into a decisive denial; and his last word, "know," was uttered like a final negation of there being anything to know about the lady. On the whole, it sounded derogatory. Perhaps that is why Bailly added, cordially, "She's all right, herself."

"You know her well?"

"Hm! Yes! No! Finally, no! She's one of the persons whom you know and don't know."

This sort of remark is not calculated to dismiss a person peremptorily from one's mind; so, after a minute's pause, when Armitage asked, "Is she baffling?" Bailly answered, without surprise, "No; she is n't responsive. You don't touch her, — that's all."

"Who wants to?"

"I don't know of any one who does n't rather wish it, or who might wish it. Those far-away women, who are young and handsome, rather pique you, don't you know?"

"Mr. Somersham?"

"An Englishman, and, they say, a beast. His one redeeming trait is that he likes to keep out of her way. I dare say she appreciates it."

A "far-away," beautiful woman, responsive to no one, may pique some men. Armitage was n't piqued. At the end of a summer's civil intercourse, that superficial contact of manners with manners which makes up our knowledge of most people, if he had noticed the impression made upon him by Mrs. Somersham, he might have echoed Bailly's description, and found it fairly accurate, for Bailly, but have had something to add on his own account: as that she was n't this, was n't that; positive as to his impression, meanwhile, that it was agreeable, mainly because it was impression, and not knowledge. He had learned not to snatch, and was a bit of an epicure in women; dead bored, too, with the *sequelæ* of a rather

fatiguing habit of overstating to himself spiritual significances in both men and women. He did not care whence Mrs. Somersham came, or whither she was going. She made no demand upon him, and he thought nothing of her, then. Afterward, perhaps, he felt that an opportunity had been lost.

The small household used to spend much time under the ash-trees, talking, reading, laughing, sewing, gossiping, killing time in the approved fashions. Armitage dodged what he could of it. He was accustomed to more highly spiced dishes. Mrs. Somersham usually went there by herself, when the other ladies were taking their naps. Somehow, the men did not stroll in that direction at that time. They knew very well that she was there, — took pains to see that she *was* there; but they waited for invitations which did not come.

One day Armitage suddenly realized the implied prohibition with a bit of amused interest. He stood watching her openly, for a while. She looked very lovely, very serene, and — yes, there was something rather “far away,” probably the abstraction that comes of reverie. At the first glance there was something distinctly repelling in the aspect. “Don’t trespass,” was in the air. Armitage remembered that it was his last day, and that he had not, through the whole summer, had a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Somersham. So he trespassed, marching composedly across the lawn, and standing in front of her.

“Mrs. Somersham,” said he, very politely, as if he had come on business, “do you own the grounds about this hotel?”

“I do not.”

“Have you any arrangement with the landlord, giving you the sole right to this green spot at certain hours of the day?”

“No such arrangement.”

“Have you — excuse the liberty — but have you made up your mind that no

one of the male sex shall invade these sacred purlieus at the said hours?”

“Pray sit, Mr. Armitage. I am delighted to see you.”

“Then you have such an intention. In that case, I wish to say that there are men in the world who never see a fence without longing to jump over it; and that eternal vigilance is the price of other things beside liberty.” He drew a chair to an easy distance, and seated himself, talking nonsense to smooth a possible interruption of her placidity. “You see, there is a certain impression about the atmosphere of this place that it is n’t the thing to come over here when you are sitting alone. You must be responsible for it. Now I won’t tell you what I think of such usurpation, because — No matter for the reason.”

“I protest” —

“It won’t do any good. I find other impressions in regard to you, still more remarkable. Bailly says you have only to glance a man’s way, to know whether his motive in taking off his hat is pure or dubious.”

“Mr. Bailly is your friend. I should n’t dare characterize his remark.”

“Everybody says the same thing, but Bailly says it rather louder than anybody else. He also declares that nobody but very pretty-behaved and highly endowed people should venture within range of your piercing vision, for fear of being found out. Is this true, Mrs. Somersham?”

She smiled, and shook her head.

“Bailly pays you immense deference, verbally; but let me tell you that he talks treason, too. He says you could n’t make anything out of — imagine his impudence! — he says you could n’t make anything out of me. Perhaps that sounds ambiguous to you. Then he tells me, in the next breath, to keep out of your way, for fear you will discover how wickedly weak and how weakly wicked I am. Do you really

believe in mind reading, Mrs. Somersham?"

"Not a bit."

"Then what shall I say next? I came to talk about mind reading, and the subject is exhausted. Is n't it curious how you give people impressions, and then say you do not?"

A little panorama of deprecation, query, and comment, plainer than if expressed by words, passed over her face, and was emphasized by the lightest shrug of her shoulders and a rapid movement of the hands.

"Come, now, Mrs. Somersham, this is n't fair. Pantomime is n't evidence. Here you are, telling me as plain as daylight that Bailly is a simpleton; yet I can never have the satisfaction of telling him you think so. He would maintain that such and such a gesture and expression meant that I was a simpleton, — an idea I could n't entertain, out of politeness to you."

"What do you wish me to say at this point? Excuse me if I do not quite see what we are talking about. You have dealt yourself all the cards. I am delighted to talk with you, if you will go slowly, and not dazzle me."

"Do you really not make a practice of reading people's minds?"

"I do not even know what it means."

"Nor I. Here we are, stopped again. However, I suppose it means that you have special skill in reading character. May be that is the same thing. I hope you believe in that."

"Oh, yes! But I do not advertise it."

"Ah, now we shall proceed! Your inflection was a whole confession of faith. Tell me what you think of — Bailly."

"Very agreeable, indeed," said the lady, demurely.

"That means that I need n't try to amuse myself at the expense of my neighbors. But of course you know that I only began with Bailly in order to in-

troduce myself more effectively. Bailly need n't think I am going to waste a golden opportunity in hearing his praises sung. Tell me — yes, tell me what you think of me. If that is n't sufficiently audacious, I think I might reach the point of asking you to talk about yourself."

Mrs. Somersham saved herself from appearing surprised by adroitly looking beyond Armitage, as if she saw something.

"As bad as that sounds to you, it has depths which you do not fathom."

"Pray, explain."

"You see you can't decline to say what you think of me, because it will imply that you think ill of me."

"That is unkind."

"To imply that you could think ill of me? I don't see how you could," he cried, in a tone that made her laugh, "especially in so short a time, and when I have been upon my good behavior! It takes a long while" —

Mrs. Somersham raised her head, and looked straight and calmly at him for a moment, as if verifying something that was in her mind before. A portrait-painter looks at his subject in this manner. It was a grain disconcerting.

"Then you have already done me that honor."

"I can't help having impressions, of course."

"Of course not," said Armitage, quickly, finding his point half carried, and only at that juncture realizing that he had a point. After a moment of silence, he went on, "It must be a very piquant occupation. Pray, what do you do with a man when you have added him up?"

"You almost disturb me," said Mrs. Somersham, with the kindest manner in the world.

"Nothing was farther from my intention. I felt a little foolish at seeing that you really might have taken note of me, when" —

"When you had n't taken note of me," she interposed, with a little grimace.

"Perhaps that was my revenge."

"I wish Bailly were here."

"Imagine him here. It is an admirable habit."

"I am sure I need moral support," said Armitage, finding his idle mood answered at every point by something not quite so hollow as itself. "There really is an impression in your mind in regard to me. Well, there is only one comfortable way out of this blunder of mine. If we amuse ourselves by knocking at people's doors, we must not be surprised at finding somebody at home, once in a while."

"To carry out your figure, the inmate might discover that you were not in search of him, and might not answer the knock."

"Oh, I see! I'm another! Now I shall be jeered if I go, and execrated if I stay. And this is a Christian land!"

"Once more, Mr. Armitage, what do you wish me to say? You are, in a sense, my guest. I should like to make you comfortable."

"Say that you will excuse me for an ill-considered intrusion, and that you will return good for evil, by showing me some of those 'impressions.'"

"I'm very much obliged to you for coming. As to the impressions, they are all exceedingly favorable, and therefore you need n't hear them in detail."

"That is, Bailly and I are both 'very agreeable,'" said Armitage, perversely neglecting his opportunity of escape. "Begin, if you please."

"Are you serious?"

"Solemnly serious. However, it is no more than fair for us to remember that women cannot understand men any more than men understand women. This is a way of saying 'without prejudice.' I take refuge in that."

"Nevertheless, you will always be best understood by women, whether you

like it or not. I think you would be sorry not to be appreciated by them."

"This makes Bailly grin."

"You know that women are your natural counterparts. Well, I begin. The first thing that strikes me is that you are conspicuously a manly man. Next to that, I get an impression of — excuse me — of self-assertion."

"I am called the most aggressive man living."

"I do not mean that your temper is self-asserting, but that your character is so. You meet people not precisely with defiance, but with an instinctive estimate of their power in comparison with your own. You utter your opinions with the intention of maintaining them for their own sake. You would n't mind setting the world right, for its own sake."

Armitage made a wry face. "I hope it is n't so bad as that," said he.

"It can't very well be otherwise with you. So much force was put into you in the beginning that you are yourself overmastered by it."

"That means that I am not accidentally, but inherently, disagreeable. Bailly enjoys this immensely."

"A man can't very well help feeling his own strength," said Mrs. Somersham, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I do not say that your elements are, in any sense, unworthy. I only say that they are so full of force as to press themselves upon your attention. Our own pulses sometimes make us deaf and blind. So must the forces of very strong natures make themselves felt inwardly as well as outwardly."

"Bailly thinks you mean that I am my own hero."

"I shall not tell Mr. Bailly my impressions of himself."

"Do you often frighten people in this way?"

"Very rarely."

"Then it is distinction, and I can bear it. Mrs. Somersham, do you think I

am my own hero?" asked Armitage, in a wheedling tone.

"You will always be your own hero. Probably you always have been that, in one sense."

"I will not bear that!"

"I said that you could n't help it. If a man sees in himself double the capacity for heroism which he finds in others, measures himself constantly against other people, and finds them less in stature, he has a strong cue toward finding his own ideal in himself, unless he is intellectually hypocritical."

"Good heavens, how hateful!" cried Armitage. "Do you find any modesty or merit at all in human beings? Because if you do, I shall feel that I had better be caged."

"I ought to have said in the beginning that you are made on a large scale. I supposed you knew it, and knew that I knew it."

A pause followed, full of meaning, Armitage thought.

"How do you know I have been worshipping myself all my life?"

Mrs. Somersham laid her hand against the stalwart trunk of the tree that shaded them, and said, "This must have been growing here some time."

Armitage really felt wounded.

"Next, I perceive that you have the power of antagonism very strongly developed."

"You probably mean ill-nature."

"It might become that; or, rather, it might appear to be that, in particular cases."

"Undeniably, a monster. How long is your list? I hope you are enjoying this. Let me thank you for doing me the honor to find me entertaining, if you do find me so. Do not limit yourself," he said, with a crushing haughtiness of manner, all the more blighting that it was filtered through a perfect composure and politeness.

Mrs. Somersham looked up from her work at him — or, rather, at his an-

ger — with a half smile, the sweetness of which a man might like to appropriate to himself, if he could but be humble enough to accept the gentle chiding lying in it; such a smile as fits a caressing word or touch for a dissenting friend, but is tempered to gracious insistence for a stranger. There was no brilliancy or coquetry in it, but a whole gospel of peace. It made Armitage feel, somehow, as if the air were softer than he had thought, and he half relaxed the muscles of his fingers, and let them lie upon the arm of the chair instead of grasping it.

"Dear me!" he cried. "You look as if you had jurisdiction both as to law and fact, with an attested catalogue of my sins. Nothing short of a fac-simile of the recording angel's book warrants your charge and your composure."

She continued looking at him, with a delicately shifting expression, and said, with an intonation that made the words seem to drop one by one, and melt on the air. "I am the book."

"I certainly get an impression of accusing angels and recording angels," said Armitage, taking refuge from himself and her in a sufficiently cheap compliment, as one makes an insignificant move at chess because it is his turn, and his real play waits for his adversary's move. But his companion said nothing, and he continued: "I begin to feel as if I were being dissected. How do you know anything of me? Do you know anything of me? Am I to call for the rocks to cover me? You say you are 'the book.' What does that mean? Is it fair to interpret a man's deeds when" —

"You forget," she began promptly, "that we are not old acquaintances, and that we know nothing of each other's history. The composition of your mind, and not the course of your life, is what I speak of. Perhaps I had better not go on. You are not pleased."

"I am rather hurt; but still I want

to hear what you will say. I need n't believe it."

"Have patience. The rest is all pleasant. But let me say one word in the interest of my own power of reading character, which you a little doubt. You are sure to have had, if not an eventful, yet a full life, because you are, first of all, a man of action. A great deal that would come within your experience, and seem to be characteristic, would be purely factitious. I separate all that from yourself. One of these days you will do the same thing, and come to see that a great deal which you lived can be slipped from you like a garment, and forgotten like one."

"You prophesy, too."

"So much." She waited a moment, half hesitating where to begin. Armitage partly turned, and instinctively put himself into an attitude of listening, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. Mrs. Somersham smiled at the suggestiveness of the action, and said: "You are an unusual man. That strikes one at once. You are exceptional in that you are strong and fine together. I do not say that you are gentle or kind, though you may be both. Your own friends will tell you that. But your nature has been both energetic and plastic. You have stamped yourself upon yourself, sealed yourself with your own signet, in a very remarkable manner. Fortune has favored you, — one does not need to be told that, — and yet I suppose you would not have been greatly hindered by circumstances. Speaking of you as an 'interesting specimen,' I should rejoice in the conditions which have made it easy for you to be wholly yourself, though I might have to say that you were made less useful to the world thereby. I mean that you have been able to live your own life. It seems to me that the forces at work must have been uncommonly strong, fine, and noble."

She seemed to have at command the power of conveying with her words the spirit in which they were to be received. Praise is harder to bear than blame; but something in this took away the perfunctory modesty and self-disparagement of sophisticated life, and left Armitage the pure, surprised delight of feeling himself admirable. He heard his praises chanted with a pleasure possible only to a man of ideals, who sets a high value upon himself in a proud way, is morbidly sensitive to praise and blame, used to being somewhat undervalued in his finer qualities, and not unaccustomed to hostilities.

"I have said that you are strong. You are also extraordinarily sensitive; and as you have a fair share of pride, you probably harden yourself to censure, or disapproval. I am afraid you will do yourself harm, in time, and I am afraid, too, that you will not become calmly and placidly happy with years. You ask too much of life. There is n't happiness enough to go round, you know, and the quality is not all of the best."

A very flicker of a smile, hovering for an instant about her eyes and lips, told of an inward echo of her words, and touched Armitage profoundly. He remembered the "beast of a husband."

"But then, I can't imagine any of your griefs being ignoble; and in noble sorrows or disappointments, especially if they have dramatic characteristics, you will always find a certain bitter relish."

"I forgive you."

"You care less for God than for gods. The protesting spirit in you rises against whatever makes pretensions. Nevertheless, you are passionately reverential. You like to prostrate yourself in adoration before your own ideals. In that way you come to know the significance of adoration, and to desire — let us say, homage. But this is not vanity. Remember, I state explicitly that you cling to ideals in all these transactions. The

incense burned upon your altar you would magnanimously resign to other deities. However, I must say that I believe you to have an appetite for incense."

"I renounce it."

"Do not. I should like it in you. It is your way of wanting to be liked. And then, you are willing to restore fourfold. I think, too, that you thirst for admiration only from those whom you have first found to be admirable."

"How you turn everything to good!"

"You know that I am a soothsayer."

"I wonder in what terms you would state this to — say, to Bailly."

"Much more favorably, though less inferentially. In this particular, for instance, that you would be the last man to desire praise not due you."

"Alas, alas! I am afraid you have made a mistake."

"No, indeed. Look well into your mind, some time, and you will see that in the first thrill of pleasure from hearing yourself praised the predominant emotion is gratitude to something outside of yourself, to which you immediately ascribe the excellence attributed to you. I dare assert that you are never so humble, never so reverential, as when you have been highly commended. Your gratification comes from feeling that you may be a part of what you admire, and not that you admire what you are."

"Mrs. Somersham, I am a shabbier man than you think, — I am afflicted at thinking what a shabby man I am, — but nothing of all this ever occurred to my mind before. You do this. I could n't go about to account for myself in this strain. I hardly know how to listen to it."

"What accuses you?"

Armitage felt rather silly. "I beg you to excuse me," he said, after a minute. "That was what Matthew Arnold calls a 'note of provincialism.' I thought I was better mannered."

At this moment a sudden small whirl-

wind descended upon the tree overshadowing them, and rustled the leaves loudly, as if searching for something hidden among them. They looked up, and listened to the rushing, and then about in the dead calm around them, with a sense as if something had been added to the presence. One spiral finger reached down, and, lifting Mrs. Somersham's work from the bench where she had laid it, deposited it at Armitage's feet. He restored it to its place, while she was still watching the swaying branches.

Presently she continued, as if half listening, "I should say that you would be constantly finding disappointment in people. It must be so. You have certain contradictory phases of character which make it impossible that you should often be satisfied in any one person. I should expect you to be meeting constantly with one or another person having some strong capacity of feeling, which you would seize upon eagerly, and with which you would try to quench your thirst. But for it to have attracted you, this capability must be strong, and is pretty certain to be single; and as the tendency of any strong feeling, not reinforced by other feelings, or by character, is nearly always toward deterioration, you will meet with constant disappointment."

"Perhaps at this point I ought to say, 'Fee, faw, fum!' But I will restrain myself and only ask meekly if the monster is not fed and pacified for the time being."

"Only intoxicated, and with the usual after-effect of satiety and disgust. Remember, however, as a tribute to the vanity of your victims, that they, also, are intoxicated, with similar sad effect. However, this is only one phase of your character. You can always escape from it into another phase — for a while."

"A man of moods?"

"No, not a man of moods, because that seems accidental and rather petty, but a man of tides. You are a good

deal like the ocean, with wide sway, depth, and force, and with apparent freedom of action; only apparent, because a nature so full, so many-sided, so nearly rounded, presents more faces to the laws that lurk everywhere about us. The sphere floats free in air, but chooses not its own path. The more symmetrical the nature and the wider the intelligence, the less is the actual freedom."

"All this is very elevating, but somewhat chilling. I assure you that I have an honest desire and an honest purpose to be of use to my fellow-men. I do not at all care about living on a pedestal."

"I hope you will never have to fight the world in order to benefit it. You are sure to get the worst of it. You can strike very hard, — perhaps you are not aware how very hard you are striking, sometimes; but mean men (and the majority of men are mean) can hurt you ten times where you can hurt them once, because they will stoop to low ways. You are precisely the sort of man whom mean men like to bait."

"The world is always helped, in spite of itself."

"Be assured that you can never be a reformer, because you are in no sense representative; nor a benefactor, unless you will accept with it the mortification of being a martyr."

"Then, can you not discover in the composition of my mind something that will enable me to find my happiness in the elevation of my motives?" asked Armitage, smiling rather satirically, but with a bit of interest in the answer.

"No!" said Mrs. Somersham, quite promptly and positively. Armitage felt distinctly resentful. She looked up as if he had spoken. "No!" she repeated, with a lingering inflection, carrying the negation beyond the point of bare assertion, and seeming to feel something like regret. "You will never find happiness in good intentions. It might make you unhappy or dissatisfied to feel that your

motives were not good; but you probably do not and could not rest long in the contemplation of your own merits, any more than you could find yourself happy because you are a gentleman. That is an inalienable part of you, and so is the integrity of your motives."

Armitage began to feel that he had better get upon rather higher ground. He put aside the trifling temper in which he had listened before, and mentally straightened himself.

"I am profoundly grateful to you for discovering so much. I should like to let myself take a modest satisfaction in the praise you imply."

"If you mean to take the bitter honestly, you can afford to taste the sweet fearlessly."

"There was something more on that point?"

"Yes. I was going to add that, while you may harden yourself to the opposition of men, you really cannot do without their appreciation and affection, and be happy. Your feelings are keen upon this point. I am not sure if they are a little intensified by abstract considerations. I believe not. I should think — I should prefer to think — that in this respect you are intensely human."

"Yes!" said Armitage, eagerly; "I am insatiable on that point. It leads me into extraordinary complications" —

"Yes; you are full of apparent contradictions."

Armitage did not know whether this was tact or not. It indicated the increased content of his mind that he did not resent the possibility of its being tact.

In a moment, Mrs. Somersham continued, "You see, the strong side of your nature is fitted to deal with the strongest and roughest of humankind; while the fine side is addressed only to the very finest and most fastidious. So, while you can give a great deal, you will get very little back. I should say that, as a rule, men will not be fond

of you. Don't be surprised to find that out, some day. Remember that many of them will have a silent grievance against you, the more bitter that they cannot speak of it even to themselves. You cheapen them, and in ways they cannot forgive. You have superiority of mind, education, birth, fortune, person; but, worst of all, you will take views of action too honorable to make you comfortable to the majority of men. And I cannot deny that there is a spice of despotism in you, enough to season some of your qualities, and make them not precisely conciliatory. You must take the full responsibility of this, and I venture to hope you will watch it as time goes by. It is capable of doing you harm."

"I beg you to tell me how."

"May I? Well, then, the tendency of a character like yours is to harden. I am afraid you are not, even now, conspicuously merciful. But this could be amended. Still, I think you will always have to content yourself with a small constituency. That gives you a little pang this minute."

"It does give me a pang. But you are right. I had begun to perceive that I do not know the way to men's hearts. However, forewarned is forearmed."

"Don't hope it. You cannot be anything but yourself, and you will only grow more intensely like yourself."

"That means that I am good for nothing?"

"*Si fait!*"

"To point a moral?"

Mrs. Somersham made no reply.

Armitage had expanded to the warmth of her commendation, and the silence struck rather chill upon him. All this praise, and no tenderness, for his feeling! He felt suddenly cut off from something seductive. The sense of cold, dispassionate criticism came upon him, took his pride in a great grasp, and wrung it numb for a moment. Perhaps it caught fibres of feeling which were entangled

with the pride, infinitesimal, but not beyond the power of aching. Certainly the effect was not so much the smart of wounded vanity as the dull sickness of a deeper hurt. He said, in a really pained voice, —

"You are cruel. You deny me both happiness and usefulness. I shall always feel that you have taken something away from me."

Mrs. Somersham seemed to be listening to some interior voice, — the trick of a person given to self-communion. She was saying to herself what she could hardly say to Armitage, that his crowning grace was the intimate blending of feeling, reason, imagination, all so closely interwoven that a touch upon one string was immediately answered by the full chord of his whole being. Presently she began in a new place: —

"The strength of your intellect — forgive me if I say your pride of intellect — ought to make you a materialist. But too much apprehension has been added, too much keen and fine perception, to stop at that. You are probably at a great remove from that blind barrier. I doubt if one life, or a prospect of anything short of everlasting life, would suit your demands at all. In fact, with rules and formulas, with prescribed times and seasons, with fetters of any pattern, and with boundaries no matter how wise, you have nothing to do. The laws of your own being will probably always be your code, and you will give rather scant and not very hearty allegiance to anything outside. A thing may be said of you (and of some other men, — I have believed it to be true of men like and unlike you) which it would not do to proclaim from the house-tops: that the laws of your own being are enough for you; that the moral law was made for you, and not you for the moral law; that there will always be that in you which cannot be corrupted; and that you might even touch pitch without being defiled."

"I am afraid the Sunday-school interest would be somewhat scandalized," said Armitage, not knowing whether to be most amused or most surprised at her boldness.

"There is the letter of the law and the spirit of the law, you know."

"Yes!" said he, quite interrupting, in the mortal fear that she was going to "preach." "There is a way in which a man might break the moral law at every point, and yet be a cleaner man than his neighbor who has never transgressed the letter, or what he can comprehend of the spirit, of the law. For the dull man kills the spirit of the law as effectually as the vicious man kills the letter; and he who, by height of apprehension, magnifies the spirit of the law honors it more in the breach than the dull man in the observance."

If Mrs. Somersham felt this to be suspiciously glib, she did not betray her impression.

"Yes," said she. "There is a moral 'benefit of clergy,' I suppose." Then she made another change: "I am glad you do not love music."

"How do you know that?"

"You told me. In that circumstance, and in the fact that you have rather cold blue eyes, I take satisfaction. You love harmony, you love eloquence; and that is enough for a man. To be greatly moved by music is feminine; and to certain minds the arts themselves are an intrusion."

"May I know why you find any significance in these two apparently trifling circumstances?"

"Some of your traits lie on the side next the boundary line between men and women. They leave off at a safe distance, however. But delicacy and sensitiveness might, through some 'apparently trifling' trait, like a passion for music, shade into softness, and" —

"And take me out of the range of your sympathies. Thank Heaven, there is a pretty sharp edge to my nature!

You could n't have pleased me better than by noticing this. I almost feared you were 'shading' me too much."

"I think it far worse for a man to be womanish than for a woman to be mannish. Your delicacy and fineness are those of a man, and only a very strong man could be as fine as you are. But to beauty of form and color, and to grace of motion, you are passionately alive."

"Does that indicate any particular color of eyes?" asked Armitage, smiling.

"If I had been told of you, I should have guessed you to have dark eyes. I see how crude the inference would have been."

Introduced so abruptly to the idea that things could be said of him from which inferences could be made, Armitage suddenly felt rather unprotected. He shrank, visibly.

"You have no confidence in me. Is it because you have no confidence in yourself?" asked Mrs. Somersham, tranquilly.

He looked about him. How fair was the day, and how lovely the scene it shone upon! Was there anything fairer than the woman who sat so calm and strong and beautiful before him, a part of the strength and sweetness of the scene, — its embodiment, indeed; lovely as the day itself, and with another and inward calm that doubled its peace and blessing? Why should a man distrust the day, and why should he keep his spirit in arms against the mild inquisition of that gentle glance? His eye ran over the soft colors and outlines, the slow, gentle movement, the cessation of motion which was more eloquent than motion itself, the seriousness which could not harbor malice or guile. A spell fell upon him. He resigned himself to the day and to her.

"I trust you better than I trust myself. I know that you will be merciful. I feel that you are reading my soul, and

I am not afraid. But do not push me too far, or I shall be saying my prayers to you. I seem to understand why they pray to saints. Open, book, and accuse, or excuse me! My soul says 'Amen!' at every pause, — as a culprit should before his judge," he added, feeling that he had been rather fervid.

"I have been bold enough. You know it was written over the inner door, 'Be not too bold.' I open no inner doors. I neither dare, nor desire, nor need. I tell you what any stranger may tell; what is patent to any one with the right kind of eyes."

"Have you done?"

"Nearly. Only a very intimate friend could say much more."

"Am I, then, so easy to read?"

"Everything is possible within the limits I have indicated. I might find you inscrutable, upon better acquaintance; as it is, you are transparent. No, I did n't say shallow. In spite of the most admirable composure, your mood reveals itself to an observing person. For instance, as I talk to you, your mind is busy with a running commentary on what I say, with a keen observation and criticism of myself in various aspects; you are aware of the scenery about us; you arrange what materials there are for a dramatic situation swiftly, and with a due regard to your own position in the *tableau*, — we all do that; you analyze your own impressions, and guess at mine; you half form poetic phrases that could be made use of in other connections; you are reminded of other persons and scenes, and find time to remember, to regret, to half resolve. You study the literary capabilities of the situation; you look for the philosophical and psychological meaning of everything you see, hear, perceive; and you are half unconsciously seeking now (as always) for some significance in men, women, and things, in events and conditions, beyond the obvious, easy meaning they bear to others. And all the time you

are listening to what I say with interest and proper attention. That is not all. I can perceive the changing atmosphere which surrounds all this mental activity, — brightening or clouding, as you are alternately pleased or surprised at what I am saying. It is like the flicker of light and shade falling upon troops marching through a forest, with waving banners and shifting arms."

"You make me feel — bashful! If you come to any rags, don't mention 'em. I could n't bear it now; not after that military procession. What next?"

Mrs. Somersham hesitated. "I fear to trespass."

"Take courage. I will kiss the rod. I kiss the dust. Go on!"

"I was going to praise you a little," she said, a rapid flash of diffidence that came and went over her face before it could be plainly marked, "but you won't care about it."

"Heaven knows the weakness and folly of my heart, Mrs. Somersham! At this moment I care unspeakably for praise, if what you have said is not praise."

"I think of no other man who could have been safely taken from the hands of his Maker and put into the dangerous mill of prosperous conventional existence. I do not see a point from which culture or training has worn away the grain of your character, or left you less free in the exercise of your noblest qualities. You are full of matter and full of grace. You have not been made less a man that you are essentially a gentleman."

"I cannot even try to thank you."

A pretty long pause followed, marking distinctly the termination of the character reading. Then Mrs. Somersham began in a low tone, and talked quietly of impersonal matters, going on for a long time, without making any reply necessary. Armitage would gladly have had the silence prolonged, that he might keep in his nerves the fine vibration of

that delight, — the keenest he had experienced for many a day. It had moved him a good deal. Perhaps no one had ever looked with such keen and kind eyes into his nature. Certainly, he had rarely been so variously stirred, every separate quality appearing to have answered to the roll-call, and to be rousing into attention. The whole man was awake, in all his perceptions, all his senses. He listened with new ears, saw with new eyes; it was a new world. The air was more exquisite at every minute; the clouds almost stooped from the sky. The wind stirred leaf and twig and grass with the lightest finger-tips, at random touches, as one plays a chord upon a harp in the pauses of a reverie. The shadows appeared to brood and forecast. A spirit of sentiency seemed to inclose these two, as if the very air were becoming charged with consciousness and vibrated with thought.

Their talk was light, but always touching upon spiritual things. Armitage said little himself; it sufficed to listen to his companion. It was curious to note that, while taking courteous and even friendly cognizance of him, superficially, she was as if building wholly upon herself; her interest increasing, apparently, from the widening of her own thought, and not through any direct inspiration from what she heard. It struck Armitage that what they were saying had a greater significance in her mind than in his own, as if she were initiated into some mystery of which their conversation was accidentally illustrative. He began to experience that curious and unusual sensation of the actual contact of one mind with another, as if mind were palpable substance with sense of touch.

Through the simple mesh of their talk he began to weave the bright colors of fancy, and presently of a nascent emotion. It seemed to him like a web, that glowed and shone with new meanings, and he felt as if fibre after fibre of sym-

pathy were carried by some mysterious current from his awakening consciousness to catch upon her attention. She began to be a little intent, to pause slightly over what she was saying; and, at last, appearing to recognize some inward call, he imagined that he saw in her the slow evolution of a new power, like a spirit rising within her. She turned her regards more particularly upon himself. He felt as though his thoughts were known to her, and had a curious impression that she was reading his own words to him. Beyond his interest in the novelty of what she was saying, which seemed to appeal to a separate sense, was the satisfaction of assent to what was familiar to himself, but never before shared with any human being. Gradually was added a third impression, as if he were a dual being, one part communing with another, and the duality existed only through the interposition of Mrs. Somersham's mind, as light sees itself parted into colors by the intervention of the prism.

But he did not lose his literal perception of himself, or of the situation. In fact, it was out of the physical impressions of sight and sound, and of the intellectual and æsthetic perceptions arising from them, that something in him was elaborating the wonderful series of sensations opening about him, each of which appeared to wrap within itself mysteries of meaning, presently to be unfolded. As the effect continued, he had a fantastic feeling that his thoughts took the form of spirits, and hovered about him. There was no agitation and no strangeness, but a deepening calm, that spread to the last fibre of nerve and the last pulse of thought. His mind seemed to be rising above the perception of pain and evil. Yet, let it be repeated, he never lost his hold upon the actual. That occupied the foreground of his thoughts, and the other phases ministered to it. He had never felt such expansion, such life, such far-

reaching apprehension. Far, wide, deep, silent, strong, and full, the tide of conscious being stretched itself, until nothing seemed alien, or antagonistic, or out of reach. Hate, restlessness, eagerness, those rocks against which we chafe at a low tide of being, were submerged. It came to him that something like this the gods must have felt.

But while this flood was of himself, his own strength, his own capacity of feeling and knowing, he was fully aware that it lifted itself to meet the level of this other mind, with which it had connection too deep to be fathomed. Or was it, rather, that his spirit rose to the attraction of hers, shining down upon him from another sphere? In either case, he was himself for the first time in his life, through her.

While he had, in his ordinary self, outwardly, that is intellectually, taken note of her, found her fair, sweet, and wise, felt her to be true and kind, his sympathies had scarcely kept pace with his larger cognitions, because these had pressed inward upon his attention. He had been aware of himself with his new power; now he became aware of her. And if she had seemed fair and wise and kind before, in his intensely vivified perception, she appeared to have gathered to herself the very spirit of these qualities, and to be the source from which alone they could flow.

To the joyful consciousness of his own being was added the intoxicating perception of another, higher and better, which could lift him and shine upon him, and toward which it was impossible that he should not reach; for strength has its last perfect expression in beauty. As if light were rising over his soul, he turned toward the source of light, and felt the whole wide landscape of his mind gradually revealed and illuminated. Wherever his thoughts turned for a moment, there peace and strength gathered and abounded. The first delicious thrill of union with another spirit,

short-lived and never repeated, trembled through him, and —

But after a little space rose the inevitable interrogation, the expectation of an answering consciousness, which is not a demand, but which, being unanswered, becomes a demand. The bubble was becoming iridescent. It was beginning to feel the laws of expansion; its bulk was answering to other bulk. Being drawn, it must desire to draw in return. It would soon strain to unite with the stronger force outside; and as no kind power could suck back the breath which stretched its frail sides, it must go on to destruction.

The bliss of being is followed sharply by the pain of being. For Armitage, it was but a step from the charm of feeling his spirit leaning toward hers, to the desire to know if she shared, in any degree, his expansion of mind, or was aware of him in any elevated sense. Nothing met this question as it rose. For the first moment in this singular spiritual evolution, he felt a pause, almost a check. Then the question recurred with a little insistence. Alas! the currents of his mood had begun to set toward one channel, and the tide was turning.

When his expanding energies had risen above their banks, he had told himself that something like this the gods must have felt. But the gods are sufficient to themselves. It is man who finds that outside of himself with which he longs to be united; and it was as a man that Armitage, still with a sense of enormously widened faculties, began to be agitated by a stronger and stronger wish to reach past the space which separated his mind from Mrs. Somersham's, and find there something which would bind them together, if ever so slightly. Perhaps it was in one way an instinct of self-preservation, a struggle for life, — such a life as he might have desired for himself in another state of existence, which he seemed to have received from

her, and which, if no connection existed between them, must cease with this occasion. But it was, of course, impossible for him wholly to separate from the mysterious influence the woman who wielded it. If the influence could have existed without her, would he have desired it as ardently? As a god, yes! As a man, probably, no! His wish that she should in some way recognize his mood shows this. Nevertheless, his interest was as much beyond the ordinary passing spell of a beautiful and good woman over a chivalrous man as his present mood was beyond that half-apathetic, half-curious temper in which he had challenged her understanding of himself. It was the hunger of the higher nature, the cry of a soul for a soul.

Still, while the outward and visible token of the soul is the body, the sundering of bodies will always typify to us the sundering of souls; and to Armitage the separation of their two beings translated itself into a sudden sense of the appalling distance between them as individual units of society, bursting the bubble of his mental exaltation, and plunging him into an agitation as extreme as his late composure was unnatural. A piercing realization of their utter strangeness to each other, in spite of the mystery which had seemed almost to make them one, returned upon him, and he felt suddenly thrust away to immeasurable distance. Between them rolled that ocean of circumstance which can part a body from its soul, a soul from its God, and which a life-time can scarcely bridge. She was so far away! Yet she drew him so irresistibly that, for a moment, he felt a wild desire to plunge into the distance between them, and make it less. Vividly before his imagination rose the past, the present, the thousand "must nots" of a half-spent life, the million "dare nots" of education and society; but as a prisoner beats against his bars, his impulse (coming from God knows where)

began to rage against them. Why were such things, if they must be as if they were not? Why was a force put into a man, that would rise at an apparent accident, and overturn the solid structure of belief, experience, habit, education, character, — all that he is, and all that he accumulates, — if that force is not to be his guide and master at a supreme moment like this? A sickening hatred of everything in his life not connected with her took possession of him. He was desperate to fling off ties, associations, obligations, memory itself, and almost thought itself, that it might range away from the passion of the moment, losing in pain and fear the chance which might, could he but expand to all its influence — do what? Carry him — where?

Of course there is no sequence, no logic, no beginning, no end, in the chaos of such a mood. There is only the anguish which sees crowded into one moment of time all the dreams, the possessions, the passions, and possibilities of this life and all other lives; feels that moment slipping inexorably past, and struggles madly to hurl itself after. It is the mortal agony that lurks everywhere in the universe where what might be is not. Who knows what sick and despairing longing may seize the stars themselves to dash from their wearisome orbits, and plunge into the warmth and splendor of passing worlds?

Through this tumult Armitage suddenly became aware of the outward situation. Before, to right, and to left, ladies were gently and lingeringly approaching. Servants were bringing chairs; in the background other servants were laboriously conveying a long narrow table, that could have but one function, — to bear a tea-urn and cakes. He was intruding upon an afternoon tea. He was an interloper among invited guests, in the most awkward position possible, and heaping confusion upon the hostess, Mrs. Somersham.

To be wakened out of a blissful dream to a sudden consciousness of being a nuisance is not reassuring, but may be endured with the help of philosophy; but that, in a moment of supreme agitation and suffering, a man should be summoned to muster his senses and pick up the fragments of a shattered *convenience* is surely the last turn of the screw.

Like a man whose step all at once makes no sound, and his motion no resistance, in the air, Armitage walked to within a few paces of Mrs. Somersham, with an odd feeling upon him that he might not know how to measure distance with his eye, and was in danger of walking over her. All his senses were throbbing with the strain they had undergone, and his voice had a dull sound in his ears.

"I am really very much obliged to you," he said mechanically. "You have made quite a hit,—a remarkable hit, I may say."

She made no reply beyond signifying slightly by her expression that the word was not precisely acceptable. He looked at her with a strong indisposition to speak, but with a strong disposition to continue looking at her. It seemed as if a tremendous, momentous question rose between them, that must be answered, but which no form of words known to him would express. Yet as he could not go on staring blankly at her forever, he amended his last remark. "It was, perhaps, something more than guess-work?"

"Oh, yes," she said, very quickly; "it is like any other reading."

"That means that I am like other 'specimens'!"

She returned his glance with a look as long and steady as his own, and there was, it may be, the faintest remnant of a consciousness that had been suddenly crushed out.

"You are almost unique; I have told you as much." She seemed to search

for something which might safely be said, and not to find it. He waited rather pointedly, and then she added, as if compelled, "I never met just such a person before. You are—you are a man to be remembered." For one instant the expression chimed with the words.

"Will you tell me," said Armitage, venturing more than he was aware,— "will you tell me what I am good for?"

"No, indeed!" was the instant reply. "I am not the woman to tell you that." Then she assumed a wholly changed air, the superficial cordiality of slight acquaintance, and said, "I have had a charming afternoon. I thank you, extremely."

Armitage bowed, and was about turning away; but at that instant Mrs. Somersham herself turned. That he could not bear. He wheeled about abruptly, forcing her to turn toward him.

"Farewell," he said. "Fare much better than well."

She bowed without any reply, and waited for him to go.

When he came down-stairs late next morning, Mrs. Somersham had gone away finally. The tea-party had been a parting symposium. After several empty hours had passed, during which Armitage had waited as one waits to turn the key in a deserted house, he walked across the lawn to the shade of the ash-trees, and sat upon the green bench, trying to understand himself and yesterday's experience. He could only recall words, tones, impressions, fragmentary and confused. He found in his mind only the unanswered question: Did she understand? Was she a conscious part of his mood? Was he a part of hers? In fine, had he reacted upon her at all?

Of course it goes without saying that he had; how much is Mrs. Somersham's secret. But that the mood could have lasted, or that it could return, is a chance so small as to be out of human computa-

tion. It was so subtle, so rare; it came of such complex and unusual conditions (which who shall analyze?); it dawned from so distant a sphere and shone upon so transient a state, that not in all the motley history of the infinite winding and weaving and tangling of human emotions could such a conjunction repeat itself. When yesterday's sunbeam returns to shine in yesterday's dewdrop, we may look again for that trembling unison of being, so fleeting, and yet so perfect while it lasts, that we only know its completeness when it has passed and left us to the surprise of our own unfinished, discordant souls. Armitage was in no mood to realize this, and he spent the afternoon, heavy with disappointment, blindly groping in his mind for the key to this new power which could raise him so near to heaven.

But was it new? And what was it? Was it some elemental power of his nature, underlying what had served for his life so far, just awakened at the contact of a life outside ordinary human experience? Did it really touch at any point upon occult existence, or have relation to influences too subtle for fleshly perceptions?

Could it be, on the other hand, only the sudden combustion of fragmentary imaginings and emotions, waste material of the mind and heart, instincts not satisfied, aspirations dwarfed, unused impulses, all kindled into a short-lived blaze by a spark from the torch of another life, and fanned by a chance breath of sympathy?

We say of such an experience that it is abnormal; that it tells nothing of the mind, soul, or powers of people in general, proves nothing of so-called sympathies or affinities, but shows only the highly excited sensibilities of a highly

strung man; that Armitage's nerves being of delicate organization, he was able to charge them from his imagination with impressions as vivid as would come to him from without; and that, in fact, he was only sending double messages both ways at once over the wires, with the natural effect of much humming and some bewilderment. At times the unphilosophical and unscientific mind seems to perceive that this explanation does not so much explain as restate the case, since it remains to be shown what is the meaning of highly-strung, *sensitive* organizations, and wherein the fineness of a delicate instrument consists, if it has nothing to report except what may as well be reported by cruder, duller capabilities.

Some of us will say that Armitage was upon the point of falling in love with Mrs. Somersham, and others that the affair was purely pathological, the man being under some undue strain, having overwrought, overeaten, or the like; that the same thing would have happened with Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Anybody; and that he was saved from an attack of vertigo, or worse, by having the cerebral excitement diffused into emotion, not unlike hysteria.

Armitage himself has propounded no theory. He carries about with him a feeling that there is something within which must be guarded from surprise. In moments of great expansion of mind, under strong excitement of pleasurable emotion, the outer circle of his consciousness seems to break upon the shore of that former mood, and then he puts the pleasure aside, and tells himself, with a sigh, that he has known something better.

"For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

Agnes Paton.

FALLOW.

I LIKE these plants that you call weeds, —
Sedge, hardhack, mullein, yarrow, —
That knit their roots, and sift their seeds
Where any grassy wheel-track leads
Through country by-ways narrow.

They fringe the rugged hillside farms,
Grown old with cultivation,
With such wild wealth of rustic charms
As bloomed in Nature's matron arms
The first days of creation.

They show how Mother Earth loves best
To deck her tired-out places;
By flowery lips, in hours of rest,
Against hard work she will protest
With homely airs and graces.

You plow the arbutus from her hills;
Hew down her mountain-laurel:
Their place, as best she can, she fills
With humbler blossoms; so' she wills
To close with you her quarrel.

She yielded to your axe, with pain,
Her free, primeval glory;
She brought you crops of golden grain;
You say, "How dull she grows! how plain!" —
The old, mean, selfish story!

Her wildwood soil you may subdue,
Tortured by hoe and harrow;
But leave her for a year or two,
And see! she stands and laughs at you
With hardhack, mullein, yarrow!

Dear Earth, the world is hard to please!
Yet heaven's breath gently passes
Into the life of flowers like these;
And I lie down at blessed ease
Among thy weeds and grasses.

Lucy Larcom.

UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION.

THE methods of university government have occasioned little discussion in this country. The theory of education, the order of studies, the relative value of classical and scientific training, the relation of general and professional studies in academic instruction, have been considered, but the form of the constitution by which a university is administered has not seemed worthy of equal regard. The voluntary character of most of our higher institutions of learning, founded as they are by private beneficence, and independent of state control, has protected their organization from public criticism. As private corporations, existing by a special charter, they have been free from legislative inquiry, and only remotely subject to popular judgment. Varied as their constitution is, it has been tacitly assumed that the mode of their government accomplishes satisfactory, if not the highest results. This diversity of administration implies that one system meets the requirements of modern learning as well as another, or that the mode of university organization is a matter of indifference, instead of demanding the profoundest study and the most thoughtful examination of the results attained in the past, and comparison with the university systems of Europe, where a longer experience has been had in dealing with the problems of advanced education.

Many vital questions connected with university organization in this country still remain unsettled; the experience of two hundred years has contributed no general policy or established views. A period of empiricism too frequently attends the institution of a new university or the inauguration of a new administration. Were a university a private enterprise, with no responsibility to the nation as a whole, and with no

further interests affected than those of the owner, we could look with greater equanimity upon the tentative methods and immense waste of resources that too often accompany its foundation. But the loss is far greater, from another stand-point: unscientific administration cripples the cause of sound learning, misdirects honest effort; and those who teach and those who receive instruction suffer the consequences of arbitrary methods and a superficial philosophy. The world has been at school for eight hundred years in university administration, and the human mind still longer as regards the process of its growth and development; but every new American institution begins from the beginning to settle its own principles of government and forms of instruction. It cannot be seriously maintained that the highest results have been achieved through these various systems; even the most successful university shows the possibility of advance, and it is well to consider the defects of the present system.

The questions of university organization may be divided into two classes: those relating to the external government, and those affecting the internal administration. First as to the external government. The charter is usually bestowed upon certain specified corporators, in whom the property is vested, who possess the power to determine the general character of the university, to enact all needed laws for its government, and to choose their own successors. The board is thus an independent, self-perpetuating body, possessing a wide jurisdiction, and free from accountability to any revisory power. In New England, however, there are in several colleges two governing bodies, called by various names, as the "Corporation and Overseers," the "Trustees and Overseers,"

the mutual rights of which are not always clearly specified, but where one body practically originates action, and the other retains a power of revision and veto.

There is a different method of government in certain universities founded by states and municipalities. The board of regents of the University of Michigan is nominated by political conventions and elected by a popular vote; the University of Wisconsin is ruled by regents, appointed by the governor from each congressional district. The equal rights of all sections of the state are thus secured, but the trustees are necessarily removed from the vicinity of the university, and consequently have a limited personal acquaintance with the needs of the institution entrusted to their care. In some cases the relation of the college or university to the state is extremely close, and it becomes a permanent *protégé*, often supported by an annual grant. Many of these state universities lead a stormy existence amid the strife of parties. In universities founded by cities, the trustees are sometimes elected by the city government, or appointed by the mayor, and their history partakes of the vicissitudes of city politics. Universities established by religious denominations sustain a particular relation to a bishop or church, and in some cases the trustees are elected by religious conferences.

These different systems are alike in entrusting the oversight of the interests of a university to a body of men outside the same. Nothing analogous to this is found abroad, save perhaps in some English schools; as a feature of university government in England, France, or Germany, it cannot be said to exist. It is therefore a purely American institution, and must be defended as meeting better than anything else the wants of the nation, and therefore worthy of preservation, or as having a right to exist because nothing better has

been devised to take its place. The whole question demands the most serious consideration, for upon its right decision the highest development of our educational institutions depends, as well as the future position which this country shall hold in promoting the advance of learning. To our universities we must look for all intellectual training for the professions, as well as for all research which shall contribute to the progress of science.

The present organization of American colleges has changed in some important particulars from the form of government originally introduced. The first scholars of this country had been educated in the universities of Europe: most had graduated at Oxford or Cambridge, or studied at Edinburgh or Utrecht, or Leiden. The early constitution of the college was modeled after that of the English universities.

Harvard University presents certain points of resemblance to the system of the English colleges. By the charter of 1650, which is still in force, the president and fellows of Harvard College became a body corporate, enjoying the right of administering the funds and making all rules for the government of the college, as well as of electing their successors in office. The former board of overseers was retained, embracing the governor, the deputy governor, and the leading clergymen and magistrates of the adjoining towns. This double organization was designed to perpetuate in the government of the college the close relation of church and state to all educational institutions. The overseers had been the sole governing board, but, as constituted, it was not found equal to the functions which devolved upon it. Many of the members resided at a distance, and few could have an immediate knowledge of the needs of the college and an insight into its workings. Differences in religious belief also divided the colony, and introduced bitterness

and strife in the election of members of the board and in the choice of the president and tutors, which continued even after later modifications of the charter. The state retained an unfavorable jurisdiction over the affairs of the college, approving the election and voting the salaries of president and professors as late as 1786. Every wave of public opinion that affected the legislators influenced the destinies of the college. In the contests of rival factions, salaries and needed appropriations were withheld, often occasioning great inconvenience and suffering. Obnoxious opinions of the president and faculty on political subjects often involved investigation and rebuke.

The influence of English usage was shown in the original character of the corporation at Harvard. As the professors were the ruling body in the Continental schools, and the masters in the English colleges, the corporation of Harvard was composed of two classes: resident or teaching fellows, and non-resident or simply governing fellows. The former were also called fellows of the house; to them, aided by the advice of some of the ablest and most learned scholars of the country, the entire administration of the college was entrusted. They chose the president, elected their successors and associates in instruction, and were responsible for the government. In this body of seven members the title of the property was vested. The overseers were a more numerous body, and possessed the right of ratification and amendment. The occasion of this double organization will be found in the early form of colonial society. Two classes were prominent, the clergymen, the single learned class, and the civil rulers, who were alike highly honored. To these two classes, the only ones available, the oversight of our educational institutions was entrusted.

The establishment of the president and teaching fellows as a separate body

for government and discipline did not take place until 1725, nearly a hundred years after the founding of the college, and as thus constituted was termed the "immediate government." Ordinary discipline had previously been in the hands of the tutors. The system of having representatives of some one of the various faculties in the corporation has continued until recent times, and has always been regarded as beneficial, as presenting the views of the teaching staff upon all questions of university policy.

The right of every tutor — for at this time there were no professors — to a seat in the corporation was early discussed, and at one time allowed by the legislature. An eventful controversy arose in 1824, upon a demand of all the instructors to representation in the governing board, who claimed that the term "fellow" in its historic sense conferred the right to participate in the determination and decision of all university matters. Edward Everett and Professors Ticknor and Norton advocated with great earnestness and ability the right of all members of the faculty to seats in the governing board, while the legal members of the corporation and overseers maintained that representation could not be claimed as a right, either from the terms of the charter or from the history and use of the word "fellow." This position was taken by Judges Story and Jackson, and Chief-Justice Parker and others. The decision was in accordance with the latter view. Owing to questions of reorganization at the time, which occasioned diverse opinions, the application of the faculty for the election of one of their number to the corporation was refused. Precedent dating from the act of incorporation was in favor of such representation, which was held desirable and legal, but not a right to be claimed; the privilege of such election was admitted, and a purpose to continue the former usage was expressed.

It is significant that those scholars who maintained with so much vigor the wisdom of the choice of members of the faculty to the governing board were familiar with foreign systems of university administration, while the members who opposed were lawyers, who argued strictly from the terms of the charter and from certain legal precedents. The system of faculty representation upon the executive board is therefore not a new one in this country.

A provision in the laws of the State of New York forbidding a professor to hold a seat in the board of trustees was rescinded a few years since, the repeal being favored by some of the most accomplished scholars and educators of the state. The intimate connection of the early state governments with questions of religion and education was long perpetuated, even after the original usefulness of such a relation had ceased. When the constitution of Massachusetts of 1780 was adopted, the council and senate of the state were made members of the board of overseers, in place of the clerical and judicial representatives who had previously ruled. At Yale the six senior state senators were long *ex-officio* trustees of the college. In many colleges the names of the leading state officers adorn the catalogues as honorary governors. The two parties in a legislature possibly look more leniently upon granting the charter of a new university, especially if a pecuniary grant accompanies it, when provision for such representation is inserted, as it seems to give a public character to the institution, and contesting political factions acquiesce and opposing rival claimants become silent.

It may be doubted whether any real element of strength is added to a board of trustees by the retention of these purely ornamental personages, whose names have already disappeared from the pages of many catalogues. In most cases they feel no responsibility and exer-

cise no interest. The contribution which they make to the deliberations of the board is practically valueless. All decisions are reached without them, and they can scarcely regard their own presence save in the light of an intrusion, and naturally hesitate to be responsible for measures which a turn of the political wheel will make it impossible for them to execute. When we consider that the same state officers, by the charter of different colleges, may sustain a like relation to several institutions, the impossibility of any effective oversight becomes manifest. A public officer would especially refrain from proposing changes in the affairs of colleges which are under the exclusive control of a religious denomination.

A new element has been introduced into university administration in giving to the alumni the right of representation upon the board of overseers or trustees. It was expected that a double object would be attained by this measure; that new men, having a personal interest in the college and a recent knowledge of its needs, would become a part of the government; and that the alumni would retain a permanent connection with the institution when directly associated in its management. This may be regarded as an adaptation of the English university system, by which masters in residence for a part of the year form, at Cambridge the senate, and at Oxford the convocation,—legislative bodies to which all regulations are submitted for discussion and approval. Graduates who retain an intimate connection with the university are thus enabled to contribute the results of their learning and experience to the decision of all questions affecting the studies and government. The contrast which exists in the scholarship of English and American students upon graduation makes the experiment in the two countries far from identical. The class to which authority is entrusted in the English

universities is, in extent of study and experience, far in advance of our own graduates, and is composed in most cases of professors and resident masters pursuing still further liberal studies. This difficulty is met in some colleges in this country by limiting the right to participate in these elections to graduates of five years' standing. But if it is important to continue the relation of the alumni to their university, this delay in conferring the right of suffrage till after a considerable period of separation from the college has great disadvantages. The fact that so large a portion of the alumni of our colleges is scattered throughout the land, and thus removed from an opportunity of voting in person at commencement, is obviated in some cases by a provision enabling a ballot for alumni trustees to be sent by mail, which is counted as if delivered in person. Any method which will retain the active interest of the alumni in their Alma Mater is worthy of examination and possibly of trial.

The system may now be tested by its results, as sixteen years have passed since its institution at Harvard and elsewhere. It may be premised that where there is a large and intelligent body of the alumni residing in the vicinity of a college, the attendance upon the election of trustees and an active participation in university questions are possible, and the results attained of a different order from what occurs when the alumni are widely scattered. A choice of the ablest and most influential scholars and educators may be made, whose residence will permit them to give the most careful attention to the interests of the university. But it may be questioned whether the results under the present system have equaled the expectations which had been formed. The character of those elected trustees or overseers has not greatly differed from that of those chosen previously. In most colleges a majority of the trustees have always been graduates of

the colleges, and the fact of an election by the alumni did not change their essential character. Where alumni trustees have been substituted for a long list of *ex-officio* members, as at Yale, Harvard, and elsewhere, there has been a real gain. At Harvard, however, the substantial power still rests with the corporation, which is in the main a self-perpetuating body, while the overseers have only the right of confirmation of its nominations, and do not originate action. Influences affect the election of trustees by the alumni, not always favorable to securing the most efficient members. An alumnus is chosen for prominence in social or political life, or for eminence as a lawyer or clergyman, and not because he has any intelligent acquaintance with the history of education, or is qualified to judge of the demands of higher learning at the present time. Local considerations often influence the selection of candidates, and party interests are not always forgotten. Men are elected who can snatch but a hasty moment from the pressing demands of professional life, to decide upon questions affecting the permanent educational interests of the nation, and to judge of the standing and qualifications of professors in all departments of learning. Often the election is determined by a small proportion of the alumni who are able to be present, or have an interest to vote. In such cases an active local interest or an aggressive partisanship may prevail, and a choice occur based upon some remote college or society popularity. The attendance of trustees so chosen is not always secured, and only a measure of success under favorable circumstances may at present be considered as attained by the system.

The defects of these various and conflicting methods of government are obvious. Permanent and uniform principles of administration are not secured, neither is the system such that the ablest scholars become members of the gov-

erning board. All sound learning, whatever its direction, has as its chief aim the pursuit of truth. Absolute independence and freedom of investigation and instruction should be guaranteed. This liberty is impossible, save as a university is free from the strife of parties and the liability to change through the caprice of the dominant power. When a reform is necessary, a calm investigation and the study of desirable changes should be elevated above partisan considerations, and based upon scientific principles of education. The question which naturally arises is, Under what control shall our universities be placed, in order to secure that intelligent and uniform administration which shall enable them to develop in accordance with the advance of science? There can be but one answer to this, and that is that all questions relating to courses of study and the bestowal of degrees, as well as the nomination of professors, should be entrusted to the appropriate faculty for decision. It would be equally as absurd to trust the decision of an important legal question to a body of artists as to confer the control of educational questions upon a corresponding body of lawyers. Education is a science, and has a history coincident with the growth of knowledge and the development of the human mind. It is therefore in itself a historical question, as well as one of philosophy. The history of every particular science must be investigated, in order to choose wisely the methods of study in that science. It is here advocated that the faculty of a college, or of each school connected with a university, as that of law, medicine, or divinity, should be the active and responsible governing body; that it should determine the character of the instruction, and elect or nominate all professors and instructors, and should be the one unit of administration. The trustees should hold in trust the property, and con-

firm or reject all nominations, and in conjunction with the faculty make all the regular appropriations. It is held that the faculty is alone competent to estimate the amount and variety of instruction required, the number of departments and instructors, and the needs of the library, museums, and laboratories. It should also judge of the expediency and character of all buildings to be erected. As regards the establishment or enlargement of departments, the resident instructors, who devote all their attention to an institution of learning, are best fitted to judge of the wisdom of any change. Too often the multiplication of departments causes the regular and most essential courses of instruction to be neglected.

It may be assumed that the power to decide these questions should inhere in some one body, and we have now to consider the possible solutions of this proposition. It may rest, first, in the trustees alone, who act upon their independent judgment and knowledge of the needs of the university and the qualification of its professors. This involves a power to act without consultation with the members of the faculty, and possibly with no intelligent acquaintance with the special demands of the question at issue. But the trustees may be guided and enlightened in their opinion by the president, who is supposed to represent the views of the faculty before the trustees. Even in this case there may be an inadequate conception and representation of the wants of various departments; and without a full presentation of the views of the entire faculty, a wise consideration of all needs is impossible, a symmetrical growth will not be attained, and a single field of study may often be developed at the expense of all others. Were the faculty allowed absolute liberty of election, or were they represented by delegates who directly presented their views to the governing board, an adequate expression of all the interests in-

volved would be obtained, and every decision or choice would be the voice of a body of scholars.

The history of every college presents numerous illustrations of action taken by the corporation directly contrary to the judgment of the faculty, and with uniformly unfavorable results. A permanent president is unknown in most foreign universities. The rector, who is chosen for a year, serves as the chairman of the senate in a German university, and a similar usage has prevailed in this country in the University of Virginia and other institutions. There is, it is true, a powerful and valuable personal element in education, but the idea of an individual shaping and reforming instruction in all departments may well provoke skepticism. The absence of fixed convictions on the part of non-educators makes them too often a mere registering board, to ratify the recommendations which are made to them. The lack of independent knowledge forces unprofessional judges to follow the formulated and positive views of one of greater experience. Thus we have either independent and unskillful action or dependence upon a single presiding authority. The latter alternative makes a body of learned men, each master of his department, the personal staff of the president. Long ago this was foreseen at Harvard, and a similar proposition in the days of President Kirkland was rejected, as degrading every professor to the position of a purely ministerial officer. President Gilman, in a published paper, has well shown that it is impossible for one individual, however able, to know adequately the special needs of all departments and of the various faculties of a university. No individual is so universal that he can determine and direct the methods of instruction in the different branches of literature, science, philology, history, and philosophy. If we add to this list the requirements of special schools of advanced instruction,

as law, medicine, and divinity, the impossibility of one responsible direction and supervision is readily conceded. The unity of government must be found in the various faculties. Among the many worthy and useful men who have filled the office of president of our universities, few can claim the reputation of great educators. Often — and this condition is imposed by the terms of some charters — the presidency must be held by a clergyman, and the choice may fall upon men who are not practical educators, nor familiar with the present demands and history of higher education.

The standard of instruction in all our universities must be constantly raised to keep pace with the advance of knowledge, if they are to retain their influence upon human thought and culture. To accomplish this constant development, the faculty, which has a continuous existence, must be the permanent repository of power. The standing of every college depends upon the reputation and ability of the men who are there called upon to give instruction. To place the most eminent scholars where they can exercise the widest influence upon the culture of their age, and where the best resources for study and discovery are at their disposal, is an obligation which every institution owes to the cause of letters. To secure such a result, all minor considerations should be subordinated. Questions of locality, of political and personal views, should not prevail in making such choice. The judgment of those most capable of forming an estimate of the standing of scholars in various departments of learning should be obtained. Men devoted to science and letters have an acquaintance with the reputation and standing of scholars in different branches, such as an individual cannot possess. Whenever a vacancy in the academic corps occurs, the faculty should be notified to that effect, and authorized to nominate some one for that position. It is only occasionally

that an election to a professorship implies that the candidate is the most capable scholar that could be chosen. Men are often appointed to positions of the highest importance who have enjoyed no special advantages for study in the field in which they are to give instruction, and who have made no recognized contributions to the department in which they are expected to be masters and teachers. In filling an appointment in literature, the question is not asked, What scholar is most eminent for his attainments and contributions to our knowledge of the history and development of a given language, whose opinion upon a doubtful point would have the greatest weight among scholars? An answer to such an inquiry is not impossible, and may be impartially obtained. The filling of vacancies in the Scotch universities is often deemed of so much importance that the testimonials of the different candidates are printed, in order that it may be seen upon what grounds the appointment is based. At Oxford the professor of comparative philology is appointed by the vice chancellor and the professors of Hebrew, Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon, men eminently qualified to judge of the standing of any candidate. The professor of English law is selected by the vice chancellor, the principal of Jesus College, the professors of civil law, international law, modern history, moral philosophy, and all other professors of law. The professor of physiology is appointed with the aid of the presidents of the College of Physicians in London, of the College of Surgeons of England, and of the Royal Society; the professor of international law and diplomacy through the Lord High Chancellor, the Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. At both Oxford and Cambridge provisions exist for entrusting nominations to the most competent judges. A few appointments are still in the hands of Convocation, —

resident masters, who are not necessarily teachers. Matthew Arnold, referring to his own election as professor of poetry, said, "Convocation made me a professor, and I am very grateful to Convocation; but Convocation is not a fit body to have the appointment of professors. Even the crown, that is the prime minister, is not the fit person to have the appointment of professors; for he is a political functionary, and feels political influence overwhelmingly. The faculty should have the right of proposing candidates to the minister." In Germany, Holland, and the schools of superior instruction in France, the members of each faculty recommend candidates to the minister of education for confirmation.

Gruber, in his sketch of the needs of the new University of Göttingen, said, in answer to the question, "How shall a large attendance of students be secured?" "The most important and the chief consideration is the employment of able, learned, and distinguished professors in all the faculties. It is of great importance, of absolute necessity, that favorable inducements should be presented to them." In discussing the qualifications of these who might be appointed, he objected to one candidate because, though clever, he was not known, and had never given instruction, and would not attract pupils. Münchhausen, the celebrated Hanoverian minister said, "If the University of Göttingen is to be distinguished above others, its professorships must be bestowed upon the most distinguished and ablest men, who will attract a great number of students." "It is the professor, and not the charter, which really makes the university," said an eminent Italian scholar. Few American colleges have acted upon this principle in the choice of professors. Men really admirable in some profession, or in some one department of knowledge, have been called to an entirely different chair. Such appointments, instead of being "a homage to intelligence and study," not

only indorse superficiality and a lack of proper preparation, but do incalculable injury to a generation of students, and, in a broader sense, to the cause of learning throughout the nation. Inability on the part of a professor to impart to a student the distinct methods and training of a scientist, or a philologist, or a student of history, is to pervert and misdirect the energies, and often to vitiate the fruits of years of study. The efficiency of many a department has been permanently crippled by a mistaken appointment, and this error contains within it the seeds of wide-reaching evil consequences. No one can be elected to a position in a foreign university who has not made special contributions to the subject which he will be required to teach, and who is not known as an authority in that subject. The purpose of a university is not simply to hoard what the world knows, and to dispense elementary knowledge to immature scholars, but by investigation and study to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge. A professor should be not merely a teacher, he should be an investigator, and fitted to guide and inspire advanced study. The stream will never rise higher than its source. The neglect of these simple facts has placed men in positions of importance on the outposts of learning who, by sheer supineness, have been a hindrance to the growth of knowledge.

A college acquaintance with Latin, or Greek, or mathematics was once considered sufficient to justify an appointment to a professorship. A successful pulpit orator was held to be fitted for a professorship of rhetoric and oratory, or for that difficult position of professor of English literature. But a knowledge of literature is based upon language and history; and as no literature stands alone, a familiarity with other languages which have made contributions to it is implied, as well as an acquaintance with all the influences, religious, political, and personal, which have affected literary pro-

duction. Similarly, no science stands alone, and success in a single department demands proficiency in many subsidiary branches. The geologist must know chemistry and botany and zoölogy and physics, in order to make the highest contributions to knowledge in his field of study. Every branch of learning now demands a special and exclusive preparation. Ability in a single department does not prove corresponding ability in another. In the early days of American scholarship, and in the poverty of all our colleges, a professor gave instruction in the most diverse subjects. Many branches of physical science were then comparatively unknown. Language has since become a science, and the teacher's work is now an established profession, for which advanced study is requisite, either in this country or abroad.

Permanence of position is necessary to successful work on the part of the teacher. No intelligent development of any department is possible where uncertainty regarding tenure of office exists, and the highest efforts of an instructor are not obtained when he is constantly aspiring after a different position. In Germany all professorships are for life. In England most are permanent; some, however, which are more truly lectureships, are tenable for five years, with an opportunity for reëlection, as the professorship of poetry at Oxford. Many who hold such temporary positions enjoy fellowships, benefices, and other university appointments at the same time. A position with a limited duration can never command the highest scholarship and ability. A scholar, in selecting his field of work, cannot view with equanimity the necessity of early removal. Frequent changes in the teaching force of a university mean a varying and doubtful standard of instruction, new methods, untried men, and uncertain results. A university cannot exist with an unorganized faculty, forever tentative in its men and measures, — an attitude which can-

not but be regarded as a humiliating confession of weakness.

For subordinate positions in a university, service for a fixed period is advantageous, if it holds out a reasonable prospect of promotion in case success is achieved. When this fact is established, a limited tenure loses all advantage, and becomes injurious, as offering no permanent inducement, and creating unrest in the instructor. The report of the Schools Inquiry Commission in England presents a variety of opinions upon this question in its application to the educational institutions of the kingdom. The principles of civil service reform should prevail in university administration. No position should be regarded as the private property of an individual. Graded promotion should be introduced, as perpetual subordination paralyzes all ambition and growth.

In comparing the French and German systems of appointment, it is manifest that in perfection of detail, which makes the whole educational system of the country a delicately constructed machine, France presents a more compact educational organization than Germany. To be an *agrégé*, that is to have a diploma authorizing a candidate to hold the office of professor in a *lycée* or *faculté*, the utmost security is required. An examination covering the entire range of instruction which the candidate will have to give has first to be passed. Five years' preliminary experience in teaching is necessary. Records of service and seniority are strictly kept. To be a *professeur titulaire*, the candidate must be a doctor or member of the Institute.

The strength of the German university consists largely in the *Privatdozenten*, from whom the professorships are filled. This class of authorized independent instructors, attached to a university, is engaged in vindicating its right to a higher position by study and instruction. These subordinate teachers often make contributions recognized as of great

value, and attain a world-wide reputation in their various departments before promotion. Only in a university after the German model, where *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit* are found, could this important class exist. Here, where there is a fixed curriculum, with all its parts adequately provided for, there is scarcely room for an additional class of instructors, without great modifications in our present system. Academic jealousy would perhaps regard their claims and their rivalry as an infringement upon established rights. Nothing of the kind exists abroad; there is the most generous and helpful relation existing between the *Privatdozenten* and the professor, and the instruction of the former is carefully provided for in the schedule of lectures of each semester. It is a defect in the French system that it fails to present the opportunity of free study and instruction which develops the highest gifts of those who are to become public teachers. The German system has this advantage over that of English fellows: the *Privatdozenten* not only investigate, but teach as well. Study apart from teaching often becomes impractical and theoretical, while teaching without investigation becomes narrow and technical. The presence of such a class of young scholars, full of vital energy, acts as a powerful impulse to keep fresh the quality of instruction given by the professors.

The verdict of publication, which is always insisted upon in Germany preliminary to an appointment to a professor's chair, is valuable as a test of capacity for investigation. A system which assumes nothing for granted in the choice of professors, but always demands some production as a test of merit, would elevate the character and work of all candidates for positions. We could then dispense with paper testimonials, and the personal element in making appointments would be largely eliminated. Elections to positions in our higher institu-

tions of learning should be so conducted that a choice would become the goal of a worthy ambition.

That a reform is possible in the position which professors hold in a university cannot be doubted. The present method of appointment has not secured the ablest men, and the external government is not such as to accomplish the best results. It is useless to utter the truism that American universities are not on a par with European; the fact is too painfully manifest, and a continuance of the present system is powerless to effect what is needed. It does not secure the best men; it does not place the best scholars in a position where their views can exercise the widest influence; but under the jurisdiction of a loosely constituted board, chosen often for the most diverse reasons. The universities owe a higher debt to national education than they have ever paid; they have not accomplished for national learning that which might reasonably be expected of them.

A source of weakness in the past has been the strictness with which appointments in minor colleges have been limited to their own graduates. To fill certain chairs, a laborious search is often made for one of the alumni of the college who, by chance, may possess some part of the qualifications needed. Nothing of this kind exists abroad. It is not asked where the scholar received his degree, if his merits point him out as the most desirable candidate. Men are constantly called from one university to another. Eminence in any branch of scholarship finds instant recognition, and that without envy.

Independence of the changes wrought by the success of a new party in power, or a new shade of popular opinion, is essential to a permanent and intelligent university administration.

The relations between the faculty and the governing board have been already indicated. In order that the voice of the

faculty may be heard in all questions affecting the welfare of the university, and to prevent them, while sitting apparently in the places of authority, from being powerless to correct abuses and carry out needed reforms, it is necessary that representatives of the faculty should become members of the corporation. Without any change in any university charter, it is within the power of the corporation to take independently such action as will effect this result. The faculty should be authorized to elect annually two or more delegates to sit with the corporation, participating in its deliberations, and expressing freely their views on all questions; becoming thus the medium of communication between the faculty and trustees. Changes in the charter should embody the right of resident instructors to representation. That provision in the statutes of several states which forbids professors in a college from becoming members of the corporation is so framed as to exclude those who have devoted a life-time to the study of educational questions from having any voice in settling the most important interests connected with academic culture. It has been shown how all European examples are contrary to the American system, and that our early colleges found the principle here advocated useful in its operations. Members of the faculty of Harvard have served in the corporation and ⁱⁿ the board of overseers repeatedly during the present century, as in the case of Henry ^{they} ^{are}, who was an overseer from 1820 ^{to} 1830, of Dr. James Walker, who was ^{he or} ^{rsi.} ^{flow}, both of whom were academic professors; James Freeman Clarke was an overseer from 1866 to 1872, and Judge Story was a fellow nearly the entire period in which he held his professorship in the law school. The wisdom with which the finances of Harvard were managed by the corporation of seven members, of whom a portion were resident instructors, shows the practicabil-

ity of the plan here urged; and the disorder which followed a transfer, the lavish outlay and subsequent retrenchment, show how necessary is a competent acquaintance with the needs of all departments for judicious expenditure. The principle of autonomy in the faculty which is here advocated prevails in most professional schools in this country, in its leading scientific school, and in the admirable Museum of Comparative Zoölogy in Cambridge: having been thus successfully tested, its application may safely be extended to the academic faculties.

The bestowal of degrees should also rest with the faculty. It is quite anomalous that a body of non-educators should confer all marks of honor in letters, where they are necessarily dependent upon the judgment of those who give instruction. Those institutions which continue to bestow honorary degrees usually do so without any consultation with the appropriate faculty. Lawyers who have attained a local success, popular clergymen and patrons whose benefactions enrich the university treasury, commencement orators and congressmen, are the recipients of these valuable badges. Upon what basis of scholarship these degrees are conferred no one has ever attempted to ascertain. The University of Virginia, the Cornell University, and the Johns Hopkins University are, I believe, the only prominent institutions which have never bestowed these honors except for the completion of a regular course of advanced study. No satisfactory reason has ever been given why the immediate control of a university should be taken from the faculty, a body of competent scholars, and entrusted to others with less experience in educational questions. The president was originally a teacher, *primus inter pares*, like the rector of a German university, — a relation which has been changed by the unwise limitation of the powers of the faculty, and

by the increasing needs of a general executive officer. A feeling of responsibility upon the part of each professor for all measures is necessary to give dignity to his work. A sense that his private interests are intimately associated with the success of the institution with which he is connected imparts increased efficiency, gives conscientiousness and fidelity in the discharge of duty, and a watchful care of all its interests.

The size of the faculty and its complex character make it advisable in many universities to elect a limited number from various departments to form a senate or council, to whom a general oversight of the administration and discipline may be entrusted. The senate should receive the instructions of the general faculty from time to time, and as an executive committee discuss and prepare measures to be laid before the greater faculty, and receive all applications for advanced degrees. There is a great waste of time in the cumbersome deliberations of a large body, which might be saved by entrusting minor matters to a standing committee, acting under general rules. Within the faculty an organization of the various related departments is valuable.

Few universities have a constitution fixing the mutual relations of the faculties and trustees, of the various departments, of professors and subordinates, their rights and times of service. These important matters are undetermined, and hence usage is variable and inconsistent, and disastrous consequences ensue.

A question which affects the general public, as well as concerns all our institutions for secondary education, is the character and value of the degrees which are conferred by different institutions. It must be confessed that a higher moral sentiment should be aroused in the various colleges of our country, to protect the people against diplomas issued by colleges and scientific and professional schools for superficial merit. The pov-

erty of many schools, and their dependence upon numbers for their support, contributes to produce this unsatisfactory state of affairs. The modern haste in entering a profession, and the unwillingness to submit to thorough and long-continued study, have aided to bring about the present situation. An acquaintance with a few law books and a few facts regarding procedure is enough to make a lawyer, and many a physician receives his degree with little knowledge of chemistry, botany, physics, or comparative anatomy. Two solutions are possible: first, by state superintendence of our educational institutions, regulating the requirements for both academic and professional degrees. When it is considered that the school system of Germany in its present form is the product of the present century, that its excellence largely dates from the time when William von Humboldt occupied the office of Minister of Public Instruction in Prussia, we cannot doubt that a similar success is possible in America. The state, by appointing a board of examiners, consisting of the ablest representative scholars from different colleges, could prescribe a course by which a degree might be conferred under the seal of the state, which would certify to scholarship in the liberal arts and sciences, or confer the title of civil engineer or the right to practice law or medicine within its limits. Such a provision would cause courses of study in law and medicine in all schools to be assimilated to the requirements of a state examination. Assuredly, the state has sufficient interest in the orderly administration of justice and in the lives and health of its citizens to take measures to secure such valuable results.

The action of a single state would harmonize the conflicting standards of the many colleges within its borders. A national conference, like those held in Jena in 1848 and in Berlin in 1849, which at that time, unfortunately, failed to accomplish what was hoped, but were

a valuable contribution to the discussion of educational questions, might lead the way to a higher standard of study and examinations throughout the country.

A second solution may be found in the voluntary union of the faculties of the different colleges of a section or a state, like the conferences held annually by delegates from the New England colleges, which have aided to elevate and make uniform the requirements for admission. A commission which agreed upon some equal or parallel conditions for the bestowal of different degrees might not secure uniformity, but would set up a goal towards which educational efforts would be directed.

The proposition which is here advocated, namely, the participation of the faculty in the government, has been shown to be the prevailing system in the Continental universities, to have been in part the usage at Harvard for one hundred and fifty years, and to be, with shades of difference, the practice in the English universities. In one or two of the great universities of this country, and in its most successful scientific school, the government rests practically with the faculty. The sense of responsibility which is felt for the prosperity of a university on the part of all the professors is one of the most valuable results of this system. Instead of being merely assigned to a department of instruction, and administering laws laid down for them, powerless to remedy flagrant abuses and errors of government, they become the active custodians of the order and the culture of the university. The German and English universities are the centre of the learning of those countries; they are the seat of an enthusiastic and chivalrous scholarship. The organization which has made these universities so remarkable in literary industry and productions is certainly worthy of consideration, if investigation and critical scholarship are to find a home in this country. If this nation is to bear an

equal part in the advance of learning, we certainly cannot rest content with the methods and instrumentalities of the past. Old organizations must be expanded and assume a new life; the connection of instruction with investigation, which has been ignored so long in England, must be recognized. Study without a practical aim becomes dreamy and unproductive, while entire absorption in the work of instruction renders advanced study impossible. A lack of unity of action on the part of our higher institutions of learning has given rise to the varying standard of instruction, and to the unequal value of degrees; even where a fixed curriculum of study exists, designed to secure the general culture of students, greater uniformity of action is possible and desirable.

Another aim, akin to that which has been suggested, would be a unifying of the number and meaning of the different degrees. State control of education

abroad establishes a certain uniformity in the value of degrees. It would be easy to mention a score or more of first degrees which are conferred in different colleges of our country. Many are practically meaningless; others are worse than useless. Each college gives to the degree of bachelor of literature, of science, and philosophy whatever significance it chooses, and the public acquiesces with a quiet skepticism, and an increased conviction that under the present system all degrees are worthless. The reckless creation of new degrees thus produces merited fruit, but a result in which the cause of education suffers.

Among the subjects, then, which demand consideration in higher education are the constitution of the governing board in a university, the relation of the faculty to the general administration, the organization of faculties and departments, and the question of academic degrees.

W. T. Hewett.

PILGRIM'S ISLE.

THERE fell a charm upon the deep,
A spell upon the silent shore;
The boats, like lily-pads asleep,
Lay round me upon ocean's floor.

O weary world of noise and strife,
O cities, full of gold and guile,
How small a part ye make of life
To one that walks on Pilgrim's Isle!

I watched the Gurnet's double star,
Like Jove and Venus side by side,
And on the smooth waves gleaming far
Beheld its long reflection ride.

My days of youth are almost flown,
And yet, upon a night like this,
Love will not let my heart alone;
Back comes the well-remembered bliss.

Oft in thy golden locks a gleam
 Of other days illumines my brain,
 And in thy hand's soft touch I seem
 To feel my boyhood born again.

Ah, dearest, all will soon be o'er!
 I see my sunset in thy smile;
 It lingers longest on the shore,
 Th' enchanted shore of Pilgrim's Isle.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XIX.

A GARDEN PARTY ON THE HUDSON, AND ITS SEQUEL.

WHATEVER scruples or misgivings Otilie Harvey may have cherished in taking her seat on Mr. Kingbolt's coach, the day of Sprowle Onderdonk's garden party, were soon dispelled, for the time being at least, by the novel pleasure of the experience.

The eyes of pedestrians turned admiringly towards this imposing vehicle, as it rolled up the Avenue. The fresh-faced young English guard stood up boldly in his place, in the attitude of the angels on the Church of the Heavenly Rest, and woke the echoes with his horn.

Otilie thought the great city more delightful than ever. It was bathed at this season in an atmosphere of liquid amber. The scarlet and yellow leaves in the squares had begun to drift idly downwards, one by one, from the rich masses of foliage to which they belonged. The pretty women, back from the country, promenaded in dresses of dark, warm stuffs, premonitory of the coming winter. Strangers crowded into town, and the streets were filled to their utmost. If the bronze Washington at Union Square indeed supervise the co-

horts debouching before him from Broadway, he had need of all his strategic talents now; and the bronze Seward, who records them in his tablets, should be just as active above. Small dealers, especially along Fourteenth and Twenty-Third streets, had spread out on the sidewalks a merchandise of blue china, oriental fans and boxes. On some of these days there were parades of militia, and the young girl had looked out of her window upon the swaying steel of the regiments as far as the eye could reach. It was as if the surface of the street itself were in motion. In the evening the profiles of all the western cross-streets were thrown out black against skies of smoky orange and crimson,—fuller harmonies of the color-music of which the falling leaves struck wandering notes.

"If Europe can be brighter or more picturesque than this," said Otilie, "it must be lovely indeed."

She exchanged but little talk, and that of a conventional kind, with the company about her. Her acquaintance with most of it was of a formal sort, and Kingbolt appeared engrossed with his horses.

A number of the drags formed a junction presently, constituting quite a procession. A somewhat circuitous route was chosen, that the rendezvous might

not be arrived at too soon. They passed through the glowing copses of Central Park, then the transitional region above, neither city nor country. There were boulders, shanties, and goats; isolated blocks of new houses, like sections of plum-cake sliced out with a sharp knife; and paved and sidewalked streets, forming causeways across low grounds, utilized by thrifty German market gardeners. The Elevated Railroad had not yet come in. That spider's-web trestle — with the little stations set upon it high in the air, like habitations of lakew-dwellers, or *chalets* from the land of dreams — which now traverses the region was still, though not far, in the future. The parallelograms of crops in the little market gardens, fresh yet as in early spring, seemed thrown down beside one another, like a series of rugs of the royal Ottoman greens.

Further on, our party threaded the embowering lanes of an area of handsome villas. Some were of stone, ivy-clad. All were shaded with fine trees. Almost the only sign of life encountered here was an occasional policeman, of the mounted force, slowly pacing his charger, or, in pursuance of his duty, trying the fastenings of a lodge gate, to see that all was well. In the freedom of these secluded places the gayer spirits followed their own devices without constraint. Baron Au instructed Daisy Goldstone in approved methods of winding a coaching-horn. Ada Trull drew off her long *mousquetaire* gloves, and essayed her skill in the accomplishment, which she fancied she possessed, of producing shrill whistles through her joined hands.

From here the merry-makers turned back a little, and came down to the Sprowle manor, on the Hudson, in the last day of its existence. It was garlanded for the sacrifice. The tall columns of the portico, in the old-fashioned classic style, were hung with wreaths and draperies. Large bunches of flowers

were set out in the old-fashioned wainscoted rooms, deprived now of the greater part of their furniture, and swept and garnished for dancing. On the morrow, at daylight, the minions of improvement would begin clattering down the shingles from the roof and tearing the sheathing from the stout old frame.

The coaches were unlimbered and let stand upon the lawn, where their bits of canary, blue, and scarlet sparkled vividly throughout the afternoon. Luncheon was to be taken under a tent at two o'clock, and this was to be followed by the delivery of Dr. Wyburd's poem. Archery and lawn tennis had been provided for such as cared for these sports. People walked in a neglected garden, of box hedges, yew-trees, hollyhocks, dahlias, and other old-fashioned flowers.

Baron Au organized a round game, rather badgering people into it, on the plea of a chill in the air. It was one he had seen given with great success, he said, at lake parties at Saratoga, the past summer. The Italian and Turkish ministers had taken part in it, which showed that it must be something quite sufficiently dignified.

Kingbolt simulated well the indifference he had proposed. He engaged in the round game, danced gayly with Ada Trull, and took Otilie about a good deal on his arm.

Angelica thought he must be contemptuous indeed to console himself with a rival like that. She would rather have seen him — though, to be sure, what difference should it make? — show an air of depression and gloom.

Dr. Wyburd's poem proved to be a record of names and doings, more or less well authenticated, of the Sprowle dynasty, given in a poor doggerel. Poetry, and perhaps literature in general, was not the doctor's strong point, although he dabbled in it a good deal, much to his own satisfaction. A sufficient idea of the character of his pro-

duction may be had from such couplets as these : —

“Colonels Corlaer and Robert, those men of strong will,
And Verplanck D. Sprowle, who built the first mill;
Governor Cyrus, Chancellor Garrett, — also first judge of court, —
And Rufus, the patriot, whom no British gold bought.”

The approaching union of Sprowle and Angelica was announced, as had been agreed. A clumsily turned compliment was inserted into the poem in praise of the youth and beauty which was now to confer and receive honor by being united with the latest scion of the illustrious Sprowle lineage. This was received with applause. Next the health of the pair was drank in a eulogistic toast. Sprowle rose to reply to the toast, but acquitted himself in so poor a manner that it was not at all to the satisfaction of his critical betrothed.

It might be supposed that Miss Angelica Harvey would have been especially content with her choice, on a day like this, devoted to the glorification of the family importance, which had been her principal motive in making it; but such was not the case. Whether it were due merely to that inopportune feeling of sadness which is said always to hang about the culmination of ardent human wishes, or to a regretful drawing of contrasts now at the last moment, or to pique at the indifference of Kingbolt, she was rather out of temper. Kingbolt's indifference was so well simulated as to provide New York society with something like a nine days' wonder, and radically change the fortunes of a number of our characters.

The company scattered again, after the delivery of the poem. Otilie interested herself quietly with the sentiment of antiquity of the place and the series of attractive views. From the colonnaded porch vistas had been made through the foliage of the great trees, and glimpses of the river were had thus

framed. Now a steamboat forged boldly across the openings; now a half-becalmed schooner drifted into them; again, it was a puffing little tug, interminably slow in passing on account of the long train of canal-boats it had in tow. The hazy atmosphere had dropped, as it were, between the foreground and the distance. Patches of the autumn-tinted foliage among the cliffs of the further shore seemed as if dimly burning. Any small object, as a row-boat, moving upon the deep reflection and shade of that shore drew a long silver line behind it.

There was talk on the porch of the remains of some British earthworks existing in the vicinity. Stillsby asked Otilie to stroll with him in search of them. Not greatly versed as yet in the polite arts for escaping boredom, she amiably consented. This youth had primed himself — having secured an inkling of Otilie's taste — with a liberal stock of poetical quotations, and was overjoyed to secure an opportunity to put them to use.

Kingbolt had offered Angelica flip-pant “congratulations” of the usual sort, which secretly exasperated her. Somewhat later, they two were left momentarily together, a little removed from the rest, near the open gate of the old-fashioned garden. Finding him so close, Angelica could not forbear speaking. She was looking particularly well to-day. Kingbolt could see it with half an eye, though affecting not to attend, and though having been in the habit, too, of finding her the most fascinating in each successive toilette as it appeared. She was in her gray corduroy coaching dress, with a wide-brimmed hat and feather to match. She had around her waist a belt of silver links, with a silver chain depending from it nearly to the ground, and securing a multitude of dainty vinaigrettes, tablets, dog-whistles and betting-books, which clinked as she walked.

"I would rather you were not angry with me, if you *are*," she said. "If there is anything in which you think me in the wrong, under the circumstances, I am sure I am very sorry. I trust that we are to part as friends."

She was very enticing thus, but Kingbolt thought best to say little in reply. He refused to be drawn out of a reserved and gloomy air he assumed. The young lady thought it very becoming to him. By little and little they ventured into the garden, and began to pace along the principal alley. The principal alley led to a retired bower on the crest of the well-wooded slope falling towards the river. The bower was of lattice-work, in the Dutch style, with a roof painted red, and finished with a weather-cock. Persons within were invisible from the house, and here the two presently sat down.

Meanwhile Otilie and her eccentric escort had found the historic earth-works of which they went in quest, and were retracing their steps by a pleasant path up the wooded slope. Stillsby, proceeding by gradual stages, had now launched fairly out into his stock of intellectual lore, and was beginning to look for results from the onslaught. He had quoted from "My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills;" "Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter;" the Maid of Athens; and the Seminole's Reply. The mystified Otilie was coming to a dimly-amused conception of his object.

The interview in the bower had proceeded but a little way, when Kingbolt burst out into a torrent of reproaches and entreaties, as of old. Angelica had reason now to repent her ill-advised course in allowing the subject to be reopened in any degree whatever. She rose, in alarm, and would have gone away. Kingbolt detained her. She seemed obliged to argue with him somewhat further.

"How utterly without reason you

are!" she said. "You talk the wildest absurdities. Now, just imagine for a moment what a stir there would be, what a commotion in society, if the engagement of anybody of consequence—I do not say mine, but anybody's—should be broken after having gone as far as this."

"What is a hubbub of a few days, or a few weeks,—or, if it should be, a few months, for that matter,—compared with the happiness of a life-time?" he replied excitedly. "I know you do not care for Sprowle. How could you?—you, so beautiful and superior. Yet you have got to go on with him not merely for a little while, but all your life long. Remember that! Oh, break with him, Angelica! It is not too late. Oh, break with him!"

He caught her hand, but she pulled it away.

"Let me go!" she said. "I cannot let you talk so about him. I am going back to the house."

"He is a milksop, a molly-coddle, a fool. I consider him but little ahead of Stillsby," pursued her companion. "Most of the men know it. The idea of his being able to appreciate a girl like you! And as to morality,—if you come to that, he is not a straw better than anybody else."

The young woman had not selected her future husband chiefly on grounds of superior wisdom or morality. Hence this argument was not as effective as some others might perchance have been.

"No! Impossible!" she reiterated. "Do not detain me against my will! Let us go back at once!"

"Well, then, I cannot bear it! Do you understand?" cried the lover, throwing out his arms in a wild way. "It suffocates me! It tears me all to pieces! There are fellows who talk about suicide. Plenty of them would not do it, you know; it is all talk; but I believe I am one of the kind that would. I believe you will hear nothing

more of me from the day you are married till kingdom come. I cannot *live*, I tell you! I cannot *live*!"

The blood rushed to his face and stalwart neck, swelling the veins. He contorted his body, in a writhing way, on the hips. It must have been a spasm resembling, now in mature life, one of those of his childish days for which he had been put in his padded room. He might have been a young modern Orestes, pursued by the avenging Furies. His fine figure was displayed in these unconscious movements to excellent advantage.

Angelica, approaching, laid her hand on his arm in a persuasive way, and said, "Let us talk reasonably."

"Reason? There is no reason," he exclaimed with vehemence, "but in making you mine!"

He turned quickly. His handsome eyes blazed into hers, equally handsome. What an adulation it was, compared with the sluggish methods of Sprowle! She delayed an instant too long in this dangerous proximity. Kingbolt took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately. She did not resist.

Ottilie, with her sentimental companion, was at this moment emerging from the wood.

"Longfellow, now, is a nice poet," Stillsby was saying. "You take his — now — that Excelsior. I call that A 1."

"Yes," rejoined the long-suffering Ottilie.

The embrace in the bower flashed full upon the view of both.

"Hi!" ejaculated Stillsby, his eyes starting half out of his head.

But Ottilie managed to draw him back into the covert of the foliage before they were themselves perceived, and they returned by another way. When they had gone on some little distance in silence, Ottilie offered a deprecating suggestion: "It seems to me it would be best not to make any mention of what we have just seen."

"Oh, certainly not! *certainly not*!" her cavalier hastened to protest, with gallant alacrity, "if *you* don't wish it."

The warmer and more human impulses had prevailed over calm calculation, after all, and the engagement of Angelica was to be definitively broken. She was capable of acting upon impulse no less than Kingbolt, and she had one of the most obstinate of wills to sustain whatever course she might undertake. The two set to discussing now the difficult problem of their future. Mrs. Harvey would consent to the reversal of her favorite plan only with extreme irritation; that was certain. The calmer and sterner opposition of Rodman Harvey to the unbusiness-like step proposed was even more to be dreaded. Sprowle was to be gotten rid of. And there was the presumable rage of his mother and of all the Sprowle connection, though of this Angelica affected to make light. She was very affectionate with her new lover, petted him and soothed him, but did not accept his suggestions, which were more notable for a vehement contempt of obstacles than for tact.

"Leave it all to me," she said, finally. "Nothing must be said or done just now. We must appear for a while to be mere ordinary acquaintances, as before."

She at once began a course of alienating tactics with her betrothed on the way back to town. The next day, for he was fond of her and came often, she would not see him. The next, he brought her some small present. She ridiculed it in an exasperating way, saying, "You dear, good, stupid thing, do take it away! You have no more taste than Marmion." In a subsequent interview she gave out that she had *heard* something against him, — against his moral character; but being pressed, she would not tell what it was; then said it was of no consequence, though appearing still to retain a prejudice. In the

succeeding one she was absent-minded; asked him repeatedly, "What did you say?" and paid no attention to his answers. In short, she crowded into the briefest possible space of time the greatest number of annoyances. A saint would have been nettled at less. When at last Sprowle resented it, in a rather vigorous way for him, she became hysterical.

"Go!" she said, in the true spirit of the meek wolf and ferocious lamb. "All is at an end between us. Nothing any longer that I can do is right. It was not always thus." She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and went sobbing out of the room.

She granted another meeting, however. In this her ultimatum of the day before was not adhered to, but in the end she so managed the situation as to make it more acrimonious than ever. Then she went to her room, and wrote to Sprowle that she could see now that they were not congenial, and never really had been. It would not have been safe for them to marry. She hereby canceled her engagement with him. It was absolutely and finally over. Upon the heels of this she hurried back his ring and all his presents. Efforts on his part to see her, and repeated expostulations by note, were vain. He offered humble apologies, — for what he did not quite know. He offered to have the wedding put off; to wait for her indefinitely. No, all quite vain. Through chagrin, he did not at once make known to his mother what had happened, but went out of town for a few days. Never in all his diplomatic career as secretary of legation, his lounging in club windows, his participation in the observances of polite society and in athletic sports, had he met with or heard of such an experience.

The situation between Angelica and her astonished mother resolved itself only after a violent contest, as had been foreseen. It ended in the triumph of

the stronger will, as might also have been foreseen. The girl declared her purpose to marry Kingbolt, and not Sprowle, irrevocably fixed, and that no power under heaven should shake it. The mother, defeated, reluctantly went over to her side. They planned together that the cause of the dismissal of Sprowle should not be disclosed; not to Rodman Harvey more than to the others. It should be attributed to uncongeniality, caprice, a quarrel, — anything but the substitution of a new lover. Then, if Kingbolt should choose to appear afterwards, — as what more natural than that suitors should appear in time? — and were accepted, no connection need show between the two events.

This arrangement was foiled, however, by the indiscretion of so unimportant a person as young Stillsby. The manners of Stillsby at the Empire Club for the first few days after the scene he had witnessed at the garden party were a marvel to all who knew him.

"What the devil is the matter with the fellow," asked Whitehead Finch, "smirking, and glowering, and swooping about by himself in that way? He seems to get lighter in his upper story every day. He was well enough when he joined the club. I recollect when he had almost as much sense as the average."

"The character of his associations, — knocking about much so with you fellows, he has dropped to the level of his company," said Watervliet, with the freedom of an old bird and a privileged character.

To forbear adding to his own importance by disclosing what he knew, especially when the news of the broken engagement came out, and it was spoken of as something mysterious and unaccountable, was more than Stillsby, after heroic effort, was capable of. He gave up his secret in strict confidence to one and then another. The club was soon buzzing with it, and it came to the ears

of Sprowle Onderdonk. This was on the afternoon of Election Day, as it happened, when the political fortunes of Rodman Harvey were trembling in the balance. Sprowle Onderdonk hastened fiercely to Stilbsby, and had the story out of him. Soon after he was closeted with his aunt and his cousin Sprowle, who had returned to town.

The dowager Mrs. Sprowle ordered her carriage, and drove to the Harvey mansion. She made her way up to Mrs. Harvey's boudoir, where she had so often been before on more agreeable errands. Her black and vindictive aspect told the cause of her coming even before she had opened her lips. Otilie, who was in attendance, trembled at her violence of reproach.

If "My dear Mrs. Sprowle's" and "My dear madam's," uttered in the most deprecating way by Mrs. Rodman Harvey, could have saved the day, it would have been done. But it could not. Angelica, however, hearing in her chamber above some rumor of what was in progress, came down, in a semi-invalid condition, pale, disheveled, in a charming wrapper of lace and knots of ribbon. She lent her assistance, engaged the enemy intrepidly, and moved, perhaps, by the consciousness of being wholly in the wrong, had soon thrown all attempt at conciliation to the winds. There was a vixenish quality in her anger when at white heat which a lover of the amiable in woman would not have cared to see. Mrs. Sprowle retired down the staircase, breathing threatenings and slaughter.

"The brazen, brazen girl!" she muttered. "That ever I should have taken up with such people! . . . Oh, if I had but known this before!" she said, as she pulled together the door of her carriage with a trembling hand. And again she said, at a conclave of the Sprowle interest summoned to meet at her house that evening, "Oh, if I had but known this before!"

If she meant that she might, in that event, have done something to impede Rodman Harvey's election, and to strike at the women of the family through him, it was now too late. At sunset Michael Brannagan, nominee of Tammany Hall, was well beaten, and Harvey duly elected next representative in Congress from the most important district in New York. Baleful glances might be shot across the street from the darkened residence of the Sprowles, but these could not prevent that of the merchant prince from being brightly illuminated, nor the coming of troops of admiring friends to offer congratulations on his victory.

Towards eleven o'clock, when the returns were verified, and there could be no dispute about the result, the henchmen who had borne the heat and burden of the day arrived with a brass band to tender a serenade. In the cheering concourse were many of the merchant's clerks. They did not reside in his district, and had not been able to vote for him, but had felt the excitement at the store, nevertheless, where it had even relaxed the usual discipline for a day or two. They had chafed and offered wagers there with a zest that would not have misbecome the Empire Club, and they now came to hear "the old man" speak.

He stood forth, his head bare, on the broad steps. The noises about him were suddenly hushed. At the Sprowle mansion, as elsewhere, was audible his opening phrase, "Fellow citizens." Then followed such fragments as "the proud satisfaction, — the momentous issues, — one whose interests are identical with your own, — this great New York, — this imperial city of ours, — washed on three sides by rivers, with a bay capable of holding the commercial navies of the world, — men of all nations and climes, — the enterprise, wealth, and skill of our people. Thanking you once more for your kind attention, I will bid you good-night!"

There were more shrill cheers; the band struck up briskly; there was a bustle of hand-shaking on the steps; some of the leaders were invited into the house; refreshments were passed around outside. Then came more music by the band. It marched away, its notes sounding fainter and fainter in the distance, and the merchant prince was left to repose upon his new honors.

Rodman Harvey made much less of the news of the substitution of Kingbolt for Sprowle, when it was broken to him, than his family had dreaded. Whether it was that he was occupied with his own affairs, and did not fully appreciate its bearing upon himself, or that he had other reasons, he appeared, after a decorous amount of advice, to regard the choice of Kingbolt with genuine favor.

"He has so much more money, you know, papa," urged Angelica, anxious to make the case the most secure possible.

"Yes, I know," he replied. "The name of the Eureka Tool Works, and that of its founder, Colonel Kingbolt, are almost like household words."

"The matter chiefly concerns you," he said to the two women. "You made the first match for reasons good and sufficient to yourselves, and now that you are pleased to change your views I do not know that I am called upon to interfere. Only do not let it happen again. Its suddenness is most unbusiness-like and reprehensible. I trust that you have done everything, as far as possible, to reconcile the Sprowles, and that you will do yet more. They are a strong clan and their ill-will is a matter of consequence."

The women suppressed some of the aggravated circumstances of the affair, and they did not tell him that it was war to the knife with the Sprowles.

The news had its various effects in many quarters. It came to Mr. Fletch-

er St. Hill upon the heels of his fancied recovery of control over Kingbolt, and caused in that financier a profound revulsion of feeling. Now, indeed, was his patron lost to him, and it was time for him to make to himself new friends in the mammon of iniquity. He moved his Prudential Land and Loan Company two flights higher up in the Maagoon Building. He took himself, after a while, with his grudge against Harvey, to the Sprowles. They received him with open arms. He was to aid them in working up a campaign. On the strength of this Sprowle Onderdonk advanced him money. St. Hill imparted gradually, and under strict pledge of confidence, his secret, and showed Harvey's treasonable correspondence in his possession. "My business relations are too delicate," he explained, "and my situation here as a Southerner among Northerners too critical, to allow me to engage in a contest with so powerful an adversary. There is no telling what calumnies he might invent, in return, and even give them a certain currency, too, through his recognized standing."

"These are good, but not enough," groaned Mrs. Sprowle, over the letters. "They would have injured him politically, but more is wanted." She would have liked to convict Rodman Harvey of arsons, assassinations, — the most heinous of crimes.

The news came to Bainbridge by the mouth of G. Lloyd, the architect, the day after Harvey's election. It was a dismal, wet November day, one of those that herald in peculiarly disagreeable fashion the advent of winter. The rain beat like small shot against his office windows, and scourged the ferry-boats and wandering sails, which fled before it like guilty things, down on the wide yellow river. In the squares it tore off the leaves, no longer one by one, but by the handful, and endeavored to beat them into the ground with a superfluity of malice. They met in the damp hall of

the Magoon Building, at noon, and their umbrellas ran pools upon the tile pavement while they talked.

"By the way, another lively exploit of our friend Kingbolt," said Lloyd. "We were talking about him, the other evening, you remember. Heard?"

"No," said Bainbridge.

"He has cut out Sprowle with Harvey's handsome daughter, and got her for himself. Fact!"

"Heavens — No! But isn't it pretty sudden?"

"They say he has been dangling around her this ever so long. I got it from some club men. People saw them hugging each other at a garden-party up the Hudson. That's what brought on the crisis."

Bainbridge walked about in the blustering weather in a rapture. Perhaps he hardly noted that it rained. For him it had suddenly become the most genial of days. The sun was shining at but the slightest remove behind the enshrouding vapors.

Ottillie not another's at all? and still open to him? He knew very well what he meant to do at the first practicable moment for getting up town. He called himself a million idiots for having so mistaken the true state of affairs. What must she have thought of him? And he a lawyer, and presumably in the habit of attaching something like its real value to evidence! He entered a florist's, and sent Ottillie flowers, accompanied by a note.

Ottillie, in her room, looking out of her window at the dismal prospect, received, that afternoon, a pasteboard box full of Jacqueminot roses. They were cut with long stems, and laid in a protection of cotton-wool. Their dewiness and perfume were upon them still, as if fresh from the conservatory. The young girl had never had a more delightful compliment. The inclement season trebled their charm. What did it all mean? She read the following note:

DEAR MISS OTTILIE, — I seem to have been laboring under some stupid delusion. Happily, it is past. I wonder if you will be at home this evening. I shall give myself the pleasure of trying to find you. Sincerely yours,

RUSSELL BAINBRIDGE.

Delusion? What delusion? What was she to understand? Here was testimony enough, if more were needed, that with Bainbridge one was dealing with no ordinary person. She sat in an attitude of pensive reflection, burying her face from time to time in the lovely roses. She was greatly puzzled. At any rate, he was coming to see her again, and of that she was very glad. Suddenly, however, she started up, seized her pen, rang for a district telegraph messenger, and, while awaiting his arrival, wrote as follows:—

DEAR MR. BAINBRIDGE, — Thank you so much for the flowers you have been kind enough to send me. What a bit of tropical beauty and fragrance on this blustering day! I am sorry to say that I cannot be at home this evening. I am not wholly mistress of my own motions, as you know, and my aunt has made some arrangement for me which will keep me away both this evening and to-morrow. I consider it very unfortunate. But will you not come very soon after that? Your "delusion" is a great mystery. What can it be? I think I have had reason to fear some such delusion on your part as that you had fancied you cared a little for yours very truly, but found you did not.

With sincere regards,

OTTILIE HARVEY.

Could Bainbridge have found Ottillie in the first flush of his enthusiasm, she would have heard from him an ardent declaration of his state of mind, whatever effect we may suppose such a declaration to have upon her. But this was

not to be for some time longer. He had a night and a day of enforced reflection. Even after that he did not at once find her alone. Nothing, in fact, had changed in their circumstances, from the point of view of eligibility to marriage. Were they not as poor as ever? It is only in story-books, when true-lovers, without a penny in their pockets, take each other for better or for worse, throwing prudential considerations to the winds, that everything else is immediately added unto them. "Rodman Harvey would look upon a proposal for his niece's hand as an attempt upon his purse-strings, and would close them tighter than ever. And who wishes him to open them on my account, since he will not on hers?" said Bainbridge. "No, let us wait a little." He had an indefinite sense that something must turn up to aid them. The immediate danger was over. He would study out a solution of their difficulties at leisure. Their former relations were resumed. Why hurry to its dissolution a situation which was so charming in itself?

He began to walk much in Wall Street in his noon outings. He studied the backs of capitalists who had achieved notable success there. He crossed over and met them, and endeavored to divine their secret in their faces. Some of them were of the most ordinary aspect, — shamle-gaited, of rusty attire, and pinched and mean little physiognomies. They did not look happy, with their money, and plenty of well-authenticated stories showed that they were not. But that was not to the purpose; so much the worse luck theirs. If he, Bainbridge, had it he could be happy.

The dark mass of Trinity Church rose at the head of the narrow, opulent street. The quiet old churchyard at its base was in such contrast to the eager streams of human life rushing by, as if death and graves, though actually lying there under one's eyes, were the most improbable of myths. Down the street jutted

the temple-like porticoes of the sub-treasury and custom-house. The multitudinous needs of commercial intercourse had spun a dusty web of telegraph wires across the sky, which at places ruled it into squares like those of the ledger pages, and again converged into bundles like ships' cordage. Trays of gold pieces shone in the windows of the low basement offices, as if here, sure enough, Jupiters in plenty had rained themselves down in search of Danaë, having come to the wrong part of town. The brokers waited in the dark interiors for customers to take the glittering bait. Bainbridge gathered up one day all his resources, including a moderate loan from the Hudson Hendricks, and went into Wall Street.

An idea had taken possession of him. Speculation was not the ideal means of redeeming one's fortunes. No doubt he should be ashamed of it afterwards. But it was a means, a possible means, and there seemed no other. There was talk, just at present, of unusual opportunities for gain. The market was actively "booming." He determined to regard this venture as an augury. To win Ottilie, if he succeeded; to give her up to a better custody than his, if he failed! Surely fate would be propitious to so deserving a cause.

There was a plan of buying on a "margin," or percentage, by which one secured control of a number of shares vastly out of proportion to his small capital. In this way, in the event of a rise a large profit was reaped; though of course, in the event of a considerable decline, on the other hand, the capital one had put in was wholly wiped out. Bainbridge bought shares of Devious Air Line, on a margin. There seemed a certain fitness in connecting himself in this way with the fortunes of Rodman Harvey.

Devious Air Line remained exactly where it was for a long time. Then it dropped off a point or two.

XX.

"LALAGE, SWEETLY SMILING, SWEETLY SPEAKING."

Conventional lovers in the conventional stories are always aware of the precise extent of the regard they have for each other. It is generally a frenzy amounting to madness. They take the earliest (and every subsequent) opportunity of declaring it, and thereafter it is no will of their own, but only the most insuperable physical obstacles, that keep them apart.

But who shall picture all the fluctuations of feeling, the misgivings, the blowing hot and cold, of lovers in real life, where there are so many affairs besides those of the heart demanding attention; so much marrying and giving in marriage, indeed, with hardly a pretense of affection at all? Balked in his first intent, Bainbridge did not renew it. His imagination hovered over Otilie with an all-embracing tenderness, but he did not make her any set speeches of affection.

When they had met a number of times, and he had not referred in any way to his note, Otilie said to him, —

"Perhaps you do not remember that you have not told me what the stupid delusion you mentioned was. I am dying to know."

Taken by surprise, he was hardly able to vary from the truth with any great ingenuity at so short notice. He had hoped that as the matter had not been alluded to so far, it would remain uninvestigated. He gave to his admission of the truth, however, a flippant air, as if the point had been of but the most trifling consequence.

"Oh, — that? Oh, yes!" he said. "That was a misunderstanding about Kingbolt, you know. I was overworked, or absent-minded, or something. I often get things wrong. I seemed to

get it into my head that it was you to whom Kingbolt was paying his court instead of Angelica."

Otilie did not reply on the instant. She looked at him with a gaze at once bewildered, reflective, amused. What a compliment he paid her! He had been seriously considering her, then, as an eligible partner for Kingbolt; she, who considered herself so little eligible for anybody. Why, the plain implication was, too, that he, Bainbridge, had been jealous of her. She dared not trust this hypothesis; it was too wild. But in the instant of making it her heart beat quicker, and it remained very much warmer towards Bainbridge ever after.

"Oh, you thought it was I?" she said. "That is very interesting. If you could only have known how he was boring me with his talk about my cousin all the while, you would not have thought so. I hardly knew what to do. I could not betray his confidence, and yet I did not want it. I never supposed his persistence would have any result. So that accounts for your — So you thought" —

She nibbled her lip with her even white teeth in the effort to repress her smiles. But her smiles were rather of keen delight, which she feared might betray itself, than of derision.

"The circumstances fitted into one another so perversely. Your riding with him so much, you know, and all that," said Bainbridge.

"And so you stayed away?" She broke into a merry laugh.

"Well, yes. I did seem to stay away."

"Do you not think you are of a rather peculiar disposition?" the young girl asked.

"I advised you, you know," said Bainbridge, waiving an answer to this question. "A companion of that kind, if I had been right, would naturally have taken my place. I thought I ought to furnish a clear field."

"And no favor," she supplemented, archly.

"Well, no; not very much favor."

"You do me great honor, I am sure. Perhaps the advice is good yet, in principle."

This was a critical passage for Bainbridge. The tone and look of banter he assumed were likely to give place to an instant expression of blazing avowal of passion. "I am well out of it," he thought. "Your cousin's new engagement is openly announced, I hear," he said, changing the subject.

"Yes; as the murder was out, boldness was the best policy. I think they are doing a number of things on that basis, still. It is a continual round of dinners and theatre parties in Angelica's honor. Mr. Kingbolt gets his friends to give them, and gives them himself, sometimes at Delmonico's, and sometimes at his own fine apartments. He has, of course, suitable chaperons to preside. I have seen some of the *menus* from these dinners. One was on embroidered satin, another engraved on a silver tablet. Lovely presents are given the guests: fans, sashes to match the ladies' dresses, gold pins and butterflies for their hair, and satin bags of confectionery. It is one rain of gifts for Angelica all the time: parcels from the jeweler, the florist, and confectioner all day long. Do you want to hear about her engagement ring?"

"Certainly I do. What is it?"

"A diamond of five carats, in a plain setting. Oh, how it glitters! She has another ring, also a present, with a pink pearl and two diamonds set in line. It came in a jewel case of painted porcelain, in the shape of an egg, a perfect jewel itself. This was inclosed in a little teak-wood box, elaborately carved, and this again in a silk bag, drawn together with a cord. You would have screamed."

"I am almost tempted to now, at your feeling description."

"Angelica has given him in return a lock of her hair, a photograph for his dressing-table, a cat's-eye ring, and a sofa pillow partly embroidered by herself."

"You seem to take a certain interest in such matters."

"I dote on them. I have my epicurean tastes, too. Poor old Lone Tree! I fear I am forever spoiled by the leaven of luxury."

"I dare say she is very fond of him?" said Bainbridge, continuing the subject.

"She must be, to have done what she has. I have heard her adjure him affectionately to be more careful of his hands for her sake. She thinks he is ruining them by his driving his coach, and the other sports. But, seriously, you see how she has offended and defied the influential Sprowle family as she has. If you could have seen that old woman's face, the day she came to reproach my aunt about it! I was frightened to death. What do you think she will do? What is done in this fashionable world, when people bitterly hate each other, and want revenge?"

"That is one of the problems. Well, they have their opinion of one another, and when they get sympathetic listeners they state it. Good old-fashioned vengeance, in fact, appears to be dying out. It is not a modern luxury. Few facilities are afforded now for its indulgence. Mortal enemies are not usually invited to the same dinner, — at least; discriminating hosts do not put them next each other."

"Could the Sprowles attack my uncle in any way?" added Otilie, with anxiety. "They might think it best to strike at my aunt and cousin through him. Probably no other means would be so effective. I am sure I should feel nothing more keenly than any taint of disgrace that might attach to him."

"Nonsense!" said Bainbridge. "They might annoy him in some trifling ways; but if your uncle really had any points

dangerously open to attack, it is not likely that he could afford to be as stiff and uncompromising as he is with almost everybody."

"Well, I shall feel easier when my cousin's wedding is over."

The merchant prince went off to Washington in December, and took his seat in the House of Representatives.

Kingbolt and Angelica, having impressed their new situation upon society to the extent they thought needful, also went away to pay a visit to the family of Kingbolt at Kingboltsville. The young heir was considerably overdue there. It was long since he had conferred with his trustees, and these, having the management of things so very much in their own hands, began almost to look upon him as an interloper. It was due to his mother and sisters, too, that he should introduce his betrothed to them.

His enthusiasm for her, which under ordinary circumstances might perhaps have cooled somewhat, was kept aglow by the opposition he had met with. He squared himself defiantly against the notoriety the case had obtained. It was a wonder he did not come to blows with Sprowle Onderdonk. It was probably due to the forbearance of this latter that such an outbreak did not take place. The two passed each other in the lobby of the Empire Club for a while with a haughty aggressiveness of mien.

"Still," said Onderdonk, "it would be stretching a point for me to take it up, in that way. It is my cousin Sprowle's affair, the idiot! If he can afford to let it alone, I suppose I can. Besides, this fool of a Kingbolt is not the culprit. It is the Harvey people. We must make them feel it, root and branch. Perhaps we shall show them in time that slights are not to be put on a family like ours with impunity."

Mrs. Sprowle also spoke of Kingbolt in pretty much the same way. *He was,*

according to her, "a poor dupe," "the rich young plebeian, whom those designing women had got into their clutches," and who was more to be pitied than blamed, had even as his private character was.

At Kingboltsville, Kingbolt went with Angelica to take a glimpse of the great Works. "Would you believe," he inquired, "that I once came personally, with my blue shirt and dinner-pail, like one of the ordinary hands, and greased the machinery?"

"Fancy!" his sweetheart replied, with supreme contempt.

It was a source of wonderment now to the young man himself that, with all his superior opportunities for enjoyment in the world, he could ever have allowed himself to be deluded by any such absurd notions of duty.

An evening party was given, and provincial society came out to do Angelica honor. The young woman professed surprise to see how very well some of these persons really looked. She preserved with all of them, however, a chill, haughty demeanor. Nor did she get on much better with the family itself. She privately termed the two widowed sisters "frumps." They spent a humdrum existence here, ample as their resources were, in personally looking after small cases of charity, founding a church or a school, or patronizing some mediocre artist who came up from New York to establish classes in "decorative art." They still dressed in black, of a rather rusty sort, though their respective bereavements were very many years remote; and when they descended from a carriage you had a glimpse of worn gaiter and wrinkled stocking.

Kingbolt's mother ventured an injudicious comment, in her timorous, affectionate way, on his future bride. "We all admire her so much, Arthur," she said. "She is so brilliant in looks, so accomplished. I hope and pray that she will make you happy. But if you

could have chosen one a little less — a little more — not quite so worldly-minded, perhaps, dear.”

The son, resenting, in quite his youthful way, any impugnement of the wisdom of whatever he might choose to do, returned some brusque, impatient answer. His sisters said, “You should not speak to your mother in that way, Arthur.” Upon this, he flung himself out of the room, agreeing with Angelica that they were hostile to her, as she said. The pair presently left so unappreciative a society, and departed to visit at Washington.

There Angelica went about on her lover's or her father's arm to such places as pleased her. The great New York merchant and capitalist had been from the first put on important committees, and taken a prominent place in Congress. His beautiful daughter was something of a new sensation. She gave to statesmen from the interior a lesson in feminine elegance they had not before enjoyed. The newspaper correspondents, taxed to the utmost as they are in this department, sought fuller resources of word-painting to describe her. Otilie read some of their glowing accounts of her cousin's appearance at the afternoon receptions, at the ball of the British minister, of the General of the army, of Admiral this, and Senator that. Angelica assisted, too, the “ladies of the White House,” — who were glad of her, and somewhat abashed by her; and she dined more than once, in company with her father, at the President's table.

Angelica's own opinion of the whole, in return, was not favorable. “It is a perfect menagerie,” she said to Kingbolt. “If it were not for the legation people, it would be quite intolerable. No exclusiveness, no fixity, no traditions! Everybody goes everywhere. What does a society based upon a little brief office-holding amount to? These furbelowed daughters, nieces, and cousins of the good *bourgeois* legislators, no

doubt, think it heaven; and probably it is to them, who have never seen anything.”

It was thus she stigmatized the multitude of pretty girls flocking from all parts of the country to the gayeties of the place; she made herself as elegantly severe in attire as possible, by contrast. Murray Hill looked down disdainfully on Capitol Hill and all its affiliations.

Kingbolt coincided, as a newly engaged lover should, in most opinions that she chose to express. He amused himself, during his expatriation, with an incidental run to Baltimore, where he knew some pleasant fellows of the Maryland Jockey Club. He picked up from a needy inventor hanging about the Patent Office some ingenious new device in telegraphic communication, which he set about having put in operation between his house and stock-farm at Kingboltsville. He proposed to Angelica that his yacht should be brought around, and that they should take a trip to Bermuda; but to this she did not accede. We may leave them here for a little, and return to New York.

The Christmas season went by with Bainbridge and Otilie. Owing to the change in affairs, there was not the same amount of gaiety at the Harvey mansion proposed at the beginning of the season. Mrs. Harvey took Otilie about with her more or less, however, into society. She wished her companionship, but never quite let her lose the sense of her peculiar situation. Bainbridge took to going out, also, to places where there was a likelihood that he should meet with Otilie. There were by no means the same unconstrained opportunities for seeing her at the house now as before. He was still wheeling round the circle of obstacles by which he seemed beset, without finding in it any loophole of escape. Devious Air Line recovered the point or two it had lost, but did not rise above the purchase price.

Sometimes Bainbridge said to himself, "I will not marry her, for my *own* sake." That was his selfish mood, and meant that he desired to take upon himself no further burdens.

Again he said, "I will not marry her, for *her* sake. Why should I pull her down? Have I not well tested my capacity and prospects? Without me she stands an excellent chance to be prosperous and happy."

But still again he exclaimed passionately, "I will marry her, in spite of everything!"

He set off more than once to undertake the needful preliminary, but he either did not find Otilie when he would, or in her presence recovered an equanimity which enabled him to hold his avowal still unpronounced.

Once he dropped in one morning, by some chance, at a "Shakespearean reading" at Chickering Hall, and saw her there in the audience, following carefully with a text in her hand. She was reaping now some of those "advantages" of the metropolis, of which she had so exalted an idea. He knew of her going to lectures at the Academy of Design, to old Dr. John Jones's sonorous discourses on Reformers and Men of Letters, and to hear the Rev. Wayland Howland on the Cathedrals of Europe, this last illustrated by the stereopticon.

Bainbridge contemplated her awhile, at the Shakespearean reading, from his vantage-ground in the rear, and went away without having made his own presence known. How attractive it was in her, he thought, to sink the consciousness of her personal comeliness,—which so many other young women would have depended upon as sufficient for a career in itself,—and endeavor so ambitiously to fill her pretty head with mental furniture! It *was* a pretty head. The hair, drawn upward, except a tendril or two which escaped, grew delightfully upon the delicate nape of her neck. One smooth cheek was muffled by the

satin bow of her bonnet, tied at the side. The other, with long, dark eyelashes projecting above it, showed its rounded profile, now more, now less, as she turned.

The next meeting of the pair was at an afternoon reception, or four-o'clock tea. They were by the corner of a door-way and each held and tasted in a dilettante way a cup of the beverage which gave the entertainment its name. Bainbridge managed at the same time to keep his hat and stick under his arm. The rooms were full of a chattering audience, chiefly ladies, in elegant street toilettes. These drove from one to another of a number of similar receptions, all in progress at the same time, with card-cases in their hands, and remained but a few moments at each.

"I saw you at Chickering Hall," said Bainbridge. "You are always giving yourself infinite pains about some learned thing or other. You could afford to go in a little more for 'a good time.' You know more now than any dozen other New York girls put together."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Otilie, scandalized. "Very well; if you call it learned to go to a panorama, or an innocent little Shakespearean reading, what will you say if I begin to talk Herbert Spencer and Mill, and Tait's researches into the original atoms of matter to you?"

"I shall say, don't do it!"

"They are in the shape of rings, always in motion, as if contending with one another."

"The researches, or the atoms? Well," in response to an indignant frown, "let primordial atoms delight to bark and bite, if 't is their nature to; but that is no reason why we should."

"At any rate, persons who have everything to gain and nothing to lose ought to be ambitious, and learn all they can, do you not think so?" Otilie insisted. "Besides, I shall never know

enough to hurt me. Do you know, I think I should like to be a professor, —always learning something important, and arousing an interest in it in others."

"You take a roseate view of professors. There are a good many of a different sort. They are too often chosen from the class of learners by rote, who never have known and never will know what a genuine enthusiasm for scholarship is. That kind, by their dreary way of instruction, but stifle the germs of it in those confided to their care."

"A professor, after all, is only one of the tools, a part of the machinery. One would rather be a finished specimen of the product."

It happened that this particular four-o'clock tea was of a more elaborate sort than usual. The people by whom it was given were spoken of as in an upper grade of "strugglers." They still thought it desirable to commend themselves to favor by a lavish expenditure of money, which would not be so necessary later. The floral display was commented upon with an admiration thinly veiling contempt, by those who would not have imitated it. Flowers adorned the banisters from top to bottom, and were set about in forms of monstrous tea-kettles, temples, swans, and ships, on the piano and other pieces of furniture. Pretty children, costumed as flower-girls, presented each guest at his entrance a choice nosegay. A flower-wreathed silver fountain sprayed into the air, instead of water, a delicate perfumery.

"Do you know that this is not orthodox talk for a four-o'clock tea?" said Otilie. "You distract one from looking about. You should merely tell me how very difficult it is for men to attend affairs of this kind, and how surprised you are at finding yourself here. You should say that men have not the gift of small talk, you know; and, if you are inclined to be humorous, that it is

really very dreadful to find one's self in such a minority among an assembly of the fair sex. I should remark that it is said to make a fatal difference in a cup of tea whether the milk or the sugar be put in first. 'Yes,' you should reply; and you should state further that it is said that if a cup of tea be not perfect at the first mixing, no alteration can make it so. Meanwhile, we should both be staring about the room, thinking whom we would like to join, or have join us, next."

"So you are spoiled by luxury?" Bainbridge inquired, going back to a former subject.

"I suppose I am. Still, I don't know. I want to see a specimen of everything; then I shall decide which I like best. It may not be this fashionable life, after all. It *is* a decadence, I fear. These stories that go about of the flirtations of married men with young girls, and of men with other men's wives, —I do not believe them, of course; but it shows that something is wrong that they can get the currency they have."

This was a line of subjects, however, that could be more freely discussed with Mrs. Clef, for instance.

"What I should really like to see," Otilie went on, her face brightening, "is literary society. I should like to meet the people whose names you see in the papers, authors, artists, people who discuss things that are really worth while, and come to some conclusion about them. The bright ones in this fashionable society say sparkling, audacious, amusing things, but that is all. Nothing is advanced, nothing settled."

"They would be glad to have a niece of Rodman Harvey at any of the places where the kind of people you speak of assemble. I can drop Mr. Stoneglass a hint, down town. I know his wife will be pleased to send you an invitation, when her receptions begin."

"Really? Oh, I thought it would be

very difficult to accomplish that. I supposed that my aunt, not being literary in any way, was not eligible. I had never dared to aspire to it."

"You will meet people whose names you see in the papers, but you will find very little settled, my poor child, even there. This is not a world, in fact, where much is settled. Then there are writers from whom one has expected a great deal, who are found to have told in their books all they know, and perhaps even more. You get nothing further out of them. Still, it may be that, having entertained us in print, they consider it their privilege to be as dull as they please out of it."

"But what will they think of *me*?" said Otilie, shrinking diffidently from the idea now that it seemed unexpectedly feasible.

"The only condition of comfort is to consider what you think of people, not what they think of you. I dare say, however, you will not be frightened. They let me in. To tell the truth, literary lions of the first magnitude do not abound in New York. The best of them do not always turn out either, and when they do they roar but gently. The field is left a good deal to the minor lights. I fear you will be disappointed."

"Oh, no, I shall not. Anything in the shape of a live author! I recollect making a pilgrimage, once, to get the autograph of a lady writer in our neighborhood, about as good as Mrs. Anne Arundel Clum. We high-school girls of fifteen used to think she was wonderful. If she had been Sappho, or Madame de Staël, she could not have received us with a greater dignity."

"Yes, Mrs. Stoneglass, on the whole, will be the best for you," said Bainbridge, as if having reflected on the several places available. "Stoneglass has dined with your uncle, you say, and that will make it pleasanter. He edits the *Meteor*, and his wife writes the bright Fanny Copperplate letters in that and

other papers. She is better known than he, though his work is so much more substantial. When his rivals wish to be malicious, they speak of him as Mr. Fanny Copperplate Stoneglass. The entertainers are usually persons who themselves dabble, in a minor way, in letters. The right one to hold a *salon* of the traditional sort has hardly yet arisen. She should be appreciative and intelligent, of easy and friendly manners, and be surrounded by a certain degree of luxury. She should not bore people with a small literary vanity of her own, nor have axes to grind."

"When will Mrs. Stoneglass' receptions begin?"

"Some little time from now. I will let you know. They will probably be held Sunday nights, as usual."

"Oh! Sunday nights? We-ll" — said Otilie, hesitatingly.

"Yes; another of our imported customs. Sunday afternoons and evenings are coming into favor for a great deal of quiet sociability. Actors are free on Sunday evening, for one thing. You may see some leading actors at Mrs. Stoneglass'."

Otilie fell to reviewing the fitness of her equipment for meeting this formidable company.

"I read so little now, compared with what I used," she said; "I do not keep up at all. I am quite ashamed of myself."

"I, too, read almost nothing of late. It may be that as life becomes more interesting, books grow less so," said Bainbridge. "Perhaps we shall read again later on, to contrast our own experiences with those of fiction. I have had the last new novel of Blank's, of which people are talking, lying in my room for a fortnight, and have not touched it. I hear it has a legal plot. I wish I knew what it was without the trouble of perusing it."

"Send it around to me; I will read it for you," volunteered Otilie.

"Take care! It is too tempting an offer. I may hold you to it."

"I am not at all afraid."

He sent it around to her, in fact. At another meeting, not long after, she had ready and gave him a concise account of the story in a way which would hardly have done discredit to the best narrative powers of Angelica, or Madame Batignolles-Clichy herself.

"Do you know, it was very nice of you to do that," said Bainbridge, holding her hand a moment longer than necessary, it seemed, as she gave it to him for good-by.

"Was it? Well, I am glad you appreciate it."

She looked up brightly at him; but somehow her face flushed under his warm glance, and her eyes fell again. He hesitated over her hand, but dropped it without saying anything further.

Ottilie permitted herself reveries and speculations on the basis of the jealousy to which Bainbridge had confessed. It was the wildest of suppositions, of course. It would have meant that their association had not been platonic, after all, but nothing was more firmly established. But supposing now, as a mere hypothesis, that he could really like her in another way, he was about the *kind* of a person one would naturally like to marry. His looks pleased her; she admitted it. He was manly-looking, of rather a distinguished air; people would be apt to notice him in a crowd, she thought.

"They say very nice things of him, too, in contradiction of his own account of himself," she went on. "Judge Chipendale praises his legal acquirements, and also his personal courage in the affair with the shanty tenants. You never get a word out of *him*, though, on the subject. He is more serious than he used to be, too, — almost reasonable enough now for anybody. I knew that he never believed in his own wild theories. It was only his way of talking.

How well we have got on together! How sympathetic and appreciative he is with me, and sympathy has been by no means common! We have not seemed to tire each other; at least I hope I have not tired him. Whether we agree or disagree, our discussions are equally charming."

She would have liked to do something very warm and affectionate for him, — as for a dear brother. Once when she had sat down to write letters home, she scribbled almost inadvertently upon bits of paper, —

*Mr. R. Bainbridge. . . . Mrs. Russell.
. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge. . . .
Mrs. Ottilie Bain—*

But at this point she exclaimed, "Ridiculous!" tore up the paper hastily, and looked over her shoulder in blushing alarm, lest by any chance she might have been observed.

"He to marry a poor girl," she went on, "with his tastes, his needs, his ambitions! If such a one had any conscience she would refuse to become a burden upon him, even if he were so foolish as to ask her. He should have the best wife in the world. He must have one who will be an advantage to him, — aid him to rise, not draw him back."

These were possibly far-fetched considerations and scruples, but such as they are, they were those of Ottilie Harvey.

Ottilie was sometimes taken to her aunt's box at the opera. Bainbridge, whose passion and relaxation were music, went also, in a more modest way. He could see that the same class of fashionable men fluttered about the Harvey box, probably by force of habit, as when Angelica had been there. One night, of a number, he sat with his eyes fixed upon Ottilie's slight figure, at a distance. The love passages on the stage were of unusual tenderness. He heard in the melodies the supplication, the pathos, of his own affection. He went, after the act, to pay his respects at the box. The opera-going men of unexceptionable

form were there. Mrs. Rodman Harvey was saying to one of them, in a tone of wearied criticism, —

“We have no more voices. Grisi and Malibran were the last of the giants. The light style of singing is destroying us.”

Bainbridge found that it was Mr. Northfleet, of the Empire Club, who was bending over Otilie. “The German music is more bracing and tonic,” he overheard him say, with an elaborate, languishing air, — a manner that had won him success with others of the fair sex before now, — “the Italian sweeter, cloying, if you will. But give me the sensuous Italian music, after all! There are times when it draws you out of yourself; fills you with vague, ineffable longings.”

“Like going through Tiffany’s in the holiday season,” returned Otilie, with her luminous smile. “Yes, I have felt that way, too.”

Thus she parried the sentimentality of these persons, and seemed to stand less in awe of them than formerly. But there were too many of these men. Although no aspirant so flagrant as he had taken Kingbolt to be appeared in the field, Bainbridge no longer knew whom not to dread, whom not to be jealous of.

One memorable afternoon he was passing through the street in which the Hastings family resided. It abutted at the Avenue upon the massive Egyptian reservoir. The shadows had already begun to climb the opposite row of houses. He walked on the shaded side, but was presently sensible of light being flashed in his eyes from across the way. Looking over, he saw that it was the mischievous little Hastings children who were playing him this trick with a mirror from an upper window. They replied to an admonitory forefinger with laughing shrieks and a pretended hiding of their heads. Otilie Harvey appeared in some confusion behind them.

“I have been looking after them for

an hour or two,” she explained to Bainbridge, holding parley down to him, “while my friend Mrs. Hastings has gone after her new nurse-maid. You will not think much of my discipline.”

At the instant Mrs. Hastings herself rolled up. “Are you planning an elopement, or is it only a serenade?” she asked gayly, alighting from her *coupé*. “Well, come in! I will help you. Perhaps we have a rope-ladder in the house. You must stay to dinner,” she insisted hospitably. “We need somebody to carve. Mr. Hastings is detained down town, and will not be at home.”

Bainbridge, not unwillingly persuaded, entered the house with her. Otilie brought the children down to the parlor, and made many apologies for their bad behavior. They were a boy and a girl, charming in their dainty attire; a little over-boisterous and spoiled, but lovely in physical aspect to the height of the ideal.

At the dinner-table, Bainbridge, in Mr. Hastings’ place, had quite the air of a man of family. A parrot, kept on a stand at one side of the room, was loosed from his large tin cage, at dessert, and practiced a feat of coming and getting a grape or two and a bit of sugar from his mistress’ hand. He vouchsafed, with his cold air, to come also to Otilie. She had for this pet, as for most others, an abundant stock of affectionate murmurs and cooings. There was some talk on matters of cookery between her and the hostess; not of the epicure’s sort, but such as good housewives indulge in who have masculine tastes to look after, and feel a due sense of the responsibility. Mysterious formulas of “two of flour, one of saleratus, and one of sugar,” were mentioned. Otilie said,

“I always make my salad dressings with cream as well as oil.”

Mrs. Hastings was busy, it appeared, with inducting the new nurse-maid into the duties of her office, for a considerable time after dinner, and our two

young people were left much alone together. Otilie sat down at the piano, and played a little, ever and anon turning back to talk.

"I have been this morning to Harvey's Terrace," she said, among other things, "and have heard of a case which distresses me. The elderly school-teacher, Miss Finley, who went away to live with the pretty one, her friend, who was married from there, has come back in a pitiable condition. It seems that she let Mr. Cutter, the young man her friend married, have her money — all her savings of years — to invest, and she cannot get it back. Neither can she get any interest on it. The young man has put it in as a special deposit in some company where he is employed, and probably lost it. At least, it looks so much like it that the poor girl, cannot eat nor sleep. She may lose her place in the schools, unless something is done; for of course a person so distracted is not fit to teach."

"A sad case, indeed," commented Bainbridge, reflecting quite as much on the good heart and charitable energy of her who recited it to him.

"I want to try to get my uncle to do something. I shall mention it to him the next time he comes on from Washington. The young man was formerly in his store. Perhaps he can force him or his employer, in some way, to restitution."

The traits of the Hastings infants, in another turn of the conversation, became the starting-point for an exchange of sagacious views on education. Bainbridge alleged that the method of training of most people, his own at any rate, was wholly indefensible.

"What is wanted," he said, "is a scheme of education based upon the scheme of an international exhibition. First, the primary materials of the universe; then the forces of nature; then the forces as utilized by machinery; then the products of the machinery;

then man in his history, manners and customs, governments, and fine arts. The chimera of study for the mere sake of mental discipline should be discarded; something of real interest should be learned at the same time. The elements of the various branches of human knowledge should be reduced to their lowest terms, and given to the child at a very early age. In infancy one thing is about as easy as another. At that flexible time of life everything is possible. The child should be put in possession of all his physical powers, too. He should make the most of his arms, legs, eyes, and his voice. Indistinctness of speech, for one thing, should not be tolerated; neither should awkwardness of carriage. With proper management, the eye might be trained so that drawing would be as easy as writing. It should be a mere matter of choice whether a memorandum were made with a picture or a paragraph."

"Oh, indeed?" said Otilie.

"Yes," the theorist went on; "the child should learn geology, botany, and natural history, and get also an idea of the artistic beauty in common forms and lights and shadows, which occur everywhere. With all this, he would have something for his walks abroad. He would be kept from the mischief traditionally waiting for idle hands and vacant minds."

"But with all that," said Otilie, "you would hurry your infant into an early grave. Good health is of much more importance."

"But I *say* good health," protested the young man. "I *say* physical exercise, the more the better. And only the broad, simple features of the sciences to be given."

"That is all very well for Julius Cæsars and Napoleons and Admirable Crichtons, who can do fifty different things at once, but you will kill the child," insisted Otilie perversely.

There was a certain penetrating feel-

ing of domesticity in their situation, and the interior where they were. By a little stretch of the imagination, it might have been fancied that it was they who were at home, and Mrs. Hastings their guest. They commented with favor on the small house, abounding with many evidences of a refined taste, and on the enviable lot of the Hastings family generally.

"But I thought you cared for nothing on so modest a scale," said Ottilie; "though an establishment like this is expensive enough, goodness knows. I recollect your scoffing at the idea of anything less for a residence than the Custom House, or Saint Peter's at Rome."

But nothing was more to Bainbridge's taste at this time than notable details of economy, accounts of cheap rents, of persons who made much of very slender incomes, and the like.

"I suppose persons might do with less if they really loved each other," he said.

"If they really loved each other," said Ottilie, in a dreamy voice, and with half-averted head, "perhaps they would think very little of their circumstances. Nothing that they could do, no surrounding of their lives, could seem very tame or common."

Bainbridge was standing by her at the piano, ostensibly for the purpose of turning over her music. His heart throbbed so, upon this, that he thought she could hear it. "I must speak. I will," he said to himself. He walked hastily to a small table near the centre of the room, to collect his ideas. The evening paper, carelessly thrown down, lay upon this table. His eye fell upon a line of it as he stood, which projected with a startling distinctness.

There had been a flurry in Wall Street. Devious Air Line had fallen five per cent. He took his hat, and left the house.

The next day the flurry in Wall Street continued. The omen for which he had

been waiting declared itself. His pitiful "margin" was wiped out, and he was left besides a debtor for the sum he had borrowed.

"Better luck next time!" his broker cried to him, cheerfully, as he hurried away from the conclusion of the transaction with a face expressing deep despair. It was so marked that Judge Chippendale, meeting him, noticed it, and had the story from him, in the first unguarded moments of his agitation. "Nothing wonderful about that," said the judge, with but a scant sympathy. "It is on just such persons as you that Wall Street lives. Better have the experience now, while you are young, than later. It will be money in your pocket, in the end. If you had succeeded, you would only have come to the same result later in life, when you could not have stood it as well."

So they could afford to talk to him, they who had not lost, they who knew nothing of his hopes, nothing of what the disappointments of his past life had been. He rushed up to his office, to be alone. Ah, yes, he was young. He set to work to eradicate this idle passion of love from his heart. As a philosopher and man of experience, he knew that it could be done. He knew that its growth is a matter of proximity, habit, repetition of charming impressions, and that it could be diminished, and made to disappear, by abstinence from all the kind of impressions upon which it had been fed. No doubt the requisite period of time could be definitely calculated. He had acquired earlier a very dreary kind of knowledge: namely, that it is possible to forget. He thought he knew already that men may survive, in a certain calloused way, the keenest of agitations, till these pass away, and become as a dream; and that happiness is not necessarily put down in the programmes of all of us, desperately though we may strive and agonize for it.

He determined to go upon a journey.

As he was shutting up his office, Mr. Fletcher St. Hill, who had moved nearer to his vicinity of late, accosted him.

"Oh, by the way," said St. Hill, "I dare say you can tell me where to find a person by the name of Gammage; a respectable old gentleman, you know, who formerly did some light work for me. If I knew of his whereabouts now, I think I could give him quite a job of copying."

"He is not in the city. He is up in the country somewhere."

"I should not mind paying his expenses to town, if you could find him," said the inquirer, with an eagerness not wholly suppressed.

"I really cannot help you. I do not know where he is," responded Bainbridge, coldly.

This was, in fact, true. The person with whom Gammage had last lodged, when among the farmers of Westchester, had brought to Bainbridge a rather favorable account of the old clerk's doings while there, and reported that he had taken a small agency of some kind, and disappeared from view. He had gone back into the remote interior, this informant said, a considerable remove from the lines of railroad, and had not returned.

Some little time after this, on his return from his journey, our young attorney saw Gammage advertised for in a "personal," over the office address, and apparently the initials, of Sprowle Onderdonk. As neither St. Hill nor Onderdonk would be likely to want the broken-down teller of the Antarctic Bank for his own merits, Bainbridge could but suspect some purpose to annoy Rodman Harvey by means of him. They were moving, then, in that matter? He was very sorry, not for Rodman Harvey's sake, but for Otilie's, though trying so hard to forget her. Nothing was to be done, however. He only trusted

that Gammage had retired so far as to be permanently beyond their reach.

Bainbridge's journey was into Central Pennsylvania, where he prosecuted in person some collections confided to his care. On his way back he fell in with Miss Emily Rawson. She was on the same train, and they traveled a considerable part of the day together. This led to a renewal of their intimacy, and a certain renewal of her influence over him. He wanted distraction. As well that she could furnish, he said, as any other! He was not likely, at any rate, to meet Otilie there. His steps almost drew him perforce, when he set out on his walks, in the direction of poor Otilie, now again cruelly neglected, but he resisted the impulse strenuously.

The sympathy of Emily Rawson, although she could have had at present but a dim idea of what she was sympathizing with, was grateful. She had him "smoke to her" again, and play his violin in accompaniment to her piano. How they philosophized now, more than ever, on the elusiveness of happiness, the unsatisfactoriness of life! Why could he not like her? he asked himself. She was made to be liked. She was womanly, accomplished, tender, restful. Her experience gave her an added charm. He could find no fault in her but that of liking him a little too well.

One evening, at the piano, without any ostensible cause, she let her head fall upon her hands, and wept. Bainbridge tried to soothe her. He asked, solicitously, "Oh, why? What does it mean?" She replied that it was but a nervous mood, and meant nothing. Weakened, unstrung by a purely physical sympathy with unhappiness akin to his own, he had well-nigh offered himself to her, — though not for one moment forgetting Otilie, — and added thus a new feature to his complications.

William Henry Bishop.

THE NATION OF THE WILLOWS.

II.

THE HOME OF THE NATION.

MORE than three hundred years ago, one of Coronado's lieutenants, at the head of a little band of soldiers, crossed, to the northward, the deserts beyond the province of Tusayan, and after many days came to the brink of a tremendous chasm, which the modern explorations of Major Powell have shown to be, in some places, more than a mile in depth. These Spanish adventurers were worn out with exertion, famished for want of water, and foot-sore, as nearly all of their animals had perished. They paused upon the brink, unable to descend, unable to slake their burning thirst in the waters of the river, which, as they described it, "though grand, looked like a thread of silver, so deep down was it." This river they named El Rio Tizon, but afterward it was called the Rio Colorado Grande, a name which it still retains.

The Nation of the Willows make their home in one of the side cañons of this great river, near the middle of the western half of the Grand Colorado Plateau, in the gorge of Cataract Creek, a natural cellar (if we may be permitted the comparison), half a mile in depth. That portion in which their village stands is only seven miles due south from the Grand Cañon, and about one hundred and fifteen, as the crow flies, north from Prescott, Arizona. A glance at any good map will convince the unversed reader that Cataract Creek Cañon is almost in the centre of an immense desert, — desert only because of the absence of perennial water, but covered by a grand growth of pines, piñons, cedars, and junipers, and by flowering plants and luxuriant grasses of many

varieties. Upon this strange desert, some sixty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea, considerable rain falls during latter July, August, and September; and with the end of November heavy frosts begin and snows ensue, occurring with greater or less frequency and severity of cold throughout the larger part of the winter. During the latter season, these vast plains, undulations, and forest mesas are filled with game of the nobler sort, such as deer, elk, antelope, and bear; followed by the constant coyote and fox, "the herds and herders of the Ha-va-su-pai," as the Zuñis say. Quite different is the Cataract Cañon itself, situated only thirty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, the occupied portion of which is more than three thousand feet below the surrounding desert, — a veritable perennial oasis, with almost subtropical climate and luxuriance of vegetation, with a clear, cold, never-failing, impetuous stream cleaving its way through the little plain at the bottom of the cañon, the waters of which are strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime. The atmosphere is as moist, warm, and temperate as that of the surrounding waste is arid and extreme. Frosts rarely and snows never visit its little plains, and even the quietest pools along the rushing little river are never fettered by ice. The agave, or century-plant, which nowhere appears on the surrounding plains, reaches almost giant proportions in its valleys, furnishing the material for the mescal, or *ak-na*, so abundantly prepared by the Ha-va-su-pai, and so well known among the more southern tribes of the territory and of Old Mexico. Apricots ripen in June, peaches in July; corn is gathered and eaten during both months, and again planted, to ripen during September and

October. Quail and smaller birds, rabbits, squirrels, and a few burrowers constitute the sparse fauna, although along its unscaled cliffs still wanders the big-horn, or *Ovis montana*. No fish or aquatic animals, save the Gila monster and a few lizards, appear. Luxuriant vines and shrubbery; willows, cottonwoods; flags, tules, and other aquatic plants, with a marked absence of grasses, save a kind of cane along the river, and of flowering plants, with here and there the amole, or Spanish bayonet, and agave, — these make up the richly growing but unvaried flora.

Only two trails descend this cañon: the one from the southeast, — by which we entered, — with a southern branch, over which the cavalry had passed; the second from the southwest, winding and climbing through a maze of side cañons, a wonderful example of Indian engineering skill, unsurpassed in grandeur, difficulties, or dangers. The passage of either of these trails, especially of the latter, requires the greater part of the day. From the entrance at the head of the little side cañon, tending down from the southeastward, through which the first-described trail leads, forty turns are made, each one leading further downward, and revealing entirely new views of the indescribably grand and beautiful rock scenery. During all this passage of more than twenty miles, scarcely a place is encountered that a stone's-throw or an arrow-flight would not span, notwithstanding the depth gradually increases to three thousand feet. In some places the rocks overhang the traveler's head on either side, leaving only a narrow strip of sky, while at others the opening assumes a funnel shape: the gray lime sandstone, which forms the upper half of the rock walls, gradually slopes back a quarter of a mile, where it suddenly ascends in a rugged series of promontories, buttes, and cliffs; the red sandstone, which forms the immediate cañon-border, more obdurate, re-

tains its primitive narrowness and angular beauty, only here and there worn by the blasts of rain and wind and sand. These features are characteristic until the last turn reveals a bending plain, in no place exceeding half a mile in width, formed by the junction of the lesser southwestern cañon with the main southeastern, and reinforced by the wearing of the emerging river for ages, — and this is the sandy, loamy plain where the Ha-va-su-pai or Kuhní kwe dwell, and the groves of cottonwood and willows grow. Below the little village, which numbers about thirty-five huts, are four beautiful cataracts, from which the stream derives its American name. The first two are inconsiderable, although beautiful, sheltered as they are by thrifty, irregular growths of cottonwood and willow, the forms of which are reflected, and torn into a thousand fragments of green and silver, by the rippling, boiling, surging, rushing waters. The geologic history of these two is repeated in a third and grander fall, a mile or two below the head of the village. Huge rocks have tumbled down to the very water's edge from the cliffs on either side, which here almost meet each other, leaving only a broken path on the eastern bank, difficult for the passage even of foot travelers. The unaided waters have built for their own adornment a horseshoe-shaped, overhanging dam of carbonate of lime, three hundred feet in height, filling in the basin above, to the very surface of the pool, with a confused jumble of petrified trees, mosses, ferns, flags, and what not, preserving only one deep, narrow, serene channel through the middle. And from their stony, dead ancestry spring ever fresh trees, mosses, ferns and flags; their rootlets and dead leaves continually changing to stone, their branches shooting upward to form a network so green and massive that it hides the waters which are at once their life and destruction. Over the top and very

edge of this rock-wall springs a dense grove of cottonwoods and willows, with branches so abundant and green and high that they challenge the blue, cloudless sky, which only here and there peeps through them into the waters. The whole Kuhn River spouts forth in a mass of snow and crystal blue from out this marvelous verdure, sprinkling the leaves with its spray in its downward course, — leaves which reveal only now and then the red and yellow of the rock-wall to which they cling. It flattens itself, splits, midway down, on a huge stalagmite of its own making, and sinks into the vast green pool at the bottom, one mass of spray and foam and mist. It is useless to try to paint these falls, with their crown of perennial verdure, their three hundred feet of crystal glory, their footstools of eternal, circling rainbows, which sink far into the clear green depths of the fathomless pools, or rise on the clouds of mist, and turn to ashes and lime on the leaves of the trees around them. You descend a series of niches cut into the vertical rock-wall, and, after slipping and grappling, and covering yourself with lime, skinning your shins and nose, and meditating for a moment on eternity, you find yourself at the bottom. A huge side-cañon comes in from the right, and, joining the main one, widens your view. But what care you for sky and clouds? Are you not face to face with a fairy grotto under the falls, white as snow and streaked with red and yellow? Are you not among the rainbows, even holding your breath to count the glories around you?

You turn your face from all this, cross the stream on a crust of lime bridging it below the pool, climb a great mound of fallen rocks under the shadow of thick, lime-frosted trees, and make your way with difficulty along the deep, narrow, almost straight, but impetuous channel of the river, through a low, tangled forest, for a mile or two, when you

come to an opening, and hear the deep roar of another waterfall, the thunders of which echo eternally up and down the narrow, dark cañon. You are surrounded by heaps of ashes, charred bones, beads, muskets, bowls, shells, and other savage possessions, some of them on the bare rocks, others on the thin, sandy soil; for this is the cremating ground of those among the Nation of the Willows who meet their death by accident, and these are their funeral pyres. You step a few rods beyond, and find yourself upon the brink of a precipice of four hundred feet, over which, to the right, plunges in an unbroken spout or sheet the whole river, striking the basin below with deafening thunder, and sending clouds of spray far into the dark, green chasm below. I cannot attempt to describe this waterfall. It is formed like the preceding one, but, while not so beautiful, is wonderfully grand. It is named by the Indians "Mother of the Waters;" and by prospectors "Mooney Fall," because an adventurer of that name, in attempting to descend the precipice hand under hand on a rope, became giddy, and fell upon the rocks below, where now his bones, ever washed and whitened by the limy mists, give to the Ha-va-su-pai a warning of the forbidden pass to the "home of the mother of the waters;" for he believes that the spirits of his ancestors sometimes float up and down amid the mists and rainbows, or that animistic demons lurk in the green, shadowy depths of the chasm.

The nearest neighbors of the Ha-va-su-pai are the Hua-la-pai, who roam over the great plains west of the cañon, and the Pai Utes, to the north of the cañon of the Colorado Grande, who, although only a few miles away, are separated from them by the Grand Cañon, and can reach them only by going far to the southwest, crossing the Colorado, and passing through the territory of the Hua-la-pai. On the south,

their immediate neighbors were, before their removal to the San Carlos agencies, the Apache Mojaves and Apache Yumas. Both, in common with the Hua-la-pai, their relatives by blood and tongue, were formerly their inveterate enemies. The Hua-la-pai now remain nominally neutral, although occasionally aggressive and thieving. Further to the north were the Utes; to the west, the Cheme-huevas; to the southwest, the Mojaves, Pimas, Maricopas, and Coco Maricopas; to the south, the White Mountain Apaches. These were the only tribes they knew, with the exception of their distant eastern neighbors, the Moquis and Zuñis, and the still more distant Navajos and Pueblos of the Rio Grande. Separated from the Ha-va-su-pai by the terrible waterless wastes I have described, the Moquis and Zuñis have nevertheless been their constant visitors for generations. Doubtless, the latter guided Coronado's lieutenant to the great cañon, which turned him southward to new sufferings and discoveries. Certain it is that the Ha-va-su-pai have been vaguely spoken of by the name of the Coçoninos by the Spaniards, and their descendants the Mexicans.

It was not until the expeditions of Captain Sitgreaves and Lieutenant Ives were undertaken, some thirty years ago, that anything came to be definitely known of the Coçoninos. Sitgreaves tells of the theft of some mules from his party by a band of "Cosninos;" and a daring doctor of the Ives expedition, almost famished for want of water, records how he nearly lost his life in attempting to descend a ladder, on the western trail, which, breaking, precipitated him several feet upon a rock-shelf, whence he was drawn up by his companions with a rope improvised from the straps of their packs. He saw, far below, some Indians, he says, and smoke from their huts. But the first white man who tells us anything of their actual home lives only as the nameless char-

acter of a frontier and Indian tradition; a strange adventurer he, who, possibly in search of mineral treasure, was driving about the Colorado Plateau in a buckboard, the remains of which may yet be seen, it is said, at the head of the eastern trail. Lost and nearly exhausted, he sought water and refuge in the cañon, and came upon the Ha-va-su-pai village; he narrowly escaped with his life, to tell his tale only to incredulous frontiersmen, and then to pass out of knowledge.

Some six or seven years ago, a party of prospectors, three in number, headed by the adventuresome Mooney, penetrated the cañon, in search of mineral. Mooney's survivors, unable to reach his body, returned to Prescott to tell the story, not only of their comrade's death, but also of the mineral riches they had discovered, and of the strange people, whom they called "Su-pais," that they had seen. An article in the Arizona Miner, narrating these things, caused other visits of prospectors to this country. The Mormons attracted by their characteristic zeal for the conversion of Indians, made an expedition to the cañon, under the leadership of the celebrated Lee. The Indians received the little band of Saints suspiciously, and listened gravely to their preaching; then, rising, escorted them to the trail leading out of the cañon, and directed them on their way, but assured them that their visit might be repeated only under penalty of death.

The attention of General O. B. Wilcox, commander of the Department of Arizona, having been drawn to the Ha-va-su-pai by the reports of prospectors and others, he feared disturbance for their lands, as well as for the safety of citizens visiting them; and, with characteristic kindness, he secured for them in 1880 the declaration of a reservation. He organized a cavalry expedition to survey this reservation during the season of my visit. This, under command of

Colonel Price, of the sixth cavalry, accompanied by Lieutenant Carl F. Palfrey, Corps of Engineers, and Major Elliot Coues, surgeon and naturalist, preceded me by only six or seven days. The commanding officer made a brief report to the Department; Lieutenant Palfrey, unable to surmount the difficulties of surveying, sent an admirable map of the cañon, with some suggestions, to the Indian Office; and Dr. Coues furnished a brief description of his visit and of the people to various Eastern papers. These accounts, based upon an actual visit of only a few hours, are short and imperfect, but they are all that have thus far ever been given to the world concerning the home of the Nation of the Willows.

Having heard, during the winter of 1880, from the Zuñis — of which nation I am a member — of a people so remarkable, whom they regarded as their younger brothers, it was with a mingled desire for adventure, priority of description, and to supplement my Zuñi investigations that I undertook, after invitation from that distant country-folk, the long journey I have recorded; and, with the freedom of intercourse which resulted from my position with the Zuñis and Moquis, as well as the advantages of having, as interpreter, Pu-la-ká-kai, — whose language I spoke readily, — I was able to learn many things which would otherwise have remained, perhaps, unknown, and which I shall attempt quite fully, though concisely, to record.

In perfection of muscular physique, the Ha-va-su-pai men approach the Caucasian race more nearly than the majority of North American Indians. They are, however, below the average stature, rather broad shouldered and full chested, with long and strong arms, and small hands hardened and short-nailed from work. Their backs are broad and straight, and waists small, corpulency being unknown or very rare with the sex. Their hams, thighs, and legs are

small, though admirably formed, with noticeably large knee-joints, which, being more developed inside than out, almost touch in walking. The feet are small and well-shaped, but are very large-jointed in the old. Hair is permitted to grow, as with white people, about the chest and armpits, and sometimes a slight mustache is cultivated by the young, while a considerable tendency to beard is frequent with old men. The eyebrows are not marked; but the hair of the head is long, soft, abundant, and a beautiful glossy raven or brown-black. With boys it is kept closely cut, with the exception of a very small tuft at the crown, five to seven inches in length, looking not unlike the plume of the California quail, which I believe it imitates. Their features correspond so nearly to those of the Pueblo Indians, especially the Zuñi, as to make the resemblance in some cases personal, the greatest variety of expression being seen. The heads are short and round, or brachycephalic; foreheads very low and sloping, the supraorbital arch being notably prominent; faces broad at cheekbones, which, though really quite flat, appear prominent. A rather constant type of face among them is, in common with the Amazonian, decidedly Mongolian. Their noses are straight or slightly aquiline, rather broad, with somewhat heavy nostrils; their eyes small, bright when good, and very prominent in the sockets. They are not, however, generally as good as those of the plains Indians, cases of partial and total blindness being common, due, probably, to the glaring rock-walls and whitish sandy bottom of their cañon. The ears are well shaped and small; the mouths are large, with only moderately thin lips, the upper generally slightly overhanging the lower. The chin recedes slightly, and the face is well marked with deep wrinkles, especially between the eyebrows and around the eyes; deep lines extend from the nostrils to the corners of the

mouth, round which they slightly curve. The necks are short, though well developed.

The women are shorter than the men, with thicker, bushier, coarser hair; broader, flatter faces, inclined to roundness; mouths and eyes larger, though the latter are less prominent; shoulders and thighs very broad; breasts rather flat and with enormously long mammae; arms and legs admirably formed, with small, shapely hands and feet. Stoutness and corpulency are common with them, and in walking they spread the legs very far apart, which gives them an awkward and curious appearance *en route*. Both men and women are rather light complexioned, although the women are lighter, and at the same time dirtier, than the men. Among the children, the two sexes appear less different from each other, both resembling the women, except that their extremities are poorly developed.

The Ha-va-su-pai are very merry and somewhat vivacious, most affectionate to children and pets, and very hospitable to strangers, although excessively suspicious of them and timid, until entirely assured of their peaceful intentions, when they become communicative and familiar; even the children approaching them, and never crying, as is the case with most other Indian children, if they are themselves approached. They are of a very peaceable disposition, never quarreling among themselves, save with their tongues, and then only to resent a supposed wrong. They are nevertheless passionate, although able to control themselves admirably under heat. When angry they talk excessively, and when beaten or discouraged in a quarrel, smother their wrath either in sulkiness or extremely politic bearing toward the offensive party. Wonderfully fearful and distrustful by nature, they are also long-suffering, although determined and emotionless in dealing revenge or death to their enemies. They

never chastise children, although, like them, they are fitfully very cruel or kind to pets and domesticated animals. The men, who constantly crowded about my host's hut, were incessantly chattering and laughing, even when the gravest subjects were approached or discussed. The women are by education less vivacious than the men. While paying no attention to pets, they are as affectionate toward children as are the men. They shrink from strangers, rarely, if ever, join in conversation, and preserve a modest bearing, not so much from nature as through fear of censure from the men. They are patient and industrious in the extreme, and while at work are inclined to chat in a sort of monotone with one another. During the absence of the men, they are more disposed to be communicative with strangers, seemingly, not sharing their suspicions of them. The women are not as passionate as the men, although easily moved to tears.

The men are very inquisitive, curious to know about other nations, although not much impressed by things beyond their own comprehension, and unable readily to receive complex ideas. They are humorous and quite witty, delighting in repartee, hoaxing, and jokes; and look in a facetious rather than a critical light upon the awkwardness or discomfiture, even though serious, of others. They laughed and chatted and joked for hours about the death of one of our horses, and the predicament it left us in. The animal, weak after its terrible passage of the deserts, had staggered into the river and drowned. Most spirited and laughable pictures were drawn of our probable sufferings and tears, when returning without the horse; but they said we ought to be comforted in our loss, even with the prospect of famine or exhaustion, when we reflected that it was a great gain to themselves; furnishing them plenty of fresh meat, and cheapening wonderfully the contents of at least one pack. Their perceptive faculties

are good, especially relative to simple ideas and actions, or to the ludicrous. They are capable of connecting words with any new idea which they comprehend, and are the most remarkably imitative human beings I ever saw, both by action and with the voice. They would repeat whole sentences, with marvelous truthfulness of sound, in Moqui, Zuñi, Navajo, Spanish, or English, and they manifested a universal passion for acquiring foreign tongues. All these characteristics, together with their striking powers of retention, were shown in the example following: One of them asked me to write the sentence, "Give it to me," in English, Ha-va-su-pai, and Zuñi. I wrote it, and carefully pronounced it in the three languages, showing him the order of the words. He ran over them a few times, and surprised me a day or two after not only by repeating every word correctly, but by pointing out the different sentences, and even words, which he pronounced. This seemed to argue an appreciation of form as well as of sound and its meaning; on attempting to copy any sentence, however, they would labor patiently, but present a scrawl in which not a mark could be detected that had the remotest resemblance to a single letter in the original. They did not seem either to be very curious about my writing, or to have the slightest comprehension of it; but would watch and mimic the motions of my hand and pencil in writing, and even the expression of my mouth, then take the pencil, imitate all these things very closely, produce a meaningless scrawl, and gravely read off a ridiculous, usually obscene, rendering of it; seeking my interpreter, and taking infinite pains to have their frivolities very carefully rendered to me in Zuñi.

They are skilled in manufacturing and using implements, especially in producing raw material, like buckskin, for which they have universal celebrity from the Colorado to the Rio Grande. The

women excel the men in such dexterity, being wonderfully apt and graceful in the use of the hand in making baskets or preparing food. The men are expert hunters, and constantly practice marksmanship with bows and arrows and rifles. They are doubtless endowed with elements of progression, as shown by their habit of always adopting and profiting by improvements or advantages of other nations, when once convinced of their superiority. The women are certainly duller and less impressionable than the men, but far more thoughtful, and apparently quite sage in some of their reflections, their opinion being at times sought, in ultimate cases, by the latter.

The habitations of the Ha-va-su-pai are of three kinds, two of which I have already mentioned. Often, those above the river are conical, half-underground structures, made by supporting three forks against one another, laying lesser poles around these in a circle, and covering the whole with sticks, flags, grasses, and dirt, extending the front out in the shape of a veranda; or, again, by combining the square and the round forms in one, the latter serving as a retreat during severe weather. Anciently, the stone house, of good proportions, and not unlike the Pueblo architecture, except from the fact that it never exceeded one story, was sometimes used, as attested by ruins, of which several plans occur among my notes.

Strangest of all, however, with their lesson for the speculative archæologist, are the little cliff dwellings of stone and mud, before mentioned. Though ruder than the wonderful remains of similar character in other parts of the West, ruins which have attracted world-wide attention and speculation, they are identical with them, and are the only examples of recently-built and still-occupied cliff dwellings. Furnishing clews to the uses of the lesser rooms and niches in the prehistoric cliff ruins, are the hundreds of little *caches*, or grana-

ries, which, sometimes miles away from the permanent village, and often in almost inaccessible places, everywhere occur in nooks and shelves throughout the cañon. Equally interesting are the strange, conical little sweat-houses, built of sticks, grasses, etc., and closely roofed with dirt, as well as the bark and cedar-brush wigwams and shelters, which the Ha-va-su-pai build far and wide, during their winter hunts, throughout the forest-covered plains of the desert above and around their cañon.

For a few years past, the Ha-va-su-pai have been in the habit of procuring, by barter with the Hua-la-pai, cast-off soldier and other American clothing, which is worn to a considerable extent by the men. The native costume, however, is not rare. It consists simply of a coat made from a single deerskin, a transverse slit in the centre serving as neck-hole; the sleeves, of two pieces of the same material, heavily fringed, are attached to the edge of the skin, either side of the neck-hole, and open down as far as the elbows. Save the seams at the shoulders and from the elbows to the wrists, no sewing is necessary in this peculiar coat; yet it is made to fit admirably by means of a belt or band, with which the ends falling down front and back are gathered about the waist. Add to this the breech-clout of soft, fringed doe-skin, wild-cat or rabbit skin, close-fitting leggings fringed down the front, — though quite as often the legs are bare, — and a pair of heavy, doubly or trebly, raw-hide-soled moccasins of buckskin, which reach above the ankles like buskins, and the dress of the Ha-va-su-pai man is complete. To all this, however, the Pueblo blanket is an additional luxury, possession of which is indispensable to good standing in the tribe. The dress of the women is yet more simple. It consists of a long fringed apron of red buckskin, buttoned together behind, extending from the breast — where it is secured by a strap around

the neck — to the knees, and supplemented by the half of a blanket tied or pinned with a skewer at the corners across the breast, when it is thrown over the shoulders, depending a little below the waist. Their moccasins, when worn, which is seldom, are not unlike the men's, though lighter.

The hair of the men is banged even with the eyes, but worn full length behind, and usually done up in a neat knot, tied with fibre. The women's, worn shorter behind, is banged as low as the chin. The men decorate themselves variously. Often a comb of long splints, beautifully plaited together with colored threads, is thrust into the headband, to which two eagle plumes, either white or red, are attached by cords, so as to float about in the wind. Huge earrings of silver or beaded cactus thorns, plugs of colored wood, or buttons are stuck into the ears, which are pierced one, two, three, and four times. Necklaces of shell and beads of bone, from which sea-shells, rudely cut and etched, depend, are the marks of property. A bow-guard of leather or raw-hide, bangles, either silver or brass, and numerous finger-rings of bright red cactus thorns, sprung together in the fire, complete the list of ornaments, the latter being worn in great numbers by the women, because easily procurable.

The faces of both sexes are painted with thick, smooth coatings of fine red ochre, applied dry or with oil extracted from the sunflower seed; varied among the men, sometimes, with streaks of blue paint, prepared from the root of the wild indigo, and put on in streaks, with little wooden spatulæ, under the lower eyelid, and from the under lip downward across the chin. Tattooing and mutilations for personal adornment are rare. They consist, besides the piercing of the ears, now and then, in the boring of the nose and the plucking out of the eyebrows, — which, even when natural, are not pronounced, — and almost always

in the pulling out of the beard, although whiskers are sometimes permitted to grow in front of the ears; beside occasional mustaches, faint goatees are affected by the young. Scarifications, for ornaments, are not unknown.

The women, both old and young, are remarkably careless of personal cleanliness and appearance, nor are the older men superior to them with reference to cleanliness. The young men, however, are noticeably neat in the care of their persons, frequently bathing in the river, and careful of their toilet and dress.

I have mentioned the things which are cultivated by the Ha-va-su-pai. On these, as on various roots, wild plants, and fruits, they depend for their vegetable food. Green corn is variously prepared: it is roasted, or boiled in the ear; or cut up and cooked with beans, bits of deer suet, etc., it forms the *sucotash* of the more eastern tribes, and of historic celebrity. Crushed on a metlatl with a little flat grinding-stone or muller, together with green squashes, so as to form a pulp, it is then boiled, when it becomes gelatinous, resembling the *poi* of the Sandwich Islanders. Like it, also, it is eaten with the two fingers. Sunflower seeds, toasted by being shaken together with live coals in an earth-covered basket tray, then ground, formed into patty-cakes, and slightly baked in the ashes, are eaten as a relish with these and other dishes, in the absence of meat. Indeed, this curious sunflower food takes the place, to a great extent, of meat during the summer months.

The corn, while still green, is sometimes prepared for storage, by being roasted, husks and all, in hot sand, while the ripened corn is merely dried on the ear. Food is made of the latter, either by simply parching, or by grinding into meal. The meal, coarse or fine, is then used for samp, mushes, or batters, and cakes, thick or thin, and of many varieties and degrees of wholesomeness. Melons, pumpkins, peaches, and apricots

are all eaten raw, or dried, and prepared for food by stewing. Squashes are either boiled or roasted, the latter most skillfully, the seeds being carefully preserved, dried, and made into food, much the same as the sunflower seeds.

A remarkable and at first unpleasant characteristic of all these foods is the absence of salt from them. Sometimes the corn preparations are sweetened by chewing and fermentation. The somewhat sweet fruit of the datila, or Spanish bayonet, is rendered sweeter by a like process, the pulp thus formed being spread out on large, closely-woven splint screens, and dried in sheets, often several feet in extent, though less than half an inch in thickness. The mescal of the more southern tribes, the *ak-na* of the Zuñis, is prepared in its greatest perfection by the Ha-va-su-pai from the heart and inner leaves of the agave, or century plant. It is gathered by the women in great quantities throughout the gorges and upon the terraces of the cañon, and transported in large baskets, strapped across their foreheads, to the gravelly beds of dry streams. Pits being dug in the gravel and fuel collected by the men, huge fires are built in the excavations, and kept burning for several hours. The embers are then drawn forth, the pits lined with leaves and grasses, and the agave thrown in, a layer like the lining then being added, and the heated gravel and embers heaped above. These burnings are occasions of great festivity and merry-making. When taken out, the agave is easily made into pulp, and dried, either on the flat rock surfaces or as is the fruit of the datila.

It is a remarkable fact that the Ha-va-su-pai, possessing neither cattle nor sheep, are almost exclusively vegetarians during the summer months. With the beginning of winter, however, the tribe, almost as a unit, repairs to the surrounding plains, where they subsist chiefly on the flesh of the game they kill. This is made ready for consump-

tion variously, — by roasting, broiling, frying, baking, boiling, or drying. No part of the animal is wasted; blood, intestines, even visceral glands and organs, as well as the half-digested vegetable matter from the stomachs of the deer, antelope, and rabbit, being utilized as food. The liver is frequently eaten raw, immediately on the death of the animal.

Their implements for preparing food are few. The muller, or rubbing-stone, and the metlatl, or mill, of sandstone or volcanic rock, and various in size, flat transversely, and concave from end to end, placed upon a skin, are used for grinding; while large, round, closely-woven trays of basket work, coated with mineral asphaltum and earth, make excellent roasting pans. Earthen pots and brass kettles, procured by barter with the Moquis, serve as cooking vessels. Moqui bowls and native baskets are used in serving food, which is dipped from the cooking pot with large ladles of horn or wood, and eaten either with the fingers, flat sticks, or little wooden and horn spoons. Large panniers, slung over the forehead or shoulders with a broad strap of raw-hide, are used in collecting food, or carrying it to and from the distant granaries; and certain huge, small-necked, round-bottomed basket bottles serve as canteens and water-jars. Knives of band-iron, occasionally of good steel, have displaced, save in rare instances, the original flint instruments, as have also chisel-shaped fragments of iron or steel, inserted into wooden handles, like primitive stone axes, supplanted the scarcely ruder prehistoric implement. Sharpened bone or hard-wood splints and bits of stray wire make awls and needles; and sharp bone, or chipped discs of rock, their skin-dressers. Various stone hammers and mauls, with flat stones used about the fire, complete the limited yet all-sufficient list of Ha-va-su-pai household appliances.

In their agricultural operations and in the excavation of mescal pits, rude hoes,

spades, and picks, of wood, bone, horn, or iron, — the last procured by trade, — are used, as well as the universal *kä-ta*, or digging stick. In planting, the long prod or spud of cedar is used, a convenient branch being left short near the lower end, with which the implement is pressed down with the left foot.

Within the past few years the introduction of horses among the Ha-va-su-pai has necessitated rude saddles, bridles, whips, spurs, lassos, and hobbles. Among these things, only the bridles and spurs sometimes differ from those of other Southwestern Indians. An efficient though extremely primitive bridle is made of a little hard-wood stick, a small strap of buckskin being attached to either end of it, and passed tightly under the chin of the animal; and two long thongs of light material serve as reins. Equally primitive is the spur. It is made from a fork of some hard, elastic wood, the stems of which are fastened to either side of the foot, and the base sharpened into a sort of prod.

Their weapons in war and chase are rude, knotty clubs of hard wood; pikes about four feet long, of the same material, sharpened and hardened at the point in the fire; beautifully finished bows and arrows, both wooden and iron tipped, and somewhat longer than those in use among the Pueblos. Slings were formerly used, although now only to a limited extent, being principally seen as toys or playthings of the children. It seems almost paradoxical that the Ha-va-su-pai — least acquainted with civilization perhaps, of any Indians in the United States — should universally possess repeating rifles of the most improved models and an abundance of ammunition. Destructive alike of life on the one hand, and of primitive defensive usages, on the other, the gun has not, however, displaced the ruder weapons which I have described.

A most curious fact, and a very significant one in the consideration of the

origin of the Ha-va-su-pai, is the absence of the Gentile system of descent or organization among them, their society consanguineally being patriarchal; but they claim to be the people of the Coyote, which indicates that one gens has absorbed all the others, or else that they are, as seems more probable, a single gens, which has separated from its original body, and never again developed the separate gentes, as has been the case with other segregated clans among Indians. I incline to this belief from the fact that the Hua-la-pai, to whom their relationship is indisputable, have, as subsequent investigations have shown, the Gentile and Phratral systems, certainly to some extent. And as nearly as I can ascertain this is also the case with the Apache Yumas and Apache Mojaves, who are only other divisions of the same stock. Descent is therefore not through the mother, but through the father, and marriage, to use the words of my vexed informant, can take place "wherever the one loves the other and the other loves the one, and their wants are the same. Why not?" "We know nothing else," he added, "for our father is the Coyote, and he never told us anything else. How should a Coyote teach his children what he neither knows nor practices himself?"

They are polygamists, the number of wives a man shall have being limited, apparently, only by the number he can procure, or by his means for supporting them. These marriages are constant, the only ground for divorce being unfaithfulness, which, with the women of rare occurrence, scarcely exists with the men, as a cause. Betrothals by purchase or stipulation are common, a girl of seven or eight summers being frequently promised to a man as old as, or even older than, her father. Marriages are therefore, with the girls, usually very early in life; with the men, late. In consequence of this polygamy, a large number of the men are unmar-

ried, the women being monopolized, with or without their will, by the wealthier and more influential men of the tribe. The male population is in excess of the female; hence it sometimes happens that Hua-la-pai squaws are married; and in one instance a Moqui woman, a probable outcast from her own nation, was observed by us.

The children do not seem to have regular property, as with the Pueblos, until after puberty, although, on the death of the father, his portable property is inherited by the son, for sacrifice at the rites to be described further on.

The head chieftaincy is hereditary. In the absence of a son, the chief's nephew on the father's side is, I believe, chosen as successor. All of the sub-chiefs are named by the head chief, on account of personal preference, wealth, or influence. There seems to be no distinct order of warriors; when a scalp is taken, it is brought to the village, and a dance, celebrating the death of the enemy, is given in honor of the victor, and the body is then cremated; no record or mark of dress being preserved to represent the rank or prowess of the warrior. In case of hostility, obligations to war are simply coextensive with the adult population. There is, however, a certain importance attached to one of the warriors, who is supposed to have in his keeping a medicine of war, and who, by virtue of his valor and possession, is a sort of war chief, although the civil and martial affairs of the nation are more closely allied than is the case with most Indian tribes.

Nor is the ecclesiastical much distinguished from the civil, with them; for the head chief combines with his political office the caciqueship, or that which in Zuñi is distinctively religious, being termed Kia-kwe-mo-so-ne, or "Mastership of the House,"—a kind of high-priesthood. He not only presides at the more important councils, makes treaties with other tribes, etc., directs

war parties, and condemns criminals, but also prays, offering sacrifices toward securing rain, propitious seasons, and success in the chase for his children, as he terms his nation. He receives, contrary to the Pueblo practice, tithes for his offices, and is usually as wealthy as any member of the tribe, although by no means exempted from labor in the field or the hunt. Neither he nor his sub-chiefs wear insignia of rank about their persons, so far as I could discover.

The present head chief, Ko-hót, is nicknamed Navajo. He is a man of the most wonderful character. His portrait in profile, as I look upon it, and to the sketching of which he submitted with ease and pleasure, bears a remarkable likeness to Washington. I cannot forbear giving two instances of his judgment, which exemplify his fine sense of justice, but at the same time his unrelenting will, in any measure, however severe, for the good of his own people. When the Apache Mojaves were moved by government to San Carlos, one of them, discontented, returned through his former country, and after great suffering reached the home of the Ha-va-su-pai. He expressed his wish to live with the latter people to the end of his days. Ko-hót convened a council, and after long and fair deliberation concluded that it would be offensive to the Americans should he be harbored, and endanger his own people, leading ultimately, perhaps, to their removal as well. He therefore informed the Apache that, notwithstanding he was a member of a nation of enemies, he felt for him, but could give him the choice of but two alternatives, — return to San Carlos, or death. The Apache, hoping Ko-hót would relent, replied that die he might, but return to San Carlos he never would. Ko-hót arose, then and there, without one more word, and struck him dead.

When the officers of the cavalry expedition called a council, and told Ko-hót that their mission was to determine

the borders of his country for all time, and that it remained with him to decide how large it should be, he replied to the following effect: "My people live by their country and their river. They are small. Let your lines but include the river and the little plain we live on; for why should a small nation wish for a great country? There are many other nations in the world. Some one of them — the Americans, perhaps, for they are a great people, and talk of making boundaries where we have lived very well for all time without them — might try, some time, if it were large and indivisible, to take our country from us. Where would the Ha-va-su-pai go? To San Carlos, or to destruction?" And he would not permit the boundaries to be placed a step above the springs which feed his river, or a foot below where it leaps down into the pool under the limestone barrier.

Aside from the head chief, perhaps the only representatives of an ecclesiastical order are the well-paid medicine men, some of whom, by virtue of their practices, are a sort of chiefs, and keepers of old traditions and songs, if my informant told the truth. They are believed to possess certain influences over the spirits, and exorcisms which cause disease, as well as over the benevolent spiritistic agencies which assist in its amelioration or cure. Incantation and jugglery are practiced by them, and as the disease or influence is supposed to have an objective spiritual existence, the whole company around a sick person, over whom the doctor is practicing his insane manipulations, rise up at certain intervals of the song, and pound hard bodies, yell, shoot arrows into the air, and fire off guns, in order to assist the medicine man in its extraction, or in frightening it away. No penalty for failure to cure seems to exist, save personal abuse, unless the doctor be accused of sorcery, in which case he suffers, as is the case with other Indians, the uni-

versal punishment of death. Like most other Indians, they have a good understanding of the practice of surgery, and a remarkable knowledge of anatomy.

Labor is not regularly divided, except between the sexes; save that among the men, arrow-making and some such special arts are more practiced by those who excel in them than by others, and basket-making among the women. The men do all the hunting, bringing the game to camp, and skinning the larger kinds; the women cutting it up and preparing it for drying or cooking. Both men and women gather the agave plant, in its season, with many festivities, vying in the preparation of it for mescal, although the burden of the labor in burning it falls to the women. The men break up the soil, lay out and dig the acequias, etc., performing the heavier agricultural work, as well as the planting, while the women weed the crop and assist in hoeing. When the corn ripens, the women gather it and bring it in, make it ready, and store it in the little stone and adobe granaries under the cliffs, and in little obscure rock shelters. They also cook all foods, make baskets and most other implements of household use, while the men cut out and sew the clothing both for themselves and for the women. Much of the heavier part of the work and drudgery falls on the women, who seem, however, perfectly contented with their really hard lot.

Sedentary agriculturists in summer, the Ha-va-su-pai produce immense quantities of datila, mescal, water-tight basket-work, and arrows. Nomadic hunters in winter, throughout the choicest ranges of the Southwest, they have become justly famous for the quantity, fineness, and quality of their buckskins, which are smooth, soft, white as snow, yet thick and durable. These buckskins, manufactured into bags, pouches, coats, and leggins, or as raw material, are valued by other Indian tribes, even as far east as the Rio Grande, as are the

silks of China or the shawls of Persia by ourselves. All this material is bartered with the Pueblos for blankets and various products of civilization, the former being again traded to the Hua-la-pai for red and black paints, undressed buckskins, and mountain-lion robes. Their red paint, ochre of the finest quality, has such celebrity among Indian tribes that, reaching the Utes on the north, and the Comanches in Texas, it sometimes travels, by barter from hand to hand, as far east as to the tribes of the Mississippi Valley.

The engineering skill and enterprise of this little nation are marvelous. Although their appliances are rude, they are able to construct large dams, and dig or build deep irrigating canals, or durable aqueducts, which often pass through hills, or follow considerable heights along shelves of rock or talus, at the bases of the rugged and crooked walls of the cañon. The acequias, which have their fountain-heads in these canals and viaducts, are wonders of intricacy and regularity; yet on uneven ground are laid out in nice recognition of and conformity to unevenness and change of level in the surface they are designed to water.

Most wonderful of all, however, are their aerial trails. Through the western branch of the cañon, down from the Hua-la-pai country, the trail for horses as well as foot-travelers is over promontories, up shelves, along giddy narrow heights, in and out of recessions, or over stone-pecked slopes, such as would dismay civilized man, with all his means of moulding the rugged face of nature. At times, so impossible does it seem for any living thing to pass further that nowhere can the trail be traced; when a turn to some crack in the rock, almost hidden by intervening bowlders, and hewn down with stone hammers to give precarious footing, shows where it goes up or descends. Great ingenuity is shown in continuing the trail along the

bare, smooth face of a cliff which slopes at an angle of forty-five, fifty, even sometimes sixty degrees. The surface, after being roughened, is overlaid with little branches of cedar, upon which larger sticks and stones of great weight are laid, the whole being filled in with dirt and a sufficient quantity of pebbles to guard against washing away. If such a surface be interrupted by a crevice, the two sides of the latter are notched, a fragment of rock fitted in, and the whole covered as before described. Considerable nerve is required, however, to pass these trails. The foothold is always uncertain, and one of these oblique zones, along the centre of which the trail passes, is bounded below by fifteen hundred feet of jagged, rapidly descending rock-masses; above, by two or three hundred feet of beetling, rotten cliffs.

Besides their horses, which are adventurers as wonderful as the Indians themselves, through their canon training, they have a few dogs, often wolfish, always mongrel, and six or eight lonely cats, which are extravagantly prized by their possessors, and well fed, yet so worried by dogs and children that they resemble half-starved wild beasts of the feline tribe rather than the descendants of the sleek, domesticated animal of civilization. Not unfrequently beautiful little coyotes are to be seen about the camp, and these, as the emblems of his own ancestry, his national deity, are affectionately fondled and petted by the Ha-va-su-pai; being allowed a place at the family bowl even in preference to the women or children. Add to these certain sand lizards and many noisy birds of prey, kept more for their feathers than as pets, and the list of Ha-va-su-pai domestication is complete.

During intervals in the labor of the fields, the men may always be seen gathered in groups of six or ten, chatting together; and the women, always busy, exchange visits while at work

about the fire, and the visitor is scarcely distinguishable from the hostess, as she shares with her all duties in which the latter may be engaged. So also, when at work in the fields, the women are prone to gather in busy little groups, where their talk and merriment, free from the restraint of the men, are louder than about the household fire.

The children are always boisterously at play, the girls with the boys, and are touchingly affectionate toward one another. The youth gather on level spots and run races, or play games of chance by the hour. They are fond of displaying themselves on horseback; two, sometimes even three, mounting some little pony, and wildly galloping up and down the paths which thread the corn-fields where the women and girls are at work. They improve their marksmanship and gain local celebrity, vying with one another in firing at the marks of nature's hand about the great cliffs of their subterranean home.

Councils among the members of the tribe are incessant, though very rarely attended by the chiefs in a body, and never, save on occasions of the utmost gravity, by the head chief, Ko-hót.

As illustrative of this, I may give the following example: When I entered the cañon, warned of the characteristics of the Ha-va-su-pai by Pu-lá-ka-kai, I made a rule, in the first council, that any trade sealed by the customary hand-shake and "*a-há-ni-ga*," or "thanks," should be regarded as final. During one of the four days of our stay, Pu-lá-ka-kai traded one of his jades for a quantity of things, among which was a famously large buckskin. The next morning, the evil-looking, one-eyed fellow who had purchased the horse returned to trade back, or have the difference split by a return of the buckskin. Pu-lá-ka-kai asked my permission, and I tersely refused. The man went away, soon coming back with a noisy, low-browed crowd, which increased in size and noisiness, until, to-

ward evening, it was like bedlam about the hut of my still neutral host. Finally a sub-chief advanced, and told me I must consent to a re-trade. I declined. He then begged me, and my Indians, alarmed, became importunate. Still I refused. Pu-lá-ka-kai pointed to a scar over his eyebrow, which he wore, he said, in remembrance of a former proceeding of the kind, and once more implored me, for the sake of his and Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa's wives and children, to consent. Now and then a man would leave, presently returning with a gun carelessly strapped over his shoulder, and I saw that things were growing serious; but I remained obdurate, paying no apparent attention to my own arms, yet seeing that they were within easy reach. After a little while, I suddenly drew one of the two revolvers in my belt, sheathed it again, and, stepping over to the discontented, one-eyed scoundrel, grabbed him by the arms, and ejected him from the premises. Immense excitement prevailed, but I quietly went back with a smile to my writing. The head chief was summoned. He came, gravely, through the babbling crowd, eating a kind of cake of corn-meal and sunflower seeds. I rose, and greeted him pleasantly, spreading a blanket for him to sit on; and as he sat down, with a smile, he broke the cake in two, handing me the larger piece. I began to explain my writing to him, and, after conversing a little while, he said, "I am about to go. You observe that I am never to be found in crowds of those who wrangle and gossip. It makes a father sad to see the foolishness of his children. It fills me with thoughts to see my people make fools of themselves, to hear them make meaningless noise; therefore I stay away from them. When they have anything to *say* to me, or you wish to *see* me, my hut stands under the cottonwoods, down by the river, and my fields are in front of it." Without a word in reference to our

trouble, without so much as a well-directed glance at the heated crowd, he went away as he had come, a picture of imperturbable dignity and gravity. The wranglers, in the most shamefaced manner, gave up alike their dispute and its object.

The coming stranger is heralded by the first observer, the chief waiting at his own house to receive him or his embassy. Any hut at which he first alights, even though the poorest, is almost sacredly regarded as his home. The inmates flock out, however suspiciously they may regard him, remove the saddles and packs from his animals, arrange them around the sides of the dwelling, invite him to enter, seat him on the best blanket or robe, and immediately improvise a meal for him, offering him, meanwhile, a drink of fresh water. During his wanderings about the village, wherever he may enter, he will almost surely find some one eating, even though it be late at night, and he will invariably be invited to partake.

On meeting a stranger or a long-absent friend, the Ha-va-su-pai grasps him by the hand, moving it up and down in time to the words of his greeting; and, as he lets go, lifts his own hollow palm toward his mouth, then, with a sudden and graceful motion, passes it down over his heart. As an evidence of confidence in a newly-made friend, a Ha-va-su-pai will sometimes give to him that whereby, in the native belief, even the giver's life may be taken through sorcery,—a hair, a bit of his skin, or a piece of his finger-nail,—this being an inviolable contract of peace and mutual regard. Several of these hairs lie among my notes, as less pleasant than pathetic mementos of such regard. Indeed, a number of my own locks are doubtless still cherished in sundry medicine bags, hanging from the wattled walls of my homes in Ha-va-su-pai-gidri. One poor, aged fellow, observing me trim my nails one day, carefully gathered the cuttings to-

gether, and piteously begged me, by look and gesture, not to resent the liberty he had taken, or deprive him of his treasures.

When a man dies among them, he is bathed and painted, dressed in all his richest apparel, and laid, with his face toward the rising sun, to await the funeral ceremonials. Throughout the fields and orchards, usually with corn and sunflowers growing all around them, with vines and brambles covering them, are scattered little mounds of earth and ashes. These are the funeral pyres. Over the summit, a huge collection of wood is piled, and the dead, together with his various possessions, is laid upon the pile. This is lighted by the son and heir, or nearest other relative, and, as the flames shoot up and envelop the body, he who applied the light throws all his worldly possessions, together with those he has inherited, upon the burning pyre, slaying his favorite dogs and horses, and adding them to the last sacrifice. Upon the wings of the last film of smoke the soul of his father rises, to wander whither it will, — to come back, and bring the summer rain-clouds, to minister in many ways to the wants of his children; while the naked mourner sadly wends his way homeward, "to begin life anew, as did his father," he will tell you.

The spirits of those for whom the last offering has been neglected become unhappy and evil ghosts, which, together with the souls of the enemy whose scalp has not been taken and burned, torment the living with the weird voices of the night, or the lone moanings of the wind on the pine-covered mesas; or, as demons of disease and death, obey the behests of the dread sorcerer, or war against the good offices of the happier souls.

They are fairly acquainted with the principal constellations, giving them names, and regulating the planting and hunting seasons by their movements.

The grammatic structure of their language, though inferior to that of the Zuñis, is nevertheless quite regular. Intonation, as with the Chinese, repetition, as with the natives of Australia, are employed to vary the shades of meaning in words. Most of the consonants not occurring in other Indian tongues are common in the Ha-va-su-pai, which is strikingly soft and rapid. Just as the music of the Zuñis has caught the spirit of the desert winds, so have both the music and the language of the Ha-va-su-pai been infused with the sounds of the rushing waters by which they are surrounded. As I listened to the weird song of a doctor, one night, it seemed more like the echoes of water in a cavern, or in resounding nooks of the deep cañon, than like the music of a human being.

It is, indeed, an interesting question how far man's environments, climatic, physical, even biologic, have influenced the sound of his music and language. Possibly of the same family of Indians as the Zuñis, there are, nevertheless, elements of sound in the music and words of the Ha-va-su-pai unpronounceable by the Zuñi, never heard in his music. On the other hand, the music of the Hua-la-pai, on the plains to the westward, the undoubted fathers of the Ha-va-su-pai, is as strangely different from that of the latter as is the Zuñi itself, and as strangely in keeping with the wild, dry, forest-clad hills and valleys of his native land.

Possessing nothing but a rude architecture, their art is correspondingly crude, being mostly confined to the patterns on their basket-work and the paintings on their bows and arrows. The basket-work, by virtue of the regular arrangement of the splints, is often beautiful. But few people live, however, whose appreciation of art seems so great, compared with their limited practice of it.

They are mimics, but their dances —

a few rude shuffles, half religious, half social — are neither representative nor picturesque, as are the cachinas or kâ-kâs of the Pueblos. "We know of these things," said Ko-hót, "but we are the children of the Coyote, and he did not teach our fathers to make themselves happy or prosperous by such means; therefore, our fathers did not teach us."

The Ha-va-su-pai have, among themselves, few of the crimes which destroy the peace of most nations. A great family in a single house, they have learned to do to others as they would be done by; not as a golden rule, — ah, no! — but as a policy. They are virtuous, and, although base liars, are honest in the use of property to an incredible extent. Not the smallest possession of another is ever appropriated by one of them, and a button or insignificant bead, lost in the sands, would invariably be brought to me, if found by either child or staggering grayhead. The parents are excessively fond of their children, and the latter, though wild and independent, and never corrected by cross word or sharp blow, are remarkably obedient.

They are not so fair-dealing toward the enemy. Ko-hót told me, with strange frankness, that a few years ago his people joined other Indians in war against the whites, and, regarding them as enemies, stole horses and cattle from them whenever they could, bringing them down into the cañon, where they either sacrificed them or killed and ate them. "But," he added, "the time has come when I see this is wrong, and my people will listen to me when I tell them to smile on the *Hai-ko* [American], to ask him to eat, and to let his poorest or most tempting possession lie in the place it has been laid in; for has not the *Hai-ko* given to my children the hard metal and the rich garments you see all around you? [This with a proud wave of the hand toward the array of worn-out clothing in the council, and a down-

ward glance at his own threadbare soldier coat and well-patched breeches.] I am young [he was nearly fifty], but am I not old enough to remember how my people dug the soil with wooden hoes, or cut the poles of their cabins with stone axes, and skinned the deer with a knife of flint? No; I take the father of the Land of Sunrise [Washington] by the hand, and my father of the Land of Sunset [General Wilcox] do I grasp by the hand, that we may look one upon another with smiling faces."

The worship of the Ha-va-su-pai consists of prayers, made during their smokes, or at the hunting shrines, which are merely groups of rude pictographs along nooks or caves in the walls of the cañon. Here, seated on the ground, the worshiper blows smoke to the north, west, south, and east, upward and downward; then says, in a low tone, some simple prayer, only one of which, addressed to the spirit of the Deer-god, I was able to record: —

"Let it rain, that grass may grow for the deer.
Go not away, O deer, from my arrows and weapons.

Thou art ours; by thee do we live.

Go not away, but remain to minister to our wants,
to accept of my sacrifices."

The Ha-va-su-pai believes that the source of his river is sacred and pure; that polluted by the touch of man it would cease to give forth its waters, and the rocks of the cañon would close forever together.

Ko-hót told me, one morning, the following beautiful story of the origin and history of his nation: —

"When the world was new it was covered with waters, save where a single mountain peak to the north looked out above their surface. Here, alone, wandered the great Coyote. Mankind lived in the four dark cave-plains of earth, below this mountain, until, under the guidance of a great cacique, they journeyed up from one to the other, and were finally led out into the light of the

sun, through a hole in the mountain. No sooner had the leader come out than he was overwhelmed by the bright light and the angry waters, and died; and while the people were weeping and wondering what they should do, the Coyote came, and said to them, 'Burn the body of your father, and scatter the ashes thereof upon the face of the water; then they will begin to dry away and the earth will grow hard.' 'Alas! we have no fire,' said the people. So the Coyote volunteered to fetch it, and forthwith ran far away in search of it. When he had gone, and the people, wondering if he would return, were still mourning, the blue-bottle fly, who was sunning himself on a dry branch, comforted them by saying that he would make fire for them. So, raising his wings, he rubbed them against one another, until the sparks flew out from them and ignited the branch he was perched upon. Then the people collected great quantities of wood, laid the body of the cacique thereon, and set fire to it with the branch the blue-bottle fly had lighted.

"The Coyote, who saw from afar the smoke of the fire they had kindled, was angry, and, running back as fast as he could, came to the place just as the body was consumed. But the heart still remained, and, rushing into the fire, he grabbed it in his mouth, and ran away with it. The fire was so hot that it singed his face and fore-paws: hence, to this day, the faces and fore-paws of the coyote are black. He ate only a part of the heart, burying the rest: hence, also, it is the nature of the coyote to bury his food away in the ground.

"Where the Coyote buried the heart a corn plant grew, and upon its stalks were six ears of corn, — yellow, white, variegated, black, blue, and red: hence, corn, springing from the heart of man, is his life to this day. As the nations of men came out one after another, each was given an ear of corn: yellow to the

Zuñi, white to the Moqui, variegated to the Northern nations, a very little black to the Apache, and blue to the Hua-lapai; but the Ha-va-su-pai, coming last, had only a little red ear given them by the fathers [gods].

"Now they did not know how they could live on the small portion that had been given them. So the Coyote, when he heard them bemoaning their lot, came and told them to follow his example: therefore our fathers became a nation of hunters. As the waters of the world dried and flowed away, the face of the earth cracked, and was worn full of deep cañons. One of these cañons was very narrow and filled with rattlesnakes. This was the cañon of the Ha-va-su-pai; and down in a grotto, under the falls, lived a great goddess, Ka-mu-iu-dr-ma-giu-iu-é-ba, or 'Mother of the Waters.' She was wooed by the rattlesnakes, and bore two sons, Ha-ma-u-giu-iu-é-ba, or 'Children of the Waters.' Upon the head of each was a great flint knife. Now the earth became so dry that our forefathers had but little water to drink, and, wandering about in search of it, came to the brink of the cañon; but they could not enter because of the rattlesnakes. So the two boys slew the rattlesnakes with their magic flint knives, and widened the rocks above the home of their mother. Then they guided them down the cañon, and built little houses high up among the cliffs; for the Apache Mojaves came in, too, and disputed possession with them. As the two children led the people down the cañon, they made their hand-prints on the walls, and painted the animals which should serve as food for their people. And these marks still remain on the rocks, and thither we go when we wish to secure the deer, or to ask for rain. When, at last, they reached the home of their mother, she told them that this should be their home forever; that it was not good to live on meat alone, but that they should build houses

there, and plant the ear of corn they had, and it would be a means of life. So they did as she told them, and the Apache Mojaves lived above them, where the cañon was narrower. For a long time all was well, until a young Ha-vasu-pai man stole an Apache Mojave girl, which caused strife, and wars ensued, so that the Apache Mojaves were driven away. For this reason we live alone in the cañon.

"But, alas! the Coyote ate a part of the heart of the great cacique: hence, only during summer do we live in the home of the Mother of the Waters, and plant as she told us; but in winter we have to follow the deer with our father, the Coyote, and live only as he does, in houses of grass and bark; for the Mother of the Waters grew sad when her people became so foolish, and, leaving only one of her sons to take care of them, she went away to her home among the white shells, in the great world of waters.

"Do you Americans," said the old

man, as he ceased, with a sigh of longing, "never see the Mother of the Waters, when you wander along the shores of the great ocean?"

"Oh, yes," I said, and then I told him the story of the mermaid; and, happy almost to tears, he added, "Alas! I cannot tell you more, for the only books our fathers gave us were our hearts and our mouths."

A fairy story is this of the Nation of the Willows; and while science teaches us another tale, may we not poetically believe, with these simple natives, that they have always lived here, apart from the world of nations; that ever since they wandered forth from the four fertile wombs of mother earth, this little strip of land and river and willow, and the great rock-walls, so near together, yet so sublime and impassable, have bounded their generations of life, have had shadows cast on them by the smoke-clouds of the numberless funeral pyres of all their unnamed dead?

F. H. Cushing.

A SHADOW BOAT.

UNDER my keel another boat
Sails as I sail, floats as I float;
Silent and dim and mystic still,
It steals through that weird nether-world,
Mocking my power, though at my will
The foam before its prow is curled,
Or calm it lies, with canvas furled.

Vainly I peer, and fain would see
What phantom in that boat may be;
Yet half I dread, lest I with ruth
Some ghost of my dead past divine,
Some gracious shape of my lost youth,
Whose deathless eyes once fixed on mine
Would draw me downward through the brine!

Arlo Bates.

THE RED MAN AND THE WHITE MAN.

THE title of Dr. Ellis's important work on the Indians¹ intimates the exclusion of one subject which just now engages the attention of scientific historians. Dr. Ellis does not concern himself with archæological questions; he makes no pretense of determining the origin of the red man on this continent, nor does he examine the materials for determining the condition of the Indian before he came into contact with the European; the mound-builders and the pueblo Indians are dismissed in a sentence. His interest is not that of a scientist, but of a social and political philosopher, and his book appeals thus to the widest class.

The method which Dr. Ellis uses is mainly topical, although in his arrangement of topics he follows as nearly as may be a chronological order; but since his purpose is chiefly to make the facts about the relation of the red man to the white man throw light upon the still unsolved problem of that relation as it regards the public policy of the United States, the conclusions which he reaches are repeatedly foreshadowed. To obtain his facts he was obliged to make a patient and much-enduring examination of a vast body of literature regarding the Indian, and he has systematized his knowledge without troubling the reader with too close a statement of his separate authorities. If Dr. Ellis's book were a history, one might object to the absence of foot-notes; it is not a history, but a discussion and a practical essay; the conclusions reached are the judgments of years of study, and we think the author chose wisely in resting his arguments upon the clearness of his own statements, rather than upon an array of fortifying authorities. In point

of fact, there can scarcely be such a thing as a scientific presentation of this subject. The personal equation is so great and so varied that its elimination or its measurement is practically impossible. It is of very much more importance to know what a diligent student, an honorable and just judge, a wise citizen, bred in the best schools of thought, thinks about the Indian question, and all these conditions meet in Dr. Ellis.

After a general and superficial survey of the field, he recites the story of the relations held to the red man by the Spanish discoverers and invaders; and then, since the Spaniard disappears from the field,—for Dr. Ellis hardly refers to Mexico, his business being with the roving tribes,—he proceeds to draw a picture of Indian life as it has appeared to the French and English since their permanent residence here and intercourse with the aborigines. He treats of the personal characteristics of the Indian, his condition, his resources and surroundings; and if it be objected that this assumes a stationary quality in the Indian, it may be answered that one of the strong points made by Dr. Ellis is in the substantial identity of the Indian seen by the first settlers and the Indian seen by the frontiersmen to-day; the unimprovability of the savage when in contact with the white man is made to be one of the few facts established by history.

Having sketched the Indian, Dr. Ellis enters upon an interesting and valuable inquiry into his tenure of land as viewed by European invaders and colonists. The confusion attending the subject is a further illustration of the utter incompatibility of savage and civilized views as to real estate. The way

¹ *The Red Man and the White Man in North America from its Discovery to the Present Time.*

By GEORGE E. ELLIS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1882.

is thus open for a more strictly narrative portion, in which he relates successively the intercourse of the French and the Indians, the colonial relations, missionary efforts among them, both by Romanists and Protestants; and then the comparative relations of Great Britain and the United States with the Indians, in which he disposes with admirable candor of the specious plea that Great Britain has pursued a policy resulting in amity, and the United States one issuing only in war. He makes, by the way, a shrewd suggestion of the possible complications which may arise in the future from the passage of disaffected Indians back and forth across the Northwestern frontier. One further chapter, upon the military and peace policy with the Indians, brings him to the conclusion, in which results partially anticipated are summed up in the discussion of the Indians under civilization.

Of the general treatment which is thus outlined we can make no complaint; in two particulars only do we think the author falls short of his subject. The comparison of Romanist and Protestant missions is based almost exclusively upon a consideration of the Jesuits in Canada and of John Eliot in Massachusetts. There is an advantage in this from the well-sifted historical material which exists, and because the remoteness in time excludes partisanship; but as a contribution toward a solution of existing problems we should have been better pleased if inquiry had been made into the vigorous Christian movements on the frontier. The relation of the Praying Indians to King Philip's war is of faint interest beside the part borne by Christian converts in relation to the Sioux massacre in Minnesota.

Again, there is a serious omission in a failure to recount the experiments of self-government in the Indian Territory. There ought to be a good deal of material here for use in determining some of the problems connected with the In-

dian question, and, above all, some light might be thrown upon that fundamental problem of the *tribe*. Dr. Ellis, we think, assumes too readily the necessary extinction of the tribal relation in any settlement of the Indian question. He sees, as is so readily apparent, the incompatibility of the tribe with citizenship, but does he recognize the profound significance of the tribe as an elemental property in Indian life? We talk glibly of severalty possession, but if the Indian were to indianize us he would probably fail to understand our creed of individuality.

Dr. Ellis, even in his last chapter, does not explicitly and deliberately outline an Indian policy. He is too wise to propose a panacea, but by his admirable statement of the questions at issue he half answers them. He faces, fairly and squarely, the alternative of extermination and civilization, and does not flinch from reciting all the facts which bear so heavily in favor of the former course; but, in spite of the generations of failure which he has been obliged to record, he ranks himself with the undaunted but not blind adherents of the better way. He believes that a great advance was made when the government committed itself to a policy which regards the Indians as wards of the nation, and not sovereign powers; much of the contradiction which has marked previous relations will, he thinks, disappear under this clearer and more rational attitude. He contends strongly and with reason against a policy which pauperizes the Indian, and he recognizes with moderate but hopeful regard the experiments at Hampton and Carlisle. We wish he might have found it in his way to discuss two important questions: the proximate disappearance of game, upon which the hunting Indian depends, and the possibility of transforming the hunter into a herdsman.

Dr. Ellis's contribution, however, is rather in his orderly collection of facts

and views, and his illumination of the problem by his statement of the points under consideration, than in a detailed, formal, and pragmatismal scheme for settling what is, after all, one of those questions which command the broadest statesmanship, but lie beyond the definite control of executive organization. The most significant sentence in the book, and the best exposition of Dr. Ellis's creed, is the final one, and it will linger long in the reader's mind:—

"The Indians seem now to have become aliens in the land of their nativity. There is one ray of possible hopefulness for them, and with such cheer as it may afford we may close the review of their sad history. . . . It is that the race may soon present to us one or more specimens of truly great and wise men, patriots, civilians, of lofty minds, pure aims, with the faculty of quickening, guiding, and inspiring their fellows, lifting them and leading them onward. It will be well, too, if such a man or such men may be of pure Indian blood, of unmixed native stock, with the virility and the nobleness of a wilderness birth, and that he accept without shame—ay, glory in—the tinge of his race. . . . We have had a few of the Indian race whom, by our standards, we call able, gifted, great. They have, indeed, been few. We may count them for the centuries on one hand,—five. But all of these foremost Indian chieftains—Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh, Osceola, Black Hawk—have represented savagery, have stood and fought for savagery. They have all been familiar with what civilization is and does; but they have loathed it, despised it, rejected it, and given their whole power and sway to forbid and crush it. Now may not this native greatness, this leadership of men, manifest itself in a few gifted with genius, nobly endowed, patriots in spirit, yet born or self-trained to a conviction that civilization is for

man a state preferable to that of savagery? The elevation, if not the security from extinction, of the race of red men depends upon its furnishing masters and guides from its stock. A race that cannot itself contribute its redeemers will never be redeemed."

This will be pondered, for it is weighty. Nevertheless, without excluding this view, the hope which offers it may add the conjecture that not one great leader, but a number of humble men and women, with all the qualities of wise conduct, may silently but effectively work a change in the condition of their race. The view which contemplates a personal redemption is impregnable.

We may, at all events, express our obligation to Dr. Ellis for such a presentation of the entire subject as ought to make it possible for reading people to have juster opinions. We can assure our readers, besides, that the book need not be taken up as a task. The thorough assimilation of his material has enabled the author to reproduce it almost as if it were original, and the soundness of his judgment has ordered a style which is refreshingly clear and direct. One may sometimes be a little impatient at the leisureliness of the author's movements, and wish that some of the repetitions had been omitted; but with this easy manner comes now and then a good-humored passage, which is worth waiting for, and a shrewdness of observation and comment which has all the effectiveness of wit, as where, for example, he looks at civilization from the savage's point of view. Mr. Parkman, to whom Dr. Ellis confesses his obligation, has written with greater detail, and is our finest authority for most phases of Indian life; but Dr. Ellis has rounded our knowledge in a work which will do much to establish just and comprehensive views.

THE SALON OF MADAME NECKER.

M. D'HAUSSONVILLE has won an honorable reputation by his earlier works on Charities and Penal Establishments, and by essays on Sainte-Beuve and certain French, English, and American literary celebrities. He now offers a work¹ drawn from the unpublished and hitherto unread treasures gathered together at Coppet, the home of his ancestors, the Neckers, of their famous daughter, Mme. de Staël, and also of his nearer relatives, the De Broglies, so favorably known by their well-earned place in French letters, politics, and society. The enforced leisure and involuntary abstention from active political public life, under the existing condition of affairs in France, of a man of such ability as M. d'Haussonville may well find some palliation in the useful task to which he has devoted himself in his admirable work on *L'Enfance à Paris*, and his still incomplete series of papers on *La Misère à Paris*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In the same journal he has begun an account of his recent visit to the United States as one of the representatives of the families of the French officers who served here during the Revolution. His brief sojourn was full of opportunities — well used, too — of forming sound judgment of the men and things he saw, and his statements and opinions have been received with almost unanimous approval, although he is by no means lavish of praise or stinted in criticism. Coppet, still the home of his family, has opened to him, as he in turn has given to his readers, a large and important contribution to the history of the closing years of the eighteenth century. He has diligently examined the twenty-seven volumes of letters addressed to the Neckers by all of their

famous contemporaries, as well as the large collection of their own manuscripts, not included in the numerous printed works by which husband and wife are too little known to the present generation. Indeed, even in Mme. Necker's own life-time, her talents were overshadowed by the growing fame of her daughter, Mme. de Staël, and it is to be hoped that from among the mass of unprinted papers relating to her life there may yet be supplied another collection for publication; while, coming down to our own day, the salons of her daughter, the Duchesse de Broglie, and of her granddaughter, the Comtesse d'Haussonville, might well afford subjects for future literary contributions from the author of the present volume. The book now before us is in every sense just such a one as will serve admirably to give to all those who seek, often in vain, information on the society of France in the days of our Revolution. It presents in great perfection of literary form, and with brief sketches of the persons and events of historical importance mentioned in the text and letters, a broad view of times that even now are full of deep interest. M. d'Haussonville is too honest in his judgments, too well poised by his personal and political experiences, too broad in his knowledge, to be unduly swayed by the accident of relationship to the Neckers to be a mere eulogist, and his sketch of their life and work is the best proof of the high merit he ascribes to them.

Mme. Necker was the daughter of a Presbyterian pastor in a little Swiss village near Lausanne, and her childhood was simple and uneventful. Perhaps the most noteworthy events of her girlhood were her appearance on the stage

¹ *Le Salon de Madame Necker*. D'après des Documents tirés des Archives de Coppet. Par le

Vicomte D'HAUSSONVILLE, Ancien Député. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1882.

of Voltaire's amateur theatre, in some small characters in his plays, and her attachment and engagement to Gibbon, the historian. His unfaithfulness, excused on the score of his father's disapproval, was punished by his living to see her in the height of her own and her husband's fame, and to be the witness of their domestic happiness, when he was their guest forty years later. The death of her father left her dependent on her own resources, and as a teacher, and afterwards as a companion to a great lady, she maintained herself and her mother. Her husband, M. Necker, a prosperous Swiss, established as a successful banker in Paris, raised her to such a degree of comfort and material superiority as might well have turned the head of a less clever woman; but with her it was the beginning of a life of reciprocal fidelity and devotion,—rare perhaps at any time, but exceptional indeed in the days and in the country in which they lived. She shared her husband's aspirations for public service, and contributed largely to his success in the establishment of his bank, and in the still greater duties so ably filled by him as the real financial reformer of his adopted country. Necker's task was a herculean one, and his failure was due to influences beyond human control; but the promise which he gave of saving France was largely helped on by his wife's admirable conduct of her salon, and its good influence. Indeed, in its way and its degree, her task was quite as difficult at the outset as the heavy burden afterwards put upon her husband. Protestants, Swiss, out of the pale of the aristocracy, in the midst of a society largely made up of utterly worldly, ambitious, and able men and women, the Neckers never sacrificed their religion, nor that which was part of it,—their perfect faith and loyalty, their honesty of purpose, their simple love of truth, and their fearlessness in doing what was right.

Mme. Necker's training was as unlike

as possible that of her contemporaries, but it served to make her as systematic in the business of life and in its duties and pleasures as her husband was in his bank and in his office. She chose Fridays for receiving her friends, so as to leave Mondays and Wednesdays for Mme. Geoffrin, Tuesdays for Helvetius, Thursdays and Sundays for Holbach; but when the literary men and philosophers paid their court to her, she quietly established Tuesdays for her intimate friends, and especially for the great ladies, who were attracted to her as much by her own qualities as by her husband's growing greatness. She never rivaled Mme. du Deffand, who openly proclaimed that supper was the third end of man, and boldly avowed that she forgot the others. Mme. du Deffand, Gibbon, Marmontel, and too many of her brilliant friends revenged themselves for her virtue and her husband's merits by reserving for their posthumous memoirs their offensive criticisms; and M. d'Haussonville cannot deny himself the pleasure of contrasting the letters written to the Neckers, full of adulation, with the base suggestions preserved in journals and diaries since published, or manufactured in the French fashion.

In the case of Mme. de Créquy, whose "memoirs" are now proved to have been manufactured by her old lover, it is shown that he forged hostile opinions in her name at the very time when she was full of affection and admiration for the Neckers; but he was thus enabled to revenge himself for the contempt which they showed for him. It was not, however, in the spirit of the age to punish people of good position for irregular relations, and Mme. Necker herself wrote a letter of condolence to Mlle. de l'Espinasse on the death of one lover, which was handsomely acknowledged by another. It was she who called Necker's Praise of Stupidity, the ninth beatitude.

As far back as 1770 we find trace of interest in the impending rebellion of

the British colonies, and Galiani, writing from Naples, discusses the Boston agitation and the chances of a successful American revolution; but he was driven to such grave topics because "there was no conversation outside of Paris." Long before Necker had won his place in the political world, his wife had become a power, and her influence was felt in the elections for the Academy; and these were often decided in her salon, a real *bureau d'esprit*, as they had been, in earlier days, in that of Mme. Lambert, and have since been in those of Mme. de Broglie and Mme. d'Haussonville. It was still later on that the great ladies sought her friendship, and this was largely due to the good sense of the Duc de Rochefoucauld Liancourt, the author of a clever book of travels in the United States, as well as to the growing respect for the Neckers, who, *bourgeoise* as they were, secured not only the respect of the philosophers, but the affection of the best men and women of the court itself.

Even as a child the future Mme. de Staël gave early evidence of her combative nature by trying to drive Mme. de Geoffrin from her easy chair, as later she devoted her great talent to the hopeless task of opposing Napoleon. She learned lessons of eloquence and *savoir vivre* of the best women of the time, and was present when Talleyrand won his first social laurels by a clever repartee. The Duc de Lévis has left a sketch of Mme. Necker at this time, which shows the height of esteem in which she was held by the leaders of the aristocracy and the Duc de Lauzun, one of the French officers who had learned political as well as military art in America, was one of her strong supporters; while Mme. de Lauzun and Mme. de Bonneval were among the pure and good women, in spite of the times and their husbands, who appreciated and shared her virtues. It is true, Mme.

du Deffand called her "*roide et froide*," but Mme. Necker, with more justice, described Mme. du Deffand as "insensible." The Noailles alone of the best French families were not of her set, but they lived apart from the rest of the world, although Mme. de Staël, in the evil days of the Revolution, worked with success to rescue some of the members of that great connection, after three generations had fallen victims to the guillotine. M. d'Haussonville quotes freely from those charming Memoirs, — that of the Marquise de Montagu, by the Duc de Noailles, of the Duchesse de Mouchy and the Duchesse d'Ayen, by Mme. de Lafayette, and of the Princesse de Poix, — all lives well worth the telling and well told, characteristics which are now shared with them by M. d'Haussonville's clear-cut story of Mme. Necker and her salon.

Mme. Necker as a child had played in Voltaire's private theatricals, and as a woman she took part in those of Mme. Houdetot, the friend of Rousseau; and thus, throughout her life, she was associated with all the great names of her epoch. M. d'Haussonville finds some good reasons for extenuating, at least, the bad morals of those with whom she lived, by their charm of manner and intelligence. Her friendship with Buffon and her other intimates was perfectly honest, but it found expression in terms stronger than those of our more conventional life now. It must strike even a Frenchman of to-day as a strange state of things, when he finds Buffon and Mme. Necker coolly discussing the proper inscription for the statue erected to him during his life-time; but, on the other hand, no one can deny the tender feeling that inspired her gift of her portrait to him, his affectionate return of it by his will, and the pious preservation of this and other relics of her life of usefulness at Coppet. M. d'Haussonville gives an admirable description of the wealth of intelligence

and emotion which characterized France during this portion of the last half of the eighteenth century, and shows from the papers at Coppet that, while the books of the time were generally artificial and stilted, the letters and private papers were clear and simple. Mme. de Staël was the daughter of the time as well as of the mother who bore her; and while father and daughter were united in an intimacy that sometimes distressed her, the mother found comfort in writing down her thoughts. Apart from the five volumes of her works, printed by her husband as a tribute to her talents, she left MSS. entitled *Journal of my Defects and Faults*, with the *Best Way of Curing Them*, *Maxims Necessary for my Happiness*, together with others giving *A Minute Account of my Daily Life* (*Journal de la Dépense de mon Temps*), showing its special distribution: (1) to her husband, (2) to her daughter, (3) to her friends, (4) to the poor, (5) to her household, (6) to society, (7) to dress,—an order likely to be sadly reversed in every-day life. But Mme. Necker and her husband were not every-day people, and they were tenderly affectionate toward one another and mutually watchful of the development of their daughter. Raynal, Grimm, and Marmontel were Mme. de Staël's daily companions, and of intellectual culture she had more than enough; but perhaps it was no disadvantage that, on the score of her mother's ill-health, the daughter was able to exchange the mother's careful training for the father's somewhat lax guidance, with its larger indulgence in mental as well as physical romping. It seems clear that Pitt was really proposed as her first choice for a husband, and Prince George of Mecklenburg for the next. The one would have made her the wife of the greatest of English statesmen, the other sister-in-law of the Queen of England; but with the Baron de Staël, the friend as well as the ambassador of the

King of Sweden, she was able to remain true to her native country, France.

Necker's connection with Geneva, as the minister of the republic in Paris, leads to a curious account of the government and diplomacy of that little state, and how the blundering conduct of its magistracy led the French minister to a threat to set up a new town and port across the lake, to be called *Pompadour*. Some of the material for its construction still rests quietly on the shore. Necker himself was honored with eighty-two memorial inscriptions, at the outset of his career, as the first Protestant made minister of state, but he ended it with a much longer list of bitter libels from those in whose behalf he had labored with such thankless sacrifices. His plan of financial reform was great in itself, and impresses us still more when we take into account the time in which he lived, and the evil influences which were evoked by measures that are now accepted as the primary condition of good government. He ruthlessly reduced the army of officials, published details of the finances of the state, endeavored to balance receipts and expenditures, established local responsible bodies throughout the country, and stopped plunder at both top and bottom of the administrative hierarchy. The five years of Necker's first ministry were marked as an epoch of good intentions on the part of the king; but the queen had around her a party which tried in vain to bribe, or cajole, or threaten Necker, and were more successful in driving him from office, mainly by insulting his religion. His *Reports on Finances* and his other published works were the best evidences of his zeal and ability in the task entrusted to him. His wife was often his secretary and always his strong support, and Diderot, in thanking her for a copy of the husband's able book on *Finance*, acknowledged her work on *Hospitals*; for she published the experience acquired in managing a charity

which still bears her name. While Necker was pursued as a Protestant, and as therefore unfit for office, by men without religion, the great prelates and the humble members of the church and its orders were earnest and eloquent in their praise of his public services, and the former were frequent visitors in his wife's salon. She secured the introduction of the religious orders of women in hospitals and prisons, and distributed the gifts of Catholic priests and laymen in useful charities under her own careful supervision. It is still doubtful whether Necker could have saved France and the throne if he had remained in power, but he worked to that end, even during the eight years of his enforced retirement; and then, in the political blind-man's-buff, as Mirabeau described it, he was recalled to office too late for a hope of successfully combating the evils that had grown apace. He was not strong enough to contend with, much less to overcome, the influences that had been evoked alike from above and from below. His plan of a single chamber was undoubtedly faulty, and to it, unchecked by any strong executive, is mainly due the flood of evil that soon brought to the scaffold so many of his old friends, forced others into exile, and spared him only by the happy accident of another deprivation of office and a peaceful retirement to Coppet.

The history of Coppet is interesting in itself, and is an episode that relieves the story of the Neckers of the gloom that was rapidly gathering around those who had been its frequent guests. Life there during the French Revolution was trying indeed on account of its perfect tranquillity, or, in Mme. de Staël's strong language, the "*paix infernale*," which drove her back to Paris, so long as her husband's diplomatic functions secured her safety. Necker and his daughter worked and wrote their best to save the king; characteristically, all this time the queen was abusing them to

Fersen, her champion, who like Chastellux and others frequently named in this book, had served in the French army in America. Indeed, at the worst stage of public affairs, Mme. de Staël talked to her husband of finding a refuge in this country. What would have been the result of such a visit in her case? One cannot but recall the possibilities, if Cromwell and Swift and Coleridge and Carlyle, and many others now become great in history by dint of claims of one kind or another, had carried out their plans, and if Mme. de Staël, too, had chosen this as the field for her brilliant talents. However, her story yet remains to be told, for M. d'Haussonville ends this book with a sad account of the last days of Mme. Necker at Coppet. There she died and was buried, and with her rest the remains of her husband and their illustrious daughter. And now, after many years, an author of their blood, but not their name, dedicates to them this noble tribute of well-deserved respect.

The Salon of Mme. Necker belongs to that class of personal memoirs in which the French language and literature are already so rich, supplying broad pictures of the men and women of the time in which its subject lived, not with any servile accumulation of dates or events, but from the fullness of knowledge based on the careful study of a large mass of unpublished documents, and from an intimate knowledge of contemporary literature. It is just such a book as can safely be put in the hands of every intelligent reader, and it serves better than any formal essays to show that France still possesses a large number of writers fully able to do justice to domestic virtues and public services. It is free from any frantic appeals for justice, or any violent effort to rehabilitate reputations that seemed almost gone forever, and M. d'Haussonville has told his story so temperately, and yet so eloquently, that it will take its place

among the best justifications of the truths of a history that deserves to be retold, until it is thoroughly ascertained and understood. Coppet is indeed fortunate in having preserved intact the Necker papers, until they could find in the author of *The Salon* of Mme. Necker a lover of the truth, zealous

only to preserve that which belongs to the world, as well as to her family, — the memory of a woman whose life was pure, whose aim was noble, whose efforts were all for the advancement of others, whose sacrifices were in behalf of husband, daughter, country; it is the lesson of a life well worth learning.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability." So Lord Bacon assures us in that book of aphorisms which is a sort of code of English thought. We not infrequently hear persons adorning their discourse with learned allusion to books which they have not been at the trouble of reading. Perhaps we may even follow their example, now and then; it is difficult to see how the practice is to be avoided in an age when, owing to the multiplicity of books, it is becoming almost an impossibility to be well read, while it is more a necessity than ever to be well versed in literature. This use of unread books for purposes of ornament is too well known to dwell upon here; it is, I think, less widely recognized that they serve also "for delight," and perhaps in some indirect way are valuable agents for instruction. Not that they are set down in any course of literature; the only preceptors I know of who attempt to take cognizance of them are those zealous persons who earnestly point out to the young the books to be avoided. But the works thus brought to notice are not apt to remain in the category of unread ones. In fact, all Cook's tourists and followers of literary courses have placed themselves beyond the reach of the pleasures I speak of. To them an unread book represents a duty to come, and hangs over their

weary craniums a present and prospective burden. We may choose what we will read, but only temperament and chance determine which books shall sway us among the thousands that we do not read. But the reader who browses at large in the fields of literature, unrestrained except by circumstance, the reader who fixes his mind for months upon an unattainable book in a far-off book-store, who has courted slumber with a lump of untouched romance protruding through the scattered down of his pillow, he has found out the charm which lurketh within an unopened volume. The pleasure is not merely that of anticipation: it passes insensibly into what I must call realization. An unusually attractive title, some anecdote we have heard of the author, a chance quotation which comes home to us, or even some totally extraneous association may lend personality to a book of which we know but little, and make it as distinct an acquisition to us, as those which we have read over and over. This experience cannot be uncommon, though it is probably confined to readers with a vein of sentiment. It is the young, however, who get, so to speak, the most reading out of unread books. To a young mind just looking into literature the merest fragment is precious, as earnest of the magnificence to be enjoyed. Such a mind is in process of

construction; there are enormous gaps to be filled, and every opportunity is seized of bridging them over. It is ready at a glimpse of the arc to draw the whole circle, no matter on how inadequate a scale. Then a line is a poem, and a romantic title opens a whole romance. When at that hungry stage myself, some of my favorite books were unknown to me, save by report. I coned their imaginary contents and rejoiced in their beauties. I looked forward eagerly to reading them, and in the long period of waiting forgot that I had not read them.

Chief among these shadow books was Obermann. I remember the first time I heard the name, — a name which seemed to carry in its very sound the melancholy, the loneliness and passion, of the literature to which the book belongs. One of the indulgences of a delicate childhood was having fragments of poetry repeated to me as I lay in bed, unable to sleep. The selections varied but little, owing, perhaps, to some caprice of the reciter's memory, perhaps to a wish to render the entertainment as little exciting as possible. Among these oft-repeated morsels were some lines taken at random from Matthew Arnold's Stanzas to Obermann: —

"How often, when the slopes were green,

On Jaman thou hast sate,

By some high chalet door, and seen

The summer day grow late!"

For a while I was under a vague impression that the lines were addressed to myself. I had visited Switzerland not a long time before, had climbed the Jaman, and had stopped to rest by the door of a chalet near the top of the pass; on that chalet door my initials and the date — that of my ninth birthday — had been carved. The scene was all before me as I listened: the chalet, with its stone-freighted roof, and the short turf around, covered with alternate patches of snow and crocuses, of which the flowers were the purer in their new,

delicate life. True, I had sat there only once, but it may well have seemed often, in these frequent reminiscences; and children are not prone to note the detail of poetry, if the "swing" and sentiment please them. At length, however, it began to dawn upon me that there were other personalities concerned in the poem, besides the familiar ones of the reciter and his insignificant listener. I asked some questions, and learned that the lines were written by Matthew Arnold, and addressed to Obermann. "And who was Obermann?" I was told that he was a man who, having grown to mistrust and despise his fellow-men, retired to the Alps, and gave himself up entirely to communion with nature. That he was a fictitious character I did not then understand.

From that moment the idea of Obermann and his life "did sweetly creep into my study of imagination." I pictured him to myself as climbing among the snows and glaciers, or seated to watch the sunrise on the edge of some precipice; always sad, thoughtful, and self-contained. A favorite vignette was of my hero standing at midnight, in a thunder-storm, near the border of a pine wood on the slope which ascends toward the Jaman; his soul unshaken by fear, feeling itself to be a part of the wind and the thunder. It was a sublime picture, but — imagination has its limits. In all these situations the costume of Obermann, as he presented himself to my mental vision, consisted invariably of a long frock-coat and trousers of black broadcloth; the pattern being taken from the habitual attire of a Baptist minister who visited at the house, and whose intellectual superiority was deeply impressed upon my young mind.

Obermann was a haunting presence to me for years. My eye caught every allusion to him in the books I read, and the character was modified slightly under the influence of different authors

till at fifteen the reading of René, whose name I had often seen beside that of Senancour's hero, completed the sketch, and Obermann had become to me a sort of Wordsworthian René. All this time I had never read the book, and I have not since. It is too late now. The period of Obermann is over and gone. But I feel that the closest intimacy would never divest him of that coat. It has clung to him unwrinkled and unfaded throughout the years.

— I mark this saying of Emerson, "Ideas are in the air." It does not take long for one to discover that ideas are totally migrant and transient, belonging no more to one individual than to another. Fancifully speaking, they drop out of the air, and build their aeries and raise their broods wherever the conditions of habitat are satisfied. That you have entertained, for a season, these birds of passage does not identify them with you alone; you have no guarantee that you will not hear them, ere long, over sea or under tropic, quaintly echoing the very notes they practiced under your eaves. Our ideas, therefore, are ours *en passant* only. There are always some people of our acquaintance who are so harried by the distraction and importunity of the situation that, to use their own expression, they cannot call their thoughts their own. In a subtler sense, this inability is the lot of every thinker, no matter how solitary and secure the Patmos to which he has withdrawn. It is more impossible to sequester an idea for your exclusive use than to prevent the river which turns your mill from running on to put its willing shoulder under the wheel of another's enterprise. You may indeed hold your breath, but not long; you are soon forced to yield it back to the common fountain of breath. This fluidity or divisibility of thought, while in the abstract sublime, has doubtless a side of absurd embarrassment and discomfiture. What assurance can one have,

as a savant, that the dawn of his discovery is not, at the self-same moment, shining in at another's window, with equal illumination and promise? How can the poet be sure that he is enjoying an individual afflatus; that the muse is not flattering another suitor with the same show of favor? How can the writer of fiction be sure that the work which he is preparing will not encounter its double on its way to the publisher, or be pushed to the wall as the feebler and less promising twin? It would seem that the personal types, imbroglíos, episodes, and *dénouements* of fiction are in the air. Though one should lay the scene of his novel in Ternate and Tidore, or at the North Pole, geographical remoteness is no security against infringement. It is clear that we must make haste to utter our thought, or we shall be anticipated by some one else, after which all effort on our part will be unseasonable and superfluous. It is not safe to defer one's brightest and best inspirations. I speak from unhappy experience. How often has it happened that, while I put off harvesting and garnering, waiting for an idea to ripen more fully, there came a brownie in the night-time who reaped and carried off the harvest! For instance, if I ever hoarded up a choice theme for a poem, confident of my sole proprietorship in a fancy so delicate and elusive, what was my amazement (and chagrin) to see, in the pages of some periodical, my fantastic property spirited away by a more prompt and happy genius! Again, if I chanced upon what seemed to me the elements of a fine essay, and did not at once take the work in hand, but waited for the crude material to crystallize, how was I punished! Nemesis quietly handed me a marked newspaper, or a book with the leaf turned down, in one of which I beheld my essay, with all its telling illustrations, its brilliant tropes, irrefutable reasons, its pertinent quotations, — all, to the last grain of Attic salt

which seasoned the whole mass! My essay, but another had written it; another's impertinent name was subjoined. When the lax and crooked laws relating to international copyright shall have been so straightened and strengthened as to require no further agitation and legislation, perhaps some benefactor of his kind will devote himself to securing the ideal and impalpable property of authors; giving them copyright on their thoughts. Such an act would be of incalculable assistance in vindicating one unjustly charged with literary larceny, since the accused need only produce his papers, showing anterior right and title, in order to procure his honorable acquittal. Many cases of so-called plagiarism might well be dismissed as cases of coincidence, merely. "Ideas are in the air." Writers only transcribe what is written in the face of Nature, in man's face, and the face of his actions. What is this but a kind of stupendous plagiarism, a theft voted lawful by all? Why should it cause suspicion or panic if the various transcripts occasionally agree, line for line? If poetry is the art of right naming, as it has been thought to be, it follows that there is but one most expressive, full, and universal word which can perfectly characterize a given object, action, or idea. It need not surprise us so greatly if this one word should occur to several investigating in the same quarter.

—The recent discussion regarding the extent of the nationality of Irish-American citizens reminds me of the excitement which attended the rescue of the Hungarian, Martin Kozsta. I was the surgeon on board the United States sloop-of-war *St. Louis* at the time, and wish to bear my tribute to the pluck and audacity of Captain Ingraham. The *St. Louis* dropped anchor in the harbor of Smyrna on the 23d of June, 1853. The day before her arrival, the Hungarian refugee, Martin Kozsta, while quietly seated in a café,

was seized by Greek ruffians, the paid agents of the Austrian consul, and dragged, half drowned, on board the Austrian brig-of-war *Hussar*; and there, by the orders of the same consul, confined below decks in double irons, shortly to be transferred to Trieste, where a felon's death awaited him.

This Kozsta was a distinguished Hungarian patriot, writer, and statesman, who, as compatriot and co-laborer of Kossuth, was the main-stay of the revolution of 1848, until it culminated in the treachery of Georgey. He was the companion of Kossuth at Katayah, went to the United States under the same circumstances, and then declared his intention, under the usual oath, to become a citizen, — the first and prerequisite step, taken five years before he could come into full possession of a citizen's rights. He however returned to Turkey, and was in the city of Smyrna, quietly pursuing the vocation of a teacher, when, his whereabouts becoming known to the Austrian consul, he was kidnapped under the circumstances just related. This was the condition of affairs as reported to Captain Ingraham, on the arrival of the *St. Louis* in the harbor of Smyrna, on that pleasant morning of June 23, 1853.

The report was made by the American consul, with the statement that Kozsta claimed to be an American citizen, in virtue of his declared intention, and of an official paper held by him to that effect, and as a consequence thereof claimed consular protection; that he, the consul, having exhausted all argument as applicable to the case, as well as the traditional kind offices in favor of the oppressed of all nations, now proceeded to turn the matter over to the power of the government as represented by her guns, if Captain Ingraham thought proper to interfere.

Here was a situation which has more than once confronted the naval commander abroad, wherein a decision must

be made promptly, with little time for consideration, and meagre information on which to decide questions of the highest importance to himself and country; his commission may be at stake, sometimes the issue of peace or war is in the balance, and for a correct decision a consummate knowledge of international law is involved. When Captain Ingraham had satisfied himself of the facts upon which Kozsta claimed American protection, he demanded an interview with the captain of the Hussar and his prisoner. This being refused, he determined that the question of citizenship should be transferred to Constantinople, and to enforce this view brought his guns to bear on the brig, at the same time informing the Austrian commander that no effort must be made to transfer the prisoner to the Lloyd steamer, which was to transport him to Trieste. The next day he called on Mahomet Ali, the Turkish pacha, and insisted in the strongest terms on the indignity offered himself and his government by this unprecedented violation of neutral rights and harbor; suggesting that he should demand the immediate release of the man, and put him *in statu quo*. Finally, Captain Ingraham gave the pacha to understand that, if he did not thus interfere, he should consider it his duty to detain Kozsta by force, if necessary, until explicit instructions arrived from Constantinople. The pacha decided not to interfere; instigated, it was thought, by the uncertain attitude of Austria in the then impending Russo-Turkish war.

The American captain, revolving the affair in his mind that night, came to the always wise and sound conclusion for the military man: that, if err he must, err on the bold side he would, and thus, cutting the knot which he could not untie, risk the defense of the people for too much boldness rather than their condemnation for too much pusillanimity. Thus, before the arrival of instructions from the *chargé d'affaires*, he had gone

a step beyond the exercise of force for detention by making a peremptory demand, backed by the power of his guns, for immediate delivery of the man to the United States, as represented by the consular flag. To this end, he made a written demand on the commander of the Hussar that, by eleven o'clock of that day, the 25th of June, he should deliver the body of Martin Kozsta into the keeping and protection of the American consul, with the ultimatum that if the commander did not so deliver him, on or before the time specified, he should proceed to take him by force. The Austrian commander promptly declined, saying that the man Martin Kozsta was detained by the order of the consul, his superior officer, whom by the laws of his country he was compelled to obey, and that he "would repel force with force." Upon receipt of this plucky reply, Captain Ingraham at once gave orders to prepare the ship for action. Decks were sanded, guns shotted, and the ominous beat-to-quarters roll of the drum resounded through the ship, as every man hastened to his post. In the mean time there was visible from the deck of the St. Louis the equally prompt preparation of the Austrian, evidently not at all averse, in view of his superior strength, to the arbitrament of guns. The St. Louis was armed with twenty twenty-four pounders, opposed to a sixteen-gun brig, which had as consort a six-gun schooner, commanded by as gallant an Englishman as ever trimmed a sail; while the Lloyd Company's steamer, armed with four guns, had been detained and pressed into service, for the purpose of both towing and fighting. The Englishman, seeing his advantage in the light air stirring, at once slipped his cable, and by superior seamanship and the capabilities of his schooner worked himself just astern of the sloop, while the steamer was evidently preparing to tow the brig from under the threatening broadside of the sloop, and to a like

advantageous position on her starboard bow. The youngest powder boy on board the *St. Louis* saw the advantage enjoyed by the Austrian; nevertheless, every man stood by his gun, nothing daunted, his unblanched cheek and lively bearing showing a firm resolve that the claim of American citizenship should be worth something wherever her naval flag floated. Thus things stood until ten o'clock, when a deputation of consuls came off, asking that further time be allowed, both to give opportunity for some compromise, and to give the people time, after due warning, to leave the shore, where they had thoughtlessly crowded to see the fight. Captain Ingraham consented to extend the time to four o'clock, informing the captain of the Hussar of the postponed time and the cause of it, and notifying all concerned, and with emphasis too, that his guns would open promptly at eight bells, — four o'clock, — if the man were not given up at the expiration of the time.

The crowd had left the shore, the neutral vessels had withdrawn out of the range of the belligerents, and an ominous silence pervaded the harbor. Two o'clock had arrived. As a fact, then unknown to the Americans, the pacha, — remembering the advice given by Captain Ingraham, to protect the dignity of himself and government as well as the neutrality of his harbor, — had in grim irony ordered the commandant of the fort to open his guns on the vessel firing the first shot. The smart Englishman was standing off and on at point blank and raking range of the *St. Louis's* stern, never bringing himself under the bearing of a single gun for a single moment; the brig was on the sloop's starboard bow, while the men stood defiantly gazing at each other, not two hundred yards apart, knowing full well that such close quarters must certainly be bloody, if not drowning, work to boot. Thus things were progressing to an inevitable result, when, at half

past two o'clock, the American consular boat was seen pulling as if upon a mission of life and death. The consul was the bearer of a convention just entered into between the Austrian consul and himself, to the effect that the man in dispute should be transferred to the protection of the French consul, not as a prisoner, but as a resident at the consulate; not to be removed from his keeping but by the combined consent and signatures of the American and Austrian consuls. These terms, although not the *statu quo* demanded, the American captain felt bound to accept, and in a few moments Martin Kozsta came over the side of the Hussar, and entered a man-of-war's boat, to be taken to the French consulate. The loud shout which came from the shore proclaimed sympathy for victorious America rather than for vanquished Austria. Boat after boat of congratulators came off. The citizens of Smyrna honored the ship with a Fourth of July dinner, and for the first time in Asia Minor patriotic speeches were made, and the toast, "The day we celebrate," was drunk. Ingraham's course was applauded at Constantinople, and the officers of the allied fleets drank full bumpers to American gallantry. Yet Captain Ingraham was not happy; he felt by no means sure of his ground, and the reflecting and well-informed officers of the ship participated in the feeling. He and they knew that the verdict had yet to be rendered by diplomacy; not by the legation at Constantinople, however, for the instructions of the American minister had been already anticipated, but by transfer of the question to Washington and Vienna. It was a fortunate thing for Captain Ingraham that the democratic fires of Europe had been only smouldering since the revolution of 1848; for when Austria protested to the Continental powers against this act of war on the part of the United States, it was this volcanic condition of Europe which induced them to ad-

wise her not to make her complaint in too strong language, and to back it by no threats. In the mean time, the popular demonstration over Europe was one of universal approval. In every port entered by the *St. Louis*, on her return from the East, deputations presented themselves, with applauding addresses, and gifts of something commemorating the event; particularly in Genoa floral offerings and a beautiful pair of derringers were presented to the captain. In the United States the excitement was equally great. In the large cities the foreign element was most enthusiastic, meeting in large assemblies, and passing resolutions of thanks. But this favorable verdict, pronounced by the people of two continents, did not settle the difficulty as between Austria and the United States; the battle was yet to be fought between Mr. Marcy and the prime minister of Austria. It doubtless had, however, an important bearing on its settlement; Mr. Marcy, emboldened by the demonstrations, sustained Captain Ingraham in an argument of great ability and ingenuity, but with an amount of sophistry that would have done no discredit to Talleyrand, Metternich, or Macchiavelli himself. Austria took her cue from the same demonstrations, and under the advice of the western powers, influenced by the Crimean war cloud then lowering on the horizon, accepted the situation and Mr. Marcy's reply as satisfactory. But was Captain Ingraham right in the course he pursued? The writer does not hesitate to say *No*, in view of a proper construction of the naturalization laws, but *Yes*, a thousand times yes, in view of the captain's own reputation and popular opinion. The military man who values his own reputation, unless the question is as plain as a pike-staff, can never afford to take the amiable and peaceable view, but in the blustering and warlike will be sustained, in the great majority of cases, by kings, presidents, and people. Lord

Nelson's advice is always safest: "Fight if in doubt."

— What a wonderful thing a smile is! How often it is the swift, unconscious revelation of a character to which spoken words have given little clew! There is a gentleman I know, an occasional caller at my house, whom I always welcome for the sake of his pleasant smile alone. He has a homely face, is absolutely deficient in small-talk, and from a consciousness of his deficiency he wears an awkward air; he is a busy man, and cannot sit long enough for me to get him fairly launched on some topic of enough real interest to make him talk upon it, and so our acquaintance never gets very far. But I really enjoy his fifteen-minute visit if in the course of it appears the smile I like so well: it tells of such a good, kind nature. Many a time, I have fallen in love with a smile, and on the strength of it given the owner credit for unproved virtues. The duteous smiles of good society — "company smiles" we call them — are plentiful enough; but dear me! they are not smiles at all, and it is only a mode of speech to say so. Only a few extraordinarily clever people — like Madame Merle — can contrive to palm off a counterfeit for the real thing. A smile will sometimes create a sense of fellowship between utter strangers. Not long ago I was seated in a railroad car near a party of medical gentlemen, whose conversation was quite audible. One of the number was a monster of vulgar conceit, whose presence was evidently a great annoyance to the rest. But intrude himself into the talk he would, in spite of various hints that he was not wanted. Unable to get rid of the creature, and worn out with his persistent interruptions and usurpations of the conversation, the others began to revenge themselves with sly jokes upon him, which he was too obtuse to take in. The hits and snubs grew broader and broader, and still the dull fool went on

laying down the law to his betters. The humor of the scene was irresistible, and my friend and I could not help smiling in sympathy. Facing us sat two gray-haired gentlemen, who presently glanced our way, and smiled so genially at our appreciation of the fun that we felt at once we were taken in as silent partners, whose presence added zest to the joke. And, by the way, the smiles on the faces of those two old men were worth noting; mildly illuminating the sagacious, benignant countenance of the one, and breaking out broadly on the other's jovial face, and flashing from the keen eyes beneath his bushy brows.

There is something awry in the constitution of unsmiling persons. The rare smiles of certain men seem drawn out by some compulsion, as music comes from a long-disused instrument. I know some one whose smiles are of this sort, and it did not surprise me to be told lately that he had confessed to taking the strangest and most altogether hopeless view of existence it is possible for man to take. Another man I know whose smile is so infrequent and so peculiar that, once seen, it is not likely to be forgotten; it appears like a pallid phantom on his cold, pale, set face, but one sees there is no flesh and blood in it, and its look only makes one shiver. He does not know the tale that face and smile of his tell to some eyes, in spite of him, or he would surely get a mask. I once had a dog, the most intelligent of little beasts, whose countenance was more human than that man's; and in his most hilarious moments the dog used to smile, with an unmistakable broad smile, that showed all his little white teeth. You may say it was a grin, if you choose, but I maintain it was a smile. All people of sense know that dogs are next door to human, and are only awaiting evolution.

The fine, frank, generous smile of certain faces is to me one of the most delightful things I see; it wins me at once, and makes me impatient of the slow, conventional approaches to the friendship I have already begun to wish for.

Perhaps to a woman the loveliest of smiles, next to that on her little child's face, is the one she sometimes watches resting on the lips of some strong man, revealing the treasure of tenderness and sweetness stored away beside his strength.

But if a charming smile is a pretty certain indication of some charming personal quality or qualities, its absence from certain faces does not denote the lack of such qualities; for there are persons who have not had the fortune to be born with the same mobile features as others, fitted to express the emotions of their souls. The emotions are there in strength and abundance, but they cannot come forth and show themselves in the radiance of the eye and the play of flexible lips. So the most genial of people may sometimes appear the least so to the eye, which after all can only take in appearance, and needs the corroborating witness of the ear. I know a person who, it is no exaggeration to say, fascinates on first acquaintance men and women alike; and when he meets you there is that in his look and tone, his smile and hand-grip, that carries you away, and makes you fancy you are sharing his ardor of delight. He is thoroughly sincere, and yet, after a little, you are apt to become a bit *disillusionné* about that glance and smile of his, and you admit to yourself that there is no more real warmth of feeling behind them than you have found to lie in the simple, quiet greeting of some less demonstrative friend.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Criticism. In the English Men of Letters Series, the volume Gray, by Edmund W. Gosse (Harpers), is one where the fitness of the critical biographer for his task is singularly demonstrated. The refinement, the honesty, and the thoroughness of Mr. Gosse are well expended upon his charming theme. In point of fact, Mr. Gosse has added to our actual knowledge of Gray, besides doing the expected work of presenting him anew to modern readers. The book is delightfully written and contains subtle and just criticism. How admirably the author sets forth Gray, when he says, "There never was a professional poet whose mode was so thoroughly that of the amateur!"

Politics and Political Economy. The melancholy death of W. Stanley Jevons renders his latest work one of special interest. It is either the first or one of the first of a series projected by Macmillan, entitled *The English Citizen*, a series of short books on his rights and responsibilities. Professor Jevons's contribution is *The State in Relation to Labor*, and is a nervous, concise examination of the questions which have a frequent and practical interest for Englishmen. The principles discussed and some of the illustrations used have a bearing upon American questions, but no book could be written of equal applicability to both countries. — Of a somewhat different order is *The Land Catechism*, with the sub-title *Is Rent Just? What Political Economy Teaches Regarding It*, by William Brown. (John Lovell and Son, Montreal.) Mr. Brown writes as a zealous prophet, and anticipates the day when "that triumvirate of curses, Rent, Taxation, and Usury, shall no longer blight the world and scourge our race." The author is in earnest with his ideas. Practically, if rent were to be purchase by installments, we fear there would be none to act as landlords; and while the doctrine of every man his own landlord is an agreeable one, we do not quite see how it is to be accomplished except through the operation of the Jewish law of jubilee.

Fiction. In the Leisure Hour Series (Holt) another American novel has been issued, *Kinley Hollow*, by G. H. Hollister, which deals with country life in Connecticut, and bases its interest largely upon the presentation of character as affected by local religions and social influences. — *Pantaletta*, a romance of Shehe land (American News Company), is intended for a satire upon the supremacy of woman, but he must be a bold student of satire who would venture to extract either wit or wisdom from it. — *The Annals of a Baby* is a new edition of an anonymous book (Peter-sons), now claimed by the author, Sarah Bridges Stebbins. It is a somewhat effusive tribute to the domestic virtues. — *The Slaves of Paris*, by Emile Gaboriau (Estes & Lauriat), is an exciting novel, by the author of *File 113* and other works. The world in which it revels is one scarcely to be seen out of one's windows, and it is fearfully and

wonderfully constructed, with epigrams for corner-stones. — *A Fair Philosopher*, by Henri Dauge (Geo. W. Harlan & Co., New York), is in many ways an interesting book, but the audacity of the fair philosopher needs to be measured by an uncommon degree of timidity and conservatism; in some quarters, the philosophy would seem itself somewhat lagging. — In *Lovell's Library* (John W. Lovell Company, New York), a weekly publication, devoted chiefly to fiction, have been published *The Abbé Constantin*, by Ludovic Halévy, translated by Katharine Sullivan, which had already been translated by another hand, and published by the Putnams; *Freckles*, by Rebecca Fergus Redcliff, a curious mixture of naturalness and romance, but with more vitality than most Southern novels; *So They Were Married*, by Walter Besant and James Rice. — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) the latest issues are the same novel of Besant and Rice, adorned by a frontispiece, displaying those gentlemen and what they had for dinner; *A Model Father*, by David Christie Murray; *My Watch Below*, or *Yarns Spun when off Duty*, by W. Clark Russell, a collection of short sea stories; *Unknown to History*, a Story of the Captivity of Mary of Scotland, by Charlotte M. Yonge; *Fortune's Marriage*, by Georgiana M. Craik. — More distinctively for boys and girls is a pleasing volume entitled *Summer Stories*, by the good-natured and entertaining Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan.)

History and Biography. The *History of Louisiana from the Earliest Period*, by François Xavier Martin, has been reprinted (James A. Gresham, New Orleans), with the addition of a biographical sketch of Judge Martin by W. W. Howe, and a continuation of the history, in the form of annals, down to 1861, by John F. Condon. Judge Martin's history closes with 1815, and has a value in its later chapters from the familiarity of the author with events. His summary of the earlier history is formal and dry, with slight reference to authorities and with a judicial severity of tone. — *The Battle of Chancellorsville*, by Samuel P. Bates (Edward T. Bates, Meadville, Pa.), is a contribution to history and rhetoric.

Guide-Books. King's Hand-Book of Boston Harbor, by M. F. Sweetser (Moses King, Cambridge, Mass.), is a full and interesting disclosure of the charms of the district to which it introduces one. Mr. Sweetser has pursued a different policy from that which held in his previous books. When dealing with larger fields he was brief and business-like; now that he has a smaller area, he indulges in more history and anecdote. The book ought to become a favorite with visitors to Boston. We wish he had given a good map of the harbor and coast lines. — *Hubbard's Guide to Moosehead Lake* (Williams) is the model of a guide-book, practical, sensible, telling one just what he needs to know, and presenting the results of sound experience.

The Autumn Announcement of Houghton, Mifflin & Co's New Books and New Editions, which is given on other pages of this number, contains not a few books which possess a special interest for all lovers of the best literature and the best art. The reputation which the Riverside Press has long had for substantial excellence and taste in book-making is a sufficient assurance that these books will be produced in a form which will render them entirely acceptable to those who not only love good literature, but desire to have it in a form which corresponds with the high excellence of its contents.

The special attractions for art lovers are the Holiday Edition of Mr. Aldrich's complete poems, illustrated with designs by the skillful hands of members of the Paint and Clay Club of Boston, and Darley's illustrations of Longfellow's world-famous poem "Evangeline." The former book has the special value of not being a perfunctory performance, in which artists have been hired to draw certain designs without regard to their special aptitude for them; the artists and engravers have worked in the special line of their taste and experience, and we are sure the result will be in a high degree satisfactory both to those who take delight in good art-work, and also to those who, enjoying Mr. Aldrich's poems, would be glad to see them fitly illustrated.

Those who remember the unusually attractive and admirable illustrations which Mr. Darley designed for Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" two years since will heartily welcome the new series of illustrations which he has designed for Longfellow's "Evangeline," in which he brings out the beauty, the varied picturesque charms, and the pathos of this poem, which is perhaps more widely known than anything else which Mr. Longfellow ever wrote.

Lovers of biography, especially those who are interested in American political history, will be gratified by the new volumes in the "American Statesmen" series, devoted to Andrew Jackson, John Randolph, James Monroe, Daniel Webster, and Thomas Jefferson; while those whose taste is rather in the line of literature will find equal satisfaction in the new volumes of the series of "American Men of Letters," devoted to James Fenimore Cooper and George Ripley. In addition, the "Letters of Lydia Maria Child," to which Mr. Whittier prefixes a biographical introduction, and to which Mr. Wendell Phillips furnishes an appendix; and Mrs. Bull's "Life of Ole Bull," the wonderful violinist, will have a

peculiar interest for large circles of readers both in this country and in Europe.

In the department of fiction, Miss Phelps's "Doctor Zay" needs no praise for those who have followed it as it has appeared serially in the ATLANTIC, but the other thousands who have read Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar," and other stories, may be assured that this is one of the most striking and engaging novels she has recently written.

The two novels, "Captain Mansana" and "Magnhild," by Björnsterne Björnson, which are devoted to the public life of Norway as his previous volumes were devoted to the private and social life, will complete this series of stories, which more than the works of any other writer give true and complete pictures of the political, social, and religious life of Norway, and are all written with a vigor and simplicity which give them an enduring charm.

The new book by Bret Harte, including "Flip" and "Found at Blazing Star," will be welcomed by the host of American readers who have found in Bret Harte's Californian stories, a kind of literary enjoyment which is very rare among readers of stories.

The new Riverside edition of Hawthorne's works, which includes bibliographical notes by Mr. George P. Lathrop, is one of the most important announcements of the season. In style the volumes will be as tasteful and substantial as the best skill of the Riverside Press can make them. As for their contents, — Hawthorne wrote them. The value of the edition will be enhanced by its completeness. It contains a short romance which has but recently been found in an old Annual, and which has never been contained in any previous edition of Mr. Hawthorne's works.

The Riverside edition of Shakespeare will also be a welcome announcement, both for its typographical excellence, and for the rare critical ability and discrimination of the editor, Mr. Richard Grant White.

The lovers of American humor, particularly of the type which has found remarkable favor in the South, and to no small degree in the North, will welcome Mr. Watterson's collection of "Oddities in Southern Life and Character," which will be made additionally attractive by several illustrations.

All the young folks in America, and most of their fathers and mothers, will hail with exultation the announcement of the new Bodley Book, which describes the journey of the Bodley Grandchildren in Holland. It is as full of information as such a book ought to be, and

as entertaining as any of the previous Bodley Books, which have delighted such a multitude of readers.

The little volume of "Notes on Men and their Books," which Mrs. Fields has selected principally from Mr. Fields's lectures, will be a pleasant reminder to those who heard them, of the hours in which they listened with unusual satisfaction to the personal, biographical, and anecdotal lectures which Mr. Fields gave concerning authors with whose works he was so familiar, and many of whom he had known more or less intimately.

Dr. Brown's Third Series of "Spare Hours;" the new volume by Robert Browning, and the new edition of his complete works; the admirable new edition of Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table;" the Household Editions of the poems of Saxe, and Bret Harte, and the Cary sisters; the new edition, very carefully revised and largely rewritten, of "Vocal Culture," which has been one of the most satisfactory of popular school books ever published in this country; the new tasteful editions of the works of Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Whipple; the new and enlarged edition of Mrs. Whitney's story, "Zerub Throop's Experiment," and her unique "Mother Goose for Grown Folks;" the Illustrated Editions of "American Prose," "Ballads and Lyrics," and "Poems of America;" the exquisite Longfellow and Emerson Calendars for 1883; the new and enlarged edition of Miss Parloa's "Household Management and Cookery;" and other new editions and new books, complete a list which promises some important and very desirable additions to American literature and art, and — what is not to be spoken of slightly — a great deal of exceedingly interesting reading.

Holiday Edition of Aldrich's Poems. — Instead of selecting a single poem for illustration for holiday purposes, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have decided to bring out in a very sumptuous and tasteful form a complete edition of Mr. Aldrich's poems, embellished with designs which shall be at once illustrative of the poems and genuine works of art. The designs have been made by members of the Paint and Clay Club of Boston, each selecting subjects suited to his genius and taste. The engraving has been done under the superintendence of the designers by engravers specially selected for their skill in the kind of work assigned them. The printing will be done in the most careful style of the Riverside Press, and the binding will render the book somewhat unique among gift books, — it will be of limp cloth, simply but tastefully stamped, and each copy will be put up in a box. The book will be a beautiful work of art in all respects, and cannot fail to delight those who enjoy the exquisite finish and lyrical quality of Mr. Aldrich's poems, and likewise those who can appreciate those characteristics which go to the making of perfect books.

Life of Andrew Jackson. — To the excellent series of American Statesmen, containing Mr. Morse's "Life of John Quincy Adams," Mr.

Lodge's "Life of Alexander Hamilton," and Dr. Von Holst's "Life of John C. Calhoun," is now added the "Life of Andrew Jackson," by Professor Sumner of Yale College. It has been written with the special purpose of not only giving the facts in the life of Jackson, and the distinctive features of his character which made him so conspicuous and picturesque a figure in American history, but also of indicating his connection with the political discussions and events of his time, and of pointing out the influence which he exerted upon the development of American constitutional government.

Professor Sumner has written the work with conscientious care, and it must be one of the most acceptable volumes of the series to which it belongs.

The Emerson and Longfellow Calendars for 1883 are just ready, and while they are so attractive that they cannot fail to please the multitudes who have been charmed by Longfellow's poems, they are so artistic that they will doubtless be cordially welcomed by persons of more critical and exacting tastes. They are bright but not tawdry, and both have a fitness of design and coloring which lifts them above a mere transient gratification and gives them a permanent value.

The selections from the writings of Longfellow and Emerson for the several days of the year have been made with great care, so that, as far as possible, they may have some special appropriateness, emphasizing days famous for notable events, or for the birth or death of illustrious persons, or days which the procession of the seasons makes peculiarly significant or beautiful.

Bret Harte's New Book, containing two stories, "Flip" and "Found at Blazing Star," will be especially attractive to those, who for many years have found in the stories of Mr. Bret Harte an enjoyment which is exceedingly rare in reading either long or short stories. The characters and the felicity with which Mr. Harte describes them are so unusual that the reader comes to the end of the story quite too soon, and he is disposed to murmur that Mr. Harte has not prolonged his gratification by additional incidents, or by introducing more of those characters which he sketches with such admirable skill.

Robert Browning. — The organization of the Browning Society in England has given a decided impulse to the study of Mr. Browning's works, not only in that country but in America also. Mr. Browning has never sought the popularity which some poets have won, but has endeavored to make every poem that he has written worthy of a permanent place in English literature, and by the most competent judges his writings are accorded a rank among the great works in poetry, and he is accounted worthy to be associated with the great poets of all time. A new volume of his poems will shortly appear, containing his transcript of the Agamemnon of Æschylus, La Saisiaz, Pauline, and Dramatic Idyls, First and Second Series; and soon after will be issued, in a new and de-

sirable library style, a complete edition of his works in seven volumes, including the volume just named. Those who have the previously published volumes of Mr. Browning's works will be able to complete their editions by procuring the new volume, here mentioned, and those who have not his works, and who desire to add to their libraries some of the most powerful and beautiful poems in English literature should not fail to procure the complete edition.

New Household Poets.—The Household Edition of Longfellow, Whittier, and other leading American and English poets, has enjoyed great and well-merited popularity by reason of compressing in small space, yet containing in legible type, all the poems of the famous writers who have been included in this edition. Probably no other form could be chosen which would combine legibility and compactness more perfectly, and the volumes have proved so acceptable, both in contents and in form, that they have sold by hundreds of thousands all over the country.

To this edition are now added the poems of Bret Harte, John G. Saxe, and Alice and Phoebe Cary. These three volumes will gratify a multitude of readers by placing within their reach, in inexpensive form, poems whose popular character and varied excellences have made them general favorites.

The Life of George Ripley.—Mr. Ripley was for many years the literary critic of the "New York Daily Tribune," and in that paper exerted a potent and most salutary influence upon American writers and literature. The breadth and accuracy of his scholarship were equaled by the clearness and force of his style; and both were supplemented by a hearty appreciation of every sincere and worthy effort in the field of letters.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who has given special attention to the social and literary history of New England, has made a very careful study of Mr. Ripley's life, and of his influence upon American thought and literature. His book forms one of the most attractive volumes in the series of "American Men of Letters."

Vocal Culture, New Edition.—For many years the book entitled "Orthophony," but which has been known among educators as "Vocal Culture," has been one of the most acceptable text-books for the cultivation of the voice and the development of skill in elocution. Without any special effort being made to extend its circulation, its merits have carried it to all parts of the country. The plates of the book having become badly worn, the work has been very carefully revised and considerable portions rewritten by Prof. Francis T. Russell, formerly professor of oratory at Trinity and Hobart Colleges. New selections have been added from the best of modern literature, so that the book is in every respect better than before. None of the characteristic features which made it so acceptable have been omitted, but important new features have been added, and the whole has been revised and brought

down to date, and it is commended to the attention of all teachers and students who are interested in the subject of Elocution and Vocal Culture.

Household Management.—Miss Parloa, who has devoted years to the subject of domestic economy, a few years since published a small book entitled "The First Principles of Household Management and Cookery." This book was intended for families, and it was Miss Parloa's hope that it might be found available for use in schools, so that the elements of comfort and economy might be taught to children, especially to those children who would be little likely to gain any knowledge of such subjects in their own homes. Miss Parloa has now materially enlarged this book by including many additional receipts and by making it in every way more useful for families and more available for use in schools. And those schools and those families will be fortunate in which it is used.

Two Choice Holiday Books.—The volume entitled "American Prose," containing judicious selections from the best American prose writers, Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, Thoreau, and Longfellow, has been made additionally attractive and fitted for holiday use, by including excellent steel portraits of these several authors, by being printed with red-line border in the handsomest style, and tastefully bound.

The volume of Ballads and Lyrics which Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge selected has been equipped for holiday use with twenty-four full-page illustrations, and by tasteful printing and binding.

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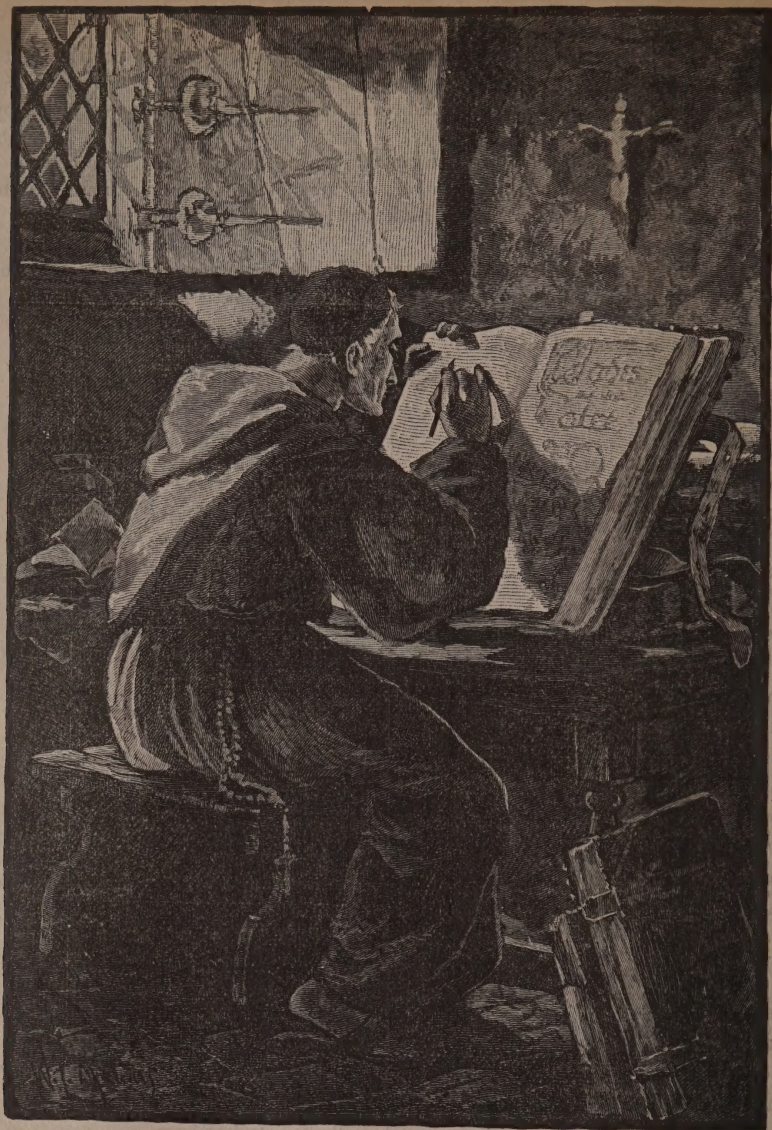
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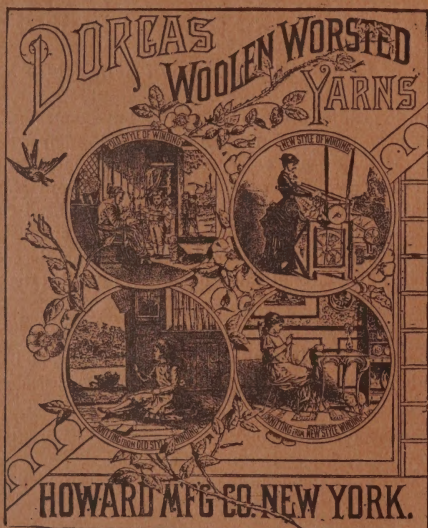
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VOLUME L.—NUMBER 301

NOVEMBER, 1882

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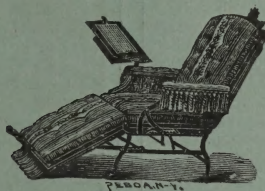
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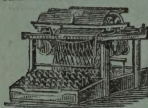
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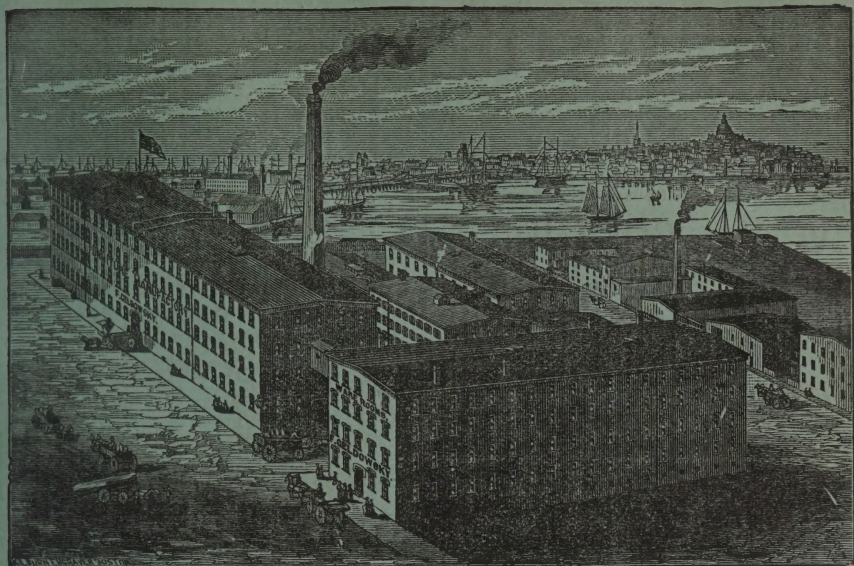
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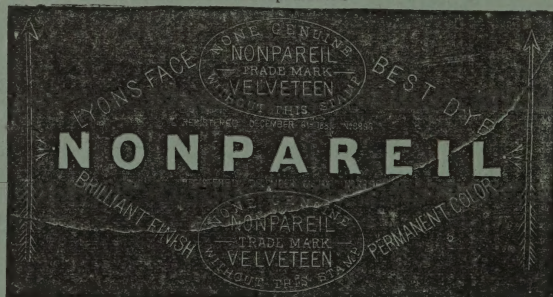
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VOL. L. — NOVEMBER, 1882. — No. CCCI.

TWO ON A TOWER.

XXXIII.

NEXT morning, Viviette received a visit from Mr. Cecil himself. He informed her that the box spoken of by the servant had arrived quite unexpectedly, just after the departure of his clerk on the previous evening. There had not been sufficient time for him thoroughly to examine it as yet, but he had seen enough to enable him to state that it contained letters, dated memoranda in Sir Blount's handwriting, notes referring to events which had happened later than his supposed death, and other irrefragable proofs that the account in the newspapers was correct as to the main fact, — the comparatively recent date of Sir Blount's decease.

She looked up, and spoke with the irresponsible helplessness of a child. "On reviewing the circumstances, I cannot think how I could have allowed myself to believe the first tidings!" she said.

"Everybody else believed them, and why should not you have done so?" said the lawyer.

"How came the will to be permitted to be proved, as there could, after all, have been no complete evidence?" she asked. "If I had been the executrix, I would not have attempted it. As I was not, I know very little about how the

business was pushed through. In a very unseemly way, I think."

"Well, no," said Mr. Cecil, feeling himself called upon to defend law practice from such imputations, whatever might be its defects in the present instance. "It was done in the way customary in all cases where the proof of death is only presumptive. The evidence, such as it was, was laid before the court by the applicants, your husband's cousins, and the servants who had been with him deposed to his death with a particularity that was deemed sufficient. Their error was, not that somebody died, — for somebody did die at the time affirmed, — but that they mistook one person for another; the person who died not being Sir Blount Constantine. The court was of opinion that the evidence led up to a reasonable inference that the deceased was actually Sir Blount, and probate was granted on the strength of it. As there was a doubt about the exact day of the month, the applicants were allowed to swear that he died on or after the date last given of his existence, — which, in spite of their error then, has really come true now, of course."

"They little think what they have done to me by being so ready to swear!" she murmured.

Mr. Cecil, supposing her to allude only to the pecuniary straits in which

she had been prematurely placed by the will taking effect a year before its due time, said, "True. It has been to your ladyship's loss, and to their gain. But they will make ample restitution, no doubt; and all will be wound up satisfactorily."

Lady Constantine was far from explaining that this was not her meaning, and after some further consultation of a purely technical nature Mr. Cecil left her presence.

When she was again unencumbered with the necessity of exhibiting a proper bearing, the sense that she had greatly suffered in pocket by the undue haste of the executors weighed upon her mind with a pressure quite inappreciable beside the greater gravity of her personal position. What was her situation as a legatee to her situation as a woman! Her face crimsoned with a flush which she was almost ashamed to show to the daylight, as she hastily penned the following note to Swithin at Greenwich, — certainly one of the most informal documents she had ever written: —

WELLAND, *Thursday.*

O Swithin, my dear Swithin, what I have to tell you is so sad and so humiliating that I can hardly write it, and yet I must! Though we are dearer to each other than all the world besides, and as firmly united as if we were one, I am not legally your wife. Sir Blount did not die till some time after we in England supposed. The service must be repeated instantly. I have not been able to sleep all night. I feel so wrong and unseemly that I can scarcely collect my thoughts. The newspaper sent with this will explain, if you have not seen particulars. Do come to me as soon as you can, that we may consult on what to do. Burn this at once. Your

VIVETTE.

When the note had been dispatched, she remembered that there was another

hardly less important question to be answered, — the proposal of the Bishop for her hand. His communication had sunk into nothingness beside the momentous news that had so greatly distressed her. The two replies lay before her: the one she had first written, simply declining to become Dr. Helmsdale's wife, without giving reasons; the second, which she had elaborated with so much care on the previous day, relating in confidential detail the history of her love for Swithin, their secret marriage, and their hopes for the future, — asking his advice on what their procedure should be to escape the strictures of a censorious world. It was the letter she had barely finished writing when Mr. Cecil's clerk announced news tantamount to a declaration that she was no wife at all. This epistle she now destroyed, and with the less reluctance in knowing that Swithin had been somewhat averse to the confession as soon as he found that Bishop Helmsdale was also a victim to tender sentiment concerning her. The first, which she had been unable honestly to sign "Viviette Constantine," and could not openly sign "Viviette St. Cleve," she sadly filled in with the former surname, and sent the missive on its way. Strange it was to her, and yet in keeping with the tenor of human affairs, that the difficulty of signing that letter should have resolved itself by the only means which at the time of writing she would have deemed non-existent. There had been a thousand reasons why she should sign "Viviette Constantine," even when believing herself no longer owner of that name; that she should ultimately sign it because it had never ceased to be hers was a result that distanced all conjecture.

The sense of her undefinable position kept her without much repose on the second night also; but the following morning brought an unexpected letter from Swithin, written about the same hour as hers to him, and it comforted her

much. He had seen the account in the papers almost as soon as it had come to her knowledge, and now sent this line to reassure her, in the perturbation she must naturally feel. She was not to be alarmed at all. They two were husband and wife in moral intent and antecedent belief, and the legal flaw which accident had so curiously uncovered could be mended in half an hour. He would return on Saturday night at the latest; but as the hour would be far advanced, he would ask her to meet him by slipping out of the house to the tower any time during service on Sunday morning, when there would be few persons about likely to observe them. Meanwhile, he might provisionally state that their best course in the emergency would be, instead of confessing to anybody that there had already been a solemnization of marriage between them, to arrange their remarriage in as open a manner as possible, as if it were the just-reached climax of a sudden affection; prefacing it by a public announcement in the usual way.

This plan of approaching their second union with all the show and circumstance of a new thing recommended itself to her strongly, but for one objection, — that by such a course the wedding could not, without appearing like an act of unseemly haste, take place so quickly as she desired for her own peace of mind. It might occur somewhat early, say in the course of a month or two, without bringing down upon her the charge of levity; for Sir Blount, a notoriously unkind husband to her, had been out of her sight four or five years, and in his grave nearly one. But what she naturally desired was that there should be no more delay than was positively necessary for obtaining a new license, — two or three days at longest: and in view of this celerity it was next to impossible to make due preparation for a wedding of ordinary publicity, performed in her own church, from her

own house, with a feast and amusements for the villagers, a tea for the school-children, a bonfire, and other of those proclamatory accessories which, by meeting wonder half-way, deprives it of much of its intensity. It must be admitted, too, that she even now shrank from the shock of surprise that would inevitably be caused by her openly taking for her husband such a mere youth as Swithin still appeared, notwithstanding that in years he was by this time within a trifle of one and twenty.

The straightforward course had, nevertheless, so much to recommend it, and so well avoided the disadvantage of future revelation which a private repetition of the ceremony would entail, that, assuming she could depend upon Swithin, as she knew she could do, good sense counseled its serious consideration. She became more composed at her queer situation: hour after hour passed, and the first spasmodic impulse of womanly decorum not to let the sun go down upon her present state was quite controllable. She could regard the strange contingency that had arisen with something like philosophy. The day slipped by: she thought of the awkwardness of the accident rather than of its humiliation; and, loving Swithin now in a far calmer spirit than at that past date, when they had for the first time rushed into each other's arms and vowed to be one, she ever and anon caught herself reflecting, "Were it not that, for my honor's sake, I must remarry him, I should perhaps be a nobler woman in not allowing him to hamper his bright future by a union with me at all."

This thought, at first artificially entertained as little more than a mental exercise, became by stages a genuine conviction; and while her heart enforced, her reason regretted, the necessity of abstaining from self sacrifice, — the being obliged, despite his curious escape from the first attempt, to lime Swithin's young wings again, solely for her credit's sake.

However, the deed had to be done: Swithin was to be made legally hers. Selfishness in a conjecture of this sort was excusable, and even obligatory. Taking brighter views, she allowed herself to hope that upon the whole this yoking of the young fellow with her, a portionless woman and his senior, would not greatly endanger his career. In such a mood night overtook her, and she went to bed reflecting that Swithin had by this time arrived in the parish, — was perhaps even at that moment passing homeward beneath her walls, — and that in less than twelve hours she would have met him, have ventilated the secret which oppressed her, and have satisfactorily arranged with him the details of their reunion.

XXXIV.

Sunday morning came, and complicated her previous emotions by bringing with it a new and unexpected shock to mingle with them. The postman had delivered, among other things, an illustrated newspaper, sent by a hand which she did not recognize; and on opening the cover the sheet that met her eyes filled her with a horror which she could not express. The print was one which drew largely on its imagination for its engravings, and it already contained an illustration of the death of Sir Blount Constantine. In this work of art he was represented as standing with his pistol to his mouth, his brains being in the act of flying up to the roof of his chamber, and his native princess rushing terror-stricken away to a remote position in the thicket of palms which neighbored the dwelling.

The crude realism of the picture, possibly harmless enough in its effect upon others, naturally overpowered and sickened her. By a curious fascination she would look at it again and again, till every line of the engraver's performance

seemed really a transcript from what had happened. For the first time, on these grounds, she felt it to be a trying position that, with such details so fresh in her thoughts, she was obliged to go out and make arrangements for confirming, by repetition, her marriage with another. No interval was available for serious reflection, or for allowing the softening effects of time to operate in her mind. It was as though her first husband had died that moment, and she were keeping an appointment with another in the presence of his corpse.

So revived was the actuality of Sir Blount's recent life and death by this incident, that the distress of her personal relations with Swithin was the single force in the world which could have coerced her into abandoning to him the interval she would have first set apart for getting over these new and painful impressions of her former husband. Self-pity for ill-usage afforded her good reasons for ceasing to love him, but he was yet too closely intertwined with her past life to be destructible on the instant as a memory.

But there was no choice of occasions for her now, and she listlessly waited for the church bells to cease chiming. When all was still, and the surrounding cottagers had gathered themselves within the walls of the adjacent building, and Tabitha Lark's first voluntary had pealed from the tower window, Lady Constantine left the garden in which she had been loitering, and went towards Rings-Hill Speer.

The sense of her situation obscured the morning prospect. The country was unusually silent under the intensifying sun, the songless season of birds having arrived. Choosing her path amid the efts that were basking upon the outer slopes of the plantation, she wound her way up the tree-shrouded camp to the wooden cabin in the centre. The door was ajar, but on entering she found the place empty. The tower door was also

partly open, and, listening at the foot of the stairs, she heard Swithin above, shifting the telescope and wheeling round the rumbling dome, apparently in preparation for the next nocturnal reconnoitre. There was no doubt that he would descend in a minute or two to look for her, and, not wishing to interrupt him till he was ready, she reëntered the cabin, and patiently seated herself among the books and papers that lay scattered about.

She did as she had often done before when waiting there for him; that is, she occupied herself in turning over the papers, and examining the progress of his labors. The notes were mostly astronomical, of course, and she had managed to keep sufficiently abreast of him to catch the meaning of a good many of these. The litter on the table, however, was somewhat more profuse and miscellaneous in character this morning, as if the paper had been hurriedly overhauled. Among the rest of the sheets lay an open note, which, in the entire confidence that existed between them, she glanced over and read as a matter of course.

It was a most business-like communication, and beyond the address and date contained only the following words:—

DEAR SIR,— We beg leave to draw your attention to a letter we addressed to you on the 26th ult., to which we have not yet been favored with a reply. As the time for the payment of the first moiety of the four hundred pounds per annum, settled on you by your late uncle, is now at hand, we should be obliged by your giving directions as to where and in what manner the money is to be handed over to you, and shall also be glad to receive any other definite instructions from you with regard to the future.

We are, dear sir, yours faithfully,
HANNER & RAWLES.

SWITHIN ST. CLEEVE, Esq.

An income of four hundred a year for Swithin, whom she had hitherto understood to be possessed of an annuity of eighty pounds at the outside, with no prospect of increasing the sum but by hard work! What could this communication mean? He, whose custom and delight it was to tell her all his heart, had not breathed a syllable of this matter to her, though it met the very difficulty towards which their discussions invariably tended,—how to secure for him a competency which should enable him to establish his pursuits on a wider basis, and throw himself into more direct communion with the scientific world. Quite bewildered by the lack of any explanation, she rose from her seat, and, with the note in her hand, ascended the winding tower steps.

Reaching the upper aperture, she perceived him under the dome, moving musingly about, as if he had never been absent an hour, his light hair frilling out from under the edge of his velvet skull-cap as it had always been wont to do. No question either of marriage or not marriage seemed to be disturbing the mind of this juvenile husband of hers. The be-all and end-all of his existence was apparently before him, namely, the equatorial telescope, which he was carefully adjusting by means of screws and clamps, till, hearing her movements, he turned his head.

“ Oh, here you are, my dear Viviette! I was just beginning to expect you!” he exclaimed, coming forward. “ I ought to have been looking out for you; but I have found a little defect here in the instrument, and I wanted to set it right before evening came on. It is not a good thing to tinker your glasses, but I have found that the diffraction rings are not perfect circles. I have learnt at Greenwich how to correct them,—so kind they have been to me there!—and so I have been loosening the screws of the cell, and gently shifting the glass, till I think that I have at last made the

illumination equal all round. I have so much to tell you about my visit. One thing is that the astronomical world is getting quite excited about the coming transit of Venus. There is to be a regular expedition fitted out. How I should like to join it!"

He spoke enthusiastically, and his eyes sparkled at the mental image of the said expedition. As it was rather dark in the dome, he rolled it round on its axis till the shuttered slit for the telescope directly faced the morning sun, which thereupon flooded the concave, touching the bright metal work of the equatorial, and lighting up Lady Constatine's pale, troubled face.

"But Swithin," she faltered, "my letter to you — our marriage!"

"Oh yes, — this marriage question," he hastily added. "I had not forgotten it, or at least only for a few minutes."

"Can you forget it, Swithin, for a moment? Oh, how can you!" she said reproachfully. "It is such a distressing thing. It drives away all my rest."

"Forgotten is not the word I should have used," he apologized. "Temporarily dismissed it from my mind is all I meant. The simple fact is that the vastness of the field of astronomy reduces every terrestrial thing to atomic dimensions. Do not trouble, dearest. The remedy is quite easy, as I stated in my letter. We can now be married in a prosy, public way. Yes, early or late, next week, next month, six months hence, just as you choose. Say the word when, and I will obey." His face, with its absence of all anxiety or consternation, contrasted strangely with hers, which at last he saw, and, looking at the writing she held, inquired, "But what paper have you in your hand?"

"A letter which to me is actually inexplicable," said she, her curiosity returning to the letter, and overriding for the instant her immediate concern. "What does this income of four hundred a year mean? Why have you

never told me about it, dear Swithin? Or does it not refer to you?"

He looked at the note, flushed slightly, and was absolutely unable to begin his reply at once. "I did not mean you to see that, Viviette," he murmured.

"Why not?"

"I thought you had better not, as it does not concern me further, now. The solicitors are laboring under a mistake in supposing that it does. I have to write at once and inform them that the annuity is not mine to receive."

"What a strange mystery in your life!" she said, forcing a perplexed smile. "Something to balance the tragedy in mine. I am absolutely in the dark as to your past history, it seems. And yet I had thought you told me everything."

"I could not tell you that, Viviette, because it would have endangered our relations, — though not in the way you may suppose. You would have reproved me, — you, who are so generous and noble, would have forbidden me to do what I did; and I was determined not to be forbidden."

"To do what?"

"To marry you."

"Why should I have forbidden?"

"Must I tell — what I would not?" he said, placing his hands upon her shoulders, and looking somewhat sadly at her. "Well, perhaps, since it has come to this, you ought to know all, since it can make no possible difference to my intentions now. We are one forever, legal blunders notwithstanding, — for happily they are quickly reparable; — and this question of a devise from my uncle Jocelyn concerned me only when I was a single man."

Thereupon, with obviously no consideration of the possibilities that were reopened by the nullity of their marriage contract, he related in detail, and not without misgiving for having concealed them so long, the events that had occurred on the morning of their wedding-

day; how he had met the postman on his way to Warborne, after dressing in the cabin, and how he had received from him the letter from his dead uncle through his family lawyers, informing him of the bequest and of the important condition attached, — that he should remain unmarried until his five-and-twentieth year; how, in comparison with the possession of her dear self, he had reckoned the income as nought, abandoned all idea of it there and then, and had come on to the wedding as if nothing had happened to interrupt for a moment the working out of their plan; how he had scarcely thought with any closeness of the circumstances of the case since, until reminded of them by this note she had seen, and a previous one of the sort, received from the same solicitors.

"Oh, Swithin, Swithin!" she cried, bursting into tears as she realized it all, and sinking on the observing-chair. "I have ruined you, — yes, I have ruined you!"

The young man was dismayed by her unexpected grief, and endeavored to soothe her; but she seemed shaken by a poignant remorse, which would not be comforted.

"And now," she continued, as soon as she could speak, "when you are once more free, and in a position — actually in a position to claim the annuity that would be the making of you, I am compelled to come to you, and beseech you to undo yourself again, merely to save me!"

"Not to save you, Viviette, but to bless me. You do not ask me to remarry; it is not a question of alternatives at all, — it is my straight course. I do not dream of doing otherwise. I should be wretched if you thought for one moment I could entertain the idea of doing otherwise."

But the more he said, the worse he made the matter. It was a state of affairs that would not bear discussion at all, and the unsophisticated view he

took of his course seemed to increase her responsibility.

"Why did your uncle attach such a cruel condition to his bounty!" she cried bitterly. "Oh, he little thinks how hard he hits me from the grave, — me, who have never done him wrong; and you too. Swithin, are you sure that he makes that condition indispensable? Perhaps he meant that you should not marry beneath you; perhaps he did not mean in such a case as your marrying (forgive me for saying it) a little above you."

"There is no doubt that he did not contemplate a case which has led to such happiness as this has done," the youth murmured with hesitation; for though he scarcely remembered a word of his uncle's letter of advice, he had a dim apprehension that it was couched in terms alluding specifically to Lady Constantine.

"Are you sure that you cannot retain the money, and be my lawful husband too?" she asked piteously. "Oh, what a wrong I am doing you! I did not dream that it could be as bad as this. I knew I was wasting your time by letting you love me, and hampering your projects; but I thought there were compensating advantages. This wreck of your future by me I did not contemplate. You are sure there is no escape? Have you his letter with the conditions, or the will? Let me see the letter in which he expresses his wishes."

"I assure you it is all as I say," he pensively returned.

"But how does he put it? How does he justify himself in making such a harsh restriction? Do let me see the letter, Swithin. I shall think it a want of confidence if you do not. I may discover some way out of the difficulty, if you let me look at the papers. Eccentric wills can be evaded in all sorts of ways."

Still he hesitated. "I would rather you did not see these papers," he said.

But she persisted, as only a fond woman can. Her knowledge that she, who as a woman many years his senior should have shown her love for him by guiding him straight into the paths he aimed at, had (though in some respects unwittingly) blocked his attempted career for her own happiness, made her more intent than ever to find out a device by which she might retain him, while he also retained the life-interest under his uncle's will. Her entreaties were at length too potent for his resistance; and, accompanying her downstairs to the cabin, he opened the desk from which the other papers had been taken, and, against his better judgment, handed her the ominous communication of Jocelyn St. Cleeve, which lay in the envelope just as it had been received, three quarters of a year earlier.

"Don't read it now," he said. "Don't spoil our meeting by entering into a subject which is virtually past and done with. Take it with you, and look it over at your leisure, — but merely as an old curiosity, remember, and not as a still possibly operative document. I have almost forgotten what the contents are, beyond the general advice and stipulation that I was to remain a bachelor."

"At any rate," she rejoined, "do not reply to the note I have seen from the solicitors till I have read this also."

He promised. "But now about our public wedding," he said. "Like certain royal personages, we have had the religious rite; and now comes the civil contract. Will you fix the day? When is it to be? And shall it take place at a registrar's office, since there is no necessity for having the sacred part over again?"

"I'll think," replied she. "I'll think it over."

"And let me know as soon as you can how you decide to proceed."

"I will write to-morrow, or come. I do not know what to say now. I cannot

forget how I am wronging you. This is almost more than I can bear."

To divert her mind he began talking about Greenwich Observatory, and the great instruments therein, and how he had been received by the astronomers, and the details of the expedition to observe the transit of Venus, together with many other subjects of the sort, to which she had not power to lend her attention.

"I must reach home before the people are out of church," she at length said wearily. "I wish nobody to know I have been out this morning." And forbidding Swithin to cross into the open in her company, she left him on the edge of the isolated plantation, which had latterly known her tread so well.

XXXV.

Lady Constantine crossed the field and the park beyond, and found on passing the church that the congregation was still within. There was no hurry for getting indoors, the open windows enabling her to hear that Mr. Torkingham had only just given out his text. So instead of entering the house, she went through the garden door to the old bowling-green, and sat down in the arbor that Louis had occupied when he overheard the interview between Swithin and the Bishop. Not until then did she find courage to draw out the letter and papers relating to the bequest, which Swithin in a critical moment had handed to her.

Had he been ever so little older he would not have placed that unconsidered confidence in her which had led him to give way to her curiosity. But the immense influence over him which seven or eight outnumbering years lent her was again increased by her wider experiences, and he had yielded the point, as he yielded all social points; while the same juniority freed him from much

consciousness that it was his duty to protect her even from herself.

The preamble of Dr. St. Cleeve's letter—in which he referred to his pleasure at hearing of the young man's promise as an astronomer—disturbed her not at all; indeed, somewhat prepossessed her in favor of the old gentleman who had written it. The first item of what he called "unfavorable news," namely, the allusion to the inadequacy of Swithin's income to the wants of a scientific man, whose lines of work were not calculated to produce pecuniary emoluments for many years, deepened the cast of her face to concern. She reached the second item of the so-called unfavorable news; and her face flushed as she read how the doctor had learnt "that there was something in your path worse than narrow means, and that that something was a woman."

"To save you, if possible, from ruin on these heads," she read on, "I take the preventive measures detailed below." And then followed the announcement of the four hundred a year settled on the youth for life, on the single condition that he remained unmarried till the age of twenty-five, just as Swithin had explained to her. She next learnt that the bequest was for a definite object: that he might have resources sufficient to enable him to travel in an inexpensive way, and begin a study of the Southern constellations, which, according to the shrewd old man's judgment, were a mine not so thoroughly worked as the Northern, and therefore to be recommended. This was followed by some sentences which hit her in the face like a switch:—

"The only other preventive step in my power is that of exhortation. . . . Swithin St. Cleeve, don't make a fool of yourself, as your father did. If your studies are to be worth anything, believe me, they must be carried on without the help of a woman. Avoid her, and every one of the sex, if you mean to achieve

any worthy thing. Eschew all of that sort for many a year yet. Moreover, I say, the lady of your acquaintance avoid in particular. . . . She has, in addition to her original disqualification as a companion for you (that is, that of sex), these two serious drawbacks: she is much older than yourself"—

Lady Constantine's indignant flush forsook her, and pale despair succeeded in its stead. Alas, it was true: handsome and in her prime she might be, but she was too old for Swithin!

"—and she is so impoverished. . . . Beyond this, frankly, I don't think well of her. I don't think well of any woman who dotes upon a man younger than herself. . . . To care to be the first fancy of a young fellow like you shows no great common sense in her. If she were worth her salt she would have too much pride to be intimate with a youth in your unassured position, to say no worse." (Viviette's face, by this time, tingled hot again.) "She is old enough to know that a *liaison* with her may, and almost certainly would, be your ruin; and, on the other hand, that a marriage would be preposterous,—unless she is a complete fool, and in that case there is even more reason for avoiding her than if she were in her few senses.

"A woman of honorable feeling, nephew, would be careful to do nothing to hinder you in your career, as this putting of herself in your way most certainly will. Yet I hear that she professes a great anxiety on this same future of yours as a physicist. The best way in which she can show the reality of her anxiety is by leaving you to yourself."

Leaving him to himself! She paled again, as if chilled by a conviction that in this the old man was right.

. . . "She'll blab your most secret plans and theories to every one of her acquaintance, and make them appear ridiculous by announcing them before they are matured. If you attempt to

study with a woman, you'll be ruled by her to entertain fancies instead of theories, air-castles instead of intentions, qualms instead of opinions, sickly prepossessions instead of reasoned conclusions. . . .

"A woman waking your passions just at a moment when you are endeavoring to shine intellectually is like stirring up the mud at the bottom of a clear brook. All your brightness and sparkle are taken away; you become moping and thick-headed; obstructions that before only brought out your brilliancies now disfigure your each dull attempt to surmount them."

Thus much the letter; and it was enough for her, indeed. The flushes of indignation which had passed over her from time to time, as she gathered this man's opinion of herself, combined with flushes of grief and shame when she considered that Swithin, her dear Swithin, was perfectly acquainted with this cynical view of her nature; that, reject it as he might, and as he unquestionably did, such thoughts of her had been implanted in him, and lay in him; stifled as they were, they lay in him like seeds too deep for germination, which accident might some day bring near the surface and aerate into life. The humiliation of such a possibility was almost too much to endure; the mortification — she had known nothing like it till now. But this was not all. Those tingling emotions were succeeded by feelings in comparison with which resentment and mortification were happy moods, — a miserable conviction that this old man, who spoke from the grave, was not altogether wrong in his speaking; that he was only half wrong; that he was, perhaps, virtually right. Only those persons whom nature has unhappily endowed with that appreciativeness of others' positions which empowers them to observe themselves from the outside can understand the smart of such convictions against self, — the wish for annihilation

that is engendered in the moment of despair at feeling that at length we, our own last firmest friend, cease to believe in our own cause.

Viviette could hear the people coming out of church on the other side of the garden wall; their footsteps and their cheerful voices died away. The bell rang for lunch, and she went in. But her life during that morning and afternoon was wholly introspective. Knowing the whole circumstances of his situation as she knew them now, as she had never before known them, ought she to make herself the legal wife of Swithin St. Cleeve, and so secure her own honor, at any price to him? Such was the formidable question which Lady Constantine propounded to her startled understanding. As a subjectively honest woman alone, beginning her charity at home, there was no doubt that she ought. Save thyself was sound Old Testament doctrine, and not altogether discountenanced in the New. But was there a line of conduct which transcended mere self-preservation, and would it not be an excellent thing to put it in practice now?

That she had wronged St. Cleeve by marrying him, that she would wrong him infinitely more by completing the marriage, there was — in her opinion — no doubt. She in her experience had sought out him in his inexperience, and had led him like a child. She remembered, as if it had been her fault, though it was in fact only her misfortune, that she had been the one to go for the license, and take up residence in the parish in which they were wedded. He was now just one and twenty. Without her, he had all the world before him, four hundred a year, and leave to cut as straight a road to fame as he should choose. With her, this story was negated. Beyond leading him to waste the active spring-time of his life in idle adoration of her as his sweetheart, and depriving him of his inestimable independency by

allowing him to make her his wife, she had indirectly been the means of ruining him in the good opinion of Bishop Helmsdale, — a man who was once his father's acquaintance, and who had been strongly disposed to become the younger man's friend. Encouragement and aid from the Bishop would have been of no mean value to a youth without backers of any kind.

On the other hand, what had he gained by his alliance with her? Well, an equatorial telescope, — that was about all: while to set against this there was the disinclination to adventure further which her constant presence had imparted; the yoke with a woman whose disparity of years, though immaterial just now, would operate in the future as a wet blanket upon his social ambitions; that content with life as it was which she had noticed more than once in him latterly, and which was imperiling his scientific spirit by abstracting his zest for progress.

It was impossible, in short, to blind herself to the inference that marriage with her had not benefited him, as a man who — in her fond belief — had a great work to do, to the extent they both had expected. Matters might improve in the future; but to take upon herself the whole liability of Swithin's life, as she would do by causing him to sacrifice the help his uncle had offered, was a fearful responsibility. How could she, an unendowed woman, replace such assistance? His recent visit to Greenwich, which had momentarily revived that zest for his pursuits that was now less constant than heretofore, should by rights be supplemented by other such expeditions. It would be true benevolence not to deprive him of means to continue them, and so to keep his ardor alive, regardless of the cost to herself.

It could be done. By the extraordinary favor of a unique accident, she had now an opportunity of redeeming Swithin's seriously compromised future, and

restoring him to a state no worse than his first. His annuity could be enjoyed by him, his travels undertaken, his studies pursued, his high vocation initiated, by one little sacrifice, — that of herself. She only had to refuse to legalize their marriage by repeating it, to part from him forever, and all would be well with him thenceforward. The pain to him would after all be but slight, whatever it might be to his wretched Viviette.

Such passion as he had shown for her, boyish and never, perhaps, very strong, had, in the inevitable course of marriage on such terms, been softened down to mild affection. She had seen only too clearly this morning that, owing to his Greenwich visit, she had again sunk to a second place in his heart, if she had ever occupied a higher; his darling science reasserting its right to the first. It was the ordinary fate of scientific men's wives; she should have thought of it before. Was there not, then, something reactionary and selfish in her persisting to clinch a union for the assurance of her individual composure, now that her conception of that course as an advantage to him had been proved wildly erroneous?

The horror of retaining him at her side lay not only in the fact itself of injury to him, but in the likelihood of his living to see it as such, and reproaching her for selfishness in not letting him go, in this unprecedented opportunity for correcting a move proved to be false. He wished to examine the Southern heavens, — perhaps his uncle's letter was the father of the wish, — and there was no telling what good might not result to mankind at large from his exploits there. Why should she, to save her narrow honor, waste the wide promise of his ability? True, an objector might have urged, on her side, that her dear Swithin's wondrous works among the children of men existed as yet only in her imagination, while the present quandary was an unquestionable fact.

But Lady Constantine would have been the first to deprecate the ungenerousness of such a skeptical reasoner.

That in immolating herself by refusing him, and leaving him free to work wonders for the good of his fellow-creatures, she would in all probability add to the sum of human felicity consoled her by its breadth as an idea, even while it tortured her by making herself the scape-goat or single unit on which the evil would fall. Ought a possibly large number, Swithin included, to remain unbenefited because the one individual to whom his release would be an injury chanced to be herself? Love between man and woman, which in Homer, Moses, and other early exhibitors of life is mere desire, had for centuries past so far broadened as to include sympathy and friendship; surely, it should, in this advanced stage of the world, include benevolence also. If so, it was her duty to set her young man free.

Thus she labored, with a generosity more worthy even than its object, to sink her love for her own decorum in devotion to the world in general and Swithin in particular. To counsel her activities by her understanding, rather than by her emotions, as usual, was hard work for a tender woman; but she strove hard, and made advance. The self-centred attitude natural to one in her situation was becoming displaced by the sympathetic attitude, which, though it had to be artificially fostered at first, gave her, by degrees, a certain sweet sense that she was rising above self-love. That maternal element which had from time to time evinced itself in her affection for the youth, and was imparted by her superior ripeness in experience and years, appeared now again as she drew nearer the resolve not to secure propriety in her own social condition at the expense of this youth's earthly utility.

Unexpectedly grand fruits are sometimes borne of mean roots. The illiberal letter of Swithin's uncle was sug-

gesting to Lady Constantine a more comprehensive morality than the highest efforts of direct instructors had ever been able to instill. To love him so far better than herself as this was to surpass the love of woman as conventionally understood, and as mostly existing.

Before, however, clinching her decision by any definite step, she worried her little brain by devising every kind of ingenious scheme, in the hope of lighting on one that might show her how that decision could be avoided, with the same good result. But to secure for him the advantages offered, and to retain him likewise, — reflection only showed it to be impossible! Yet to let him go forever was more than she could endure, and at length she jumped at an idea which promised some sort of improvement on that design. She would propose that reunion should not be entirely abandoned, but simply postponed, — namely, till after his twenty-fifth birthday, when he might be her husband without, at any rate, the loss to him of the income. By this time he would approximate to a man's full judgment, and that painful aspect of her as one who deluded his raw immaturity would have passed forever.

The plan somewhat appeased her disquieted honor. To let a marriage sink into abeyance for four or five years was not to nullify it; and though she would leave it to him to move its substantiation at the end of that time, without present stipulations, she had not much doubt upon the issue.

The clock struck five. This silent mental debate had occupied her whole afternoon. Perhaps it would not have ended now, but for an unexpected incident, — the entry of her brother Louis. He came into the room where she was sitting, or rather writhing; and after a few words to explain how he had got there, and about the mistake in the date of Sir Blount's death, he walked up close to her. His next remarks were

apologetic in form, but in essence they were bitterness itself.

"Viviette," he said, "I am sorry for my hasty words to you when I last left this house. I readily withdraw them. My suspicions took a wrong direction. I think now that I know the truth! You have been even madder than I supposed!"

"In what way?" she asked distantly.

"I had lately thought that unhappy young man was only your too-favored lover."

"You thought wrong: he is not."

"He is not, — I believe you, — for he is more. I now am persuaded that he is your lawful husband. Can you deny it?"

"I can."

"On your sacred word!"

"On my sacred word, he is not that, either."

"Thank Heaven for that assurance!" said Louis, exhaling a breath of relief. "I was not so positive as I pretended to be, but I wanted to know the truth of this mystery. Since you are not fettered to him in that way, I care nothing."

Louis turned away, and that afforded her an opportunity for leaving the room. Those few words were the last grains that had turned the balance, and settled her doom. She would let Swithin go. All the voices in her world had seemed to clamor for that consummation. The morning's mortification, the afternoon's benevolence, and the evening's instincts of evasion had combined to carry the point.

Accordingly, she sat down and wrote to Swithin a summary of the thoughts above detailed. "We shall separate," she concluded: "you to obey your uncle's orders and explore the Southern skies; I to wait as one who can implicitly trust you. Do not see me again till the years have expired. You will find me still the same. I am your wife through all time. The letter of the law

is not needed to reassert it at present; while the absence of the letter secures your fortune."

Nothing can express what it cost Lady Constantine to marshal her arguments; but she did it, and vanquished self-comfort by a sense of the general expediency. It may unhesitatingly be affirmed that the only ignoble reason which might have dictated such a step was non-existent; that is to say, a serious decline in her affection. Tenderly she had loved the youth at first, and tenderly she loved him now, as time and her conduct after proved.

Women the most delicate get used to strange moral situations. Eve probably regained her normal sweet composure about a week after the Fall. On first learning of her anomalous position Lady Constantine's cheek had blushed hot, and her instincts prompted her to legalize her marriage without a moment's delay. Heaven and earth were to be moved at once to effect it. Day after day had passed; her union had remained unsecured, and the idea of its nullity had gradually ceased to be strange to her, till it became of little account beside her generous resolve for the young man's sake.

XXXVI.

The immediate effect upon St. Cleeve of the receipt of her well-reasoned argument for retrocession was, naturally, a bitter attack upon himself for having been guilty of such cruel carelessness as to leave in her way the lawyer's letter that had first made her aware of his uncle's provision for him. Immature as he was, he could realize Viviette's position sufficiently well to perceive what the poor lady must suffer at having suddenly thrust upon her the responsibility of repairing her own situation as a wife by ruining his as a legatee. True, it was by the purest inadvertence that his pending sacrifice of means had been dis-

covered; but he should have taken special pains to render such a *contretemps* impossible. If, on the first occasion when a revelation might have been made with impunity, he would not put it in the power of her good nature to relieve his position by refusing him, he should have shown double care not to do so now, when she could not exercise that benevolence without the loss of honor. With a young man's inattention to issues, he had not considered how sharp her feelings as a woman must be in this contingency. It had seemed the easiest thing in the world to remedy the defect in their marriage, and that therefore there was nothing to be anxious about. And in his innocence of any thought of securing the bequest, by taking advantage of the loop-hole in his matrimonial bond, he undervalued the importance of concealing the existence of that bequest.

The looming fear of unhappiness between them revived in Swithin the warmest emotions of their earlier acquaintance. Almost before the sun had set he hastened to Welland House in search of her. The air was disturbed by a stiff summer wind, productive of windfalls and premature descents of leafage. It was an hour when unripe apples shower down in orchards, and unbrowned chestnuts descend in their husks upon the park glades. There was no help for it this afternoon but to call upon her in a direct manner, regardless of suspicions. He was thunderstruck when, while waiting in the full expectation of being admitted to her presence, the answer brought back to him was that she was engaged.

This had never happened before in the whole course of their acquaintance. But he knew what it meant, and turned away with a vague disquietude. He did not know that Lady Constantine was just above his head, listening to his movements with the liveliest emotions, and, while praying for him to go, longing for

him to insist on seeing her and spoil all. But the faintest symptom being always sufficient to convince him of having blundered, he unwittingly took her at her word, and went rapidly away.

However, he called again the next day; and she, having gained strength by one victory over herself, was enabled to repeat her refusal with greater ease. Knowing this to be the only course by which her point could be maintained, she clung to it with strenuous and religious pertinacity.

Thus immured and self-controlling she passed a week. Her brother, though he did not live in the house (preferring the nearest watering-place at this time of the year), was continually coming there; and one day he happened to be present when she refused Swithin for the third time. Louis, who did not observe the tears in her eyes, was astonished and delighted: she was coming to her senses at last. Believing now that there had been nothing more between them than a too plainly shown partiality on her part, he expressed his commendation of her conduct to her face. At this, instead of owing to its advantage also, her tears burst forth outright.

Not knowing what to make of this, Louis said, "Well, I am simply upholding you in your course."

"Yes — yes — I know it!" she cried. "And it is my deliberately chosen course. I wish he — Swithin St. Cleeve — would go on his travels — at once, and leave the place. Four hundred a year has been left him for travel and study of the Southern constellations; and I wish he would use it. You might represent the advantage to him of the course, if you cared to."

Louis thought he could do no better than let Swithin know this as soon as possible. Accordingly, when St. Cleeve was writing in the hut, the next day, he heard the crackle of footsteps over the fir spikelets outside, and jumped up, supposing them to be hers; but to his

disappointment it was her brother who appeared at the door.

"Excuse my invading the hermitage, St. Cleeve," he said in his careless way. "But I have heard from my sister of your good fortune."

"My good fortune?"

"Yes, in having an opportunity for roving: and with a traveler's conceit I could n't help coming to give you the benefit of my experience. When do you start?"

"I have not — formed any plan as yet. Indeed, I had not quite been thinking of going" —

Louis stared. "Not going? Then I may have been misinformed. What I have heard is that a good uncle has kindly bequeathed you a sufficient income to make a second Isaac Newton of you, if you only use it as he directs."

Swithin breathed quickly, but said nothing.

"If you have not decided so to make use of it, let me implore you, as your friend, and one nearly old enough to be your father, to decide at once. Such a chance does not happen to a scientific youth once in a century."

"Thank you for your good advice, — for it is good in itself, I know," said Swithin, in a low voice. "But — has Lady Constantine spoken of it at all?"

"She thinks as I do."

"She has spoken to you on the subject!"

"Certainly. More than that, it is at her request — though I did not intend to say so — that I come to speak to you about it now."

"Frankly and plainly," said Swithin, his voice trembling with a compound of scientific and amatory emotion that defies definition, "does she say seriously that she wishes me to go?"

"She does."

"Then go I will," replied Swithin firmly. "I have been fortunate enough to interest some leading astronomers, including the Astronomer-Royal; and in

a letter received this morning I learn that the use of the Cape observatory has been offered me for any Southern observations I may wish to make. — This offer I will accept. Will you kindly let Lady Constantine know this, since she is interested in my welfare?"

Louis promised, and when he was gone Swithin looked blankly at his own situation, as if he could scarcely believe in its reality. Her letter to him, then, had been deliberately written: she meant him to go. But he was determined that none of those misunderstandings which ruin the happiness of lovers should be allowed to creep in in the present case. He would see her, if he slept under her walls all night to do it, and would hear the order to depart from her own lips. This unexpected stand she was making for his interests was winning his admiration to such a degree as to be in danger of defeating the very cause it was meant to subserve. A woman like this was not to be forsaken in a hurry. He wrote two lines, and left the note at the house with his own hand: —

THE CABIN, RINGS-HILL.

DEAREST VIVETTE, — If you insist, I will go. But letter-writing will not do. I must have the command from your own two lips; otherwise I shall not stir. I am here every evening at seven. Can you come? S.

This note, as fate would have it, reached her hands in the single hour of that week when she was in a mood to comply with his request, — whilst moved by the reflex emotion that had followed Louis's praise of her for dismissing Swithin. She went up-stairs to the window that had so long served purposes of this kind, and signalled "yes."

St. Cleeve soon saw the answer she had given, and watched her approach from the tower as the sunset drew on. The vivid circumstances of his life at this date led him ever to remember the

external scenes in which they were set. It was now early autumn, — the time of phenomenal irradiations. To-night the west heaven gleamed like a foundry of all metals, common and rare; the clouds were broken into a thousand fragments, and the margin of every fragment shone. Foreseeing the disadvantage and pain to her of maintaining a resolve under the pressure of a meeting, he vowed not to urge her by word or sign; to put the question plainly and calmly, and to discuss it with her on a reasonable basis only, like the philosophers they assumed themselves to be.

But this intention was scarcely adhered to in all its integrity. She duly appeared on the margin of the field, flooded with the metallic radiance that marked the close of this day; whereupon he quickly descended the steps, and met her at the cabin door. As the evening grew darker and darker, he listened to her reasoning, which was precisely a repetition of that already sent him by letter, and by degrees accepted her decision, since she would not revoke it. Time came for them to say good-by, and then

"He turned, and saw the terror in her eyes,
That yearned upon him, shining in such wise
As a star midway in the midnight fixed."

It was the misery of her own condition that showed forth, hitherto obscured by her ardor for ameliorating his. They closed together and kissed each other, as though the emotion of their whole year and a half's acquaintance had settled down upon that moment.

"I won't go away from you," said Swithin, huskily. "Why did you propose it for an instant?"

Thus the nearly ended interview was again prolonged. Time, however, was merciless, and the hour came when she was compelled to depart. Swithin walked with her towards the house, as he had walked many times before, believing that all was now smooth again between them, and caring, it must be

owned, very little for his fame as an expositor of the Southern constellations just then.

When they reached the silent house he said what he had not ventured to say before: "Fix the day. You have decided that it is to be soon, and that I am not to go?"

But youthful Swithin was far, very far, from being up to the fond subtlety of Viviette this evening. "I cannot — decide here," she said gently, releasing herself from his arms. "I will speak to you from the window. Wait for me."

She vanished; and he waited. It was a long time before the window opened, and he was not aware that, with her customary complication of feeling, she had knelt for some time inside the room before looking out.

"Well?" said he.

"It cannot be," she answered. "I cannot ruin you. But the day after you are five and twenty our marriage shall be confirmed, if you choose."

"Oh, my Viviette, how is this?" he cried.

"Swithin, I have not altered. But I feared for my powers, and could not tell you whilst I stood by your side. Take the bequest, and go. You are too young — to be fettered. I should have thought of it! Do not communicate with me for at least a year; it is imperative. . . . Do not tell me your plans. If we part, we do part. I have vowed a vow not to further obstruct the course you had decided on before you knew me and my puling ways; and by Heaven's help I'll keep that vow. . . . Now go. These are the parting words of your own Viviette!"

Swithin, who was stable as a giant in all that appertained to nature and life outside humanity, was childishly flexible in social matters. He was quite awed by her firmness, and looked vacantly at her for a time, till she closed the window. Then he mechanically turned, and went as she had commanded.

XXXVII.

A week had passed away. It had been a time of cloudy mental weather to Swithin and Viviette, but the only noteworthy fact about it was that what had been planned to happen therein had actually taken place. Swithin had gone from Welland, and would shortly go from England. Lady Constantine became aware of it by a note which he posted to her on his way through Warborne. There was much evidence of haste in the note, and something of reserve. The latter she could not understand, but it might have been obvious enough if she had considered.

On the morning of his departure he had sat on the edge of his bed: the sunlight streaming through the early mist; the house-martins scratching the back of the ceiling over his head, as they scrambled out from the roof for their day's gnat-hunting; the thrushes cracking snails on the garden stones outside with the noisiness of little smiths at work on little anvils. The sun in sending its rods of yellow fire into his room sent, as he suddenly thought, mental illumination with it. For the first time, as he sat there, it had crossed his mind that Viviette might have reasons for this separation which he knew not of. There might be family reasons, — mysterious blood necessities, which are said to rule members of old musty-mansioned families, and are unknown to other classes of society; and they may have been just now brought before her by her brother Louis, on the condition that they were religiously concealed.

The idea of some family skeleton, like those he had read of in memoirs, having been unearthed by Louis, and held before her terrified understanding as a matter which rendered Swithin's departure and the neutralization of the marriage no less indispensable to them than it was an advantage to himself,

seemed a very plausible one to Swithin just now. Viviette might naturally have taken Louis into her confidence at last, for the sake of his brotherly advice. Swithin knew that of her own heart she would never wish to get rid of him; but coerced by Louis, might she not have grown to entertain views of its expediency? Events made such a supposition on St. Cleeve's part as natural as it was inaccurate, and, conjoined with his own excitement at the thought of seeing a new heaven overhead, influenced him to write but the briefest and most hurried final note to her, in which he fully obeyed her sensitive request that he would omit all reference to his plans. These, at the last moment, had been modified to fall in with the winter expedition formerly mentioned, to observe the transit of Venus at a remote southern station.

The business being done, and himself plunged into the preliminaries of an important scientific pilgrimage, Swithin acquired that lightness of heart which most men feel in forsaking old love for new adventure, no matter how charming: may be the girl they leave behind them. Moreover, in the present case, the man was endowed with that school-boy temperament which does not see, or at least consider with much curiosity, the effect of a given scheme upon others than himself. The bearing upon Lady Constantine of what was an undoubted predicament for any woman was forgotten in his feeling that she had done a very handsome and noble thing for him, and that he was therefore bound in honor to make the most of it.

His going had resulted in anything but lightness of heart for her. Her sad fancy could, indeed, indulge in dreams of her yellow-haired laddie without that formerly besetting fear that those dreams would prompt her to actions likely to distract and hinder him. She was wretched on her own account, relieved on his. She no longer stood in

the way of his advancement, and that was enough. For herself, she could live in retirement; visit the wood, the old camp, and the column, and, like *Cenone*, think of the life they had led there,—

“Mournful *Cenone*, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills;”

leaving it entirely to his goodness whether he would come and claim her in the future, or desert her forever.

She was diverted for a time from these sad performances by a letter which reached her from Bishop Helmsdale. To see his handwriting again on an envelope, after thinking so anxiously of making a father confessor of him, startled her out of her equanimity. She speedily regained it, however, when she read his note.

THE PALACE, MELCHESTER, }
August 15, 18—. }

MY DEAR LADY CONSTANTINE,— I am shocked and grieved that, in the strange dispensation of things here below, my offer of marriage should have reached you almost simultaneously with the intelligence that your widowhood had been of several months' less duration than you and I and the world had supposed. I can quite understand that, viewed from any side, the news must have shaken and disturbed you; and your unequivocal refusal to entertain any idea of a new alliance at such a moment was, of course, intelligible, natural, and praiseworthy. At present I will say no more beyond expressing a hope that you will accept my assurances that I was quite ignorant of the news at the time of writing, and a sincere desire that, in due time, and as soon as you have recovered your equanimity, I may be allowed to renew my proposal.

I am, my dear Lady Constantine,
Yours ever sincerely,

C. MELCHESTER.

She laid the letter aside, and thought no more about it, beyond a momentary meditation on the errors into which

people fall in reasoning from actions to motives. Louis, who was now again with her, became, in due course, acquainted with the contents of the letter, and was satisfied with the promising position in which matters stood all round.

Lady Constantine went her mournful ways as she had planned to do, her chief resort being the familiar column, where she experienced the unutterable melancholy of seeing two carpenters dismantle the dome of its felt covering, detach its ribs, and clear away the inclosure at the top, till everything stood as it had before Swithin had been known to the place. The equatorial had already been packed in a box, to be in readiness if he should send for it from abroad. The cabin, too, was in course of demolition, such having been his directions, acquiesced in by her, before he started. Yet she could not bear the idea that these structures, so germane to the events of their romance, should be removed as if removed forever. Going to the men, she bade them store up the materials intact, that they might be re-erected if desired. She had the junctions of the timbers marked with figures, the boards numbered, and the different sets of screws tied up in independent papers for identification. She did not hear the remarks of the workmen when she had gone, to the effect that the young man would as soon think of buying a halter for himself as come back and spy at the moon from Rings-Hill Speer, after seeing the glories of other nations, and the gold and jewels that were found there, or she might have been more unhappy than she was.

On returning from one of these walks to the column, a curious circumstance occurred. It was evening, and she was coming as usual down through the sighing plantation, wending her way between the ramparts of the camp towards the outlet giving upon the field, when suddenly, in a dusky vista among the trunks, she saw, or thought she saw, a

golden-haired toddling child. The child moved a step or two, and vanished behind a tree. Lady Constantine, fearing it had lost its way, went quickly to the spot, searched, and called aloud. But no child could she perceive or hear anywhere around. She returned to where she had stood when first beholding it, and looked in the same direction; but nothing reappeared. The only object at all resembling a little boy or girl was the upper tuft of a bunch of fern, which had prematurely yellowed to about the color of a fair child's hair, and waved occasionally in the breeze. This, however, did not sufficiently explain the phenomenon, and she returned to inquire of the man whom she had left at work removing the last traces of Swithin's cabin. But he had left with her departure and the approach of night. Feeling an indescribable dread, she retraced her steps and hastened home, doubting if she had been mistaken, yet half believing that her imagination must have played her some trick that day.

The tranquil mournfulness of these few days of solitude was terminated in a most unexpected manner. The morning after the above-mentioned incident, Lady Constantine, after meditating a while, arose with a conviction. She realized a condition of things that she had never anticipated, and for a moment the discovery so overwhelmed her that she thought she must die outright. In her terror she said she had sown the wind to reap the whirlwind. Then the instinct of self-preservation flamed up in her like a fire. Her altruism in subjecting her self-love to benevolence, and letting Swithin go away from her, was demolished by the new necessity, as if it had been a gossamer web.

There was no resisting or evading the spontaneous plan of action which matured itself in her mind in five minutes. Where was Swithin? How could he be got at instantly? That was her single thought. She searched about the room

for his last short note, hoping, yet doubting, that its contents were more explicit on his intended movements than the few meagre syllables which alone she could call to mind. She could not find the letter in her room, and came downstairs to Louis as pale as a ghost.

He looked up at her, and with some concern said, "What's the matter?"

"I am searching everywhere for a letter, — a note from Mr. St. Cleeve; just a few words, telling me when the Occidental sails, that he goes in!"

"Why do you want that unimportant document?"

"It is of the utmost importance that I should know whether he has sailed or not!" said the poor lady, in agonized tones. "Where *can* that letter be!"

Louis knew where that letter was, for, having seen it on her desk, he had, without reading it, torn it up and thrown it into the waste-paper basket; thinking that the less that remained to remind her of that young philosopher the better. "I destroyed it," he said.

"Oh, Louis, why did you?" she cried in despair. "I am going to follow him, — I think it best to do so, — and I want to know if he is gone, and now the date is lost!"

"Going to run after St. Cleeve!"

"Yes, I am!" she said, with vehemence. "I must see him. I want to speak to him as soon as possible."

"Good God, Viviette, are you mad?"

"Oh, what was the date of that ship? But it cannot be helped. I start at once for Southampton. I have made up my mind to do it. He was going to his uncle's solicitors in the north first; then he was coming back to Southampton. He cannot have sailed yet."

"I believe he has sailed," muttered Louis, sullenly.

She did not wait to argue with him, but returned up-stairs, where she rang to tell Green to be ready with the pony to drive her to Warborne station in a quarter of an hour.

Thomas Hardy.

HOW SHALL THE AMERICAN SAVAGE BE CIVILIZED?

THE Indian outlook is brightening. The last few years have brought about a better understanding of the real position of the red man, and a corresponding disposition on the part of Congress and the people to apply rational treatment. And, "owing to circumstances over which he has no control,"—for which no thanks are due to him,—the Indian is to-day in a better condition than ever before to receive and profit by the assistance which our sense of duty should teach us to extend to him. His power is broken, and he is beginning to realize and accept the fact.

According to the best authority on the subject, the Indian population (exclusive of Alaska) approximates 255,938. Whether this number is increasing or decreasing is an open question. In condition, disposition, and mode of life there is a wide range from the fairly civilized communities of the Indian Territory to the untamed Sioux, who know no home but the buffalo track, and no occupation but war. Between these extremes are the other tribes and bands, in various stages: some assimilating to the advanced communities of the Indian Territory, others as deeply steeped in barbarism as the Sioux and a few other like tribes; the only material difference being that by contact with the whites, or from other causes, their tribal cohesion and war power have been impaired. They are now to be considered more as an aggregation of individual savages than as a tribal unit. Still another class, and a large one, is that of the friendly Indians,—those who have never lifted a hand against us. They are not much known to the general public. They do not figure in appropriation bills, nor are they registered at the offices of the philanthropic and Christian associations.

I believe that tribes should be treated severally, and according to the peculiar circumstances of each. This has not been the case. Indians have been Indians. An agent, a boss farmer, and a plow are sent to one, and therefore to all tribes who can show enough white scalps to entitle them to our bounty. The treatment of the others—those who have taken no scalps—is equally impartial: they are all left to shift for themselves, and to starve if they will.

There will soon be four trans-continental railroads from the East to the Pacific Ocean. Already there are two. Branch roads will reach out in every direction from the main lines. By these roads and by the influence of the immigration thus brought into their territory, the war power of the Indian will be destroyed. Every spike driven in a railroad tie west of Kansas is a nail in the tribal coffin. Disintegration of tribes will follow, and organized Indian war will be a thing of the past. This will not put an end to bloodshed, nor will it materially lessen it for some years to come. But henceforth the army will deal more with spasmodic outbreaks and discontent of factions than with powerful tribes as a whole. Incidentally, the railroads are hastening a good work. It is better that there be 255,000 individual savages than the same number organized in, say, 100 battalions, averaging 2550 each.

Look at it as we may, we have among us so many savages who are incapable of self-control and self-support. We shall soon have all their lands that are of value, and we have already destroyed nearly all their game. We have taken away their native means of support, and we have not instructed them sufficiently in the arts and economics of our life to enable them to earn their living by the

sweat of their brow, however willing they might be to do so.

One of three courses is open to us: (1.) To raise an army of 100,000 men, and literally exterminate the savages. This would be the most effective and at the same time vastly the most economical solution of the problem. (2.) To let them alone, only taking care to protect our frontier settlements against them as best we could, which would be but indifferently, and in course of time they would perish from the earth. In the mean time they would be vagabonds and bandits, and a hindrance to our progress. The lead required to shoot at them would cost more than bread to feed them. (3.) To accept them as dependents of the government, justly entitled to its care and protection. The last is the only course our sense of duty and humanity could for a moment entertain.

The question is how to care for them. So far, our policy has been to induce them to take bread in lieu of blood; and when the reign of peace has lasted from one annual appropriation to another, we have congratulated ourselves, and been content to begin another year just where the old one was begun. We have bought peace by the month, to have it delivered to us by the day. Nothing has been gained: no security for the future, no decrease in the number of mouths to feed. It is not the only fault of this hand-to-mouth policy that it costs money, and will continue to do so in an increasing ratio for an indefinite time. It has not secured, nor will it ever secure, peace. It has not civilized, nor will it ever civilize, a single Indian.

An Indian's life is nomadic; his occupation is war. The glories of his traditions centre in scenes of blood. He is a braggart, and the burden of his boasts is his deeds of daring. The youth listen to the old recounting the glorious memories of the bloody past; their imagination is fired to the highest pitch, and they long to prove their prowess. To

the Indian mind the warrior's life is the only one worth living. The old ones, who have had enough of unsuccessful war, may try to prevent, but the young spirit will prevail, and murder and plunder commence. This is not put forward as the only cause of outbreaks, but it is a fruitful cause of them.

No amount of care and kindly treatment — save in the presence of actual and ample force — can prevent trouble with the Indians until they are to a great degree converted from their natural state. So long as we neglect to supplement feeding and clothing by organized and vigorous means to educate and civilize the Indian, so long shall we have the burden to bear.

Passing by the question of control, I propose to deal with the questions of educating and civilizing. The Indian, unaided and alone, could not civilize himself for centuries; nor is he any more to blame for the inability than we are to blame for not being a hundred fold more civilized than we are. Suppose some superior race should come from another planet, and find us as inferior and barbarous, according to their standard, as we consider the Indians, when measured by our standard. And suppose they should conquer and put us on reservations. Could we at once quit the life which is the outgrowth of all these thousands of years? Changing everything but our color, — giving up our philosophy, religion, code of morals, customs, clothes, and means of obtaining food, — could we at once adopt a mode of existence so different from anything we ever heard of that we could not form the least conception of it? Perhaps our first lesson in the new life would be to learn to use with precision our conquerors' improved fire-arms, and to slaughter a thousand of them at one shot. This is not an overdrawn comparison. We must have patience.

In taking up the details of the problem of civilizing, I feel neither wise

enough nor ignorant enough to speak for all Indians. The plan which I propose is not merely the embodiment of an abstract theory; it is intended for local application, and is matured from a personal knowledge of the Indians, the locality, the surroundings, and the resources at hand. It is intended for a practical scheme, and one which it is hoped may be put in operation at the place named, and for the benefit of the Indians there. By giving prominence to a plan concerning one tribe only, it is hoped more fully to emphasize the proposition that tribes should be treated severally, according to the condition, position, and local surroundings of each.

This scheme is suggested for the benefit of a well-deserving tribe, whose number (about 4600) composes one fourth of the Indian population of Arizona, — the Pimas. Before proceeding with details of the plan, it may be proper to offer a brief summary of the history, disposition, etc., of the Pimas, and to present their claims to our consideration.

These people were found in their present homes, on the banks of the Rio Gila, by the early Spanish priests and explorers, soon after Cortez's conquest of Mexico. A peaceful people, by no means nomadic in habit, and subsisting by agriculture (rude and primitive in form), they have but little more title to a higher grade of civilization than have the Apaches or the wild Indians of the plains. They are savages, living in the obscurity of savage life. Like the great majority of Indians, they have no aspirations beyond a mere physical existence. They live under tribal government, and believe in the incantations of the "medicine man," while their customs and morals are crude in the extreme. They make no advancement. As they were when first known to white men, so they are to-day, — incapable of battling with our world and civilization. Our intercourse with the Pimas dates

from 1846. During that year General Kearney, with his army, on the march from the Missouri River to take possession of California, just then wresting from Mexico, stopped two days at their villages to rest and replenish supplies. From that day to this they have been our friends. Their villages have been the refuge of the distressed prospector and immigrant, and their granaries depots of supply for our army in its operations against the Apache of the neighboring mountains; while their young men have ever responded to the call of the government for scouts and guides. But for the advantage to the army of having a friend and ally to furnish help and supplies in the midst of remote operations, it is doubtful if Arizona would to-day be sufficiently free from the domination of the Apache to see a railroad within its limits. Pima annals are not disfigured by a single act of hostility, while their friendship has ever been more than passive.

Yet, in spite of this history, or rather because of it, they have received from the government next to no help beyond having their homes secured by reservation. Their land only is secured, and this under conditions of climate which leave land without corresponding water rights of no value. The terms of the "Desert Land Act," and the immense tracts bordering their reservation, but cut off from water, which remain unsurveyed and unoccupied, show that government officials are not unmindful of the relative value of land and water — to white agriculturalists. The white settlements above have taken out almost all of the water from the Gila, so the Pimas have not enough for purposes of irrigation. The law that should protect them cannot be enforced against whites, and in favor of Indians.

On the Rio Gila, within two days' ride, is another reservation, — the San Carlos Reservation for the Apaches. Along the trail thither the Pima may

count the graves of many white men, each with a well-known, although unwritten epitaph: "Tortured and slain by the Apache."¹ Arrived at this other agency, he sees, camped in idleness around a government store-house, and fed by a lavish hand, thousands of these same Apaches. He knows them well, for he has looked at them over a rifle barrel while they were cutting the throats of our citizens, and he was side by side with United States troops trying to prevent their atrocities.

The Pima's reflections are pertinent, but his arithmetic is insufficient. It is we only who may compute the tens of millions of dollars and hundreds of lives which the butcheries and treacheries of the Apaches have compelled the hand that feeds them to spend in fighting and subduing, that it might enjoy that privilege. Review the last twelve months. In August, 1881, there was an outbreak of the Apaches. After the usual murders and pillage, they surrendered, and under orders from Washington were set free on the reservation, where they resumed consumption of government rations. In April of this year (1882) there was another outbreak.

RECAPITULATION.

Citizens murdered in first outbreak (about).....	20
Citizens murdered in second outbreak (counted).....	42
Total number of murders during the year (in Arizona alone)...	62
While the Apaches were indulging in these recreations they cost us: Annual expense of feeding, annuities, etc., on a basis of 4000 Indians.....	\$283,000
Extra expenses of the army that would not otherwise have been incurred (at least).....	200,000
Thefts, destruction of property, and damage to the business interests of Arizona (at least).....	250,000
Total cost of about 4000 Apaches for 1881-82 (about).....	\$733,000
Or, for a family of six, \$1098.	

The Pimas, numbering about 4600, have never been on the war-path. The government furnishes them an agent, — who is without means of help, — a doctor, a supply of medicines, and limited facilities for a small day school. The whole expense of their agency — and that mostly taken up by salaries from which they derive no benefit — is not \$7000; or, for a family of six, less than \$10 per annum.

The Apache murders our people; therefore we feed and clothe him. Nor are we content simply to supply him with the necessities of life; but from the \$283,000 which the Interior Department annually furnishes to the agency, the enormous sum of over \$19,800 goes for the luxuries of sugar and coffee; and in addition a certain quantity of tobacco is furnished, but not enough to induce him to smoke the "pipe of peace." The Pima has no government blanket to keep out the cold, while he sits with folded arms and a hungry stomach and looks on at the feast. He has not shed our blood; therefore no cover is laid for him. It is true that he took a part in the twenty years' war with the Apache, but he made the mistake of getting on the wrong side. The fool helped us. Yet, notwithstanding this mistake of his, it seems a pity that he cannot have for school purposes a sum at least equal to the cost of the sugar and coffee which we furnish the Apaches.

— We are not proud of this bit of comparison, and only introduce it to give an illustration, from actual facts, of one phase of our Indian management. This policy has the indorsement of no less an authority than the Hon. Francis A. Walker, formerly Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who says, in his Report, 1872, "The Indian policy . . . consists of two policies, entirely distinct. . . . In the same way at the south the treat-

¹ By extending the journey along the waters of the Gila, one hundred and five miles further, he would find the graves of forty-two citizens, who

have been murdered by Apaches since the above sentence was written.

ment of the well-intentioned Papagoes of Arizona contrasts just as strongly with the dealings of the government by their traditional enemies, the treacherous and vindictive Apaches; . . . but it is none the less compatible with the highest expediency of the situation. It is, of course, hopelessly illogical that the expenditures of the government should be proportional not to the good but to the ill desert of the several tribes; . . . and yet, for all this, the government is right and its critics wrong, and the 'Indian policy' is sound, sensible, and beneficent, because it reduces to the minimum the loss of life and property on our frontier, and allows the freest development of our settlements and railways possible under the circumstances. There is no question of national dignity, be it remembered, involved in the treatment of savages by a civilized power." . . . I do not agree with Mr. Walker even on the ground of the "highest expediency of the situation." Dismiss sentiment; in a business point of view it is bad management. It has indirectly cost the government millions of dollars, and the frontier settlements thousands of lives.

Is it supposed for a moment that Indian reasoning is so dull that it does not grasp the situation? Good Indians are constantly taunted with the treatment which they receive at the hands of the government. The bad Indians say, "Make the white man afraid of you; go on the war-path; torture, kill, and — surrender and be fed and clothed, as we are."¹ Does any one suppose that Indian logic would not be quick to work out an opposite conclusion from an opposite line of treatment? All these years we should have been utilizing the friendly Indian by making him an example of how much, instead of how little, the government would do for its wards, provided they behaved themselves

properly. Purely as a matter of policy in the management of the warlike tribes, it would have been of infinite benefit, and, incidentally (still speaking from a business point), we should by this time have had the friendly tribes well on the road to civilization.

Mr. Walker says, "There is no question of national dignity, be it remembered, involved in the treatment of savages by a civilized power." Perhaps not. Leaving out the fourth and fifth words and the word "involved," there could be no question of the most superficial observer agreeing with what remains of the sentence quoted, as applied to the case under discussion. There should, at least, be a question of honor. The white man meets two Indians: one hoists the black flag and attacks him; the other hastens to his defense. After the struggle is over the white man takes his assailant by the hand, and leads him to a home of plenty. The friend says, "I helped you as best I could. You are very rich, I am very poor. I wish you would send my boy to school." "Nobody cares for you or your boy, so long as you fail to point a gun," is the only answer he receives.

But the old order of things is passing away. It is time to look for ways and means of civilizing, and in this sentiment and business can be combined to the best interest of all. Our friends may still have a chance. The first effort should be to seek that material which promises best and quickest results, with the most good to the greatest number; and, if possible, it should furnish an example for surrounding tribes. On all accounts these considerations point to the Pimas as among the first to be assisted. Their numbers are large; their surroundings, disposition, and habits most favorable.

Assuming² that the post of Fort Mc-

¹ In this I give the substance of what has often been said to me by Indians.

² This is a mere assumption of mine. But the

military situation of Arizona has so shifted in the last few years that it seems more than probable that the post in question will, at an early day

Dowell and its reservation will not much longer be occupied for military purposes, my proposition is to establish thereat, for the advancement of the Pimas,

A CIVILIZATION COMMUNITY AND SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY.

RESERVATION.

The reservation is ten miles long by four miles wide, containing 24,750 acres. It is situated in longitude $111^{\circ} 40'$, and latitude $33^{\circ} 40'$, about fifty miles from the centre of the Pima villages, and the same distance from the Southern Pacific Railroad. The Verde River flows through it from one end to the other, and about 1500 acres¹ of land could be irrigated and cultivated. The soil is excellent, and would produce wheat, corn, barley, oats, sorghum, alfalfa, sweet potatoes, and all the vegetables common to the latitude. Grapes and most of the fruits of Southern California would thrive. The balance of the land is divided between "waste" and grazing. There is enough of the latter to support moderate herds.

BUILDINGS FOR SCHOOL PURPOSES.

The buildings of the post of Fort McDowell are ample, and, with inexpensive changes and repairs, well adapted for a school of over two hundred children, including houses for the superintendent and employés and good shops. The place is healthful. Wood and water are in abundance.

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF, WITH ASSISTANTS AND EMPLOYÉS.

One superintendent (an army officer); one clerk; one medical attendant; one school-teacher; such number of assistant teachers as would be necessary; one interpreter (an Indian); one farmer; be abandoned. When this occurs the buildings and other improvements will be a dead loss to the government, unless utilized in some such way as suggested. To build such accommodations as they afford for a School of Industry, would cost not less than \$50,000 to \$60,000.

one assistant farmer (an Indian); one blacksmith, one carpenter and wheelwright, one saddler and harness maker, one shoemaker, for needs of the community and to teach trades; two cooks; assistant cooks (Indians).

SETTLEMENT OF THE COMMUNITY.

Invite Pima families — preferably young or middle-aged — to become settlers on the reservation, and allot to each not less than twenty, nor more than eighty, acres of cultivable land. No tribal relations to be recognized in the community; each to have individual rights and responsibilities.

INDUSTRIES.

Farming to be the main reliance; but stock-raising, freighting, and other branches of industry common in a like situated settlement of whites to be encouraged.

TRADING STORE.

A trading store, to be owned and managed by Indians.

SCHOOL.

A boarding-school, not only for children of the Pimas, but to be open to other tribes of Arizona.

MECHANICAL TRADES.

A selected number of the Pima youths to be taught such trades as are best adapted to their tastes and uses.

MODEL FARM.

A farm of two hundred acres, more or less, to be maintained, on which all male pupils of suitable age may be instructed in farming and caring for crops.

GOVERNMENT.

The superintendent to have control

¹ There is often a great deal of grumbling with regard to the immense reservations assigned to the Indians. Look at the proportion of cultivable land in this instance. It may be relied upon as a fair average.

of the community to the same extent that agents control Indian reservations.

The above is an outline of the community which I propose. To say that we must educate the Indians does not convey a proper understanding of the task before us. Education in the common acceptance of the term is a mere auxiliary in accomplishing their civilization. The Indians are savages. To convert, rather than to educate, is our work.

The beginning would be at the bottom. The Pimas would come to the community as Indians. Many of them would also come in their national costume. This costume for the men consists of the paint on the face, beads about the neck, and a sash of many strands around the waist, a slip of calico about three yards long folded like a neck-tie, and tucked under the sash in front to the middle, then the two ends passed down and back to the right of the left leg, and to the left of the right, and up and under the sash at the small of the back, the ends loose and trailing on the ground. The fact that they were not white men in a low state of civilization should be fully understood and appreciated by the superintendent. There should be no forcing nor cramming; everything would have to be worked up gradually.

The superintendent should exercise supervision over all the affairs of the community, but all industries should be carried on by the Indians individually, — each to own the results of his own labor. Under no circumstances should crops be gathered into store-houses for re-issue. It is customary on a great many Indian reservations to have one large farm, on which the agent raises a crop, and gathers it into the store-house for regular issue to the Indians. Such work teaches no ideas of self-support. To the Indian's mind a farm managed in this manner is a part of the govern-

ment machinery set over him, in which he feels neither proprietorship nor responsibility. No matter if some of the Indians do work, it is simply one means of filling a government store-house, which would have been filled in any event.

No direct gratuity should be allowed members of the community; but the superintendent should be furnished with all practical means of indirect help, including expensive farming implements, such as wagons, thrashers, reapers, evaporating pans for making sorghum molasses, etc. The Indians should have the use of these, as well as instruction in their management by the farmer, and be charged a reasonable toll in kind, to be applied to the uses of the school. Give them nothing; help them in everything. Give all the freighting of supplies for the school to members of the community, and from the regular rates of pay make a deduction, for use of the wagons. Encourage them to engage in this sort of work for private parties, and furnish them the same facilities, on the same terms. In time they would buy their own wagons.

An important branch of industry to be encouraged is stock-raising. There should be a herd of cattle kept to supply meat and milk for the school and employes. Start with four or five hundred cows for breeding purposes. When a member of the community wishes to go into the stock business (on a small scale), or to keep milk cows, sell to him from this herd such number of cows — not exceeding, say, ten, as he wishes to purchase. Payment should be by easy installments, not more than three dollars per head at time of purchase; other payments so timed as to fall due just after a harvest. It is believed that the effect of placing them in debt — provided they have something to show for it — would be beneficial. Indians are naturally honest; there would be no difficulty about their meeting engagements of this nature.

In planting and caring for crops, the Indians should have the advice and assistance of the superintendent and the farmer. It should be seen to that they plant in the right proportions. Wheat would be the staple article, and the usual variety of vegetables, etc., could be raised. Indians are very fond of sweets; therefore sorghum should be introduced, and evaporating pans kept for hire. There is nothing connected with a farm that would more interest and please Indians than the means of making sugar and molasses. Fruit trees, also, should be furnished for sale, and as there would be no yield for some years, only enough should be charged to maintain the principle of giving nothing. The nurseries of Los Angeles are so close at hand that the cost to the government would be but trifling. The farms should be made attractive and profitable.

A coöperative store, to be owned by the Indians, should be maintained. Among the Pimas are a great many who could (and I believe would) subscribe from twenty-five to one hundred dollars for the purpose. The agent informs me that the Pimas sold a surplus of 2,500,000 pounds of wheat last year (1881). One thousand dollars would be enough to start with. One of the Pima boys, now educating at Hampton, Va., could be put in charge of the store. While this is conceded to be a novel feature in Indian management, I believe it could be made a potent factor in accomplishing their civilization. To hold the plow-handle is not necessarily to be a farmer. To be a farmer is not necessarily to be a self-reliant, self-sustaining man. To succeed in the world, a man must have some understanding of relative values, systems of exchange, and laws of trade. Remember that the Indian is utterly ignorant of these things. He may know a dollar when he sees it, and that it will procure from the store-keeper four pounds of sugar. Why not

one pound or ten pounds, or why the store-keeper wants the dollar at all, he has no conception. He never thinks of these things. It never occurs to the Indian, in the wildest flights of his imagination that he could be a merchant. To him the man from whom he buys fancy calico and beads is something apart. He comes and trades; where from, or why, the Indian does not know. Until he finds out, he will never be self-supporting. He can only gain that knowledge by embarking on the commercial stream himself. Standing forever on the outside of the counter, he will never learn. In its infancy, the experiment would require the unremitting and painstaking watchfulness of the superintendent. When he makes his semi-annual trips to the city markets to buy supplies for the school, there should be provision for an Indian connected with the store to accompany him, in the capacity of clerk, and at such times the store stock could be purchased. It is admitted that the Indians, unaided, could not originate and successfully conduct an enterprise of this kind; but that is the principal reason why they should be put in a way of doing it in such a manner — if proper tact be used — that they would think they were managing it.

The question of dwelling-houses for the Indians would regulate itself. It would not be prudent to force them into houses before they wanted them. The whole tendency of the community and the school should be towards individuality of rights and responsibilities. Yet it would not be inconsistent with this teaching to introduce a well-matured plan of coöperative work; such as, under the master mind of Brigham Young, reclaimed the deserts of Utah, — property created coöperatively, but owned individually. With the Mormons the bishop is the head of a settlement; his duties are practical and far-reaching. He would not hesitate to make contracts for building railroads, or, with the same

energy and zeal, superintend the herding of the village cows. Such a system and such an energy should govern the Indian community.

A boarding-school should be established: pupils of suitable age to be admitted in the following order of preference: (1) children of the community; (2) children of reservation, Pimas, Maricopas,¹ and Papagoes; (3) children of other Arizona Indians, — all to be clothed and fed by the government. Farming, the trades, and common English branches should be taught.

There are many questions of detail in the management of the school that would have to be determined as they arose, and as experience would dictate. A modification of the Kindergarten system would, perhaps, be the better plan to adopt for Indian children. Close application to study and the school-room should be avoided. It is not the object to teach too much from books. There would be no good purpose served in expending all energies in giving the mass of Indian children a good education, as we understand the term. The kind of education they are in need of is one that will habituate them to the customs and advantages of a civilized life, and put them in a way of leading it, and at the same time cause them to look with feelings of repugnance on their native state. To this end it is of the first importance that the school-children should be made comfortable and feel at ease. They should have better food and better care than they ever before dreamed of, and be allowed to indulge freely in their own games and sports. Nor should their tawdry ornaments and decorations — even the paint upon the face — be at once stripped from them. Time would rectify all these things. Inexpensive rewards and prizes, selected with reference to the tastes of the children,

should be freely given, on the usual conditions.

The school should start without rules of deportment; and as the intelligence of the pupils grew, plain common-sense regulations should be introduced, care being taken that they be one step in the rear of the understanding of those to whom they are to apply. Once established, they should be rigidly enforced. In regard to school hours, the minimum should be observed. As a part of their training, the girls should have the making of their own and of the other pupils' clothes. The trades taught should be chosen with reference to utility and the tastes of the Indians. Certain ones would be indispensable to the needs of the community, and should be of the number. Saddlery and harness-making would most interest Indians, and should be added to the list. Apprentices should receive a small money compensation.

The model farm should be an important feature of the school; orchards and vineyards ought to be started the first year. The products of the farm and the cattle herd should be made to supply all provisions of the kind required for the subsistence of the pupils and employés, not only as a matter of economy in administration, but as an example of economy to the Indians. Education should be carried on outside as well as inside the school-room.

All assistants and employés should be married; most of the assistant school-teachers should be women. To each family should be assigned for board and lodging two or more school-girls, to assist in housework, who should be allowed to sit at the dining-table with the family, and not be treated as servants. This, and many more seemingly little things, should make up the principal part of the course of training. It should be as much the duty of teachers to preside at the table, and to look after the sleeping apartments, as to teach in the school-room.

¹ The Maricopas are a small band on the Pima reservation, and are to be considered as a part of them.

The subject of morals and religion has been left to the last, because it naturally belongs there; not in order of importance, but in order of attainment. The stomach is the proper base from which to carry on operations against barbarism. It is the practical, everyday, and tangible benefits of civilized life which will first attract a barbarian. He must see advantages that he can understand, and of which he can feel the immediate effects. Morals must be left to grow as the community advances in intelligence and civilization. It must not be forgotten that Indians have a code of morals; however false, it is the embodiment of their philosophy of the subject, and as dear to them as ours is to us. In the very nature of things, there can be no violent or sudden conversion. So with religion: teach the Indian how to earn a good breakfast and a plentiful dinner, and then, and not until then, he may be in a condition to appreciate grace before meat and the parable of the loaves and fishes. These things will come in time: until then, do not try to force them; advise, but do not order.

By this it is not meant that glaring acts of vice, such as murder, theft, and the like, could be ignored; nor that religion and morals should not be taught by example. Some Indian agents commence their administrations by a text from the Bible, a lecture on the evils of tobacco, and an order against gambling. Bread is the last thing thought of. Such a course makes a mockery of the whole subject, and has been the cause of trouble. Of course Indians will gamble. It is not treating the subject facetiously to say that if there be a people in the world more given to that vice than the civilized it is the uncivilized.

The superintendent should govern, with no intermediate control between him and Washington. As far as possible the forms of civil government should be used. A standing Indian police

force — such as is both necessary and proper in the management of warlike tribes on reservations — might, in a peaceful community like this, give false ideas of the means, if not the uses, of our government, and none should be maintained. Processes and orders of the superintendent should be executed by regularly appointed Indian constables, who should receive pay for specific service only; the duties of the office ought not to interfere with other occupations.

The success or failure of this scheme would depend much on the *personnel* of the administrative force. For many reasons it would probably be desirable that the superintendent should be an army officer. The position demands no small amount of executive and administrative ability, of a peculiar and special kind, which is only to be gained by a thorough knowledge of the material to be worked. Habits of command and the utmost painstaking attention to the "thousand and one little things" that go to make up the whole are some of the qualifications required, in addition to experience with Indians. It is not pretended that the army is the only place to procure competency, but in this instance it is the surest. The body of the army has been among Indians for years. Each officer on the frontier has an experience with Indians, extending from a few months to half a life-time. Their records are known by those in authority over them, and department and division commanders could hardly err in their recommendations of a suitable selection. With no increase of pay or allowances, the army officer would gain nothing by the position, and there would not be an unseemly scramble for the place. "The place would seek the man."

To assistants and employés sufficient pay should be given to secure and retain the best. If an employé were receiving better wages than he could get elsewhere, he would be zealous from

self-interest, if from no other motive. And finally, the government would have to do its part. It is the fundamental principle that the community be vigorous and prosperous, and not a dragging make-shift. Appropriations must be forthcoming when they are needed. The whole expense would be of no great amount; but be it one or one hundred thousand dollars, enough must be furnished, and at the fit time.

We now come to look at the ulterior advantages of the scheme. It is not the intention simply to benefit the members of the community, at best about one thousand. It is the object to build up a community of prosperous individual Indians, who have quit tribal relations and started in life for themselves, and to make them an example to others of what Indians can do if they but try. Its geographical position would bring it under the observation of three fourths of the Indian population of Arizona, including the Apaches. It is believed that it would be only a question of time when the community would extend itself to the whole tribe, and thus convert 4600 wards to as many useful citizens. The school and the community would be of mutual benefit to each other: the one as an example of how Indians could succeed; the other an example of what the government is doing for their race, and of the capacity of Indian children for acquiring the white man's knowledge. Indian children learn rapidly from books. The Pima children are especially bright. There can be no doubt that the Indian has sufficient mental capacity to master the situation. Another advantage to the school would result from making it home-like to the children by the presence of members of their own race.

Thus far nothing has been said of the schools for Indians now in successful operation at Carlisle, Pa., and Hampton, Va. These enterprises are most commendable, and should be kept up and

enlarged. But what is to become of the Indian youths after completing their education at these places? If they profit by their education, they must go where their skill is in demand, just as other carpenters and tinsmiths do. If they do this, they will be no example to their people. The government will have benefited just so many individual Indians, and accomplished nothing else. If they go back to their respective tribes, they would be more than human if they failed to drop back to their old level, and again be Indians. That is inevitable. They would have no associates to understand or appreciate their acquired knowledge, and numerical force would overwhelm them. There are not wanting many instances of the kind. I am personally cognizant of one striking case.

This community would afford them a resting-place. It would be a "half-way house" on the long road from Indian barbarism to our civilization. Here would gather the more thrifty and thoughtful of the tribe. The government must see to it that they thrive better than those left behind. Then, when a boy comes back from school in the East with a useful trade, or qualified to teach, give him a place. The community would be common ground between the two lives; and to that would be mainly due its usefulness. The distance between the two lives is very great. If the educated boys took it at one step, they could not reach back to help their brothers and sisters. If they stayed behind, they would be powerless to resist reabsorption into the old life. Give them this stepping-stone, where they would be associated with a respectable class of whites on the one hand, and the more progressive of their own kindred on the other; and they would be of untold benefit to the cause of civilizing their race.

This closes the description of the scheme to help civilize the Pimas. If

I were asked to what extent I would apply the project to other tribes, my answer would be, "The theory entire; the details only so far as they would fit a particular case." Here advantage is taken of the special and excellent facilities at hand, perhaps not to be found in another instance; in other cases set apart a portion of the regular reservation, for there must be no official connection between the community and other Indians. The tribal relation must be broken, and they must receive no gifts at the agency. The Pimas are an agricultural people; therefore farming is made prominent in this scheme. With some tribes stock-raising would take precedence; with others, other industries. The plan for the Pimas is made a vehicle for carrying a theory of a line of treatment for

the whole uncivilized Indian population; but the details of the plan are special. The work of civilizing the American Indian will be a laborious and tedious one. The course of training will have to trace one generation from the cradle to the grave. But little can be expected from the old; it is the young to whom we must apply ourselves. With them we must have patience. We must understand our work, — what to do, what not to do. Our task is to convert from one life to another; and we must not forget that we begin with savages, whose life comprises but little this side of the stone age. Their philosophy, their religion, their whole mental and moral horizon, are no more advanced than are their arts, and they have never made an implement of iron.

George S. Wilson,
First Lieut. Twelfth U. S. Infantry.

MIDNIGHT.

FAR heard, and faintly, over wood and hill,
Twelve slow vibrations from the village chime
Ruffle the gracious calm. Oh, rare the skill
That gave so sweet a voice to iron Time!

The airs are gentle as the breath of sleep;
They are no more than wingèd souls of flowers,
Lured forth by night from hedgy coverts deep,
Where drowsily they shunned the glaring hours.

The moon is up. Now this were time to see
All delicate, shy things that haunt the wood:
The mild-eyed fauns, the nymphs of stream and tree,
King Oberon and all his fairy brood.

Now from the folded curtain of each flower
Small visages should peer upon the moon,
To note if it be yet the charmed hour
To trace the ring and chant the magic rune.

What low, delicious sound was that far born
From the obscure recesses of the glen?

Was it the fanfare of an elfin horn,
Or restless bird that trilled and slept again?

Is that the brook's bland gurgle in the sedge,
Or flag-wreathed naiads by the osiered stream,
Dabbling their white limbs from the oozy edge,
Or diving where the minnows dart and gleam?

There is a rustle in the thicket screen!
Is it a frightened hare that starts and flies,
Or stealthy-footed faun that peers between
The interwoven vines with shy surmise?

'T were hardly a surprise if from the shades
Pan came, and, marshaling his merry crew,
Piped to their dancing in the moon-lit glades,
Timing with horny hoof and wild halloo.

O for the fervor of a Doric prayer,
A runic spell, or secret Druid rite,
To call the forest haunters from their lair,
And charm the elfin companies to sight!

For Pan sits in some beechen coppice near,
Throned on the turf amongst his bearded brood;
Piping in undertones we may not hear,
Or, hearing, deem them voices of the wood.

The fauns lurk in their ivied dens unseen,
The naiads cower near the reeded rill;
The viewless fairies dance upon the green,
The oreads slumber on the russet hill.

Charles L. Hildreth.

A RIDE IN SPAIN.

WE were at Jerez, which is still pronounced as if the name began with an H, as it used to be when it began with an X; the universal substitution of J for X is the Spanish spelling reform of the last twenty years, — we were at Jerez, and wanted to go across the mountains to Ronda. My companion was an Oxford scholar, who was traveling from Oxford through the Church of England towards those fresh religious pastures

which the modern faith of so many of the clergy of England expects to find in a super-biblical future.

We were agreed to take a short ride across a region of Spain not much vexed by tourists, in search of the characteristic and the picturesque. The difficulty was to find means of conveyance; for Jerez was undergoing its annual three days' fair, and animals were not to be had for money, the only spring of move-

ment or attention to a traveler's wants in Spain. The town was crowded and excited, the hotels charged double price, — as the Spanish hotels do on the least provocation, — and the owners of horses and mules were coining money, transporting people to the fair-ground, the races, and the bull-fight. The races on Saturday and Monday, and especially the bull-fights on Sunday, were the absorbing attractions of the week.

Jerez, which is dear to the world as the depot and factory where the Manzanilla and kindred sorts of grape-juice are manipulated, seasoned, and colored, and fortified into the various kinds of sherry, is ordinarily as dull and uninteresting, as modern and whitewashed, as most other Spanish towns. We had read in the guide-books a great deal about the *couleur locale* of this and that city of the Peninsula. Observation has taught us that the *couleur locale* of Spain is "whitewash." Houses, within and without, are whitewashed; churches are whitewashed; walls, and monuments, and fountained courts are whitewashed; heaps of stone on the highway for repairing the roads are whitewashed; everything, except the cactus hedges, the treeless hills, and the bulls, is whitewashed. Whenever the private owners of a delicious bit of old Moorish ornamental work in stucco can have their own way, they whitewash it.

It was Sunday in Jerez. In all the Sunday-schools the good children were saying, "What a sweet Sabbath day for a bull-fight!" The bull-fight was not to take place till the afternoon, — so carefully do these devout people separate their religion from their amusements. In this land, girls and boys are taken at a tender age to the bull-fights, in order that they may be accustomed early to the characteristic national pastime, and not be disgusted with the cowardly cruelty and the degrading spectacle when they arrive at years of discretion. Train up a girl in the way she should

go, and when she is at the most effective fair age she will not depart from the arena so long as there is a noble bull to be tortured, and a two dollar and a half hack of a horse to be ripped open by his horns.

Our acquaintances in Jerez tried to convince us that our proper way to Ronda was the great railway circuit round by Gobantes, and thence by diligence. We replied that the one way we wished specially to avoid was the one by Gobantes. We adhered to this blind purpose, and failing to procure horses we took places in the old diligence for Arcos, and on Monday afternoon, at four o'clock, mounted our seats beside the driver, and set out over the arid plain of Caulina; leaving on our right the once magnificent monastery, the Cartuja, famous in old time for its fine cloisters and *patios*, or courts, its unrivaled collection of pictures by Zurbaran, its rich vineyards, and its breeding ground for Andalusian horses, — a properly conducted monastery could not well be celebrated for much more.

Our driver was a compact little man, round-faced and clean shaven, — as most of the Spaniards are, — taciturn to his kind, but very communicative to himself and to his horses. We had a team of five horses, two at the wheel and three leaders abreast, the latter driven without reins. I noticed that the two reins were attached only to the outside of the bits of the wheel horses; the control of the team depended largely upon the driver's whip and the power of his lungs. The whip was always swinging and cracking in the air, and the driver called to his horses almost incessantly, and occasionally made them long addresses, which they appeared to understand. The harnesses were monstrous constructions of heavy, broad leather straps, ropes, and big collars; the drawing-traces were ropes; each animal had upon his headstall a string of bells. The diligence was a lumber-

ing, rickety vehicle, which swayed and creaked. As soon as we were under way, with bells jingling, whip cracking, coach creaking; the inside passengers, among whom was a smart *gendarme*, chattering; the driver conversing with his cattle; the dust rising in thick clouds that almost hid from view the hedges of cactus and aloes along the road, and made the crowd of laden donkeys, carriages, and big wagons like phantoms in a dusty dream,—when, I say, we thus got under way, at a speed, with all this noise and tumult, of probably little less than three miles an hour, we felt that we were actually in Spain. We had sixteen miles to go, and we made the distance in about five hours.

The road was a straight white line across the arid plain, a good specimen of the treeless, sun-baked wastes of Andalusia. Beyond were low hills, equally denuded of foliage; but when, after a weary pull, we ascended among them, more green appeared, and large fields of grain, but sadly stunted and burned up by the long drought. We soon, also, came upon olive orchards among the rolling hills, but the general aspect of the country was desolate. Beyond the hills, however, we saw glorious mountains, and one majestic dome of rock, which I took to be the Pico de S. Cristoval, towering above the others. In the transparent air it seemed very near. The road, it must be said, was exceedingly well made, carried round curves, through cuts in the hills, and over embankments, like the graded track of a railway. Where roads are made at all, they seem to be thorough pieces of work, very different from our make-shift and ungraded highways for wagons.

At regular intervals on our route we encountered a couple of *gendarmes* posted by the roadside, a civil force to which I shall have occasion to refer again. We found two of them at the half-way *posada*, where we stopped to breathe and let the passengers “wine,”

—a good example of the Spanish inn of the country. This inn is principally a stable; but a part of the stable is partitioned off for the family, and another part for the refreshment room. Above seems to be a low garret. It appeared to be altogether a very decent place, for a stable, and the proprietor and his wife and daughters were civil. Spain is still the land of riding, and not of driving. After leaving the environs of Jerez, we encountered no wagon, but scores of travelers on mules, donkeys, and horses. A very good specimen of its *caballero* dismounted at the inn,—a resolute, square-riding man, on a powerful white horse, who rode as if he were mortised into his “Mexican” saddle, an embroidered *manta* strapped behind, and a gun in its leather case hanging perpendicularly behind the saddle.

There were no houses along the road, and only here and there one on a hillside, whitewashed, and commonly with a whitewashed wall about the premises. I suppose that those were *haciendas*, and that in English an hacienda would be a stable for mules and cattle, with family apartments above it.

All the region for miles and miles around Arcos is thickly planted with olives, which give a pleasing aspect to this hilly country. It was late twilight when we came clattering into the ancient town, and were set down at the house where the diligence stopped, which seemed to be presided over by three old women. We were surrounded at once by a curious and helpful population, all eager to seize our pieces of luggage and bear them to parts unknown. The driver, who was our friend, appeared to be having a conference with the old women as to whether they should have the plucking of us, or would send us to the regular *posada*, to which we wished to go. In the growing darkness it was impossible to see where we were, or where the *posada* was, and it required all our vigilance to keep track of our lug

gage. After a great deal of confusion, we found ourselves transferred, bag and baggage, to the posada, which was almost exactly opposite, in debt to half the loafers of Arcos for their valuable assistance. The posada, the best in the place, showed no sign of light or life. We entered the stables, and made our way up a stone staircase to the hotel apartments. No obsequious landlord or landlady welcomed us, but we at last discovered a tall, sour-faced maid-of-all-work, haughty and dirty, who condescended to show us a couple of clean but utterly bare little rooms, and undertook to get us something to eat. We felt humbly obliged. The stranger in Spain, at most inns and elsewhere, is treated as if the most acceptable thing he could do would be to take himself speedily out of the country. Our apartments were furnished with Spartan simplicity: the guest is allowed a wash-bowl, but no pitcher, and the water given him in the bowl is supposed to be quite enough for his needs; but the bed, though the mattress is made of uncomfortable lumps of wool, is scrupulously clean. Our repast was all that we could expect. The person who is fond of tasteless beans will find Spain a paradise. In this land of olives, those served on the table are bitter and disagreeable, and the oil, in which everything is cooked, is uniformly rancid. But it should be confessed that the oil is better than the butter, when the latter luxury is attainable. Something seems to be the matter with the cows. I do not wonder that the Spaniards are at table a temperate and abstemious race. It is no merit to be abstemious, with such food and cooking. The wine at Arcos, however, was a sort of Manzanilla, that made us regard any food with favor. It was a medicinal draught, with a very strong flavor of camomile; a very useful sort, I believe, in the manipulation of the market sherry, and exceedingly wholesome. So long as a

man can drink this wine, he will not die. I should recommend the total abstinence society to introduce it into our country.

Cheered by our repast we walked out to see the town. The moon was at the full; the night was lovely. On such a night a whitewashed town shines with dazzling splendor, and Arcos is picturesque even in daylight, especially in its situation. It lies on lofty hills above the river Guadalete, and in old times, before the final conquest, was a famous fortress. The horses bred in the plain below, and their fearless riders, gallop along in the spirited ballads of the time. It is called Arcos de la Frontera, because of its frontier position after it was taken from the Moors. During the wars of Granada, it was in the possession of that gallant soldier, Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, whose wife, the high-spirited marchioness, was once beleaguered there by the Moors, when the most immense of grandees, Don Juan de Guzman, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, came to her rescue, and saved Arcos to the Christians, — a most gallant and Christian act on the part of the duke, for he and the marquis were hereditary enemies. We could make out by moonlight the convent and the tower that crown the two hills of the town, and from the esplanade in front of the Gothic cathedral we enjoyed a broad view over the plain of the Guadalete. The town must have been, in the old days, almost impregnable in its situation. We could fancy the fair Marchioness of Cadiz on such a night, centuries ago, looking down from her watch-tower upon the Moorish camp, and expecting the rescue at the hands of Medina Sidonia.

The pensive night should have brought out the romance of Arcos, but, save the tinkling of a guitar here and there indoors, there was little sign of what is supposed to be the universal occupation of Spain. I fear that the lovers do not

go about much at night-time with their guitars. Lovers we saw, at least youths in the attitude of lovers; but they trusted to their own natural powers of persuasion. The attitude of a lover in Spain is to stand motionless, hour after hour, at a heavily grated window. We saw one slim gallant in the position, when we set out on our walk, and an hour after he maintained the same impassioned, patient embrace of the iron grating. It would seem to be a safe sort of courtship, and as intoxicating as talking with a nun through the grille of her cell.

We had bargained the night before for a muleteer, two mules, and a horse for the baggage, and the sour-faced maid roused us at four o'clock in the morning. It is needless to say that the muleteer had the profitable end of the bargain, for the traveler has to pay for the privilege of associating with the proud and haughty Spaniard, — and all Spaniards are proud and haughty. I ought to except our friendly driver of the diligence, who seemed to feel a responsibility for our getting on safely. He came to our room before we went to bed, and shook hands with us, and patted us on the shoulder with something like affection, which was not all the offspring of the piece of silver we had given him. His good-humored face expressed the most cordial interest in a fortunate journey for us. We could not exchange an intelligible word, for the few pure Castilian words we had picked up were not current with him; but I doubt if our mutual sympathy would not have been marred and less perfect if we could have talked with him.

To mount we came down into the stable, the perfume of which is "convenient" to all parts of the house, and found our cavalcade ready. Our mules were stout, lazy-going animals with comfortable saddles. The sun was scarcely free of the horizon when we descended the stony streets into the ravine between the two hills of the town. Early as it

was, the morning market was already an active scene, bright with piles of oranges and heads of fresh green lettuce. All operations were suspended to see us pass by down the valley, and our exit was hailed with mingled cries of admiration and derision.

The morning was lovely, the grass and foliage sparkled with dew, birds sang jubilantly in the hedges, and we set out with an exhilarated feeling of adventure and discovery. As we descended into and crossed the rich plain, and the river Gaudalete, the town rose behind us in most picturesque magnificence on its hills, with its white houses conspicuous in the sun, grouped about the sheltering cathedral, and presided over by the ancient tower. Paths led in all directions through the vast plantation of olives. Most of the trees were very old, — the olive does not reach its best bearing till it is past thirty years, — gnarled and twisted, and many of them were mere skeletons of bark and decayed wood, not simply hollow, but showing the daylight through them, so that it was a marvel that they could stand. Yet they not only stood, — withered, tough, and ugly as the Spanish beggars, — but supported vigorous green branches. The trees were now in full blossom, and made a very pleasing show. Across this sweet valley of bloom and color and promise, the turtle-doves were calling to each other in the accents of love and spring, and all the plain was vocal with the notes of the cuckoo. It was now the 2d of May. I do not know the habits of the bird in Spain, but I was reminded of the old English rhyme: —

In April,
Come he will;

In May,
Sing all day;

In June,
Change his tune;

In July,
Away he fly;

In August,
Go he must.

The country people whom we met urging their donkeys towards town saluted us gravely and without curiosity. "The salutation," said my companion, "reminds me of the saying of a — a — What was it he said, and where did he say it?" It reminded me of the same thing. All the landscape and the scene seemed the simulacrum of an old romance, the echo of an early dream.

As we mounted out of the plain, the country became still lovelier: it was still covered with olives; great wheat fields were brilliantly sown with scarlet poppies; the cactus hedges were in full blossom, of red and yellow; and the lustrous dark green aloes sent up splendid central spikes, twelve feet high.

Crossing a stony ridge, we entered extensive groves of cork-trees, large misshapen boles, often larger where the branches diverge than near the roots; bulging, distorted trunks, looking like a hospital of invalid trees. The donkeys we had met were laden with cork bark, and most of the trees had been stripped, some recently. The inner, remaining bark of these torn and abused veterans had a dull red color, that contrasted finely with the dark green of the branches. All the morning the mountain range we had marked at Jerez was in sight, and just ahead of us, and above all hovered the rock dome, the purple height of St. Cristoval. After hours of travel towards it, it seemed just as distant as when we started.

Dwellings were scarce on the way: only here and there a white farm-house embowered in a plantation of trees. Usually, the houses had one door and no windows, at most a square opening to admit the air; and the centre room of the dwelling, to which the door gave access, was a mule stable. And it is only right that the donkey, who abounds in this region, should have the best place, for all the carriage and transport devolve on him. Herds of fine cattle were frequent, and springs and streams of

clear water were abundant. We passed one small salt-work, with a few vats. During the day we had been joined by several horsemen, who jogged on with us for some hours, and at last turned southward among the mountains, at a clear spring, with large stone reservoir of solid construction. Before noon we were near El Bosco, or El Bosque, the village where we were to lunch, and its neighborhood was marked, as is the approach to all large places of Eastern origin, by worse roads, walls, cactus hedges, and a general Oriental appearance. But El Bosco is not Oriental. It is simply a clean, rudely-paved town of low whitewashed houses, without an architectural or other object of interest. We strolled into the parish church while our lunch was preparing, and found a bare interior, a few rubbishy images and pictures, and a discouraged priest, who said naively that the people were so poor that it was impossible to make the church like the cathedral at Seville.

At the clean posada, over the stable, we were served with a very good lunch, by a big, motherly, Connecticut sort of woman, who took such an interest in us that she showed us her large beds, and urged us to stay all night. We had bread, and eggs, and fried meat, and milk, and wine, and coffee, — everything the land afforded. The bread, after the fashion of this region, is made in small, white, and hard loaves, with twisted handles to carry them by, and on each loaf is plainly stamped its weight. If it is sold by weight, it must be expensive. The wine was a Manzanilla of an excellent quality, not nearly so strong of camomile as the Arcos sort. The motherly old Connecticut woman charged us thirty reals for our entertainment, which being translated is the large sum of a dollar and a half. That came of our reckless draught on the resources of the country. A Spaniard would have lunched for about two reals, and taken it out in bread and green beans.

An hour after leaving El Bosco, we came in sight of the secluded mountain town, Puerto Sta. Maria. The road was more rugged and stony, and the country grew wilder at every step. We were, in fact, entering the fastnesses of the Serrania de Ronda, that jumble of mountains and hiding-places and obscure passes, renowned in the wars of the Conquest for border forays, retreats, and pursuits, and desperate hand-to-hand encounters of the Moorish and Christian chivalry, and in later days as the resort of the bandit and the contrabandista. On the water-course in the deep narrow gorge at our left were two or three small cloth factories, and long strips of the coarse brown fabric were spread on the rocks to dry.

Puerto Sta. Maria is a white town of perhaps two or three thousand inhabitants, built on a ledge at the foot of St. Cristoval. The centre of the town was a large open field of fruit trees and pasture, the houses ranged around it in an elliptical form. Perhaps this place was a survival of old communal times. The town was evidently poor enough, — poorer than El Bosco. I did not see a pane of window glass in the whole place. Glass is a scarce luxury in all this region.

We mounted through the town, and rose rapidly round the mountain side, ascending by an exceedingly steep and rough highway, which had once been well paved with large blocks of stone, laid sometimes, so sharp was the ascent, in steps. I do not know whether this solid path for horses was the work of Moors, or of Spaniards after the Conquest, but it is utterly neglected now. We had ascended into wide-spreading forests of stately oaks and ilexes, with an undergrowth of shrubs and gay wild-flowers. Occasionally a level bit of road gave us charming glimpses of open forest glades. On one side we looked down into the deepening gorge and over a jumble of mountains, and on the other

up to the gray buttresses and walls of St. Cristoval. We were on historic ground, which had been the scene and witness of one of the most stirring and bloody episodes of the wars of the Conquest.

It was in the year of grace 1483, after the overwhelming disaster to the Spanish knights in the mountains of Malaga, that Muley Abul Hassan, King of Granada, who had regained the city, and denounced his son, Boabdil el Chico, as a renegade, planned a plundering raid that should carry alarm and desolation into the fertile plains of Andalusia. He chose for its head old Bexir, the gray and crafty *alcaide* of Malaga. The rendezvous of the expedition was Ronda, the most pestilent nest of Moslem depredators. The fierce inhabitants of this belligerent city were then in command of Hamet Zeli, surnamed El Zegri, of the warlike tribe of the Zagories, a proud and daring warrior, an old campaigner, who knew every pass and cleft in the Serrania. His immediate attendants were a legion of fierce African Moors, mercenary troops, of the tribe of Gomerres. Trained to the hardships of rapid marches and sudden onsets, mounted on the swift and strong horses bred in the rich pasturage of the valley of Ronda, this cavalry was the terror of Andalusia.

The summons of Bexir to the foray were responded to by all the border chivalry, and soon a force of fifteen hundred horse and four thousand foot assembled within the walls of Ronda. In secret the preparations were made; in silence, and without tap of drum or clash of cymbal, the splendid host sallied out of Ronda, and entered one of the savage defiles of the Serrania. Many of the warriors had insultingly arrayed themselves in the rich armor of the Christian knights slain in the massacre of the mountains of Malaga, and some rode the Andalusian steeds captured in that disaster.

So craftily had Bexir concerted his plans and movements that he was confident of surprising the Christian towns. But, unfortunately for him, some Christian scouts, or marauders, hovering about in hope of picking up cattle or prisoners for the Christian market, saw the march of the host, and speedily spread the news in every direction. Among those who were warned was the Marquis of Cadiz and Luiz Fernandez Puerto Carrero, in command at Ecija. The result is well known. The Moors descended, in fancied security, into the plain of Utrera, and separated in bands for pillage. The hastily collected army of Christians took them by surprise in the rear, on the banks of the river Lopera, and there occurred, on the 17th of September, 1483, the famous battle of Lopera, in which the Moslem host was cut to pieces, and pursued with slaughter into the recesses of the hills. A large body of them fled southward to the Guadalete, where they were encountered and destroyed by the valiant Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz. But few Moors escaped the savage pursuit and slaughter. Great quantities of Christian armor captured at the Malaga massacre were retaken, and the marquis encountered and slew the Moor who rode the horse that belonged to his brother Beltran, one of the victims of the mountain slaughter.

Hamet el Zegri, the alcaide of Ronda, was raiding over the plain of Utrera gathering cattle, when he heard the noise of the fight on the Lopera and dashed thither with his handful of Gomerres. He was too late; his comrades were slain or scattered, and the Christians held all the passes of his retreat. There was in his little band, however, a renegade Christian, who knew a circuitous route through the enemy's country by which a pass in the Serrania could be gained; and under promise of a purse of gold if he conducted El Zegri in safety, and the threat of being cleaved to

his saddle-bow if he betrayed him, the renegade guided the troop round about through the plain to a pass in the hills. At midnight they dodged under the walls of Arcos, crossed the Guadalete, and, by the very way that we had been traveling all day, effected their retreat to the mountains. They followed this same wild path that we were now leisurely pursuing. "The day dawned," says Irving, from whose brilliant pages I have condensed this narration, "as they made their way up the savage defiles. Their comrades had been hunted up these very glens by the enemy. Every now and then they came to where there had been a partial fight, or a slaughter of the fugitives, and the rocks were red with blood, and strewn with mangled bodies. The alcaide of Ronda was almost frantic with rage, at seeing many of his bravest warriors lying stiff and stark, a prey to the hawks and vultures of the mountains. Now and then some wretched Moor would crawl out of a cave or glen, whither he had fled for refuge; for in the retreat many of the horsemen had abandoned their steeds, thrown away their armor, and clambered up the cliffs, where they could not be pursued by the Christian cavalry."

As we toiled, still upward, around the mountain side the view opened, the ravine beneath broadened into a valley, with green fields and occasionally a house or two, and from the cultivated spots in the far deep, sounds of laughter and of labor came to us. Flocks of sheep and goats were picking about in the scant, green patches on the slope where we rode, tended by vigilant boys. One of the bright-eyed urchins, who might become a Pizarro, if Spain now had any occasion for heroes, had a hot conflict with the little fox-like dog which accompanied us. I suspect the dog had been insulting the sheep, and the boy pursued the cur, breathing forth maledictions and hurling stones, up and down the rocks, and back and forth, for

fifteen minutes. No steep or sharp stones daunted the boy, who had stern death in his eye. The dog escaped, at last, with a wound in his breast, but my sympathies were altogether with the young shepherd. A good David has no doubt gone to waste in him. He had the gift of song, the wailing monotonous strain of the Orient. All day long the singing of men at the plow, or women in their houses, or children at play, was of the purely African sort.

The prospect opened more grandly as we rose. At one time we looked, through the openings in the mountains, westward beyond Jerez, and southward to the region of Gibraltar. The great valley, whose side we were ascending, was closed by a sharp divide that ran from St. Cristoval to the jagged range opposite; it was the height of the pass, and we climbed it with intense curiosity to see what it would reveal. Our anticipations were exceeded. We were by the barometer something like thirty-one hundred feet higher than Arcos, but the view was one belonging to a greater altitude, and such as one chances to see not often in life.

To the westward, the eye ranged over mountains to the sea beyond Cadiz, fully sixty miles away. At another time of day the water would not have been visible, but the sun struck it so that a long expanse of the Atlantic shone along the horizon with the brightness of silver. Before us, to the eastward, and precipitously below us, the prospect was more varied and striking. We looked into a great valley, but a valley diversified with sharp peaks of rock, and set about with high-running mountain ranges. In the middle foreground was a shattered mountain of stone; below it, on either hand, the green of trees and meadows; and beyond all, on a mountain plateau, what seemed to be the level walls and shining houses of a large city. We could scarcely believe that it was not, but the muleteer insisted that it was only

a peculiar formation of rock, and the shifting light soon convinced us. Upon each side of this gorge before us, descending as if to a focus, swept the jagged rocks of the boundary ledges, broken into towers and bastions and pinnacles. It was a scene of mingled beauty and sublimity. As we stood there, a hawk sailed about, close to our heads.

As we descended several hundred feet by a treacherous path of loose stones, and turned the corner of a ledge, a still more wonderful sight greeted us. It was the city of Grazelema, directly beneath us; a town of ten thousand people, with compact white houses, tiled roofs of reddish-brown, irregular streets, two or three church spires, and a cathedral mass, lying in a stone bowl of the gray mountain, which towered behind it, and held the city from the valley below as if in a dish. At the distance we stood above it, the green fields below seemed close to the city; but we found when we descended, next morning, that it is really high up above the valley. Grazelema was a surprise to us, and we declared that it alone was worth two days of mule-back to see. My companion, who had been a wide traveler in the known places of Europe, Asia, and Africa, but believed that he never before had been off the lines laid down by the ubiquitous Murray, was delighted to visit a place not mentioned in the guide-book.

The sun was still above the horizon when we rode down, down, through the clean and roughly paved streets of the city, and ran the gauntlet of stares and comments of a population unaccustomed to the sight of foreigners. But we had long ago ceased to expect civility in the demeanor of Spaniards toward strangers, and certainly did not expect it in a place so remote as Grazelema, where curiosity is added to dislike. The town is clean and apparently thriving, though what it thrives on, there among the rocks, and with no communication with the world except by mule paths, we

could not imagine. Many of the houses had pretty balconies, gay with flowers; glass in the windows was more common than in other mountain towns we had passed; and here and there an open door gave view of a neat *patio*.

The national costume has pretty much vanished from Spain, but we saw some relics of it here in the dress of the men, especially the young bucks and *majos*, some of whom still affect the dress now usually seen only on the lower class. Its peculiarity is a short, plain jacket, a broad, red sash about the waist, and a round black felt hat, with a broad brim turned up about the low crown, like a saucer with a cup turned over in it.

The women, who were sitting in the door-ways, or taking the air in the streets, with the lace mantilla over the head and the incessant fan in hand, were the most comely we had seen. With well-made and elastic figures, regular and finely formed features, and large dark eyes, they have not the pasty skin of the Andalusian beauties; and their complexion is not a matter of powder and paint, but clear and light in hue, and only slightly olive, with the red blood of virtuous health shining through. I am delighted to pay these prepossessing women this compliment, in return for their attention to our unprepossessing cavalcade.

Our muleteer took us to the best posada in the city. From the neat and thriving appearance of the place we were led to expect excellent accommodations; much better, said our muleteer, than at El Bosco. I do not know what a Spaniard's notion of good quarters is, but this posada was not built for anything above the refinement and aspirations of a mule. We entered the usual stable, a place that would delight a farmer in search of fertilizers, and climbed up the broken stone stairs, through the reek, to the apartments above. After some search, we roused an ancient crone, who hospitably offered us the best the house

afforded. The room that I obtained was a small chamber with a stone floor, and it did not take me long to make an inventory of the furniture. There was a cot bedstead with horse-blankets, but clean sheets, a tripod with a wash-bowl, and a chair. I forget: the room had a good coat of whitewash. The window was a small opening, without glass, and an iron grating outside; when I shut the wooden blind, the only method of closing the window, the room was totally dark.

When, after we were installed, we approached the kind old woman on the subject of something to eat, she seemed a little surprised that anything of that sort should be expected of an inn. There was no milk to be had at this time of night, nor in the morning: milk was only to be procured about noon. She could send out and buy some meat, if it was absolutely necessary, but it was late. As to bread, the old entertainer's face brightened up at once; bread, certainly; wine, yes; perhaps eggs; may be cheese. We were reminded of a dialogue, which Gautier quotes, in a Spanish inn:—

Traveler: "I should like to take something."

Landlord: "Take a chair."

Traveler: "I should like something more nourishing."

Landlord: "What have you brought with you?"

Traveler: "Nothing."

Landlord: "Well, the baker is down the street, there, and the butcher is just round the corner."

While our provident hostess was looking for a hen's nest, we sallied out to view the town. It is as neat as whitewash can make it, has several large churches, a spacious public square, and better houses than one would expect to see here. The plaza was a genuine surprise for its size, smart appearance, and animation. The oblong centre, elevated slightly, and surrounded by a

low parapet, is the place of promenade and of shows. At one end is a lofty church, and at the other a prosperous jail. This institution is contrived for the pleasure as well as the detention of criminals; the barred windows open upon the square, and the prisoners on the ground-floor were chatting with their friends. Our advent was received with marked attentions. The young majos, or loafers, decorated with the black saucer hat and red waist-scarf, who were lounging about the prison end of the square, or leaning against the door-posts, bestowed upon us scowling and suspicious glances; people crowded to the doors, to stare at us; women, seated before their houses, or promenading in groups of three or four, nudged each other and laughed; and a crowd of unmannerly boys followed us about, and inspected us with undisguised interest. As we crossed the plaza towards the church, we were struck by a few pebbles; but they were small pebbles, and the boys ran to a safe distance when we turned round. Perhaps they were only trying to attract our attention, and see what a new kind of human being would do when excited. Boys are much the same the world over, and we bore them no malice; indeed, we could not take in ill part a performance that seemed to entertain their haughty and courteous elders. Besides, we were by this time so accustomed to Spanish civility that we did not mind it. I have no doubt that if we had been familiar with the language, and dressed so as to pass for Spaniards, we should have been spared these delicate attentions. The people of a shop into which we stepped were certainly polite. It was the only shop in which we saw anything characteristic of the country. The articles for sale were blinders of mule bridles, and saddle cloths embroidered in worsted, of vivid colors and staring patterns. The Spaniards are fond of this sort of decoration.

But the glory of this bright plaza is its situation. Above it, and almost overhanging it, is a mass of gray rock, nearly perpendicular, and rising, I should think, a thousand feet. Its color is superb; I have seen nowhere else such a mass of solid mountain of anything like this lovely gray color. It is gray, and yet upon its surface, in patches, is a light green lichen that serves to bring out the gray. The terrace above the town, to the right, is strewn with enormous boulders. The mountain seems to threaten to crush the city, which it holds in one of its rocky bowls. Half-way up the side of the gray precipice is a large white church; a pilgrimage chapel, I suppose. I could see no path leading to it along the cliff, nor could I discern how it held itself there against the mass of rock, on which it seemed to hang like a bird-cage on the wall of a house. But of course it had a sufficiently broad ledge for a resting place.

It rained in the night, and it was still drizzling when our muleteer called us at five in the morning; but a day in this dark and foodless posada was not to be thought of. The landlady made us some beverage which in Spain, as well as in France, is called coffee, — it was six hours too early for milk, — into which we dipped our hard bread; and thus refreshed, after paying our hostess a dollar and forty cents for the pleasure of her society and our stable accommodations, we mounted, and rode down the slippery streets into the valley. We then saw in what a mere eagle's perch the city lay. The clouds soon broke away, hanging in heavy masses about the mountain peaks, and disclosing to us superb views, as we ascended the opposite hill. The road was bad, but the views and the country made amends. Our way all the morning lay through woods, openly planted, — great forests of oak, ilex, and cork. The mountain sides were gay with cistus, a shrub not unlike the oleander in appearance, with large white

single blossoms having yellow stamens, — a show as beautiful as a laurel mountain side in New England in spring. Mingled with it were patches of the yellow gorse and broom, the poet's asphodel, and a hundred wild flowers besides. After a long climb, we emerged upon a large breezy plateau, like an English park, and, crossing this, descended by a steep path into a cultivated valley, and struck a well-graded highway leading into the basin of Ronda.

The muleteers we met on the way, and all the men and women whom we met during our ride, returned our salutation with the uniform phrase, "Va usted con Dios." Literally it is, "Go you with God," and I fancied it had a slightly different signification from "God go with you," or our "God be with you," good-by. For does it not imply that it will be well with you if you go with God, and not otherwise, making your welfare depend upon your free choice?

The great highway was not yet finished, though parts of it were old, as if it had been a long time building, and was not used except for riding. I suppose the road is really in advance of the demands of the people, who seem not yet to have come to the wheel age; they are still in the horse age. We saw no wheeled vehicles in this region till we left Ronda, and then no private carriages; nothing but the diligence and big goods-wagons. Yet this highway is splendidly built, and graded as if for rails. It winds down through a lovely defile, wooded and watered by a clear stream. We jogged easily down for miles, until it emerged and swept down the mountain side in long curves, opening to us the valley, the rocky hill in the centre of the valley on which Ronda stands, and the mountains which hem it in on every side.

It was doubtless up this mountain defile that the shining and confident troops of the wary Bexir and the fierce Hamet

el Zegri took their way that September morning, unconscious of the bloody reception that awaited them on the banks of the Lopera. It was from the cliffs yonder that the marauding scouts looked down and beheld the Moslem army, bearing the standards of the various towns and the pennons of the well-known commanders, clad in velvet and steel, and flaunting their caparisoned steeds and costly armor, stealing up this rocky way, without sound of drum or trumpet, or clash of cymbal. Already the fierce Gomeres of Ronda, curbing their prancing steeds, anticipated the descent into the rich plains of Andalusia, the scene of so many productive forays. Vanished is all this pageantry. Never more will these defiles brighten with a like warlike array. As we move along down the easy grade, the only cavalcade we meet is one of laden donkeys, and instead of a war cry we hear only, *Va usted con Dios*.

The situation of Ronda is vaunted as one of the most picturesque in Europe. It is on the top of a long, sharp-backed mountain, cut off from the mountains around it by a deep valley. The prospect from it is extensive and fine, but its boldness seemed a trifle tame after the region we had passed. The peculiarity of the town is this: that the old Moorish quarter occupies the south end of the hill, and is cut off from the modern town by the Tajo, a gigantic rent in the rock, some two hundred feet wide, and three hundred and fifty feet deep. Across this chasm a noble modern bridge has been thrown. The old town was not only defended by this chasm, but there was no approach to it, up the precipices which surround it, except at the south end of the hill, which was guarded by a strong fort. Before the invention of artillery it was of course impregnable. The portion of the city built on the north part of the hill is higher, and commands the old town.

But no part of the town is now old.

It is all thoroughly modern and uninteresting, and the place is only worth visiting on account of its historical associations and its picturesque situation. There are only two objects that will detain the sight-seer. One is the pretty Alameda and rose garden in the new town, from the parapet of which you look sheer down the precipice of rock, nearly a thousand feet, into the green valley, and off upon the lofty mountain peaks and wild passes to the west. It is a favorite place of promenade for the inhabitants at sunset; and although the day we were there was showery and cold, a number of idle cavaliers in long cloaks—which are still the country fashion in Spain—were pretending to enjoy it, and several priests, in broad-brimmed black hats, were promenading in twos and threes, like devout ravens. The other sight is the Tajo, or chasm. Under the pavement of the bridge itself is a city prison, and by leaning over the parapet the visitor can see the grated window out of which the prisoners look down, as he does, into the abyss. The place would seem to be a secure and cool summer residence. At the bottom of the chasm flows a considerable stream, which rises in the chasm itself, and is used now, as it was in the time of the Moors, to turn several little mills, which nestle under the rocks.

We descended into the Tajo, on both sides of the bridge, and slid about on the slippery stones and amid the city sewage with true antiquarian zeal. We looked at a dirty pool said to have been cut out of the solid rock by Christian slaves in 1342. Above it is a wooden door, opening to a staircase in the rock leading up to the house of the Moorish king, built in 1042. It was by this secret way that the inhabitants procured water when they were besieged. I suppose that it was this source of supply that the Marquis of Cadiz discovered and stopped, when he captured the city, in 1485.

The capture was a surprise. Apprehending no danger to his impregnable perch, old Hamet el Zegri, since the Christians were engaged in the siege of Malaga, had taken his Gomeres for a refreshing turn in Andalusia, and was returning from a satisfactory raid into the rich lands of the Duke of Medina Sidonia. As he came with droves of cattle and flocks of sheep through the Serrania and approached Ronda, he was startled by the roar of artillery. Spurring his horse to an eminence overlooking the plain, he beheld the Christian army encamped about the city, with the royal standard of King Ferdinand displayed, the devoted town enveloped in smoke, and shaken by the incessant discharge of the heavy guns. El Zegri smote his breast, and cried with rage, in vain; in vain he tried to cut his way through the beleaguers with his fierce Gomeres; in vain he kindled watch-fires and summoned the mountaineers. The camp could not be forced, and the siege went on, its handful of warriors defending it with the heroism of desperation. The valiant alcaide was impotent to aid them. "Every thunder of the Christian ordnance," writes Irving, "seemed to batter against his heart. He saw tower after tower tumbling by day, and various parts of the city blazing at night." "They fired not merely stones from their ordnance," says a chronicler of the times, "but likewise great balls of iron, cast in moulds, which demolished everything they struck. They also threw balls of tow, steeped in pitch and oil, and gunpowder, which, when once on fire, were not to be extinguished, and which set the houses in flames. Great was the horror of the inhabitants: they knew not where to fly for refuge; their houses were in a blaze, or shattered by the ordnance; the streets were perilous from the falling ruins or bounding balls, which dashed to pieces everything they encountered. At night the city looked

like a fiery furnace; the cries and the wailings of the women between the thunders of the ordnance reached even to the Moors on the opposite mountains, who answered them by yells of fury and despair."

I can believe all of that except that the women's screams could be heard on the distant mountains. However, Ronda fell, never more to be regained by the Moors, and the chains of the Christian captives, rescued from its dungeons, were hung up on the church of San Juan de los Reyes, in Toledo, where they may be seen to-day. Ronda is reputed a salubrious place, and productive of octogenarians. "The ladies," says the Guide Book, which is worthy to be called a guide to the female beauty of Spain, "are as fresh and ruddy as pippins." We did not see many of these pleasing pippins, but they doubtless all appear in full bloom once a year, at the annual May bull-fights. The bull-ring is an ancient building of stone, and superior in solidity to any other we have seen. The Rondañas pride themselves on their good apples and pears, rosy women, and superior horses, and the fair and bull-fights in the last of May have a more than local celebrity.

The inn-keepers of Spain are ready arithmeticians, and have nothing to learn in the way of their business except how to keep a hotel. In their bills they cleverly unite the European and American systems. They charge a round sum per day, and then embellish the account with ornamental extras; and their method of reckoning time is peculiar. We arrived at the Ronda posada at eleven o'clock one morning, and departed at nine o'clock the next morning. Our bill was made out for a day and a half. Breakfast is not included in "the day."

Ronda's communication with the world is by diligence to the railway at Gobantes, nearly thirty-five miles. A critical assembly of boys, loafers, and

beggars is collected to see the start. The baggage is secured on top; the passengers take their places; we ascend the ladder to our seats in the coupé above the driver's box; the horses are brought out, — two horses, four horses, six horses, eight horses, half of them mules, clad in heavy harness, and all jingling bells; the conductor mounts to his seat, grasps the two reins of the wheel horses, and swings his long whip; the postilion, as the team starts, vaults into the saddle of the near leader without touching the stirrup, a cool lightweight in shirt-sleeves, with a short whip, and a horn slung at his side; the supplementary driver, who also has a short whip, runs beside the team to excite it for the start, and then springs up beside the conductor. We are off; three whips cracking, bells jingling, conductor, postilion, and driver shouting, horn tooting, as we turn the street corners, and away we go at a pace of seven miles an hour over a smooth turnpike, on an exhilarating morning. There are few pleasures in life equal to this.

The gait struck at first is maintained without change, up grade and down grade, through cuttings, round long curves, over the rough stones of newly mended places, — a trot unbroken for an instant during the first stage of twelve miles. The postilion squarely sits his saddle, and directs the team; the conductor swings his long whip occasionally, but rarely utters an ejaculation; the business of the supplementary driver is to do the talking to the team. He talks incessantly, calls the horses by name, shouts peculiar wild cries of encouragement, makes long speeches. The conductor is too dignified a person to waste himself in this gabble; but on an unusual grade, over a newly stoned stretch, the voices of the three drivers are required, and the team is kept up to its slapping pace only by frantic appeals and talk enough to get a bill through Congress.

The road is superbly made. Every three miles there is a white station-house, in which the road-repairers live, with *Peonas Comineros* written over the door. The road-makers are in uniform. Red is a favorite color with them,—red sashes and red facings to their coats. Portions of them are at work all along the line. Other houses besides these stations are not seen. The country, wholly denuded of trees, is broken into rolling, irregular hills, cut with deep ravines, bristling with sharp, rocky peaks. We are always sweeping round curves, circling ravines, ascending long stretches of road, from which we have superb views of distant mountains. The soil is deep red; the hill-tops and ledges seaming the sides are of gray rock; the cultivated spots in high valleys are vivid green: and we get some splendid effects of color, patches of red, green, and gray, mingled in harmony by distance.

At La Cava, a whitewashed little village in a valley, we change horses; nine in the team, this stage. At the posada in one end of the stable we all take coffee, which is as good as you could expect in a stable. We change again at Peñas Rubia, or Red Rock, taking its name from a mountain of red stone that overlooks it. We change again at Teba. Except for these villages, the region we passed through is houseless.

At intervals of five miles along the route we encountered two gendarmes. They always stood in the same attitude, one on each side the road, facing the coach, and presenting arms. We saw them in this position a long distance off. They maintained the same immovable attitude as long as we were in sight. These men belong to the *Guardias civiles*, which is the most remarkable and effective body of police, perhaps, in the world. This guard was organized in 1844, and is composed of 20,000 foot and 5000 horse guards, all picked men, selected from the army and the cadet

college at Madrid, for high character as well as physical perfection. They are tall, well-made, fine-looking fellows, and remarkable for their *esprit de corps*. They wear a picturesque and becoming cocked hat, their uniform is blue, with buff belts and straps, and they carry the Remington rifle. Two of them are stationed in every small town and village, and in barracks on every highway, and squads in every large town. They patrol the roads, meet every train at every station, and perform the duties of police with such effect that robberies are rare and seldom undetected. It is due to this alert, well-disciplined, self-respecting body of men that order and security exist in Spain, and the country is safe for travelers. The body has a weekly periodical of its own; it is governed by minute and severe rules, and is animated by something of the spirit of devotion and knightly pride that characterized the soldiers of Loyola. We had encountered these men all the way from Arcos. We had met couples of them mounted in the most lonesome mountain passes and forests. They were always neat, always civil, always alert. If Southern Italy and Sicily had such a body of guardians, the robbery and brigandage which disgrace people and government would cease.

At two o'clock we dashed into the insignificant little railway station of Gobantes. Our exciting ride was over. The lively postilion approached, hat in hand, for a peseta. The conductor gravely commended us to God. As we ate our lunch in a mean posada, our minds ran back over the region through which we had been whirled, mostly barren, except for the patches of wheat and vetch, now and then a small olive plantation, or a line of slender trees and bushes by some feeble stream. The prevailing impression was of a wide, open, windy sweep of desolate, treeless land. But for four days, at least, we had been in Spain.

Charles Dudley Warner.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

IX.

THE NEW TIME.

EVERY year on Decoration Day thousands of people gather to see the graves of Union soldiers at Pittsburg Landing strewn with flowers, and hear an address by some distinguished orator. The oration is always patriotic in a high, fraternal sense, and is thus conciliatory and practical. It is always listened to with the closest attention by multitudes of the natives of the surrounding country; and the captain told me that he had often seen "rebels and Union men" shedding tears together, under the inspiration of patriotic appeals and memories.

There can be no doubt, I think, that in the hands of suitable men these national cemeteries are centres of patriotic and national influence, and are useful in various ways as means of education for the people around them. They should be properly managed and liberally maintained. It is to be regretted that the government owns so small a piece of ground at Pittsburg Landing; only ten acres, I believe. It would be well if, in all such cases, the government had possession of some territory outside of the cemetery, so as to be able to keep its approaches and walls free from all offensive surroundings, from the close proximity of disagreeable manufactures, and everything of a repulsive character. The time may come when the lack of any ground, or rights, outside of the walls of these cemeteries will be a serious inconvenience to the government, and to its officers having charge of these places, wherever they may be situated, whether in the South or the North.

The old Shiloh church in the woods on the battle-field was demolished soon after the battle, and all its timbers, it is

said, were cut up and carried away as relics of the historic spot. The lumber for a new building was on the ground when I was there, and the building has since been erected. Near this site we found remnants of blue army clothing under the leaves and surface soil, and I was told that such remains were still visible on various parts of the field. The graves of rebel soldiers are everywhere, and as many of them were very shallow, the bones had long been above ground. I saw these at different places in the woods. It is probable that, except when the skulls are visible, the people of the neighborhood suppose these bones to be those of horses. If they knew them to be human bones, they would be likely to re-inter them. In many places the shallow, circular trench made for drainage around a Sibley tent is still to be traced, and mounds of earth, covered with a luxurious growth of briars and shrubs, mark the places of the ghastly heaps which in time of a battle are always formed near the tables of the surgeons. There is a country store near the Landing, and one or two residences besides Captain Doolittle's. That is all. There is no town. At the river side there is no building whatever. Freight landed from the boats on the Tennessee is left on the bank, to lie on the ground till its owner comes and takes it away. There is no wharf, or platform, or structure of any kind at the Landing. When the bank washes away, the steamboat runs out its bridge at another place. Very little land has been cleared in the immediate vicinity, and few changes have been made in the appearance of the adjacent forest since the time of the great battle. In politics the county in which the battle-field is situated was republican by a considerable majority, but the fact seemed to me a little unnatural for some

reason, as the country and the people looked so thoroughly Southern. Most of the men whom I saw in that region were democrats, but I met a few republicans. All were simple, primitive people, and none of them appeared to have any knowledge of matters connected with national politics, or interest in them. I could discover no sign of hostile feeling against the government, or against the people of the North.

TALK AROUND THE TAVERN FIRE.

Between Corinth and the battle-field we drove over miles of the old "army corduroy," which some of my readers doubtless helped to make. In some places it has been covered up in later times; in others it is entirely worn out, but much of it is still there. When I asked for my bill at the hotel in Corinth, and informed the landlord that I was going away in a few hours, he invited me to a seat in the circle around the fire, and requested me to tell the company how I liked the country. We had a very free talk about the South, and the tendencies of the time as I had observed them during my journey. One gentleman asked me what I had seen that Northern people would dislike. "Are not our people friendly enough where you have been, and kind?"

"Oh, yes," I said; "I have usually found them kind. Northern people visiting this region would not accuse you of any sectional hostility, I think."

"Well, what is the matter with us? Tell us how things really look to a Northern man. We know our ways are too easy and slipshod for you, but is that all?"

"We should not like to live where there are so many 'shooting affairs,'" said I. "I am told that there have been three murders here in two years, and that nobody has been punished. One man was shot down in the street in broad daylight. Perhaps some of these gentlemen saw it done."

One man said he heard the shots, and several said it was all true. Some one remarked that we "would n't mind it so much after getting used to it."

"No," said I, "Northern people, or the best of them, will never 'get used' to anything of the kind. We would rather live on an iceberg, or make a new New England under the Arctic Circle, than live in the richest country in the world, where men do not respect the laws. All this practice of shooting and killing is to us vulgar and disgusting and savage, and it will keep Northern men and Northern capital out of any region that tolerates it."

"Well, what would you do?"

"Execute the laws, strictly and impartially, and at whatever cost. Now, gentlemen," I added, "I did not come here to lecture people, but you asked for this."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," several of them replied: "that's all right. I reckon what you say is about the fact, too."

OFF THE TRACK IN THE WOODS.

There were many mishaps on the railroads in consequence of excessive rains and freshets during the winter which I spent in travel in the South, and bridges were carried away, and trains wrecked in many places, just before my arrival or a little after I had passed. But I was fortunate, and had no experience of accident except in one instance, when the train ran off the track at one o'clock in the morning, and we had to wait till daylight. Afterward I heard the negro porter on the train describing the occurrence to some gentlemen who got on farther up the road. They asked him where it happened; and he replied, "Somewhar in de woods 'way down in de Alabam'." When I returned to my place in the car, after going forward to see the engine where it lay helpless in the mud and water, groaning and quivering like a noble living creature in distress, I

thought the prospect rather dreary; but it proved one of the most interesting nights of my journey. When it was announced that we could not go on till daylight, the passengers began to talk. A negro came in, and was recognized by two gentlemen as having in his childhood belonged to some one whom they knew, and they bade him sit down and give an account of himself for the long time that had passed since their last meeting. They were all evidently glad to see each other, and the conversation that ensued evinced reciprocal regard and respect. One gentleman was a merchant from Nashville; the other I understood to be a physician from Mississippi. Both showed good manners, wide information, and much interest in public affairs. They appeared to be business men of high character, energetic and practical. They were democrats; the negro was a republican.

They soon launched broadly into a discussion of the whole question of the character, capabilities, and interests of the negro race in this country, and of the various problems growing out of the relations between the negroes and the white people. There was the utmost courtesy on both sides, but I was astonished at the ability and the boldness of the negro. He seemed to know and remember every political blunder and fault of the party in power in Alabama since its first organization after the war, and every instance of injustice done to the people of his race. Several times the gentlemen thought him in error regarding matters of fact, but he took a ponderous memorandum book out of his pocket, filled with newspaper cuttings, notes, and references, and showed in each case that he knew what he was talking about. For more than two hours there was such an exhibition of argument, wit, apt reply, and incisive repartee as I have rarely heard anywhere. There was great fairness and entire good humor all around. The

two white men were evidently delighted with the ability shown by their antagonist, and when he was too strong for them they "owned up" heartily. He was nearly always too strong for them. He had evidently given most of the points discussed far more attention than they. I have scarcely ever heard his readiness of reply equaled. Both his opponents together were no match for him. As they concluded, he said, "Gentlemen, we give you notice that we intend to have our rights, all that the law gives us, and that we are going to fight for them—not with our hands, but with our mouths and our brains—till we obtain them. Sooner or later we shall have them, and you might as well understand it first as last."

Both gentlemen said, "That's right. We don't blame you. We like your spirit. Of course we would do the same in your place." Then one added, and the other expressed hearty assent and approval, "But I'll be damned if I'll ever sit down to the table with a nigger." The negro laughed, and taunted them with the far more intimate relations which white men frequently form with negro girls. All this talk was open and public. There were no ladies in the car, and the men gathered around to hear. The negro's account of the condition of his own race was very depressing, and he plainly felt that the chief obstacles in the way of their advancement were to be found, not in the opposition or injustice of the white people, but in the low qualities and tendencies of the negroes. He did not seem to be hopeful, but was full of spirit, and was plainly resolved to make a gallant fight for the improvement of his people, whatever the odds against him. In the course of the talk he described his efforts to put down vice and disorder among the colored people in the town where he lived. He had on a certain occasion organized and supervised a picnic for his own people, and when some

vicious colored girls had intruded upon the company, he had forcibly expelled them from the grounds. They made a charge of assault and battery against him, and the affair cost him many hundreds of dollars. He confessed that he had violated the law in kicking and striking those disorderly women, but he had done so in protecting his own wife and daughters from insult and violence.

He thought that disorderly and licentious white men incited the baser class of the negroes to invade and disturb his picnic, and that even the good white people did not give him any sympathy or moral support in his efforts to maintain order and suppress vice among the colored people. Said he, "Gentlemen, you do not care if we are degraded and worthless; but it's bad for you, too, if the negro is a brute." His comprehension of the subtle bonds that unite men in their moral destiny, and make the strong and fortunate in some ways dependent on the fate of the lowly, would have delighted the heart of Carlyle. He said, "There are three hundred and sixty-two lewd colored girls in my town. It's a shame and a curse for *us*. Do you think it's nothin' for *you*?"

This negro seemed a born leader of men. He was fully alive to the faults and weaknesses of the negro character, and appeared to be less hopeful regarding the future of his race in this country than were his white antagonists; but he loves struggle and conflict, and will, no doubt, contend bravely to the end for what he regards as the rights of his people. I had some talk afterward with his friendly opponents. They spoke of him in terms of admiration, and said that he had the reputation of being one of the best public speakers in the State, and they had no doubt it was deserved. Then they added that if a hotel, theatre, or church, or any place of entertainment, amusement, or public resort in the South, should be conducted on the plan of really making no distinction on

account of color or race, no white person of good character would attend it, or support it in any way whatever. This is doubtless true at present, in the main, at least.

CIVIL RIGHTS.

On most of the railroads in the South the negroes were expected and told to take a particular car in each train, and they usually did so; but the rule did not appear to be strictly enforced. (Indeed, I could not see that anything was done *strictly* in the South.) Well-dressed negroes sometimes traveled in the same car with "first-class" white people, ladies and gentlemen; and there were usually some white people, poor whites or working folk, in the negro car. In Norfolk, Virginia, the colored people were directed to a particular gallery or part of the house at all lectures or public entertainments, but I do not think they had been, of late, forcibly prevented from taking seats in the body of the house. In Richmond, Virginia, at the time of my visit to that city, two young colored men bought tickets for a public lecture, and attempted to enter the main audience room. The usher very courteously suggested that they would find seats in the gallery. They objected, and asked, "Do you forbid us to go into the best part of the hall?" "Not at all, gentlemen," he replied; "on the contrary, I call every one present to witness that I do not forbid you to go there. At the same time, I think you would better go into the gallery." Just then the manager of the lecture course came in, and the usher appealed to him. He smiled, and passed the negroes into the principal auditorium, and they took seats at one side and in the rear, where there would be nobody near them.

If there had been a crowd, the manager would not have authorized them to go in; and if the negroes had insisted on seating themselves among the white people, everybody in that part of the hall would have left it. Similar condi-

tions and feelings appeared to prevail everywhere in the South in regard to these matters. There was a universal disposition on the part of the white people to avoid difficulty and conflict with the colored people respecting their civil rights, and the negroes were, in general, not disposed to contend for them. But a few colored men are inclined to insist upon enjoying whatever rightly belongs to them under the law, because they believe that any concessions on the part of the black people, or surrender of their legal rights, would invite and produce new injuries and oppressions. It is likely that some degree of irritation will often result from the attitude of the two races regarding this matter of the civil rights of the negroes.

AMONG THE PEOPLE.

I rode out on horseback, over the mountains from Huntsville, Alabama, a dozen miles or more to see a cotton mill. At one point I saw, near the road, a negro digging a post-hole, while two tall white men directed his operations. I had been told that the negro required supervision, and had thought that something might be said in favor of the theory, but this seemed to be a somewhat extreme application of it. A little farther on a young negro, perhaps twenty years old, crossed the road just in advance of me, with books and slate under his arm, evidently on his way to school. I called to him, and asked him two or three questions designed to eluce whatever knowledge he might possess on points of interest to me. He answered briefly, and then added, "But I hain't got much time fer to stan'." I was astounded, and could scarcely believe that I had heard aright. Everybody that I had seen in the South before had seemed to have unlimited time "fer to stan'," and this fellow's utterance had an explosive and revolutionary sound. If I should hear of anything noticeable being done in that region, I should sus-

pect this boy of having a hand in it. As I rode away, and looked at his energetic movement across the fields, it occurred to me that if I should ever write a book about the destiny of the colored race in this country I should like to dedicate it to the negro who "hain't got much time fer to stan'."

In various parts of the South I found a few negroes who own and cultivate large farms, employing many laborers of their own race. Men of this class are rarely hopeful about their people; they say they "know too much about them to expect any great things." They always employ an overseer, paying him more than the other hands receive. The negroes "will do no good," all such men say, without somebody to oversee them and keep them at work. The overseer is responsible for the amount and character of the work accomplished, and if there is any failure, something is deducted from his pay. The employer either furnishes all supplies for the maintenance of his hands during the season, keeping an account and charging them with whatever they obtain (or "take up," as the phrase is), or he authorizes a merchant in the town to supply them, becoming responsible to the extent of the wages of his men. Then, as I learned everywhere, the laborers try to obtain credit for "all that is coming to them," and a little more. I looked at many of the account books kept by these farmers, the records of their dealings with their workmen. Many of the charges were for things which were absurd and extravagant for the negroes to buy, — costly articles of dress for the women and luxuries for the table. I often asked such employers why they did not give their hands some advice about economy, and the use of their best judgment regarding the selection of things most necessary and useful for them when expending their money; but they always said it would do no good. "Humph! Dey hain't got no judgments." I was in a

country store one morning, when a negro woman came in and asked for a dollar's worth of sugar. The merchant dipped out brown sugar, but the woman objected, and wanted white. The man remonstrated with her for her extravagance, saying that he could not himself afford to use such things as she bought. She was greatly offended, and retorted that such things might "do fuh free niggahs an' low-down white folks. I 'lows my money jes' as good 's Cunnel Gahshom's money." The merchant remarked that she would probably never come to his store again.

The negro farmers said that their hands nearly always "tuck up" their wages faster than they earned them, and they often added such observations as these. "A nigger will buy anything. You could sell any man on my place a steamboat, or an elephant, or a circus band wagon, — anything in the world, — if he had the money." One man, who had a family, and was working for ten dollars per month, "took up" three dollars and eighty cents in a month for whisky. Such extravagance and lack of judgment as to what a laborer's family needs or can afford to buy are very general among the negro laborers.

A NEGRO'S STORY OF "DE KU-KLUK-ERS."

One of these energetic, prosperous negro farmers told me of his experience with the "Ku-Klux." (The negroes all use this as one word, in the plural. Their spelling should be "Ku-Kluks," the singular "Ku-Kluk." They say "Ku-Kluker," — one who Ku-Kluks, and the verb is "Ku-Kluk, Ku-Klakin', Ku-Kluk'd.") He said it was started "to make people behave themselves till they could git some courts, jestices, an' sheriffs, an' sich things, an' to make bad men git up 'n' git. But bad men soon got into it, an' they begun to play the very debble, an' then the dimicrats had to put it down."

"Did the democrats put it down here?" I asked.

"'Course," said he; "the' was nobody else to put anything down. General Blank, an' Judge So-an'-So, an' all them people said it had to be stopped."

"Well, did they ever visit you?"

"Sartin," said he. "I was keepin' a saloon then, right hyar in the aidge o' town, an' one o' the boys done tole me the Ku-Kluks was a comin' to see me. An' I done tole him that if they tried to take anything from me, like they had done some folks, somebody was gwine to git hurt. An' sezee, 'Yer can't shoot a Ku-Kluk, 'cause yo' don' know whar-bouts dey is. Dey's all wrop up, so wide, like ghostses, an' dey's 'bout 'leben feet high, an' yer can't shoot 'em no mo' 'n de debble.' An' I said, 'I's all ready, an' I'll shoot 'em plumb in two in de middle, an' I'll bet yah fo' dollahs an' a half somebody 'll git hurt.'"

"Sho' 'nuff, de nex' night dey comes in, jes' afo' I's gwine to shet up. Dey was wrop up, an' had veils on, an' bairds o' cotton an' hemp, an' all kines o' circus foolin's on; but I knowed 'em every one. De shot-gun was right dar, whe' dey could all seeah [see her], an' when I sot out de glass I says, 'Good-evenin', Mas'r Wittaker. How you do, Mas'r Lowdens? Fo' de Lawd, Mas'r Tom Gipsons, how is you?' Yo' see I knowed 'em, an' dey knowed 'at I knowed 'em; an dey took off deir fixin's an' laughed, an' said I was sharper 'n de debble. Wen dey went out, one man he come back, an' he said I need n't be afraid, — de Ku-Kluks would n't bother me; an' I said, den I would n't bother them. Arterwards dey Ku-Kluk'd one o' my men."

"What did they do to him?" I asked.

"Dey done tuck his bed-close an' cut holes in 'em to put on deir hosses, an' shootin' 'roun', an' skeerin' him like de debble. An' I went an' tole some o' 'em ef 'a was any mo' sech cuttin's up 'roun' hyar, some fool Ku-Kluk was gwine to

git the top ov 'is head blowed off, 'e was!"

In Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and other States, I was told that one great factor in the suppression of the "Ku-Klux outrages" was the deadly effect of the fire of the negroes, with rifle and shot-gun, from their cabins, whenever they were attacked in their homes. It was said that no sympathy was ever expressed when a white man lost his life in such an assault.

HE KILLS A WHITE MAN.

A little later in our conversation, I was surprised to hear an allusion to something that had happened about the time this negro killed a man. "Why, did you ever kill a man?" "I did, shoah," said he. "A white man?" "Shoah." "Well, how was it?" "Dey was two on 'em, brothers, an' dey 'd ben to town, an' was feelin' mighty big; an' comin' 'long hyar, dey seed my boy a plowin' in de fiel'. An' dey stop, an' want to fight, an' try to run over my boy; an' my boy, he run 'bout a mile, down hyar whar I was workin'. An' he run 'roun' my team, an' I said, Le's have peace, an' 'at I wanted my boy to be at work. But dey said dey was a gwine to whip de daylights outen 'im. An' dey both went at 'im, an' I hit one in de head an' knock 'im stiff; an' he stretch out an' shake, like a beef critter. An' my boy, he knocked de udder one down, an' I was gwine to kick 'im, an' he hold up his han's an' say, 'Peace, peace.' An' I say, 'Damn you, why did n't you say peace when I said peace, a while ago? Now there's your brother over thar; he's dead, or a gwine to die.'

"Well, dey 'rested me, an' I was in jail three days, an' it was time o' court, an' all de bes' men in de county say dey would go outen my bon'. But de judge say he will try it now; an dey said I was clar. An' de judge say on de bench dat a man what would n't fight for his own son ort n't be 'lowed

to live. An' de oder brother, he said he would kill me yit, an' de judge said I should be ready for 'im; an' I sent 'im word he'd better be heeled, for if he ever lif' his han' at me I was a gwine to shoot to kill."

This man said, "De niggahs might all have nice little fahms o' deir own, ef dey had n't so much wuthlessness; but de most uv 'em won't do no good. Dey likes to git in debt for mo' 'an dey's wuth, an' den dey lights out, an' whar's yo' niggah?" I asked him why he was a republican. "Well, dey made me a mear I was a chattel; I was no mo' an' dis mule; an' dey made me a man." "Do you like all that the republicans have done since the war?" I asked. "Do' know what dey's done; don' care what dey's done." "Well," I said, "I see there are some negro democrats; what is the reason of that?" "Yes, it's gittin' to be the interest of a good many niggahs to be dimicrats, but I stan's by my principles." He did not intend a pun.

A NEGRO EDITOR.

I found in one of the principal Alabama towns a young negro editor of decided ability, a democrat, who takes the ground that the only way for the negro to secure the advancement of his race is to ally himself with the true leaders of the South; that a party in the South with its leaders in the North is an anomalous and unnatural arrangement, which must lead, as experience has shown, to endless folly and blundering. He said that the republicans mean well, but that they are too far away to understand the negro or what he needs; that the republican party of the South will go to pieces, and that it is best that it should. He appeared to be a hard-working fellow, and his paper had a good circulation. He was principal of a large colored school, and in that field was certainly doing excellent work, whatever we may think of his political teaching.

"DYING OUT."

In some parts of the South I found many people, even among the more intelligent classes, who believed that the negro race was rapidly decreasing in numbers, that it would "eventually run out," and that "the remnant of them" would, in time, leave the country. This appeared to me surprising, judging from what was going on all about them. I met a lawyer in Alabama, who set forth this theory of the speedy decline and extinction of the colored race with great force and fluency. When he had finished, I asked him what he thought of the probable fortunes of the white people who do not like to work; and he thought that they, too, would leave the country. I did not learn what he thought would be the number of inhabitants to each square mile in Alabama after all the negroes had "run out," and all the white people who do not like manual labor had left the State; but it is safe to say that the population would not be excessively dense. None of these people had heard of the revelations of the last census regarding the increase of the negroes, and they regarded the information as astounding and incredible.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF SOCIETY.

One might soon fill volumes with the stories of the war and of the state of things just after its close, which are told everywhere among the common people of the South. In every place which I visited, the inhabitants said that there had been much improvement in the "state of society" in the last eight or ten years, and this is probably true. The assurance gives encouragement regarding the future, but it also inspires the reflection that before the improvement was made the region could not have been a very desirable place of residence. It was common to hear people say, "Things has been a great deal bet-

ter sence Jack Belden an' Con Peters was killed." Then would follow a story of repeated murders and murderous assaults on the part of these men, of crime persisted in for many years, until the whole region was in terror of these desperadoes. At last, on some dark night, a company of men ride up to the house of one of these outlaws, and summon him to "come out." Then there is pleading and resistance on the part of his wife, and some hesitation on the part of the outlaw himself. But it was said—and this seemed to me curious and strange—that the taunt of cowardice is almost always effectual, and the fellow soon resolves to face his besiegers. He selects his best weapons, puts a double charge in a shot-gun, removes his family to the safest part of the room, opens the door, and is at once riddled with balls from a score of guns, which had been carefully aimed so as to cover every part of the doorway, and had been steadily held in that position since before the first summons to the man within. I could not learn whether, in such cases, a man feels the roused instinct of fight, or whether he opens the door because he knows that the end has come, and merely accepts the inevitable.

In some instances, after a story of this kind, people would add, "There's two or three other men hyar that 'll be killed before long, I reckon, an' then this country will be very peaceable." This may be an effective method of improving the moral character of a community, but I should prefer a residence somewhere else, as long as missionary work of this kind appears to be necessary.

IN A WOODLAND PATH.

In a country neighborhood in Mississippi, I was told of an old man who had killed many men; who had usually, indeed, killed anybody who happened seriously to displease him. His favorite weapon was the rifle, his inseparable

companion. At last a man came back to that region, all the way from Texas, with the avowed object of killing this old man, and so avenging a relative who had been one of his many victims. One day, as the old man walked along a path through the woods, his pursuer fired at him from behind a tree. The aim was true, and the victim fell to the ground, shot through the body, but he was not dead. After some time, the man who had shot him put his head out from behind the tree to learn what had been the effect of his bullet. At that moment a rifle ball crashed through his brain. A little later, a neighbor came along the path, and found the Texan quite dead; but the old man, though plainly fatally wounded, was still alive and conscious, but unable to do more than raise himself on one elbow. After he had succeeded in attaining this position, he said, "Could yer roll that durned cuss over hyar, so 's I kin hev a look at him?" This was done, and he gazed at the lifeless body with a contemptuous kind of interest. "Bill Fosdick allus was a fool. I knowed he could n't keep his head behind that tree. I knowed he'd look out arter a while, and then I knowed I'd fetch him. He was allus a durned fool." Then the neighbor took off his coat, and adjusted it under the old fellow's head, and in a few minutes more two dead bodies lay side by side in the woodland path.

MAKING A CALL IN MISSISSIPPI.

When you wish to call at the residence of a neighbor in Mississippi, you do not go to the door and knock, or ring the bell, as is usual in most places in the North. That would not be a safe or comfortable undertaking. You proceed, usually on horseback, to the "yard fence" in front of the house, and shout, "Halloo!" You are answered at once by a chorus of dogs, which come leaping down the yard toward you like wild beasts hungry for their prey. As you

contemplate their enormous size, their number, and their evident ferocity, you congratulate yourself on being on horseback. About the time when you begin to wonder whether you will long be safe even in that position, the man of the house comes to the door, and calls out, "Good-morning! Won't ye 'light?" You mentally answer, "Not just yet;" and your host walks down the path toward you, making remarks about the weather or some such familiar topic as he comes along. When he reaches the gate he says, imperatively, "Well, 'light!" As the dogs are by this time slowly retiring, looking disappointed, but resigned (as if saying to themselves, "Better luck some time; we shall eat him yet"), you alight, and you were not expected to do so at any earlier stage of the proceedings.

The host now says, "Come in!" and you walk slowly up the path together, conversing as you go. Having arrived at the porch, or "gallery," as it is called in the Southwest, he says again, "Come in!" But you do not go in. It would be ill-bred to enter at once. So you linger on the gallery, still conversing for a minute or two, and your friend repeats, imperatively this time, "Well, come in!" and then you go in. "In the old times," as the Southern phrase is, to have gone at once to a planter's door, without calling from the outside of the yard, and receiving an invitation from within the house, would have been regarded as evidence of unlawful or hostile intentions, especially in the evening, and would have exposed the visitor to the chance of a greeting from a shotgun. At present the dogs are usually, I suppose, the chief source of danger.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

In Copiah County, Mississippi, I was shown the place where a man was *not* hanged, who, nevertheless, seems to have come very near experiencing that fate. He was a noted horse-thief, and was at

last captured by a company of indignant farmers, who had found some of their own horses tied up in the woods, and had remained in ambush near by until the thief came back to dispose of his booty. The whole country-side was soon informed of the arrest, and the men assembled with rifles and shot-guns to see the prisoner, and to decide or learn what was to be done with him. It was determined, after due deliberation, that he should be hanged, then and there. A rope was accordingly procured; one end was fastened to a convenient limb, and the other made into a noose, which was adjusted around the prisoner's neck. He was mounted upon a mule, and a man was selected who was to act as executioner by leading the animal away from the tree, thus leaving the culprit dangling in the air. Apparently his last moment had come, and he had too much good sense to ask for his life.

But his captors were nearly all religious men, members of the Christian churches of the neighborhood; and at this juncture one of the leaders suggested that, as it was a very solemn thing to send a human soul into eternity, especially if in an unprepared condition, as was most likely the case in this instance, he thought they ought to engage in prayer before hanging the man. To this all assented, and the man who had proposed devotional exercises was appointed to "lead in prayer." He did so, and made a most feeling and fervent plea for divine mercy for the sinner who was just about to appear in the presence of the Most High, with all his crimes upon his head. The company was deeply impressed; many were even moved to tears. But the prayer came to an end, the tear-bedewed eyes were dried, and "the exercises of the occasion" were about to be completed according to the programme, when the man who had held the mule by the bridle declared that he did not feel willing to discharge the duty which had been assigned to

him. "Somebody else do it; I don't want to have nothin' to do with hangin' him," said he; and his feeling was found to be the unanimous sentiment of the whole party. The result was that the prisoner was delivered to the sheriff, and was soon afterward tried by due course of law in the proper court, and sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary. I think he should have been ever afterward an earnest believer in the efficacy of prayer.

It was suggested by some persons who were not present at the time that the motion for a prayer was intended as a means of rescuing the prisoner from the fate so evidently impending; but after the story was told to me, I dined at his own house with the man who made the prayer. We talked very freely, and I came to the conclusion that, on the occasion described, his course had been simple and natural, and that he had not foreseen its effect, either upon his own feelings or upon those of his neighbors.

In Kemper County, Mississippi, I talked with several persons about "the Chisholm tragedy." One was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. All said nearly the same things. So much has been printed about this affair that I do not think it necessary for me, at this late date, to say anything about it. Everybody expressed great regret that "the girl," was killed. "She was a mighty brave girl," "She had pluck, I tell *you*," were common expressions. The minister said, "Both men [Judge Chisholm and his antagonist, Gully] was designin' men." This term, "a designing man," means in that region a treacherous man, a plotter, one who will deliberately plan the murder of an opponent; and this was what the people there said of both these men. "It's wrong to do such things," the minister said, "and it was a pity it happened; but it has been a benefit to this part of the country that both of 'em

was killed. There would n't have ever been any peace with 'em. Both of 'em was designin' men." There was evidently a kind of "blood-madness" in parts of the South for some time after the war, — a rage for killing. Of course it did not affect everybody, but it was an important psychological phenomenon, marked and frequent enough to affect Southern society, and to exert some influence on national life and thought.

MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

In the Southwest, the people still talk with indignation of the measure exempting from military duty in the service of the Confederacy all owners of large numbers of slaves. "The people said then that this was the rich man's war, and the poor man's fight." As soon as its adoption became known to the rank and file, they began to desert by hundreds and thousands. I explored a region of "the Great Pine Woods," in Southern Mississippi, which was held, so the people said, during the last year of the war, by large bodies of deserters from the Confederate army, who kept their arms and equipments, maintained their military organization, and successfully defied the officers and forces sent to arrest and return them to service in the field. I was shown a tree on which several deserters were hanged because they persisted in their refusal to return to the army, and declared that they preferred death to any further experience of a soldier's life. Many of these were, so their neighbors say, taken at their word, and swung up at once. One man, who was about to be hanged on this tree, asked for water, as he stood with the rope around his neck, and just as the order was about to be given to hoist him away. The water was brought him in a gourd, and then he begged that, as his last privilege, his hands, which were pinioned behind him, might be

loosed, and that he might thus be able to drink once more holding the cup in his own hands. His request was granted; but as he drank he suddenly clutched at the noose, threw it from his shoulders, and bounded away through the woods "like a good fellow," as my informant expressed it, effecting his escape.

There is no end to the stories of the war, and of the first five or six years after its close, which are told everywhere in the South, but there must be an end to my writing of them. There is a rich field here for writers who will not invent their narratives, but will truthfully record what they hear; valuing the simple facts for their own sake, and not as a basis or skeleton for stupid love stories. A vast amount of rich material for history and for the illustration of history will soon perish and be lost forever, unless somebody has the patience to live and talk with the common people of the South, and transcribe their accounts of what they have seen and known. The impartial study of the war, and of the conditions and activities of the decade after its close, from the point of view and experience of the "poor whites" of the South and of the black people, would open great stores of interesting and valuable information, which can never be made accessible in any other way. Our national history for that time can never be truthfully or adequately written without it. The classes mentioned are inarticulate, as they have always been. None of their number will ever make any record of what they saw and thought and felt during those pregnant years; but if the story could be written out for them, while that is still possible, it would be worth far more than the special pleading of the leader who has been "the head of many a felon plot, but never yet the arm," and whom the common people of the South obeyed, but never trusted.

UNDER THE SKY.

IN the ancient poets the supreme deity is often put for the sky, the recognized empire of that deity. "Behold the glowing vault sublime, that all call Jove!" sings one of these early bards; another makes use of such phrases as "sub Jove frigido," and "malus Jupiter:" from all which we gather that there was not only a fair-weather Jove, but a foul-weather Jove, a rainy Jupiter and an arid Jupiter; besides, a cloud-driver and a lightener; in every phase of the weather, a god present and regnant. Somehow, in all ages, spiritual heaven has been confusedly associated with the physical heavens. That intuitive religion fixes the home of the Supreme and the Unknown in regions far supramundane is shown in the natural ritual of the eyes and hands in prayer. There was a fine and high symbolism expressed in the architecture of the old hypæthral temples, built as they were without roof, and open to the light and breath of heaven, to the storm as well as to the serene azure. Who could not have worshiped there without compromise to his faith? And yet such a temple would hardly have been hypæthral enough for our devouter moments; nothing less than all out-of-doors would have satisfied.

Would you for a while shut out the earth and fill your eye with the heavens, lie down, some summer day, on the great mother's lap, with a soft grass pillow under your head; then look around and above you, and see how slight, apparently, is your terrestrial environment, how foreshortened has become the foreground, — only a few nodding bents of blossomed grass, a spray of clover with a bumble-bee probing for honey, and in the distance, perhaps, the billowy outline of the diminished woods. What else you see is the blue of heaven ill-

itably stretched above and around you. You seem to be lying, not so much on the surface of earth as at the bottom of the sky. Under this still, transparent sea, "deeper than did ever plummet sound," your own thoughts and imaginings have become a treasure trove of inestimable wealth and rarity. You do not care to move, lest in so doing you break the deep sky charm, and your treasure-trove vanish. An interval of sky-gazing might well be recommended as a palliative in exaggerated cases of irritability. Let the patient bathe his fevered or lacerated soul in the third and highest heaven, and see what oblivious comfort he will experience. No individual grievance, crying lustily at the earth's surface, but if it turn its face upward, the serenity of heaven will smile it out of countenance, and send it away shrunk and abashed. A child once assured me that "blue eyes come from looking at the sky a great deal, — until your eyes get full of the sky." Few are the blue-eyed people who are so from much visual communion with the open heavens.

We can scarcely believe that any mortal lives under fairer skies than ours. On the Atlantic coast they cannot see more orient sunrises, or on the Pacific sunsets more occidental. Nowhere else does the winter zenith, untracked by the low sun, show a wilder and lovelier depth of azure. We might have had a satiety of fair-weather skies, if there had not been interspersed with these a thrilling variety of inclement skies. Nowhere else have been seen sublimer confusions of storm-clouds cut by more trenchant and beautiful lightnings. If we do not live on the sea-coast, we are at least admirably situated on the sky coast. The airy and the azure sea everywhere flows in. Projecting into it, the

mountains may be reckoned as bold headlands and promontories, on which the cloud armadas drive and go to pieces; the hills are gently curving capes, and all hollow intervals are the gulfs, bays, and inlets of heaven. All is sky coast; no inland, unless it be *in earth*, — the mine and the cavern. Entering the latter, with a lighted torch in hand, you are likely to discover in the roof an illusory heaven, a crystal-studded counterfeit of night and the stars.

Each season — it might almost be said each month — has its peculiar sky-and-cloud scene. The time of year is kept in the heavens as well as upon the earth. These shifting, semi-lucent, many-tinted clouds (pale rose, amber, lilac, and even greenish) belong unmistakably to the skies of April. There we read tender and delicate prophecy of the earliest flowers, arbutus, anemone, cress, and violet, and the light cold leafage with which they are mingled in forest ways. The June sky shows the least admixture of red. Is it not possible that the common atmosphere has become so diaphanous that we look through it into very ether? How quickly the clouds dissolve in it, even as flakes of snow dissolve in some still and dark mountain spring! Those vanishing flecks and films of white give fitting body to the poet's dream of

"Spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love, but live no more."

After the month of June the atmosphere loses much of its marvelous purity and transparency. It is another sky which bends over the shorn and sheaved fields than that which hung above green meadows and grain-fields in fragrant blossom. In July, the noon heavens are a realization of white heat. If there is ripeness in the fields of earth, there is also ripeness in the fields of air; the opulence of harvest is matched by rich, warm, and tremulous skies, by sunsets more lavish in pageantry. At night

the moon rolls up her disk, large and fervid, as though rising from regions of perpetual summer midday. The skies of autumn, when not veiled in mist, and when foiled by the crimsons, russets, and yellows of the frost-bitten woodlands, show a deeper and intenser blue than the skies of June. Deeper still are those glimpses of blue seen through ragged cracks in the dun and gray clouds of midwinter; narrow and devious rivers they seem, lost among nebulous gorges and cañons. I remember a wild sky at the breaking up of winter, in which the clouds lay in serried masses of uniform curve and shading; the whole heavens, thus masked, presenting the appearance of a "chopped sea" whose waves were held in frozen abeyance. Sometimes, the cloud-work of the winter sky suggests medallions of ivory or agate carved upon lapis lazuli, so vivid is the contrast between cloud and sky.

No weather observations are so likely to be casually and carelessly made as those which refer to the sky. The chronicler of a perfect day usually begins with the specification that "there was not a cloud to be seen;" but it is highly probable that, if he had searched the horizon, he would have detected some nebulous straw sufficient to show the drift of the wind. Sometimes there will be formed in the upper regions of the sky a thin, unobvious scarf of vapor, not unlike the magnified texture of crape, or the finest and softest rolls of wool.

The clouds of night take the posture of rest, stretching themselves out along the horizon, as though to make earth their couch. The clouds of the daytime are rolling and augmentative, erecting themselves in dome-like masses. A favorite harborage for the great cumulus fleets is just above the southeastern horizon. There they remain half a sultry summer day, often threatening with harmless lightning flashes the rain

which does not come. These clouds are full of pictorial and sculptural suggestion. There may be seen the plump cherubs in which the old masters delighted, the confused tumblings of Phaethon and his horses, or the gods and heroes of the Elgin marbles in all their mutilated and pathetic grandeur. We see in the clouds whatever our own imagination, or that of another, bids us see; some new semblance unfolding itself with every alteration of the vapory outline. "Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?" "By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed." "Methinks it is like a weasel." "It is backed like a weasel." "Or like a whale?" "Very like a whale." Ten to one, the eye of old Polonius sympathetically verified the successive images suggested by the skipping fancy of Hamlet.

The sailor, of necessity, has a more intimate acquaintance than the landsman with the physical signs of heaven. How shall he be advised of approaching danger if not by reading the bulletins of the sky and the clouds? On the barren plain around him are no trees to hint of rain by showing the white under side of their leaves; no barometrical flowers, like the dandelion and chickweed, to give warning with their quick-closing eyelids. The mariner may be presumed to know the tonnage of every cloud sighted on the upper deep, whether the cargo be wind, rain, or rattling hail. The complexion of the cloud also advises him of its friendliness or its hostility, just as the colors run up on the mast of a passing vessel would indicate the home port and nationality of the crew. The sailor may well keep a keen outlook on the sky and its forces of cloud: he sails the sea, but he sails *by* the heavens. The great element, in whose mercy he directly lies, is itself at the mercy of a wider and more potential element; for the sea, vast body of inanity as it is, is incapable of injury

except at the instigation of Euroclydon and his fellows. "There comes that gang again," a veteran admiral was in the habit of saying when the winds rose, and a great storm was upon his track.

It is seldom that with high winds we have a bright and cloudless sky. The wind does not hunt for nothing. Sometimes it seems to be routing and dispersing the clouds for no other purpose than to accomplish their fright and discomfiture; to compare great things with small, it takes them in its teeth, and gives them the terrier grip, shaking and tearing them into a thousand tatters. Other times, with what one might imagine a herding instinct, it gently but forcibly drives together the stragglers from all quarters of the sky, collecting them in close ranks along the horizon. Then, often, we see

"The cloudy rack slow journeying in the west,
Like herded elephants."

Science has been charged with many deeds of vandalism and desecration. "There was an awful rainbow once in heaven," the poet tells us; but in the next line we learn that its strands have been unbraided, and that now it is mentioned "in the dull catalogue of common things." The last time the rainbow showed herself in our heavens, I was satisfied that science might be acquitted; that nothing had ever been subtracted from the mysterious and unsearchable beauty of the seven-tinted arch. Old as the flood, it is the same brilliant new wonder to us as to the children of Noah. If they construed it for a promise, we may interpret it as a record. Hanging aloft is the palette with the ranged and graded colors which were used in the painting of the world: lowest in order, the red and the yellow of the adust and tawny sands and of the earth's volcanic heart-fires; next, the green, from which were laid on the drapery tints worn by the fields, the woods, and the rocky shoulders of the hills; last of all, the blue and cool amethystine shades of the

distant ocean, the high and airy mountains, and the sky itself. Though reserved as the pendant of the summer rain-cloud, we not infrequently see, in other phases of the weather, fugitive gleams and traces of the messenger sprite. In winter, a bank of clouds will often be overshot with a flickering iridescence, whence the "mother o' pearl flocks" that some one has so aptly noted. Lunar halos and those spectral appearances observed near the sun (familiarily spoken of as "sun dogs") all wear, in some degree, the livery of the rainbow.

While we traverse the sky in vision and fancy only, we are aware that more practical voyagers are abroad. Yonder hawk, floating about like a pennon detached from the staff, seems to keep aloft not so much by his own exertions as by his being lighter than the element in which he moves. Raptorial and cruel as he is known to be, he still embodies, as no other winged creature can, the serene vitality and elasticity of the air. If not the bird of Jove, he must belong to some of the Immortals. Is not a bird amphibious, a creature of two lives, one upon the earth and another in the sky? Its nidification in the tree-top or on the crag, on the very hem or fringe of the earth, bespeaks it more an aerial than a terrestrial citizen. The finding of a dead bird is always, to me, some-

thing of a surprise and painful shock. It had wings; then why did it not get safely out of the way of mortal calamity? I should like to credit that old myth of the phoenix and its fiery rejuvenation. A bird should not die, but be translated: the eagle to the storm cloud, the brilliant tanager and oriole to the flame of the evening sky, and the bluebird to its native cerulean.

At sunrise and sunset, the imagination becomes more venturous. The horizon gates being open for the passage of the sun, it slips through, steals his skiff, and sets sail for the shores of fable. Does the sun go down, great-sphered and cloudless, through a field of clear gold, imagination pursues, and sees him traversing the Pacific, lighting to-morrow as he goes.

Here sunset; sunrise on Cathayan strand; . . .
And now, day springs to Himalaya's crest; . . .
Now, wakes the lotus on old Nilus' breast:
Yon orbèd portal opes on Morning Land, —
The East beyond the West!

From what point of view do we observe that the sun goes *under* the cloud? Strange inversion of fact! With our heads to the nadir, our feet to the zenith, there would be pertinence in such an observation. It is some cheer to know that, in spite of our topsy-turvy notions of cosmos, the sun never does go under, but always over, the clouds. We alone are under the clouds, — "under the weather."

Edith M. Thomas.

TAPESTRIES.

I.

Cleopatra after Actium.

CROUCHED low, at bay; her vesture rent apart;
Ungirt the fair false breast where Antony lay,
Lord over half the world but yesterday;
Her bloodless fingers twined above her heart;

Her tawny hair athwart her brows, — a net
 Wherein no more shall souls be snared or slain;
 Her cheeks like pale blush-roses after rain;
 Her cruel lips, like marble, carved and set;

And gray wan eyes, forgetful of their guile,
 As through the tangled fringes of their lids,
 Lost in some dream of palms and pyramids,
 They spy, at last, the hooded worm of Nile.

II.

The Headsman.

THE white-faced priest, thrust back by brawny hands,
 Gasps forth, unheard, the remnant of his prayer,
 With lifted crucifix. The wistful air
 Tugs at her shroud-like mantle, where she stands.

Her eyes, which dare not look, for utter fear,
 Are bent upon her bruised, unsandaled feet;
 Almost her waiting heart forgets to beat.
 Then, without voice, or tread to fright the ear,

O'er the strewn sand begins to glide and run
 A shadow, nameless, stealthy, swift, — forecast
 By that advancing shape, most dread, and last
 That e'er shall come betwixt her and the sun.

III.

Salome.

Brown folded arms; sleek shoulders, brown and bare;
 And bare her lissome ankles, brown and slim;
 Her swart brows lowered, and her eyes made dim
 Beneath the cloudy ambush of her hair;

Scarlet her tunic, and in threefold strand
 Gold lustrous serpents coiled on wrist and throat:
 Thus, before Herod, — whose dull eyeballs gloat
 On her lithe beauty, whilst, on either hand,

His bearded lords stretch eager necks to see, —
 In the cool dusk of awnings that uplift
 To show far palm-trees through a shining rift,
 Bows low the dancing maid of Galilee.

William Young.

BEAUMARCHAIS.

AT a brilliant *fête* given by the city of Paris to the first Napoleon, the emperor suddenly paused, in his progress through the gay crowd, in front of a pretty woman with an animated, eager face, and asked her name. Her answer was simply this: "I am the daughter of Beaumarchais." Have we any idea of the just pride with which those words were uttered, or can we feel how much they meant to him who heard them? It may answer for the world at large to remember only that Beaumarchais was the author of the Barber of Seville, and the witty defendant in some famous lawsuits; but students of our early history are aware of his claims to the grateful remembrance of American citizens, ignored and controverted though those claims have been.

The only boy in a family of six children, Pierre Augustin Caron, better known as Beaumarchais, was born in Paris in 1732, the year of Washington's birth. Undreamed of then, it is rarely recalled now, that the one was to supplement the other; that the opportune, sorely needed succor sent by Beaumarchais from France for our brave men at Valley Forge cheered the sinking heart of the great general in that darkest hour before dawn. Beaumarchais died convinced that we were utterly ungrateful. Is it true, and if true can we afford to remain so?

That was a humble home in the Rue St. Denis, where the watchmaker, his father, dwelt; but hardly in our own favored land could one be found more affectionate, more cultivated, or more refined in its atmosphere. There were five sisters to pet and admire the only brother among them, and at fifteen Pierre would seem to have been a lively, spoiled child, devoted to music, in which he excelled, and fond of playing

pranks and writing verses instead of working steadily at his father's trade, to which he was apprenticed. Music, indeed, must have been a family gift. All the children played on one or more instruments, and composed accompaniments to the little songs which they wrote on various festive occasions; for there was evidently a great deal of fun and fondness, as well as accomplishment and cultivation, in this watchmaker's home. One sister, Julia, understood Italian and Spanish well, and enjoyed the writings of Young and Richardson. Her letters are very graceful and lively, and she became in later life an author. Like her brother, however, her character is more remarkable than her writings.

The father was of good Huguenot stock, but had signed his public recantation before Pierre was born. It must be remembered that he could not otherwise have established himself in business in Paris, such was the prevalent intolerance even in those days of indifference and skepticism. When his son was hardly eighteen, his father turned him out-of-doors for idleness and dissipation; keeping an eye upon him all the time, however, and conspiring with some friends who went to the rescue of the boy. The following letter, in which the father consents to the return of the contrite prodigal, throws some light on the relation between parents and children in those days:—

"Your great misfortune consists in my having lost all confidence in you. Nevertheless, the esteem and friendship which I feel for the excellent people who have befriended you, and the gratitude I owe them for their kindness, induce me to consent to your return, persuaded though I am that there is hardly any chance that you will keep your word. These are my conditions: (1.) That you

shall make, sell, or cause to be made or sold absolutely nothing, except for me alone. You shall not sell even an old watch-key without rendering an account of it to me. (2.) You must get up in summer at six, and in winter at seven. You must work cheerfully till supper-time at anything I give you to do. I mean that you shall employ the ability God has given you to become famous in your profession. Remember that it is shameful and disgraceful not to excel, and that if you do not become eminent you forfeit my respect; for the love of such a noble art should penetrate your heart, and fill your mind to the exclusion of all other interests. (3.) You must not go out any more to supper, or stay away from home of an evening; but you may dine with your friends on Sundays and holidays, on condition, however, that I know where you go, and that you always come back before nine o'clock. (4.) You must give up entirely your *miserable music*, and, above all, the society of other young men. Both these things have brought you to ruin. Nevertheless, through regard to your weakness, I allow you to play on the flute and violin; but only on the express condition that it shall be in the evening on week days, and at such times and places, moreover, as shall not interfere with our neighbors' rest, or my own either."

The boy promised to obey, and faithfully kept his word. From this time he never seems to have forfeited his father's esteem or affection; on the contrary, he became the pride and joy of his life. Two years after, he invented a tiny escapement for watches, but was robbed of all honor and profit for the time being by the dishonesty of a well-known watchmaker of the city, in whom he had with pride confided, and who appropriated the invention. The lad prosecuted him, however, and finally triumphed. The suit had attracted attention, and soon after he was appointed

watchmaker to the king. Then he made a watch with the new escapement as a present for Madame Pompadour, who wore it in a ring on her finger. Such watches became the fashion, and orders flowed in from all the courtiers and those who mimicked their ways. Among these customers came a lady whose husband, considerably older than herself, held a place in the king's household. Enchanted with the young man's appearance and manners, she cultivated his acquaintance, put him in the way of buying her husband's place at court, when he gave it up, soon afterwards, and, on the old man's death, married the handsome young watchmaker. From a small estate in her possession he now assumed the name of Beaumarchais, which he shared at once with his favorite sister, Julia. He became also, about this time, secretary to his majesty, — rather a sinecure, one would think, in this part of the reign of Louis XV., — and soon made himself indispensable to the princesses, those four royal ladies whose pious, retired life, in the centre of the gay, licentious court of their father, presented such a striking contrast to their surroundings. Beaumarchais taught them to play on everything, from a trombone to a jew's-harp; procured them all the instruments they wanted; organized and presided at the weekly entertainments they gave their father, — concerts attended by the queen, the dauphin, and all the best part of the court. The thoughtlessness of the princesses in money matters, or their inability to pay for the instruments he bought for their use, was an endless source of embarrassment to their *protégé*, whose means were far from unlimited. However, he was making his way. The dauphin liked the young man, and said once, "Beaumarchais is the only person who speaks the truth to me." After his untimely death, no doubt this partiality was an additional passport to his sisters' favor.

The story of the watch has been often told, but may bear repetition. One day a young noble stopped Beaumarchais, as, all arrayed in his court suit, he was passing through the palace corridor, on his way to give a lesson to his royal pupils, and asked him, with mock gravity, to examine his watch, and see what was the matter with it. A group of youthful aristocrats at once drew near to enjoy the sport. "I should not advise you to trust it in my hands," said the young aspirant. "I have grown very awkward." His tormentor insisting, with profuse compliments, much to the amusement of his friends, Beaumarchais lifted the watch up to the light, as if to look closely at it, and then dropped it deliberately on the ground, so that it was crushed by the fall. Turning on his heel, saying, "I told you I had grown very awkward," he left the disconcerted courtier to pick up the pieces himself. Then he fought a duel, and killed another young nobleman, who had insulted him, but was too generous to reveal the name of his adversary before he died of his wounds.

He now persuaded his father, perhaps on account of all this trouble, to close his shop, and take up his abode with him. The old man did so reluctantly, but never seems to have repented of his acquiescence.

Through his influence with the king's daughters, he ingratiated himself with an old speculator and financier, Paris Duverny, who had helped Voltaire to make his fortune, and was ready to do the same for young Beaumarchais. They entered into partnership, made extensive business arrangements, and set on foot many projects, almost always with a view to public benefit as well as private profit.

Meantime, two of Beaumarchais's sisters had gone to Madrid, where one married an architect, and the younger became affianced to a literary man in favor at the Spanish court. Twice, when the

wedding-day had been fixed and all preparations completed, the bridegroom had not been forthcoming, and the second time he failed to appear the young girl was made alarmingly ill by distress and mortification. Learning this, her brother first assured himself that she was in no wise to blame, and then departed post haste for Madrid, sought an interview with the faithless lover, and, on his refusing satisfaction, left no stone unturned till he had procured his public disgrace and summary dismissal. Goethe has made this story the subject of a play entitled *Clavigo*, in which he introduces Beaumarchais as "the avenger." Our hero remained a year in Madrid, where he made many friends, came into high favor at court, and contracted an intimacy with Lord Rochford, the English ambassador. Here again his "miserable music" made the bond of sympathy and contributed to his advancement.

He proposed at this time to colonize the Sierra Morena, to take the place of commissary-general of the king's army, and also, I regret to say, obtained a monopoly for supplying the Spanish West India Islands with negroes direct from Africa. This project, however, seems ultimately to have been abandoned. His next step was to purchase a new place at court, that of *lieutenant général des chasses*, or superintendent of the king's hunting grounds. This office involved the exercise of judicial functions, and now we find him invested with robes of state, holding court every week at the Palais de Justice.

He had lost his wife about a year after their marriage, and on his return from Spain there had been a projected union with a certain fair West Indian ward, in whom he was greatly interested, and who had become an inmate of his family. But this affair never culminated, and Beaumarchais soon married another widow, beautiful, brilliant, and very rich. She died in three years, and their little son did not long survive her.

At this time he first appeared in the character of a dramatic author. His two plays, *Eugénie* and *Les Deux Amis* met with no great success, and added nothing to his reputation; they were of the sentimental, serious character then in vogue, and are now forgotten. The most conspicuous part he then played was that of a wood merchant. In partnership with M. Paris Duverny he had bought the great forest of Chinon, and they were engaged in this business on a large scale, when M. Duverny died, and their accounts remained unsettled. Unfortunately, a nephew of the old financier, the Comte de la Blache, an avowed enemy of Beaumarchais, was appointed executor and residuary legatee. All Beaumarchais's claims against the estate were contested, litigation ensued, and, when the first decision was rendered against him, the count appealed to a higher court, in which a commoner would necessarily contend at great disadvantage with a member of the aristocracy. The refusal to accept Beaumarchais's statements involved an accusation of forgery, and while this important suit remained undecided a great scandal occurred. A brutal, stalwart nobleman, the Duc de Chaulnes, had become jealous of the favor shown Beaumarchais by a young actress whom the duke had taken under his protection. She appears to have been frightened by the nobleman's violence, and he attributed her changed manner to the successful rivalry of our hero, challenged him to fight a duel, and, while they were waiting for their seconds, made an assault upon him in his own house, literally with tooth and nail. The police was obliged to interfere, and both parties were arrested. The duke was sent to Vincennes, and Beaumarchais to a less distinguished place of confinement, where he remained a long time, to the great detriment of his lawsuit.

The staunch old Parliament of Paris had been exiled, and was now replaced

by the servile assembly called, from its creator, the Maupeou Parliament. It shows the frivolous mood of those days that, when one of the members of this assembly complained to Maurepas that they could not show themselves in the streets without being insulted by the populace, the minister replied, "Wear dominos, then, and they will not know you." To a member of this discredited and most discreditable body was referred the suit brought by the Comte de la Blache against Beaumarchais. It was a serious matter, affecting his character no less than his property. Beaumarchais received permission to leave his place of confinement, attended by a jailer, in order to solicit his judges, as was customary. But he failed in his repeated attempts to see the counselor Goëzman, whom he had reason to believe prejudiced against him by persistent endeavors, made by friends of La Blache and the Duke de Chaulnes, to blacken his character. They had published and widely disseminated most atrocious libels and unfounded accusations against him; among others, that of poisoning his two wives. In this dilemma, unable to obtain an audience, it was suggested that a handsome present made to Madame Goëzman, wife of the counselor, might gain him admission to the husband's presence. The experiment was tried, and it succeeded, though the interview was unsatisfactory, and the decision, when rendered, proved to be adverse. It had been agreed that if the suit were decided against him the lady should return the money given her; and she did so, all but a small sum, fifteen louis, said to be retained as a compensation to the great man's secretary. Beaumarchais discovered that this individual had never received the money, and he immediately wrote to Madame Goëzman, indignantly demanding restitution. Probably having spent the money, she complained to her husband; and he, possibly misinformed in regard to the

details of the affair, prosecuted Beaumarchais at once for false accusation and endeavor to corrupt a magistrate in the exercise of his judicial functions. Publicity in legal affairs was then unknown in France, such cases always being tried with closed doors, and Beaumarchais knew that Goëzman could thus bid him defiance with perfect impunity in the Maupeou Parliament. In this extremity, on the brink of financial ruin, his property attached for the debt to the Duverny estate, his hands tied, and his character defamed by libels industriously circulated, he had the genius to perceive that his only salvation lay in dealing a deadly blow at the infamous power, the assembly, which had pronounced one verdict against him, and most likely would hasten to confirm it by another. There was a great risk to be run; for the king himself would be indirectly assaulted in the persons of these members, his subservient tools; but what else could be done? No one could be found to undertake his case, so he became his own advocate, and proved a most able one. In polite European society, for the next seven months, his brilliant defense of himself and his scathing assaults of his enemies were the staple topics of conversation and an unfailing source of amusement.

Voltaire, Horace Walpole, and Goethe have all recorded their delight in these Memorials. The gay young dauphiness, Marie Antoinette, enjoyed them extremely, and named the bunch of plumes that crowned her head-dress from a jest in one of his dramatic reports of the proceedings. These witty appeals to public opinion, in which he knew "how to merge his private grievances in the public wrongs," and to hold up for merciless ridicule a deservedly despised tribunal, introduced publicity in legal affairs and made certain the downfall of the hated Parliament. It was not, however, legally abolished till 1774. A wit of the day said, "It took Louis Quinze to es-

tablish, and *quinze louis* to overthrow, the Maupeou Parliament." At the end of a seven months' contest with a private individual, this notorious body signed its own death-warrant by condemning both Beaumarchais and the counselor Goëzman to "public censure." They were declared to have forfeited their civil rights, and the famous Memorials were ordered to be burned by the public executioner. When the verdict was made known it became the signal for a perfect ovation. All people of distinction in Paris flocked to the house of Beaumarchais, and vied in doing him honor. Led by the Prince de Conti, the world of fashion waited on the condemned criminal, and he was entitled "the first citizen of France," from a well-known passage in his Memorials, in which he says, "I am a citizen, and I mean by that neither a courtier, an abbé, a man of rank, a financier, or a favorite. I am a citizen; that is to say, what you should have been for the last two hundred years,—what you may be, perhaps, in twenty years to come."

One statesman at this time laughingly warned him that it was not enough to have been sentenced by the Maupeou Parliament; he must try and bear his honors meekly.

The keen satire, fun, and graphic descriptions of these Memorials have secured for them a permanent place in French literature. All the scenes in which he introduces Madame Goëzman are particularly comic. She was a frivolous, pretty woman, whose head was turned by a compliment, and who became hopelessly bewildered in her statements. She shows in her conduct a remarkable mixture of craft, innocence, and impudence. "The poor woman," confronted with Beaumarchais, is made to say black is white; he alternately soothes and enrages her. When he drives her distracted, she threatens to box his ears; when he pays her a compliment, and says that he should take

her to be eighteen instead of thirty, she smiles in spite of herself, does not think him quite so impertinent, and even asks him to escort her to her carriage. It is the gayest, most delicious irony. As he says of himself, "Cry as much as you may, you cannot help laughing. Je suis un peu comme la cousine d'Héloïse, j'ai beau pleurer, il faut toujours que le rire s'échappe par quelque coin." Some passages of a different sort have become classic; for instance, the one ending with this prayer: "Being of Beings, I owe thee all: the joy of living, of thinking and feeling. I believe that thou hast ordered good and evil for us in equal measure. I believe that thy justice wisely compensates us for all, and that the succession of pain and pleasure, of fear and hope, is the fresh wind which fills the vessel's sails, and sends her gayly on her way."

Though a popular idol, he was yet legally disfranchised, and Beaumarchais was not a man to resign himself to his fate except for the time being, — "*provisoirement*," as he says. He had just married, too, for the third time. His wife was a most estimable and attractive woman, who was full of enthusiasm for the hero of the Goëzman suit, and he was unwearied in his endeavors to procure his restoration to civil rights by ingratiating himself with Louis XV. He undertook, among other things, a delicate diplomatic mission, and induced an unscrupulous scoundrel, who had taken refuge in England, to forego the publication of some scandalous memoirs of Madame Du Barry. This was accomplished "for a consideration;" but when Beaumarchais returned to claim his reward, Louis XV. was on his death-bed, and his labor had been all in vain. Nothing daunted, however, he undertook to manage the mysterious Chevalier d'Eon for the new king, gained his point, and then offered to obtain the suppression of a pamphlet, offensive to Marie Antoinette, which was in the posses-

sion of a certain Jew named Angelucci. His remarkable adventures with Jews and bandits, his kind reception by Maria Theresa, and his subsequent incarceration in Austria are amusingly related by Loménie. While in England, employed in these delicate diplomatic missions, he had renewed his intimacy with his Madrid friend, Lord Rochford, now a cabinet minister, and he had become also a frequent visitor at the house of John Wilkes. There he met many of the friends of America, and subsequently made the acquaintance of the man who was destined to do him so much harm, Arthur Lee. France was at this time in a state of great exasperation against England, and Beaumarchais tried with all his might for two years to convince Louis XVI. of what he fully believed himself, — that civil war was imminent across the Channel, that the attempt to coerce America was extremely unpopular, and that aiding the insurgents would insure the final destruction of the dreaded hereditary enemy of France. To injure England, and thus aggrandize his own country, was apparently his object at first; but as he learned more of our struggle for liberty, he evidently became deeply interested in the issue.

In 1776, Congress sent Silas Deane to Paris to solicit aid for our dauntless army. Before any answer could arrive from him, the secret committee of Congress received a communication from Arthur Lee, in London, stating that the French ambassador at the court of St. James had been won over to the American cause by his strenuous efforts and powerful persuasion, and, at his solicitation, had induced his government to send a secret agent to him, Arthur Lee, offering as a gratuity a million livres. This present, however, he added, was to be made under cover of a commercial transaction of some kind, for fear of alarming England, with whom France was then at peace.

The truth was that the French ambassador in London knew nothing at all of the matter, and that Beaumarchais, striving to interest Louis XVI. and his ministers in what he had learned to regard as a great and glorious cause, had merely called on Arthur Lee, and imparted to him his own scheme for conveying assistance to the colonies. Indeed, in urgent letters to M. Vergennes on this subject, of a subsequent date, he alludes to Mr. Lee as an American who will go to Paris and confer with the ministers, if they eventually consent to help America.

The enthusiastic advocacy and persistent energy of Beaumarchais at last produced an effect. The king agreed to aid the "insurgents," but on the express condition that the commercial transaction should be *bona fide*. Beaumarchais on his part agreed to establish in Paris a mercantile house, under the assumed name of Rodrigue Hortalez & Co., for the purpose of procuring and sending to America all sorts of military supplies, to be paid for, on long credit, by returns of American products. This plan entirely superseded the first idea of gratuitous help, and met with especial favor, as it seemed to obviate the danger of war with England.

When, therefore, Silas Deane made his application for aid, it was refused; but at the same time he was given to understand that he could doubtless make advantageous arrangements with the house of Hortalez & Co. It had been settled that arms, ammunition, and all sorts of military stores could be taken from the royal arsenals, — to be returned, however; and also that his majesty should stand between the colonists and their creditor, to see that they were not pressed for speedy payment.

How the house of Rodrigue Hortalez & Co. should be subsidized, if at all, by the French government would seem clearly to have been a matter between Beaumarchais and the ministers. But,

strangely enough, in after years, this idea appears never to have occurred to congressional committees, who persistently refused to pay Beaumarchais till they had found out all about his transactions with his own government.

Beaumarchais, finding Silas Deane the accredited American agent in Paris, now made all his arrangements with him on the new basis, perfectly unaware of the unfounded expectations which had been excited by Lee, whose premature statement to Congress was refuted by the actual condition of things, and who found himself, moreover, quite overshadowed by Deane. Lee now tried to maintain his ground and revenge himself by representing, in his correspondence with his influential relatives at home, that Beaumarchais was an unscrupulous, intriguing adventurer, who was trying to enrich himself out of the king's free gift; and that Silas Deane had been entrapped by him, and induced to join in the plot. Distance and the medium of an imperfectly understood foreign language made this tangled web very hard to unravel.

Dr. Franklin, too, who had just arrived as joint commissioner with Silas Deane and Arthur Lee, was prejudiced against Beaumarchais, and a strange oversight of his own contributed not a little to keep up the mystification for many years to come. Dr. Dubourg, an old gentleman, who was a warm friend of America, and who had translated the Declaration of Independence into French, to Dr. Franklin's great delight, dissatisfied to see himself thus overshadowed and supplanted by Beaumarchais, wrote to M. de Vergennes: "I have seen M. Beaumarchais this morning, and have conferred with him. No one does more justice than myself to his honesty, discretion, and zeal for all that is great and good. I believe him to be the best man in the world for political negotiations, but perhaps at the same time the most unfitted for commercial

transactions. He likes show, and I am assured that he supports several young women. . . . There is not in all France a merchant or a manufacturer who would not hesitate to have business dealings with him."

The minister, infinitely amused, sent the letter at once to Beaumarchais himself, who thus answers the doctor:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Grant that I am wasteful and extravagant, and support young women: how does that affect the matter in hand? The young women whom I have supported for the last twenty years are your very humble servants. They were five in number, four sisters and one niece. Three years ago two of these young women died, to my great regret, and now I support only three, two sisters and one niece. No doubt this is extravagant for a private person like me. But what would you have thought, if, knowing me better, you had become aware of the outrageous fact that I have supported men also, two young nephews,—pretty fellows,—and even the unfortunate father who brought into the world such a scandalous supporter?"

This Dubourg episode shows conclusively that the commercial character of the transaction was fully recognized and acknowledged, in France, at least.

Beaumarchais now went to work at his chosen task with such hearty good will and abounding energy that before one year had elapsed he had transmitted supplies to the amount of a million livres. Acting under the misconception, however, of supposing it all a free gift from the King of France, Congress sent no returns of any consequence; and when some vessels laden with tobacco were consigned to the American commissioners in Paris, Beaumarchais expostulated, but received no explanation. No answer came to any of his letters, nor the slightest sign of recognition from a government in whose cause he was straining every nerve.

The English ambassador in Paris, having got wind of the transaction, had complained of it as an infringement of the treaty between the two countries, and Vergennes felt himself obliged to disavow and discountenance a proceeding which he secretly favored. So vessels were detained in port, and cargoes attached, and the representative of Hortaliez & Co. must have had his patience sorely tried as he traveled in hot haste from Havre to Bordeaux, making herculean efforts to collect and dispatch his stores in face of countless difficulties. At last, confounded by this persistent non-recognition, he sent an agent to America, M. de Francey,—rather too young a man for the purpose. He came over in the same ship with Baron Steuben and some gallant French officers, whom Beaumarchais and Marie Antoinette had fired with enthusiasm for America. The agent was disgusted with everything, saw nobody to admire but General Washington, and sent to his patron the most dismal and discouraging letters. Lee's friends were powerful, and the cabal had taken into partnership a disaffected sea-captain, named Ducoudray, who had been discharged by Beaumarchais for incompetency, and who now wrote a pamphlet against him, which was published in America, and helped to manufacture prejudice and create an unfavorable public opinion. De Francey did succeed, however, in getting members of Congress to read the correspondence between Beaumarchais and Vergennes. This may have made some impression, for in 1779, after two years and a half of thankless toil, he received at last a letter of acknowledgment in the name of Congress, written by the president, and ending thus:—

"While by your rare talents you were rendering yourself useful to your prince, you have gained the esteem of this newborn republic, and have earned the applause of the New World.

"JOHN JAY, *President.*"

The enthusiasm of Beaumarchais had remained unabated through all this discouragement. He confidentially writes to his angry, discomfited agent:—

“In spite of all these annoyances, the news from America fills me with joy. Brave, brave people! Their military prowess fully justifies my esteem and the fine enthusiasm felt for them in France. In short, my friend, I look anxiously for returns to enable me to meet my engagements here, mainly that I may then make new arrangements for their advantage.”

At last, a direct question from the chairman of a congressional committee brought out the explicit declaration, that the supplies for America, transmitted by Beaumarchais, were not given by the king. The debt was then acknowledged, payment promised, and all would have gone on smoothly but for two unfortunate circumstances. One was that Beaumarchais's accounts, presented in 1788, were referred to a committee of three, of which his arch-enemy, Arthur Lee, was chairman; and the other was that mysterious affair of the “lost million.”

In 1776, six months before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, this receipt was signed:—

“I have received from M. Duvergier, conformably to the orders of the Comte de Vergennes, on the 5th instant, the sum of one million livres, *for which I am to account to the aforesaid Comte de Vergennes.*

“CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS.”

The King of France, long after this, loaned and gave large sums to the American commissioners to carry on the war. In 1783 Franklin signed a receipt for nine millions gratuity; yet three years after, on his return to America, it was discovered that only eight millions had passed through the hands of our banker in Paris. Dr. Franklin conjectured that the missing million must have been given to Beaumarchais for our use. In

1794 the government of France was often in unskilled hands, and Gouverneur Morris, then our envoy, contrived to get from the minister of foreign affairs the receipt already quoted as given to Vergennes. Thenceforth Beaumarchais was charged with that sum, and his accounts were persistently disputed, remaining unsettled for fifty years. Talleyrand wrote, exonerating him. The French government exerted itself in his favor, and through its successive ambassadors to this country unwearingly asserted the justice of his claim; declaring over and over again, officially, that he had accounted for that million to its entire satisfaction; nay, even went so far as to explain and assert that it was given as secret service money, and not meant for supplies, at all. However that may have been, the fact remains that his claims, after being referred to six committees of Congress (three reporting favorably, and three adversely), were set aside till 1835, thirty-six years after the death of Beaumarchais; and a settlement was effected then only by the most persistent importunity on the part of his representatives.

In exile, in 1795, from a garret near Hamburg, he addresses the following letter to the American people:—

“Americans, I have served you with indefatigable zeal. During my life bitterness has been my only reward, and I die your creditor. Permit me, then, as a dying man, to bequeath to you my only daughter, and to endow her with what you owe me. . . . Perhaps Providence has designed, by this delay in your payment, to provide her with means after my death, thus saving my child from utter destitution. Adopt her as a worthy daughter of the state.

“If you refuse this, if I could fear that you would deny justice to myself or my heirs, desperate, ruined, by Europe as well as by you, I should have only one prayer,—for a respite which might allow me to go to America. Arrived

amongst you, broken down in mind and body, I should be carried to your capital, to the doors of your national assembly, with my accounts in my hand; and there, holding out to all passers-by the cap of Liberty, with which no man more than myself has helped to adorn your brows, I should cry out, Americans! alms for your friend, for whose accumulated services behold the reward, 'Date obolum Belisario'!"

This man, who, beginning life as a watchmaker's apprentice, had made himself an inventor, a courtier, a teacher in the royal family, a banker, a shipping merchant on a larger scale than the Medici, a dramatic author of the greatest popularity, a diplomatist, a cabinet counselor, and a master of eloquence of European renown, was also a great publisher. The story of his two editions of Voltaire, complete for the first time, is a chapter by itself. "Haunted by the fear of mediocrity," as he used to say, he bought paper-mills in the Vosges and went to England to purchase the famous Baskerville types, so as to have the best of materials; and when he could find no place for his printing-press in France, on account of prohibition, he persuaded the Margrave of Baden to let him have the dismantled fortress of Kehl for that purpose. As Loménie says, "To superintend the manufacture, printing, and publication of these one hundred and sixty-two volumes, included in two editions of 15,000 copies each, and smuggle them into France, really with the connivance of the government, but still at the risk of prohibition, was a laborious enterprise for a man already overwhelmed by the pressure of business." Maurepas had encouraged him to persevere in the work, and had assured him of his sanction; but he died in 1781, and his death was a heavy blow to Beaumarchais. He managed, however, to interest Calonne, the successor of Maurepas, and in three years' time had completed this great task. It may

be mentioned that this is the first time we hear of premiums and a lottery in connection with subscriptions for a book. The notes contributed by the editor are few in number, but characteristic. For instance, where Voltaire writes to M. d'Argental, "An ardent, impetuous, passionate man like Beaumarchais may give a box on the ear to his wife, and possibly two boxes on the ear to his two wives, but he does not poison them," he adds this note: "I certify that this Beaumarchais, sometimes beaten by women, like most men who have loved them too well, never committed the disgraceful act of lifting his hand against one of them."

We have come now to the most brilliant part of his career. The new parliament of Louis XVI., several years before, had triumphantly reinstated him in his civil rights, and had reversed the unfavorable decision in the La Blache case. He was a man of large fortune and great renown, married for the third time to a charming woman, and on familiar terms with those most famous in fashion, politics, and letters. His liberality and kindness seem as inexhaustible as his energy, and his private correspondence and business papers teem with many touching proofs of his sympathy for unfortunate people, who had no claim whatever upon him but their sorrows. He gave not only money but his precious time and the magnetic virtue of his cordial interest. The Barber of Seville had acquired the popularity it still maintains, giving him a high place in the fraternity of dramatic authors; but now he produced *The Marriage de Figaro*. Probably he had no definite design of disturbance in writing this comedy, which flashed out upon the wrongs of the poor and the abuses of the powerful; but Napoleon said of it, "It is the Revolution in action."

Madame Campan has told us of her reading the manuscript aloud to Marie Antoinette and her husband, and how

the king walked up and down the room, when she came to the famous monologue, exclaiming, "This is detestable! It shall never be played. So long as the Bastille stands, the representation of this piece would be a dangerous folly. This man sports with everything that should be respected in a government." "Can't it be played?" urged the queen. "Certainly not," answered Louis XVI. "You may be sure of that." So the representation was forbidden. No one sided with the king but his brother, the Comte de Provence, and M. Mirosmenil, the keeper of the seals. All the fashionable world longed for the forbidden fruit, and ran wild to hear the author read it in private. You heard on all hands, "I am going to-night to hear M. Beaumarchais read the *Mariage de Figaro*; or, "Are you invited to-morrow to hear the *Mariage de Figaro*?" The Duc de Fronsac, son of the Duc de Richelieu, writes to the author to entreat him, as a great favor, to read it at the hôtel of the Princesse de Lamballe, and Catherine of Russia sends for him to bring it out in St. Petersburg. The manuscript used at these readings is still extant, tied with faded pink ribbons, and the words "*opuscule comique*" on the outside, in the author's handwriting.

After a three years' battle between Beaumarchais and all Paris, on the one hand, and the king, his brother, and the keeper of the seals, on the other, the popular party gained the day, and the piece was represented. The effect was prodigious. Beaumarchais himself says, "If there is one thing more extravagant than my piece, it is its success."

"It will come to an end," said one of his enemies, behind the scenes, on the evening of the first representation. "Yes," answered Sophie Arnould, "fifty times over." The witty actress was wrong; it was acted more than a hundred times in succession.

The elder brother of the king had been very much annoyed on the open-

ing night, and through a M. Suard constantly sent to the newspapers unfavorable criticisms of the piece and abuse of its author, suggested, if not written, by Monsieur himself. Whether Beaumarchais knew this or not, he began by replying with his usual gayety and readiness, but after a while, weary, probably, of the whole thing, he sent a communication to the *Journal de Paris*, declining in future to notice these attacks, and saying that "when he had brought out his play in spite of lions and tigers, he did not mean, after it had succeeded, to spend his time fighting every morning, like a Dutch servant-girl, the vile insect of the night." "Monsieur" took the insult to himself, and went in high dudgeon to the king, whom he found playing cards, and who consented at once to punish this daring Beaumarchais by writing on the seven of clubs, which he held in his hand, an order for his immediate incarceration in the prison of St. Lazare, used as a house of correction for young offenders. The king may have given vent in this way to his suppressed irritation in regard to the piece. It must be said, however, that it is the only act of inexcusable tyranny attributed to Louis XVI.

One roar of laughter went up from Paris the next morning, when it was known that this favorite author and illustrious man was shut up in prison for his impetuous sally. He stayed there only three days, and at last was almost entreated to come out. The king had repented of his precipitation, and may have been rendered uneasy by the popular demonstration, which was losing its jocular tone, and becoming serious in its character. He sent the prisoner a handsome sum of money, which was declined all but a hundred francs, — the amount, perhaps, of his expenditure during his detention. On his release he repaired to the theatre, where the obnoxious play was being represented, and received an uproarious welcome. It was

a long time before the actors could go on, and the deafening applause was renewed when they came to this phrase in the great monologue: "Not being able to degrade wit, they maltreat it." Soon after this *The Barber of Seville* was acted at the *Trianon*, the queen herself taking the part of *Rosine*; and the author was invited to be present, a delicate way of making reparation for the insult which he had received.

Apart from its historic significance, the *Mariage de Figaro* does not interest us to-day. The plot is objectionable, and the wit often licentious. Most of the abuses he satirizes no longer exist, though we may still need reminding, even here in the United States of America, that "without the privilege of blaming, no praise is flattering," and that "only petty men dread insignificant writings."¹ One passage, however, commonly omitted in representation, though found in all standard editions of the play, may be worth quoting. *Marceline*, the mother of *Figaro*, is speaking, and she says, —

"Men, more than ungrateful, who wither with your scorn the playthings of your passions, your victims, you should be made to suffer also for the errors of our youth. . . . What employment is there left for these miserable young women? They have a natural right to busy themselves with female apparel, and thousands of men are set to work upon it."

Figaro, angrily: "Yes, even the soldiers now are made to embroider."

Marceline: "Even in the higher ranks women obtain from you only derisive consideration, lured by pretended respect into real servitude,² treated as irresponsible minors in regard to our property, and punished as responsible beings for our faults."

So a reformer of the present day may find a text in the *Mariage de Figaro*.

The Parisian public was very much excited at this time by the production of his philosophical, political, and scientific opera, entitled *Tarare*, in which he aimed at producing all the effect of a Greek drama, combining dancing, music, and poetry with more solid attractions, but substituting scientific statement for the Greek mythology. The best pupil of *Glück*, *Salieri*, composed the music, and the piece had a great run. Wonderful to relate, it was popular, and kept its place on the stage, under different metamorphoses, till 1819.

The 14th of July, 1789, found *Beaumarchais* busily superintending the erection of a magnificent dwelling-house, close by the Bastille. He did not occupy it till 1791, and it was thenceforth a fertile source of annoyance in those troublous times. It became the wonder of Paris, but in 1818 it was pulled down, to carry out the new plans for improving the city. *Beaumarchais* took charge of the demolition of the Bastille at his own request, but he was far from sympathizing with the extremists, and wrote an address to the French people, which he sent to the *Jacobins*. It begins thus: "I defy the devil to carry on any business in these frightful days of disorder, misnamed liberty;" and he ends with these words: "O my weeping country, O wretched Frenchmen, to what purpose have you overthrown Bastilles, if robbers are to come and dance over the ruins, and slaughter us upon them? Friends of freedom, know that license and anarchy are its executioners. Join me in demanding laws of these deputies, who owe them to us, who have been made our representatives solely for that purpose. Let us be at peace with Europe. Was it not the most glorious day of our lives when that peace was proclaimed to the world? Your maxims will be established, will be propagated, far better, if you are shown to have

¹ Il n'y a que les petits hommes qui redoutent les petits écrits.

² Traitées en mineures pour nos biens, punies en majeures pour nos fautes.

been made happy by them, — far better than they can possibly be by war and devastation. Are you happy? Tell the truth. Is it not with French blood that our land is deluged? Speak! is there one of us who has not tears to shed? Peace, laws, and a constitution, — without these blessings we have no country; worse than all, no freedom!" A man who writes, signs, and publishes such words as these on the 6th of March, 1793, and then stays in Paris, is not cowardly. As Sainte-Beuve says, "The only wonder is that he kept his head on his shoulders."

In 1792 France needed arms, and Beaumarchais undertook to obtain them in Holland. Sent after them in 1794 by the committee of public safety, he was put on the list of emigrants by the department of Paris, which confiscated his property, seized and destroyed his papers, imprisoned his sister, wife, and daughter, and declared him a public enemy. He took refuge at last in Hamburg, and could not return till long after the death of Robespierre had opened the prison doors and set his family at liberty. His daughter had a horror of their magnificent house, where they had all suffered so much; nothing could induce her to return to it; so she hid herself away with her mother, while his sister Julia, in order to preserve the property from destruction, lived there entirely alone, in great poverty, for a whole year, subject to constant annoyance from domiciliary visits. At last, under the Directory, they were reunited in the great house, and Beaumarchais tried to gather up what was left of the wreck of his fortune. The old man felt the prevailing enthusiasm for Bonaparte, and addressed some verses to the young conqueror, adjuring him to add one more to his glorious deeds, and remember the prisoners at Olmutz. It was like Beaumarchais to remind him of Lafayette then. He had also become much interested in the use to be made of bal-

loons, in war and in peace, and busied himself in preparing a memorial, addressed to the Directory, on the massacre of the French plenipotentiaries at Rastadt. This was his last work. On a May morning, 1799, the old man was found dead in his bed: probably the cause of his death was apoplexy. The last evening with his family had been gay and pleasant, as usual.

He left an only child, his daughter Eugénie, married, after the Terror, to M. Delarne, aid-de-camp to Lafayette. His widow writes after his death, "Our loss is irreparable: the companion of twenty-five years has vanished, leaving only useless regret, a terrible loneliness, and ineffaceable memories. He readily forgave his enemies, and gladly overlooked an injury. He was a good father, a zealous and serviceable friend, and the born champion of any absent person attacked in his presence. Superior to the petty jealousy so common among men of letters, he counseled and encouraged all, helping them with his money and advice. We should be grateful for the manner of his death; it saved him the pain of parting. He quitted this life as unconsciously as he entered it."

He had been quite deaf for the last few years, but he never lost his enjoyment of a joke, and liked to sign himself, "The first poet in Paris, entering by the Porte St. Antoine." The inscription on the collar of his little dog has often been quoted: "I am Mlle. Follette. Beaumarchais belongs to me. We live on the Boulevard."

Sullied by the faults and vices of his day and generation, dissolute at times in life and utterance, he yet seems to have been invariably generous and affectionate in his family relations, and was idolized as a son and a brother. Fond of display and reckless in speculation, always savoring somewhat of an adventurer, he still devoted himself unremittingly and unsparingly to works of public utility and private beneficence.

Imprudent, often quixotic in these enterprises, he was nevertheless remarkable for practical knowledge and shrewd common sense. His energy and industry were wonderful, and his kindness of heart and ready sympathy appear to have been inexhaustible.

His bust stands to-day in the Comédie Française in Paris. Should there

not be a niche in American memories for our friend in need; a man like him, thus associated with the early days of our history; one who, while striving to help himself, never forgot to help others? Was not Eugénie Delarne justified in the pride with which she said to the conqueror of Austerlitz, "I am the daughter of Beaumarchais"?

Maria Ellery McKaye.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XXI.

BY FAR LESS FAVORABLE TO THE PLATONIC THEORY.

WHEN Bainbridge had not appeared for some time, Ottilie grew vaguely restless. After the events last narrated she indulged in an unusual amount of day-dreaming about him. How warmly he had bent over her that evening at Mrs. Hastings'; how agitated he had seemed! How the charming domesticity of that occasion had appeared to take hold upon him also! What had he been intending to say to her? What had he had in mind to say to her, too, that other evening when she had read the book for him, and he had stammered so over her hand, in thanking her for it? She was almost afraid of the next meeting. The idea of it made her heart throb faster.

Ah, if he might care for her! If it might come about, in some improbable way, she knew not how, that they could always remain together! In the gravity of her twenty-one years, she endeavored to lift the veil of the future. Without Bainbridge in the foreground it all wore a very chilly look. She had before her a useful career, duties to many and to herself; she had not the slightest right to count upon him, and there

are so many other matters than those of sentiment for a well-regulated person, such as she desired to be, to think of. Still, a natural bias towards romance was strong within her, and yet unsubdued. She dreamed the sweet dream of young girls, and at some time of all good women, of having a strong protecting arm to shield her from the hardships of the wide, unsympathetic world; a person to whom she could look up with esteem and even a certain awe, and yet whom she felt that on occasion she could twist about the smallest of her little fingers. He should be so foolishly misguided as to think her an adorable person, even though few others did. He should go in and out about his affairs every day from a home and fireside which she could regulate at her own sweet will, as she had her doll's house in childhood. All this moved in a fluttering way through her fancy. She could conceive no other figure that fitted so well into her pictures of domestic happiness as Bainbridge.

He did not come, however. She missed him greatly. It could not be that he was engrossed with more important affairs, for she heard of him elsewhere. She knew of his going to Miss Rawson's, from the information of that lady herself, who came to call on her. Miss Rawson spoke of the Hasbrouck

girls, and renewed in Otilie something like a pang of self-reproach, as if it had been owing to treachery on her part that she had not been able to do anything for them.

Then the visitor chattered about Bainbridge. She dwelt upon his charming qualities. "I see him now constantly," she said, watching the effect upon Otilie, "though at one time he had almost abandoned me." She took out some programmes of an entertainment in private theatricals, in which his name was prominently set down for a comic part. It was to be given at her house, and she begged that Otilie would come.

"Girls love to have the man in whom they invest their vanities admired," says the tranquil Coventry Patmore, and probably nothing is truer, but not in this way, with these dangerous airs of proprietorship. Otilie tortured herself with the idea that it might be Emily Rawson who was the cause of her troubles. She cried over it after the visitor had gone, but then resolutely tried to put the feeling down: "*I will not be so silly*," she declared to herself. Recollecting what had happened before, she wrote to Bainbridge, offering some pretexts for him to come; but he declined them. Still, his reasons for doing so were plausible, and had not the air of being trumped up, and she did not know what to think.

Then, one day, Bainbridge left a mere formal card at the door without inquiring for her. She had really been at home, and he had not tried to find her. It seemed terribly significant, and she thought herself definitely abandoned.

Shortly after, they met at one of Mrs. Clef's musicales, to which Otilie had gone for the first time. It was an evening of the Harmonia Club of amateurs, and Miss Emily Rawson was there and played selections, as on a former occasion. Bainbridge paid her much attention. It was done with a purpose, though, we may confess for him, it almost broke his heart. He was in the

very midst of his manful effort to put the incommoding passion down, deal with himself on the philosophic principles and leave Otilie untrammelled to a better lot than any he could ever provide for her.

He conducted himself towards her, since he could not avoid her, with an elaborate courtesy. "This New York of ours is such an enormous place," he said, by way of explaining why it was that he had not been to see her for so long, "that it defeats itself. One deprives himself of very great pleasures, and is in danger of losing most valued acquaintances, through the sheer impossibility of getting about."

"I thought perhaps it might be another — misconception," said Otilie bravely, — "something might need to be explained."

She made this essay from a sense of duty, with a timid little air of uttering a pleasantry. Bearing in mind the needlessness of their former misunderstanding, she did not think it right that an opportunity by which it might be avoided a second time — though a second time it would have been so much more unreasonable — should be allowed to pass, even if the overture came from herself. She saw an agitated expression overspread the countenance of the young man, and felt that he but left her the quicker for the attempted explanation.

Presently Miss Rawson came, and said to her, "Do you know that this is the very place where I first heard of you? Mr. Bainbridge gave me such an entertaining account of you here, the evening after having met you at your uncle's store. We sympathized together over your peculiar situation."

They had sympathized together over her! She had afforded them entertainment! They had had this good understanding, then, long before she was ever heard of! Ah, what a poor, inconsequential person she was, Otilie thought.

With bitter pangs of jealousy on her side now, she persuaded herself that this was the key to the enigma, this the fatal rivalry in which the destruction of her own happiness was involved. "In Emily Rawson are united," she said, "most of the traits of which he has declared himself in search. Her accomplishments, her fortune, her knowledge of the world, her interest in purely mundane things, her sprightliness and intelligence, would all attract him. As likely as not there was some understanding between them before I came, and it is now resumed. Perhaps I was but a stop-gap, a light distraction for him during some interval, some lover's quarrel."

She made herself miserable with this notion, though trying all the while to repudiate it. "If he *has* used me as a pastime, oh, it was cruel, it was unworthy," she said, bristling with a certain fierceness, "and I ought to hate him!"

Then she recalled, to do him justice, that he had addressed her no word or assumption of love further than had been contained in his slight pretense of jealousy of Kingbolt. Upon the contrary, their platonic relation had been expressly defined. Bainbridge had advised and enjoined her to marry on the same mercenary basis that he openly professed himself.

The days passed, and still he did not come. The young girl grew paler and thinner. Her aunt ascribed the deterioration to the languor of opening spring, which was now again at hand. Mrs. Rodman Harvey had little time, however, for close observation of persons of minor importance. Her hands were full of engagements, as usual, and particularly of the wedding of her daughter Angelica, for which the date had been set and the preparations were actively in progress.

Ottie had fits of weeping bitterly. At times the sense of loss gave her intolerable pain. She thought that it must endure always. She could not con-

ceive it as a possibility that any other person should fill the place of Bainbridge, or that her feeling towards him could ever abate. She had a wild impulse to write to him and pour out her affection in unmeasured terms. Could women never rise to that? Was there nothing better than cold conventionalism and usage? Perhaps if he only knew how much, how much, she loved him, it might awaken in him — it might palliate a little the unheard-of effrontery of the disclosure. She was almost ready to welcome the penalty of humiliation in his eyes. Was there no sacrifice, no heroic evidence of her affection, she could devise? Only to let him know of its depth and unselfishness, then to remove herself forever from his sight, — there seemed a certain ideal, desperate hope of satisfaction even in this. Could a woman never rise or fall — if fall it were — to those things? Must her heart break in silence? She recalled the case of one Clara La Salle at Lone Tree, whose indelicate defiance of public opinion and infatuation for a lover against the opposition of her parents had been the talk of the place. She felt a tenderness now for this misguided girl, and almost counted herself in the same category.

She did not, however, write to Bainbridge that she could not live without him, being aided to resist, no doubt, by the strength of the popular prejudice against such conduct. Nor did she take any other step overpassing the strictest bounds of maidenly propriety. These little dramas are played out in silence, the anguish lived down. They have their few incoherent moments of manifestation in solitude, in fevers, and in dreams. Ottie wept, and, rising sometimes to look at her flushed face and swollen eyes in the mirror, said, "I am a disgraceful, shameless girl."

The invitations to Mrs. Stoneglass's literary receptions had been sent (upon a hint given by Bainbridge to that hospitable lady) and declined a number of

times. Ottilie felt no longer in a mood for this diversion. One evening Mr. Stoneglass called upon her to offer an invitation in person.

"We have feared," he said, "that you have not cared to come on account of the time being Sunday evening. We have a number of church-going friends who are inclined to feel the same way. Still, it is the most convenient evening on several accounts, and with our way of thinking we cannot bring ourselves to perceive any harm in it. We are to have a special evening, however, on Thursday of this week, for the well-known authoress, Mrs. Jane Claxton Shaftsbury, of Boston, who will be here. We hope very much that you will come. You will be sure to see there a few, at least, whom you know, and Mrs. Stoneglass and myself will look after you to the best of our ability."

"I used to read the books of Mrs. Jane Claxton Shaftsbury in my childhood with pleasure," replied Ottilie. "I shall consider it an honor to meet her. I shall be very glad to go, I am sure."

It would have been almost rudeness, she thought, any longer to decline. At one time she would have hailed such an opportunity with delight. As the guest went down the steps, she stood a moment, pensively, by the window. She leaned her forehead against the sash. It was a warm, damp evening of opening spring, and the window had been raised to cool the room, which was still kept at winter heat by the inexorable self-acting furnace in the cellar. Ottilie saw a dilapidated figure slouch out of the dark spot under a lamp-post, and accost Mr. Stoneglass, apparently asking him for alms. Being repulsed, as it appeared, — for vagrants of the kind were a common annoyance on the Avenue at the time, — it went back into the darkness again.

Presently, as she was turning away, there came by another form, the outlines of which made her heart momen-

tarily stand still, then throb the faster. It was Bainbridge. The vagrant again came forth, and addressed himself to Bainbridge. It could be seen that he had a fine and venerable head. He put his hand on the arm of Bainbridge, and as the young man would have shaken him off in disgust besought, in a voice made part whistle and part croak through the paralysis of drink, —

"Do something for me, Mr. Bainbridge, for Heaven's sake! The price of a night's lodgin'! You was the only one that kep' me up. You was the one. You" —

"Gammage! You here?" exclaimed the young man, with a start, showing vivid surprise and concern.

"They av— avertised for me," said the respectable wreck, whimpering. "I had money, — plenty o' money. I don't know where I've been. I must ha' got astray. Do something for me, for Gor A'mighty's sake!"

"What *can* I do for you, Gammage? What can anybody do for you in this lost condition? Do you know where to go, if I give you the price of a night's lodging?"

"No, I do not, — I do *not*. *Come!*" cried the man with a desperate air of revolt and loathing at his own lost condition.

"Then what *can* I do with you, except to get you locked up? Say yourself, Gammage! Now, is there anything else possible?"

"Don't do, it Mr. Bainbridge, — don't do that! You was the only one — Your mother was the noblest — Your father used to" —

"Yes, yes, I know; but that was when you had a house of your own to be taken to, and an affectionate family, and a position in the world. But now what are you? Had they business for you, — the persons who advertised?" he inquired, changing suddenly under the stimulus of a new thought. "What did they want you to do?" He lowered

his voice, and turned his head solicitously, for it was in front of the house of Rodman Harvey himself that they had paused.

"Mr. Onderdonk and Mr. St. Hill? yes, they wanted me. I signed an affidavit for them. It was on an old matter, — a matter that took place many years ago," said Gammage.

"Great heavens! Not that — that bank story involving Rodman Harvey, — the one you told me at my office one day?" cried Bainbridge, with a gesture of repulsion and dismay.

"I never signed nothing but what was the truth," answered the ex-bank teller, partially sobered, and resenting with a sulky air the apparent attaching of blame to him.

A public carriage came by at this moment. Bainbridge summoned the driver, who was already waving his whip arm in the air in an inviting way, entered the carriage with his *protégé*, and drove off.

Ottilie had heard all. She had dwelt dreamily, at first, upon the figure of Bainbridge, acquired half inadvertently this new evidence of his natural goodness of heart in his treatment of the poor wreck, then awakened with a start of affright to the important subject matter of their discourse.

"It is this!" she exclaimed, adding a new and powerful reason to her jealousy of Emily Rawson to explain to herself the defection of Bainbridge. "Oh, I fear it is this! He knows of something terrible to our detriment, and withdraws in time, before the blow has fallen." He will not connect himself with disgrace and downfall. Oh, if I could but warn my uncle of what is plotting against him!"

With her imperfect information, nevertheless, it was not a subject on which she could write to her uncle. Nor, when he returned on one of his brief visits from Washington, did she find that she dared speak to him with the

more freedom. This was his last visit, too, preceding that when he was to come back to attend his daughter's wedding. Ottilie had found her uncle just and considerate beyond her expectations. If misfortune were in store for him, it seemed her duty to offer the possible solace of her presence and sympathy. If any unlawful act could be dragged up from the remote past, and laid at his door, it could only have been done in one of those moments of overwhelming pressure of which he had sometimes spoken in his comments on the fall of one and another of his contemporaries. She would not believe that he had ever been a corrupt or hardened character.

There was no alleviation for her varied forms of wretchedness. She could only wait. Cold tremors of apprehension for Rodman Harvey and the family name mingled with her tears of despondency on her own account, as snow-flakes are whirled down amid the rain.

The succession of events may now be somewhat rapidly advanced. The Sprowle faction, still unconciliated, had come upon the track of an old story against Rodman Harvey, and begun to follow it up. It developed in importance as the investigation proceeded. It was St. Hill who first brought it in. He had heard it in a vague way from some one who had adduced the builder Jocelyn as authority. St. Hill had thought it worth while to visit Jocelyn; then to hunt up McFadd, in his squalid tenement house in the vicinity of Harvey's Terrace; and then to take steps for finding Gammage, who he was chagrined to learn, had once been a clerk in his own employ. St. Hill was quite out with his patron Kingbolt now. His company had moved its offices several stories higher up in the Magoon Building, and its transactions were going on in an extremely decreasing ratio. There were numerous persons, including some who had been its employees, who looked

at and spoke of the company in the most indignant manner, on account of the loss of money by it. The once brisk Mr. Cutter, who had made such haste to embrace the "desirable opening" offered him, still hung on in a disconsolate way in its service, with but small hopes now of recovering either his arrears of salary or the money of the unfortunate Miss Speller, which he had deposited as a consideration for his position. Once, through the mediation of Ottilie, Cutter called on Rodman Harvey, during one of his later visits from Washington, and laid his case before him. Affidavits of some sort were drawn up between them, but these at present resulted in no open manifestation. The merchant prince was still in quest of his post as secretary of the treasury. He considered that he could not yet afford to attack personally, or even to allow to be overthrown at once, an enemy who, in his downfall, could retaliate with disclosures which might still be dangerous.

St. Hill, on the other hand, fearing to use the letters of Harvey in his possession, was willing to devote himself to an investigation along the whole line of his career, in the hope of finding more available material. The date of the threatened bankruptcy, years before, the memory of which appeared to so gall and enrage the merchant prince, seemed a promising point of attack. As the inquiry demanded time and trouble, St. Hill, as has been said, made it a pretext for drawing money from Sprowle Onderdonk.

It was Sprowle Onderdonk who naturally took the leadership of the cabal, and figured, instead of his more timorous cousin, as the champion of the wounded honor of his family. He was a bold and resolute person, and endowed with abundant administrative capacity. Though chiefly sportsman and man of leisure, he was attorney too, and a judge of the quality of evidence. He scoffed

at the story in question when it was first brought in by St. Hill, who presented it with an air of elation.

"A very timely discovery indeed!" he said. "Why did n't you get something from Herodotus or Pliny the Elder? And a choice Falstaff's brigade of witnesses you have to sustain it! If that is the best you can do, man, you had better turn your attention to some more profitable field of labor."

Finding that St. Hill was accomplishing so little, Sprowle Onderdonk began to show him the cold shoulder, as a good many people were now doing. Still, this idea, for want of a better, was persevered in. Gammage was discovered and his affidavit secured. The advertisement published in the newspapers at last reached him in his remote seclusion. He ventured to town, was well paid for his trouble, and came to the condition of which we have had a glimpse. It was not till a vastly more important accession was gained, in the person of Rodman Harvey's once devoted henchman, Hackley, that the case looked really promising. The theory of Bainbridge that revenge is not a modern luxury, and that it finds few opportunities for exercise in this tame, civilized life of ours, then bade fair to be overthrown.

Rodman Harvey meanwhile, at Washington, was devoting himself to his new duties with his accustomed energy. His opening speech, on the Currency Question, was highly commended. He took the best apartments at the Arlington Hotel. His dignified attitude much improved his prospects for the succession to the secretaryship of the treasury, the present incumbent of which was still in very uncertain health. Harvey himself declined somewhat in physical vigor. He was a hard-worked man. There were long night sessions at the Capitol, where the ventilation was very bad; and following these he had some severe attacks of vertigo.

He was obliged to run often to the

City, a journey of many hours, which also fatigued him. He was harassed at this time by news of escapades on the part of his younger son. Rodman, Jr., now entered into possession of the desired latch-key, and became a Freshman at Columbia College, was discovered figuring, with some of his mates, by way of a lark, as a "supe" in a spectacular drama at Niblo's Garden. He revolted against the severe discipline with which this act was visited by his father, left the parental roof, and remained absent for several days, being lured home finally by promise of forgiveness.

The elder son, Selkirk, also showed disappointing traits. On the very eve of succeeding to the principal place in the contemplated new partnership, and becoming an important figure in the commercial world on his own account, he begged to be released from commercial life altogether. He made the degenerate proposal that he should be allowed to occupy his time with his books and bricabrac, and perhaps take up some one of the arts or sciences as a pursuit, just as had been done by his friend Blankenhorn. Blankenhorn was a rich young fellow who had gone into painting, not having begun till he was twenty-eight, studied abroad, and really bade fair to achieve results quite worth mentioning. Rodman Harvey would by no means listen to any such idea.

It depressed him very much, however, and was the cause of delaying the formation of the new partnership. Since his son, who should have been its principal promoter, took but so languid an interest, a different order of consideration was required for its proper arrangement, and things were allowed to remain for a while as they were. This state of mind was very unfortunate, as it turned out, since it resulted in a disagreement with his warm adherent and eulogist, Hackley, and in his final loss and desertion to the enemy.

Hackley was incommoded by the post-

ponements and demurrers when he had been all ready to begin. His factory had been burned behind him, and he was left "standing in the gap," as he phrased it. This, however, was a comparatively small matter. The main disagreement was about the capital he was to put in. He had lost, he said, by the conflagration of his factory, and made this a pretext for failure to contribute the amount first agreed upon. He confided in the good offices of Rodman Harvey to establish him in his proper place in the new firm all the same; but to this the merchant prince did not agree. He quoted the faithful and experienced Mr. Minn as opposed to a distribution of rank not based upon proportionate capital. Nor would he consent that Hackley should be credited with a part of his own, Harvey's, capital which was to be left in the concern. He said impatiently, being in a testy mood, that business and sentiment were to be rigidly divorced. He did not understand that the having conferred favors in the past constituted an obligation to go on conferring them indefinitely.

A correspondence on this subject extended over a considerable time, with growing bitterness. Finally, Hackley, in an injudicious huff, not at all expecting to be taken at his word, repudiated the partnership and the acquaintance of Rodman Harvey altogether. Being really taken at his word, however (a new testimony, it would seem, to the freedom of the merchant prince from any sense of guilt that could be within the knowledge of those whom he thus cavalierly treated), he sulked, complained, and spoke of himself as a very ill-used person. It was now that he fell in with the chieftain of the hostile cabal in the person of Sprowle Onderdonk.

The meeting was brought about by the contrivance of the latter, who at an opportune moment sounded Hackley on the remote transaction with which his name, as well as Rodman Harvey's, was

connected. Hackley at first pooh-poohed the idea.

"Oh, my dear sir, really!" he protested, as if the notion were wholly preposterous. "He is too strong in the community, you know," he continued, "and the matter is so very old. He is at the President's table continually, and everybody knows that he is the favorite for the succession to the portfolio of the treasury when the secretary drops off, which may happen now at any moment."

"So much the better reason," declared Sprowle Onderdonk, greatly encouraged to find his information not only not dissipated into thin air by Hackley, but confirmed and sustained even in this demurring way. "He is going down, I tell you. He is going to be smashed. You had better be with us than against us."

The pair sat on one of the settees along the sides of the marble-paved lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which is filled in the evening with a bustling crowd of men. Sprowle Onderdonk had pushed his hat back upon his head, and gesticulated as he talked with an earnest and resolute air. They spoke of General Burlington, formerly the president of the Antarctic Bank, who they thought must have even a fuller knowledge of the affair in question than Hackley's own.

"It is strange," said Hackley, "that he has never cared to use it openly, as often as he has been opposed to Harvey, politically and otherwise."

"It is intelligible enough," said the other, seeking a plausible explanation. "Probably he did not wish to draw attention to the affair, on his own account. The manager of a financial institution never likes to admit that there has been any irregularity in it under his *régime*. He may have something to clear up himself; not criminality, of course, but perhaps culpable carelessness. I have taken occasion to sound him a little in a dis-

creet way, but have drawn nothing from him."

"He is discretion itself, — Burlington is," commented Mr. Hackley.

"At the same time," said the other, "if he is put on the stand, he will tell what he knows. He is straight and reliable, I think. When the other testimony is all in, he will have to get up and either confirm or deny it; and it does not look as though there were going to be very much denying."

"Oh, there would be no use in going into court with it, and putting anybody in a formal witness box," protested Hackley; "that would hardly do. The matter is too ancient, and must be outlawed and doubly outlawed by this time."

"My idea exactly," said Sprowle Onderdonk. "Of course not. What we want is the moral effect of it. We must play it against him politically. His present situation makes him excellent game. All we want now is a fitting opportunity, and I have one in mind. The disclosure should be *à propos* of something. Harvey will come on from Washington in about a fortnight to attend his daughter's wedding. He has promised to attend at the same time the annual meeting of the Civic Reform Association, which is to be held — probably in one of the private parlors of this hotel — two days before. He is both treasurer and first director, and has to make his report. I am sure he will come. If he should not, of course we can explode the thing in the newspapers."

"He is a very methodical person. I dare say he will come," said Hackley, with a ruminating, anxious air.

"He will hardly be made secretary of the treasury before that, and if he is afterwards I shall be much mistaken. I also am a member of the Civic Reform Association. I shall make a little speech. I shall give the Harveys a souvenir by way of a wedding present that they will be likely to remember."

XXII.

AN EVENING IN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Stoneglass family lived up town, in a comfortable house of the English basement pattern, at a certain remove to the westward from that first meridian of respectability, the Avenue.

Ottillie Harvey presented herself there, on the Thursday evening of the reception to Mrs. Jane Claxton Shaftsbury, accompanied by her aunt's maid, who was to return for her in the carriage. The lower floor of the house was devoted to the purpose of dressing-rooms for either sex. The guests had deposited their outer clothing in neat bundles along the banks, as it were, before plunging into the stream of social gayety. Stoneglass perceived Ottillie as she was coming up the stair-case, went part way down to meet her, and brought her to his wife, who received her most affably. In a moment more she was presented to the guest of the evening, who stood close by.

It had been said of Mrs. Shaftsbury that she was one of the few literary persons who knew how to dress. The remark was that of the poetess, Mrs. Anne Arundel Clum, who by no means possessed the accomplishment referred to, although she no doubt prided herself upon it; but this did not prevent its being strictly true. Mrs. Shaftsbury really did dress very well indeed, and was a person, besides, of gracious and amiable manners. Ottillie, in a rather dazed way, found herself paying the authoress compliments on her writings, which she had read in girlhood.

"You must hear this so often," she said, "but pray have patience just this once! It is such an unusual opportunity for me. How could you ever consent to make Miriam's Memoirs so short? And oh, why, in Hands and Hearts, did you not let Ernestine marry Eckford?"

"Did you really care, child?" said the kindly celebrity. "These are our flatteries. These are our payments. It pleases me so much to think I could have interested you."

It would have been a great occasion indeed for Ottillie could she have succeeded in controlling the mournful feelings by which she was possessed. What material, had she but been in the mood, for a letter to her early friends of the Lone Tree High School, who had been accustomed, like herself, to put Mrs. Shaftsbury's books under their pillows at night! She was escorted about the rooms by Mr. Stoneglass and other persons whom he presented to her. She heard fragments of a great variety of conversations. The names of the people she met were very often mentioned in full. These were persons who could not afford to be confounded with anybody else. The names had a certain important air, even when you did not recognize them. You seemed always on the point of remembering something notable they had done which had for the moment escaped you.

Ottillie encountered within a brief space of time a member of a great publishing house, the name of whose firm is known like a household word throughout the country; Colonel Bowsfield, the South American traveller, who had lectured in the Star course at Lone Tree; Ringrose, the poet, whose verses she had pasted into her scrap-books; Professor Brown, whose specialty was the popularization of science; and Professor McMurdock, the Shakespearean reciter, whom she had heard at Chickering Hall. There were Temple, the historian; Camden, an elderly journalist, known somewhat for comic contributions to the magazines, and leading social spirit at the Lotos Club; Fritchbrush, the painter; a leading tragic actress, and a younger one, equally prominent in "society" parts. The actress of tragedy reclined languidly in an easy-

chair, and in the course of the evening recited, in the same position, Mrs. Browning's Italy. The society actress took pains to shift from one to another of various carefully studied poses, that the lines of her slender figure and excellent profile might be seen to advantage. There was Jane Scrim, who wrote a great deal of matter of small importance with a spiteful tang, and had a ter-magant air corresponding with her literary style. She was continually flying about from one profession to another, representing each as an extraordinary new departure from all that had ever been done heretofore, and calling upon gods and men to take notice of her and her doings. There was Mrs. Seven-league, who had published an account of her experiences as a traveler, wholly unaccompanied, across Southeastern Bungaleeboo. Count Altamont, a person whose title was somehow shady, though apparently genuine, who posed for traveler, poet, and amateur in all the fine arts, and was more popular with the female sex than with men, was present, and had brought with him a *protégé* in the shape of an Indian boy, in full feathers and costume of deer-skin. The Count had procured this protégé in the remote wilds of the West, and represented that he proposed to take charge of his musical education.

Mrs. Anne Arundel Clum shook hands with Ottilie. Dr. Wyburd also came forward, and greeted her demonstratively.

"Yes," he said, "you find me here. I should have been very good at this literary sort of thing if I had been allowed to follow it. As it is, I only woo the muse a little, in a fragmentary way, in such poor intervals as I can snatch from my many engrossing occupations. I come here but seldom, yet it is not for want of inclination and desire. The genial companionship of people of letters is tonic and reviving to the mind, which is apt to rust out in our purely

fashionable life. It is here, in fact, that I feel myself most at home."

There were present other journalists with Mr. Camden, as young Mr. Skate, lately become attached to that able review the Slate, the editors in chief of the Musical Tablet, the Art Vignette, — recently started in opposition to the Art Kaleidoscope, — and the Hebrew Exodus. The assembly had a very cosmopolitan air. Mr. Skate, on being presented to Ottilie, said that he rarely came to these places, but his reason was quite different from that given by Dr. Wyburd. It was contempt instead of lack of leisure. He said it was refreshing to find some one to whom he could express a few frank opinions, — some one out of the regular gang. He went on to express his views of the policy in criticism which he endeavored, so far as he was concerned, to carry out in the Slate.

"I have two short principles," he said. "Nothing good can be produced in America. Our civilization is too new and raw. It may appear to be good, but that is an error. On the other hand, nothing very bad can be produced in Europe, which is saved by its centuries of culture, its storied monuments, its naturally profounder way of looking at things. Having thus simplified matters, one merely points out the degrees of badness and goodness, and concentrates upon a neat way of saying things. I would hardly wish this to go outside as coming from me, but I have devoted much thought to the position, and am satisfied of its correctness."

The Indian boy confided to Ottilie — in response to some little attempt to draw him out, for he was the most notable of the curiosities — that he wore no such clothes at home, and that he had no musical tastes whatever for cultivation. His Reservation was a civilized place, with farms and schools, and his people wore the regular European dress. This theatrical outfit had been

prepared for him at a costumer's in the Bowery. Count Altamont, it appeared, was toting about this extraordinary figure from one reception to another to add to his own importance.

Ottillie wondered that the poet Ringrose should appear so young. He was just beginning to show the first approaches of middle age. She had somehow thought of him as older. He was a nervous, quick-speaking person; not gloomy, but with a trace as of a permanent trouble on his countenance. He brightened at the compliment she paid him in quoting lines of his which had impressed her in a peculiar way, some years before, and treated her very affably. Perhaps they got none too much praise, after all, these sensitively organized oracles; or was their capacity for it enormous? Ringrose had letters in his pockets from brother celebrities. He showed Ottillie some of these.

"Ringrose conducts a correspondence with all the learned of his time," said Mr. Stoneglass, coming up. "It is like the age of Erasmus. They condole with each other after their peculiar free-masonry, and despise the profane vulgar as it deserves."

Ringrose received this sally with a deprecating smile.

"I have just had a letter from Canto," he said. "He incloses me a poem. He wishes me to tell him exactly what I think of it. I think it is the best bad poem I ever saw. It has his usual knack, his deftness; but when you come to look for ideas there is nothing in it. Form alone may do very well for a picture, but not in poetry. For my part, I confess that I like a subject, a story, in my picture, also. It is not the thing to say in these Impressionist days. We had the whole discussion last night at Flitchbrush's studio. They call 'story' in a picture 'literary,' — that is the disparaging epithet they apply to it; but if they can find nothing worse to say of it than that, I remain quite unmoved."

"An interesting place, Flitchbrush's," suggested Mr. Stoneglass.

"Yes," said Ringrose. "You should go around to one of his evenings," to Ottillie; "that is to say, if you are at all of Bohemian tastes, — as I fear you are not. His studio is a remarkable place, decorated with rugs and miscellaneous traps, and full of portfolios of things to look over. People drop in informally of Wednesday evenings, and talk; and tea is passed about. Mrs. Flitchbrush sits and sews at some bright-colored costume for a lay figure, as a good mother of a family elsewhere might mend the apparel of her children."

Flitchbrush joined them. "I was telling them of our discussion of last night," said Ringrose. Upon this reference, as is so apt to be the case, the self-same discussion was presently renewed with heat.

"A picture should be decorative before anything else," said Flitchbrush. "If it can get a subject that lends itself to decorative purposes, so much the better; but decorative it must be, at all costs."

"Art has a higher mission," asserted Ringrose.

"It has its own mission," rejoined Flitchbrush, "and no other."

In an adjacent group it was being disputed whether newspaper criticism should or should not be signed.

"It should be signed," declared the historian, Temple.

"It should not be signed," declared the journalist, Camden.

"I say it should be signed," said Temple. He was a small man, with an almost boyish briskness of speech and manner, though he must have reached the age of fifty. He was not a very great historian, but he had made a good position for himself, and he had some excellent ideas. "It is an insufferable outrage," he said, "that some work of mine, over which I have spent months, perhaps years, carefully constructing

the plan, elaborating every detail, giving to the whole my best energy and thought, — it is an outrage, I say, that the public estimate of this work should be so largely made by the haphazard dictum of some anonymous penny-a-liner, who has nothing to lose by printing the first rubbish that comes into his head, and with the weight of a great newspaper behind him. He may even be a competent person, and only tired, cross, or hurried at the time of writing; or he may be incapable of forming any opinion entitled to respect. All the same, in it goes, whatever it be, and a bias is created in the minds of fifty thousand people, which is not recovered from, perhaps, in a generation or two. Suppose the subject be a new play. The critic hurries away from it, yawning, somewhat before midnight. He wants to go to bed. Discriminating writing is by no means easy, at the best. His article must go in in the morning. He is responsible to no one. Why should he earn his salary in a difficult way when an easy way will do? He damns or praises at his own sweet will. His only rule is to be quick about it. No, let the opinions be signed. If they amount to anything, they will stand upon their own merits; if not, they will be estimated, like the traditional kick from the mule, according to the source whence they come."

"A newspaper man's life would not be worth the having, under those conditions," protested Mr. Camden. "He could not show himself, for scowling looks, when generally he had done no more than his duty."

"I sign everything *I* write," said the belligerent Miss Scrim. "I put my town, county, and street address to it. They always know where to find *me*, if they want to."

"It would create a school of criticism, and give such criticism its part in literature," continued Temple. "Reputations would be made in it. Look at

the school of critical writers that has arisen in France under this system."

Mr. Stoneglass talked to Otilie of the fine qualities, as a man and a citizen, of her uncle. He certainly hoped to see him soon in the treasury department.

Colonel Bowsfield made some mention to her of his experiences while in the service of the Khedive of Egypt. Mrs. Sevenleague, who had lately returned from a career in London society, gave her an account of Browning, Swinburne, and others, and of a new American writer lately gone there, who was said to be making a great stir.

"Is he as bright as the conversations in his books?" asked Otilie.

"We met him at Lady Ludgate Hill's," her informant said. "He talked exclusively about the weather."

Mrs. Sevenleague also said of a leading English novelist of the younger school, "We saw a great deal of him when in lodgings in London. He was quite devoted to a young lady of our party. At one time it looked almost like an engagement."

Otilie could hardly believe that this was real; that it was indeed she who was listening to such talk and having such experiences. She was hearing at first hand of the very greatest personages, the figures to whom her imagination had always gone out with admiring reverence, from others who actually knew them. But she was accepting it all in a dazed way. She was forcing a forlorn interest, instead of kindling with enthusiasm. A little while ago it would not have been possible for anything to be more to her liking, but now the virtue had somehow gone out of it.

"These wretched little human affections of ours, how engrossing they are!" she sighed. "Of what possible consequence is this feeling of mine in the universe, and yet it rises up and eclipses the whole of it."

The one person in all the world with whom she could best have enjoyed the

new experience, the one who would have best caught its quaint humors, its contrasts, its fresh and typical aspects, was ruthlessly torn from her by fate. A sense of this grew so keen as to be at moments almost intolerable. It seemed that the hour of departure would never come. She looked often to see if Rosine were not in waiting with her cloak below.

Temple, planting himself squarely before her, said, "What do you do? I think I have read your poems. It is always fair to ask that question at Mrs. Stoneglass's. Everybody here is supposed to have done something of note."

Ottilie felt her fraudulent position, in trying to pass on equal terms in a circle of such distinction, to be at length justly exposed.

"I — I only appreciate, a little," she stammered.

But the apparent severity of the brisk little historian proved only a part of his manner, and not intended for offense. Finding that he had an excellent listener, he talked to her diffusely a long time. It was entertaining talk for the time, though exclusively relating to himself. Presently he accosted the member of the great publishing house on the subject of a proposed new volume, for which he, Temple, desired peculiarly advantageous terms. This led to a wrangle in a half-humorous way upon the mooted question of the disproportion between the profits of the publisher and the author.

"You grind the faces of the poor," said Temple. "You seize the lion's share, and put off the author, the real producer, without whom you could not exist, with a beggarly pittance."

"I can demonstrate to you," said the publisher, "that the ten per cent. received by the author really comprises the larger share of profits." And he began in an elaborate way to demonstrate.

"That is all very well, all very well,"

cut in Temple, who had often argued the case before, both on one side and the other; "but meanwhile the author starves in his garret, and you roll hither in your carriage."

"I would have you to know that I came in a horse-car," said the publisher testily.

"And I on foot," said the brisk historian, with a triumphant air, both of having established his position and had the last word.

From time to time the hostess, Mrs. Stoneglass, implored silence, either by a gesture of her own or the aid of some polite masculine volunteer, and introduced a performer, for the more general entertainment of the company. During the pauses, a very dark young woman, who sat beside Ottilie, favored her with some particulars as to her early education, taste in books, and the like. She seemed rather young to have attained distinction on her own account, and Ottilie set her down as allied to it by some family tie.

"From my earliest years," she said, "my family took pains to gather about me only the most intellectual and refined minds. I have never known what it is to associate with anybody not intellectual. My taste in literature has been formed in the same way. I care for no characters in books who would not be suitable companions for me in real life. My father was a man of the greatest talent. You must have heard of him, — Chester A. Skadger. He wrote poems, plays, essays, everything. But he esteemed more than all his old family name."

"Here too?" thought Ottilie. And she said sweetly, "Oh, I am sure he must have been quite right," which caused the young woman of such exceptional advantages to dart at her a look of suspicion.

A small, gentle-speaking lady on the other side — who did not prove as gentle as she seemed — confided to Ottilie

her opinion of the American fiction of the time.

"It is very little, very pretty, very nice, very dainty," she said, joining a thumb and finger to aid in expressing the idea. "But when you look for breadth, for scope, fire, magnificence of conception, what a disappointment! Why do they give us no great, noble, typical women? And what do they do, these insignificant characters? Nothing in the world but sit around and talk. Or, if they do not talk, they think. Not an incident, not a circumstance, of any extraordinary sort!"

"Is it not pleasant to see life as it is, — I mean the best part of it, — to have the writers try to find the poetry and romance around us in every-day things?" ventured Otilie. "I am sure it is as genuine as if it existed in a remote age, or under some very exceptional circumstances. And I sometimes think that there is nothing more charming, either in books or out of them, than just the right kind of conversations."

Having got thus far, she stopped in trepidation. Had she actually the temerity to think of contradicting such people as this?

Some of the performers brought forward by Mrs. Stoneglass were musical. Among others appeared Wilhelmina Klauser, daughter of the confidential agent through whose stratagem Otilie had been first introduced to her uncle's notice. The German girl had developed, it seemed, a talent quite out of the common, which caused her to be in much demand. Her blonde hair was bound up in fillets, like that of a classic nymph. She was retiring by nature, but her music inspired her. Seated at the piano, she dashed off her selection with an almost masculine vigor.

The most, however, were of the histrionic order. Recitations seemed an amusement much in vogue. The distinguished tragic actress kindly gave something, as has been said. Professor

McMurdock, the Shakespearean expositor, followed. Count Altamont placed himself crosswise on a chair for a steed and pretended to be a cavalier engaged in some remarkable exploit. The poem in which this was set forth was, he said, his own. When he had finished Mrs. Stoneglass gave a little ecstatic cry. "How lovely! How perfect!" she said, and clapped her hands.

She liked to encourage her performers, and keep them in an obliging vein. She congratulated the Count also on his poem, saying, —

"Authors, we know, like pretty women, must be flattered."

"But when one is both author *and* pretty woman, then what is to be done?" returned the Count, with a languishing glance. It was such speeches as these, perhaps, that gave him his popularity with the fair sex.

In a corner apart by themselves stood a little group of rising poets, who, with talent and ardor, were not without some of the eccentricities of youth and of their profession. It was whispered to the hostess that young Mr. Edson Judson, of this group, had a poem in his pocket, which he had delivered with great acceptance to the circle at a dinner at a restaurant, just before their coming hither. Mrs. Stoneglass thereupon insisted that Mr. Judson should repeat the performance, and he allowed himself to be persuaded. He announced to the company in a few dignified words of preamble that science was his chosen source of inspiration. He would make no secret of his belief that modern science afforded a deeper and truer inspiration than any that effete systems of the past could boast of. His poem was an ode entitled *Vortex Atoms*. It had a sufficiently learned air, but was not quite as lucid as poems very often are.

A Mr. Okenberg, described to her as a promising writer of short stories for the magazines, was introduced to Otilie. He had a lively, rather caustic way of

talking. He appeared to enter into her situation, and to find that she might be interested in some explanations of curious phases of things about her.

"That is James Edson Judson," he said of the young poet who had just finished. "He is a broker. He turns those things off instead of attending to business. He has been dubbed, by some friendly hand, a 'poet of the future,' and delights in the title. His best things, however, are not done in pursuance of any theory."

Mr. Edson Judson meanwhile retired to his circle, and was received by them with beaming countenances. He had taken occasion, before retiring, to mention to Mrs. Stoneglass that in his opinion the poem of Mr. George Gladwin Ludlow, delivered at the same dinner, was, in its way, even better than his own. Mr. George Gladwin Ludlow was, upon this, invited forward in his turn. His effusion was of a gloomy, suicidal cast.

"If the other two members of the group are asked to recite," Mr. Okenberg went on, "Wixon will give comic squibs; the other—but no, Hurlpool will never be allowed to recite. They are all connected with the press, in one way and another, or pursue the journey to Parnassus in the intervals of arduous occupations. They rarely come here. I don't know what brings them out to-night. As a rule they look down upon such places. They take their pleasure in less trammelled, Bohemian fashion. Each has his specialty. Just as that of Judson is science, of Ludlow suicide, of Wixon comic squibs, the grand specialty of Hurlpool is to fly in the face of all the received proprieties of civilization. He is a literary Ajax defying the lightning. He seems determined to be original, at any price. He is great on orientalisms, and on renditions of Scripture in an easy fashion of his own. His verbiage blazes with light and color. He says that the bane of American letters

is the preposterous deference shown to the conventional 'young person.' He would have all departments of life thrown open as material for literature. He declares that he would have literature made for adults, and not for babes in arms, and sighs that he was not born a Frenchman. Perhaps he is not as bad as he seems. He has an excellent warm heart for his friends, they say, and he looks at himself with a kind of innocence. In the clique his effusions are received without especial objection. The theory most in vogue among them is that of art for art's sake. One subject is looked upon as about as good as another. The members have their little eccentricities of appearance, as you see. The literary Ajax cultivates a smile of calculated brightness; the poet of the future, the raven locks and slouch hat of a murderer in a melodrama; the suicidal poet, the blonde beard and spectacles of a socialist philosopher of Montmartre. The humorist alone is dapper and clean-cut. It is a saving grace, after all, this humor; it keeps one out of a multitude of scrapes."

A long-haired, elderly man, much more eccentric in aspect than any of the clique described, now approached. "Here comes Chalker," said Okenberg. "He says that 'the genius is half d—d fool,' and you may be sure that he counts himself a genius. He is running at his own expense a weekly called the Scroll. He maintains that it is needed to keep in order, and eventually supplant, the Slate. He is extremely sanguine about it. It is crammed with vagaries. If the Slate has its vagaries also, they are at least based upon a keen, worldly wisdom. Chalker is engaged upon a great work of what he calls hypothetical characterizations. He tells me that he will examine what kind of a figure various personages of history would have made in other professions than those which they actually adopted. Thus he will show what sort of a novelist or

playwright Napoleon would have made; how Turner would have led armies, and Beethoven managed a paint-pot.

"I think I know of a couple of new subscribers for you, Chalker," he said to the object of this description.

"Don't bring me subscribers, my dear young friend," returned Mr. Chalker. "But if you have a couple of new ideas, bring *them* in. That is what we want."

The recitations were resumed. The professional elocutionists of the masculine sex were distinguished by having their faces clean-shaven, to secure the greatest play of expression. One of them imitated musical instruments and the sounds of animals; then mimicked leading actors and personages in public life. It appeared that the young lady who had described to Otilie her fastidious bringing up by the late Chester A. Skadge also possessed the elocutionary talent. She went forward to the middle of the room, stood a few moments with a portentous fixity, and suddenly burst forth: "Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west."

Her eyes were opened to their widest and fiercest at the preliminary "Oh-o-o," but this was followed, with the "young Lochinva-ar," by a capacious smile. Her words were accompanied by gesticulation, after the Delsarte system. The selection seemed almost like a herald's flourish of trumpets to usher in an important new arrival.

Lanes, or rifts, occasionally opened through the crowd. All at once, down such a lane Otilie, discovered Bainbridge. He had apparently just come up the stairs, and was shaking hands with the hostess. The lane closed again. He had not discovered Otilie. She turned pale, and leaned for a moment against the wall. She had opportunity to recover herself, however, before he came up, some little time afterwards. Mr. Okenberg was once more talking to her, and she was standing up. Camden the journalist, Ringrose the poet, and

others were close by. Bainbridge wore a preoccupied air, as if looking for somebody.

"Ah," he said, touching Camden's arm, "have I found you? I have been at your lodgings. They said that you would probably be here."

He did not observe at once the presence in which he stood. He awoke to it, with a start. He endeavored to cloak this, as the custom is, against the suspicions of the others by an assumption of indifference. He finished in a word or two the business he had with Camden, and then spoke with Otilie. As a new-comer, the rest gave him the young lady a moment to himself, though still maintaining their places. He politely inquired for her impressions. There were topics enough for conversation in the novel scene. Otilie had schooled herself to reply impassively. Nothing is more chilling to the expansions of ill-regulated affection than dread of the disdain of its object. In the presence of Bainbridge she was phenomenally calm. But she kept her glance averted.

"They are not all as friendly in speaking about one another as I had supposed," suggested Otilie. "Several of them have abused Mrs. Shaftsbury, the guest of the evening, to me, though I think very highly of her. Two of these in turn have afterwards abused each other."

"The axiom might be laid down that people who are equal to disliking the same thing are not necessarily equal to admiring each other," said Bainbridge.

They spoke of some of the more pronounced individualities. "They have ideals of their own in personal appearance, you see," said Bainbridge, hardly caring how his words ran. "They desire to establish a correspondence between their looks and their exceptional positions. They take their profession with a profound seriousness,—wish us to think they make a sort of priesthood of it."

"It is a rank charlatanism, and makes me sick," said Okenberg, overhearing. "If I were a poet, I should model myself upon a butcher-boy in appearance. The technical poet, the technical thinker, the technical anything, is my aversion. Poetry is the singing voice of the soul as opposed to its common speech. Most all of us have our little touch of it somewhere. Whether a man have in him more or less of it, it is not a reason why he should make a guy of himself. Poetry, thought of any kind, is not conjured out from under a particular kind of hat, as if it were a trick in legerdmain. I tell you there are reputations that consist entirely of an uncouth name, a cloak, and a slouch hat, and nothing else."

"Charlatanism or not, it is probably what the public prefer," said Bainbridge. "We do not like to think that our ideas are furnished us by exactly the same order of beings as ourselves. Given a sufficient difference in appearance and manner of doing things, and we half delude ourselves into the belief that we are dealing with a race of a foreign and mysterious sort."

"I saw you talking with Mrs. Plumfield," said Ringrose to Otilie, — "the gentle-looking little lady, of positive opinions, who has just turned this way. She gave you her opinion of American fiction, I dare say?"

"Yes," assented Otilie, in surprise.

"She asks why there are no great, noble, typical women in it," interrupted Okenberg. "I am sure I can't tell her, considering how very common they are in real life. You ladies are great extremists. You want in a novel one of two things. Either there must be a heroine of portentous seriousness, who performs none but the most magnanimous deeds, or else she must be continually tearing her clothes climbing fences, and seen in this condition, with unkempt hair and face stained with blackberries, by the discriminating young man who

is to be come the arbiter of her fate. Now that I have ascertained what you need, however, I propose to conform to it and turn it to pecuniary account. I conceive a compromise or union which shall capture all suffrages at once. My next heroine shall be a Joan of Arc who is first discovered sliding down the banisters."

"I detest compromises," said Miss Jane Scrim, catching only this word.

Mr. Okenberg looked as if he moderately detested Jane Scrim.

"I hope that you will take more kindly, then, to my second great original idea," he said. "It is purely philanthropic. It is a plan to ameliorate the condition of elderly spinsters, a hardly-used race both in fiction and out of it. I consider it worth oceans of platform agitation."

"Yes?" inquired Miss Jane Scrim fiercely.

"Let us combine to slowly but surely advance the ages of our heroines. Thus my last heroine was nineteen. My next shall be twenty-two, the next twenty-seven, the next thirty, and so on. The charming time of maidenhood, the ideal period for first love and matrimonial sentiment, may thus be made to extend, say, to fifty."

Otilie did not quite like this. "Mrs. Plumfield thought that our fiction was deficient in incidents," she said, by way of diversion.

"Nobody will make that complaint about her story," said Mr. Okenberg. "She has written a novel, too, — perhaps you may not know it. She hawked it around to all the publishers, and then printed it at her own expense. Not that that is anything against it, for about the last man in the world to know a good thing when he sees it is a publisher. It is crammed with murders, abductions, and explosions of nitro-glycerine. The hero has 'a throat like a marble column,' and lives in a bandbox, and his name is Cyril Gurle.

"The 'incident' school has gone out," pursued Okenberg. "We have come to understand, with Schopenhauer, that 'the rank of a novel is according as it depicts more the inner and less the outer life.' Mental and moral incidents, as read in their effect upon character, are vastly more worthy objects of contemplation than runaway horses and exploding locomotives."

"And are the other kind to be ruled out altogether?" asked Otilie.

"Nothing is to be ruled out; but writers will naturally be graded according as they cater to a childish taste for marvels or to something more enlightened. There is a *rank* of physical incidents, too. There are plenty of happenings which are strange, poetic, stimulating to the imagination, and worthy of interest in themselves, just as are lovely people, places, and aspects of nature. The other day two ocean steamers passed each other in a fog so thick that neither could be seen from the other's deck, yet so near that voices could be heard from one to the other. I call that a good incident. Put the heroine on board one, the hero on the other; see? He hears her voice as if out of the air. It is some critical turn in their affairs; see? That would be equal to a proportionate space of any but the best of my or Blank's conversations. No, on the whole, nothing, or almost nothing, should be ruled out. 'Hitch your wagon to a star!' Hitch it to the great passions, the forces of nature, the feelings of weirdness and mystery that stir dimly in every human breast. The work must be done with the broad Homeric touches, too, as well as the fine ones, if it expects to live. It must not be too civilized, too sophisticated. Over-sophistication is possibly going to be the next vice of our literature."

"The bane of our literature is the caprice of magazine editors," broke in Bowsfield, the traveler. "There ought to be a point where one should be be-

yond their veto and control. Does anybody suppose for one moment that I would send an article to one of them that I thought unworthy of my reputation? The current dictation should be resisted to the utmost. Let the writer be true to himself; that is all that is needed. Let him judge himself. Look at Wordsworth. Immediate recognition is no test of merit. Wordsworth was the best judge of Wordsworth; Camden is the best judge of Camden; you, Okenberg, of Okenberg; and I, of myself." Colonel Bowsfield struck himself proudly on the breast.

"One bane of American letters, probably, as of American art," said Okenberg, "is the abject reverence for everything European. We are not seeing enough with our own eyes. A curious thing, because we have been accustomed in so many books and pictures to scenes laid abroad, we have fallen into the way of thinking that almost the only proper place for them. We do not sufficiently reflect that the foreign writers and picture-makers use the people, the streets, the scenes, of every-day life about them. Supposing they too thought it necessary to go abroad for their material: whither would they repair? Perhaps to us. The London of Dickens, the Paris of Victor Hugo, are their own most familiar stamping-grounds. I profess myself the implacable foe of Europe. Let it have a care! The best literature and the best art are always home-inspired."

Thus the talk went on. Otilie had but a small part to take in it, being appealed to occasionally by the speakers; but with what an intelligence she answered! Perhaps the others saw in her a trace of the sadness she could not wholly conceal, and purposely tried to divert her from it. Bainbridge had conquered his flushings and paleness. His eyes wandered yearningly over her face. He thought he had never known her so thin before. Could it be that she had

suffered on his account? To what advantage she appeared in every company! He had been well along on the road towards freedom, as he deemed. He relapsed now into slavery with a headlong impetus. He must have speech with her. He began to devour her with his eyes. He would have liked to seize her in his arms, there in the midst of them all, and hear her away from out their senseless babble, as is said to be the custom, as part of the matrimonial preliminaries, among some barbarous tribes.

"You must not judge us too hastily, you know," said Mr. Okenberg, choosing to represent Otilie as an investigating person, whose mission it was to severely formulate literary society. "Perhaps you have n't seen the best of us. You must come again, and often. A new-comer is apt to see the odd features first, and judge all the rest accordingly. Our entertainers are the nicest people in the world, but all sorts of persons turn up here. One sometimes has to think, too, that the literary faculty, instead of being a form of strength, is weakness. If we really understood life, we should command it, reap its principal rewards, comfortably live it, instead of passing our time in wisely dissertating about it. You have seen the preposterous egotism and conceit of some of us. There are persons here who would talk you to death about their own superlative genius with a gusto. There are people with every apparent advantage in the world, who know no more of Chesterfield than if they had been brought up in the heart of Africa, — and some of them call themselves thinkers, the more 's the pity."

"I think I would draw it a little milder," suggested Mr. Camden. "It will not do to unfold the dark secrets of our prison-house all at once. You will frighten our visitor away, and that would be a serious calamity," he added, with a gallant bow.

"I am not the ill-natured critic you affect to think," Otilie thought it necessary to disclaim. "It all pleases me very much. I am only too flattered to be allowed to be here."

"Well, there *are* ideas," said Okenberg, taking the back track, "plenty of them, bubbling and seething. It is better than stagnation, after all. The people have something to them more than what mere money will buy. I don't know but I have patience with most of them, except Bolster. Bolster is literary, as the Irishman played the violin, 'by main strength.' He has money, and publishes a volume every year at his own expense. He has never known what it is to have a single unaffected human impulse or turn of expression. In manner and matter alike he sets your teeth on edge. And yet he passes, in a certain way, for a literary man. Publishers ought to be held to pains and penalties for such things."

Bainbridge drifted away from the group, proposing to seek a favorable opportunity to return to it and secure Otilie to himself. The group dissolved presently, in the shifting way in which things pass in such assemblies. Otilie exchanged some words with Wilhelmina Klausner. The later news of the Finley-Cutter case from Harvey's Terrace was told her.

"Miss Finley is worse," said Wilhelmina. "She goes about crying and saying that she is losing her mind. Mrs. Cutter, her former friend, has shown her but little sympathy. She pretends to be indignant that anybody could suppose that her husband could do anything wrong. Perhaps it really was not so much his fault that he lost the money; that is, perhaps it was not intentional. He may have been taken in. I have heard that he has been to see prominent persons to find out if there is not some way of getting redress."

"He has seen my uncle," said Otilie. "I think that something will be done."

The knot of minor poets were now discussing with heat the problem whether the genius is in advance of his time, or only in the very midst of it, and serving as its mouth-piece and essential expression. There was no uncertain implication that this was a question in which they all had a personal interest. This was mingled with talk as to the characters of editors, the rates of payment in various quarters, and the rise of journals.

Elsewhere, a group of young playwrights considered the decline, or rather the failure to arise, of the American drama. It was laid to the hopeless incompetency, and fiendish arts in suppressing native merit, of the managers. A member of the group, whose claim to authority was founded upon the dramatization of a poor French novel, which ran two nights in the country, described his method of writing.

"I have a miniature theatre of paste-board," he said, "on which I arrange everything in advance. I see then just how it is going to look. I fix even my exits and entrances. When I have once established a certain exit or entrance, no manager under heaven shall change it."

"He has read me some of his things," remarked Camden to a neighbor. "I recollect one in particular; a comedy, he called it. He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and positively there was not a touch in it to provoke the faintest smile."

Ottilie heard both this remark and that of the boastful aspirant by which it was called out. She was standing by the piano. The case of pathetic hardship of which she had heard from Wilhelmina had increased her own sadness, and at the same time appeared to show it as selfish.

"I make my own griefs," she sighed; "those of others are made for them."

Bainbridge came up to her once again. At length they were alone.

"How well Mr. Okenberg talks!" Ottilie threw out, by way of a suggestion of converse to break an impending awkwardness.

"He is somewhat of the order of that potentate who 'never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one.' He does not always carry out his good ideas in his writing. Still, he has time before him," responded Bainbridge.

He fidgeted, looked to the right and left, then suddenly said, in a changed, almost husky tone, "I wish you would come and sit down with me a little while. There is something I want to say to you. I can find places."

"I do not think I ought to," Ottilie murmured; but opposition died on her lips, and she followed him. He led the way through the crowd to some chairs by the wall, in a corner. The people standing up and moving about in front of them insured a sort of privacy for their interview.

"I did not know that you were here," began Bainbridge. "I had not the slightest idea of it. I thought you would have accepted an invitation earlier in the season. It is only by the merest accident that I am here myself. I had to find Mr. Camden, in connection with a piece of work I am doing for his paper, and I was directed to this place. It is going to make the greatest difference to me that I have come. I have something I must say to you."

"If it be to account for your extraordinary keeping away from me, of late," said Ottilie faintly, "perhaps it is quite in order."

"I did not expect to see you," the young man went on, repeating himself in his agitation. "I had made up my mind not to see you." Ah, he had made up his mind not to see her. "Do you know why I stayed away?"

"No," answered Ottilie. "I thought perhaps — It was said — The report went around — that you were engaged to Miss Emily Rawson."

"What nonsense!" he cried indignantly, half starting up. And yet, perhaps indignation was not greatly called for. His own conduct had given excellent color to such a report. He was somewhat cooler upon this, and acted with greater self-possession.

"Well," he said, "I have been trying the severest experiment of my life. I have been trying to see what sort of a martyr I should make. But I am not the stuff for martyrdom. I recant, I retract my errors, or am perhaps ready for worse ones. The rack and thumb-screw frighten me. Had it ever occurred to you that I might be in love with you?"

"No," said Ottilie with a violent start, opening her fan to aid in concealing her emotion.

"You had not thought that all that pretty intercourse, that charming friendship of ours, was, on my side, love,—that it was bound to result in it? You made me so unspeakably fond of you that"—

"How? I made you so fond of me!" she interrupted to ask. These were the dearest words she ever had heard, in all her life, and they gave her a feeling almost of faintness, but she had answered as if refuting some kind of aspersion upon her character.

"Simply by being what you are,—the loveliest character, the most beautiful and adorable being, in the world. Simply by giving me your companionship, by letting me be with you."

And all this had to go on with bated breath, and no other demonstrations than such as would have been proper to conversation on the most ordinary topics. Bainbridge bore with difficulty the enforced restraint. He would have liked to sink literary and all other society, for the time being, to the bottom of the sea.

"I am not at all adorable," returned Ottilie, "nor of an amiable character,—if you only knew me. Nor am I beautiful; I have never been told so. My

mirror informs me too truly on that point. And there are excellent reasons why I ought not to let you talk to me in this way. I must not listen to you."

"I knew that I should never be able to see you again without telling you all. Now you have heard it. To pass your house, even to walk in the direction of it, to call you to mind, has given me thrills and pains of the heart. I must show what I have been through. I am completely unstrung. I am good for nothing."

"Then why did you keep away?"

"Because I was magnanimous. Now that I have relapsed into my selfishness again I have come back. I tried to sacrifice you to your own best good. I have never made a secret of my worldly circumstances to you. At the last period of our intimacy they had become notably worse than ever, and so I took myself off. I wanted to do nothing to interfere with your prospects, the brilliant match you might well enough make. You recollect how we talked of these subjects in the summer. When I thought Kingbolt was making up to you, I tried in the same way to give him a clear field, though I was tortured with a jealousy I cannot describe."

"And you were really jealous of Kingbolt?"

The insensate, delightful idea! The blood again coursed warmly through all her chilled members.

"Madly. And since then I have been jealous of all the world. The advice I gave, the principles we laid down, are as good as ever; but oh, I love you so dearly that I have not been able to prevent myself from coming to you with a foolish proposition. I have come to ask you to be mine, in spite of all that we have said; to try and conceive an existence from the romantic point of view, without all of those things that we may both have thought so necessary. It is better that I should have made you this

offer, at any rate. Now you have but to refuse me. I shall have the comfort, at least, of knowing that I have done all I could.

"There is just one ray of light," he went on, before Otilie, gasping for breath in her agitation, could begin her answer. He spoke now with a nervous haste, as if to postpone as long as possible the adverse decision he dreaded, though the instant before he had professed himself resigned to it. "A letter has reached me to-day, which may prove of significance. It informs me that my absconding debtor and quondam friend of former years, of whom I once told you, has turned up in Denver, with the appearance of being quite a prosperous person. He is thought to have met with success in mining and to be a wealthy man. In that case I shall be able to recover what is due me, — a comfortable sum to begin the world on. I am going to take a journey thither; who knows what may come of it? And besides," he continued, as if not willing to have the decision rest wholly upon so problematic a resource, and with a boastful air new to him, "I shall presently get a large practice. I must. Fortune cannot always run in the same groove; and when it turns it can turn in but one way."

It touched Otilie deeply to see him almost humiliate himself before her, like this. But she too was revolving certain ideas in her head.

"No," she said; "this is a sudden impulse. It is against the sober judgment you had formed. Let us renew our former friendship. That will do, will it not?"

"It is too late for friendship. It never was friendship. I have analyzed it thoroughly."

"You exaggerate what you are pleased to call my brilliant prospects; and you greatly disparage yourself," returned Otilie. "You are good enough for anybody. You must not think that

it is reasons of a mercenary kind that influence me. I esteem it a very, very great honor you do me, — I say it most truly, — but I am obliged to decline. I cannot marry you."

"Oh, do not say that! Oh, why?" he pleaded in a wretched way. "Then you have never cared for me?"

"On the contrary, I have cared for you, and I do like you, very, *very* much. There, I am glad to have you know that, though it must not alter what I have said."

For the first time the people in the vicinity may have had a slight suspicion that these two were not talking exclusively about the weather.

"Drop your hand by your side a moment, by your skirt. Let me take it in token of gratitude for even so much," Bainbridge begged. "They will not see. Just an instant!"

"They *will* see. I am very foolish," she said, as if to herself, in consenting. "There! *there!*" and she drew the hand away from his ardent pressure with some difficulty.

She continued firm, nevertheless, in the refusal she had returned. She also had secretly her ideals of duty and self-sacrifice, and they were perhaps higher than his. She recalled perfectly well what his theory of a comfortable, even a tolerable, existence was. She had no right to take advantage of an injudicious enthusiasm to hamper him, and possibly prevent its realization forever.

Bainbridge asked for whys and wherefores, putting himself forward as a person excellently adapted to the comprehension of good reasons. She incautiously relented so far as to furnish him with some suggestion of those above named. He demolished them with a fierce energy. Otilie was driven into her intrenchments. Unless the garrison had resources not yet drawn upon, it seemed in imminent danger of being forced to haul down its colors.

The hostess came bustling along at

this moment, and, before she could be hindered, begged to present another candidate for the honor of her acquaintance. Usage demanded that Bainbridge should yield to the new-comer. He did so with an ill grace, but kept near, trusting to Otilie to recall him.

Fragments of discourse from adjoining circles were heard. Mr. Okenberg said, "I shall put such and such a character through about ten thousand words." "I shall write on that subject six thousand words," and used other similar jargon of his craft. He was throwing out hints and suggestions of plots which he proposed to use in his stories.

"I should have been very good at story-writing," said Dr. Wyburd, with much complacency. "I should have drawn a great deal upon real life. I have had the fortune to fall in with such a variety of experiences."

He began to give specimens by way of establishing the character of his material. "You alter, of course, and magnify any given incident to suit your own purposes?" he said.

"Yes," assented Okenberg. "We could not get along without that."

"Well, there was my friend and patient, old Colonel Kingbolt, for instance, who was killed by the wind of a shot, you may say. Nothing ever actually hurt him. He was notified of a forgery of his name in a New York bank. The bank telegraphed him, 'Have you issued such and such acceptances, now in our hands?'—date and amount given, but no name. He telegraphed back a negative, and demanded details, but these were refused. Renewed applications met with no better success. He then got it into his head that there was some infamous plot against his credit, and so allowed himself to be worried to death. It was rather curious they should have refused the particulars to a person of the colonel's importance. They passed it off as an error of some kind in the bank. This might be represented as

one of those cases you read about, where the facts are suppressed in the interest of influential parties."

"Yes, that might be worked up; most anything can be worked up, you know," said Okenberg. "You could have the son of the deceased, say, come to New York, and fall into relations with the persons who committed some crime which was the immediate cause of his father's death. One of them might be, say, his prospective father-in-law. The whole matter might be exploded on the wedding-day. Nothing lends itself to all sorts of sensational possibilities better than a wedding-day."

"But, unfortunately, or fortunately, you cannot construct your little romance in that way," broke in Stoneglass; "that is to say, if it is going to be founded on real life. Old Colonel Kingbolt's son is about to marry the daughter of Rodman Harvey, — as sound, solid, and upright a merchant as ever lived. Mr. Harvey's niece is with us here to-night," he added, by way of making some little parade of the guest. "It is very soon, I believe, Miss Harvey, that your cousin is to marry Mr. Kingbolt?"

"Yes," replied Otilie, a flush passing over her face, which was deeply clouded with anxiety; "within a fortnight."

When Bainbridge was able to resume his interrupted suit, there were no longer to be discovered in her any traces of yielding.

"No," she said; "go your journey to the West, and forget me. That will aid you to begin."

"I can never forget you; it is not possible."

"Do you not know of excellent reasons why you should?" she asked, examining him searchingly.

"I know of nothing that does or can in any way conflict with my ardent devotion to you." He would not concede that he took her meaning, if he really did so. Any admission and conference could but strengthen her fears.

"There is something — I cannot speak more clearly," pursued Otilie. "I have an impression, a dread. It is necessary to wait."

"But let it be an engagement! Then we can wait as long as we like. What folly! What cobweb fantasy is this! Come, we understand each other. You are not afraid of me. We are engaged. I shall call it so."

"No," she persisted. "Obstinacy is said to be a Harvey trait. You will find that it is mine. You must go your journey. I am not to be persuaded."

"Nothing shall induce me," she was saying, to strengthen herself inwardly, "to cast upon him, in addition to all the rest, the possibility of a disgrace which I feel to be impending."

Her carriage was now announced. Bainbridge insisted upon going down with her to put her into it. "I am coming to see you to-morrow to talk it over again," he declared, at the last moment.

"It will not be of any use," she returned. "And perhaps I shall not be at home."

William Henry Bishop.

DOMESTIC COUNTRY LIFE IN GREECE.

MODERN Athens, although still retaining many peculiar characteristics, is nevertheless from day to day adopting the habits and customs of other European capitals. It was therefore with much pleasure that we accepted an invitation to make a visit of some weeks in the island of Eubœa, where the primitive simplicity of former days still reigns supreme; where, at least among the peasant classes, the varied and graceful costumes are still in general use; and where the strange and weird national songs and dances have not yet given place to the all-absorbing waltz. Much even of the patriarchal element still exists there, the island being principally occupied by well-to-do families, who have lived on their property for several generations, and who, coming to the city only for the winter season, regard the country as their real home. Situated out of the more beaten tracks of travel and warfare, Eubœa has remained one of the most fertile and well wooded parts of Greece; and for this reason it was the favorite abode, during Turkish rule, of rich pashas, who loved its blue winding strait, its green forests,

and its delicious springs of water. They had built comfortable houses, and surrounded themselves with a certain degree of luxury for such a remote region; but, in spite of this, they would not stay after the Greeks came into power, and, reluctant as they were to leave this land of delights, sold their property at any price, and betook themselves over the boundary, — many to Thessaly, where the soil is also very fertile, but where the climate is more severe. Any Greek who was able to do so considered himself fortunate in becoming the possessor of one of these estates, with a village attached, where the peasants lived, who either tilled the land for the employer or rented from him small portions for themselves; in every case, the peasant was very dependent upon the land-owner. Several foreigners also took advantage of the opportunity to settle here; among others, two Englishmen, whose descendants have a good share of political and social influence in the island. I am told that in the newly annexed territory of Greece there are probably excellent bargains now to be had from the Turks, who, if they have not already de-

parted, will soon do so, as any sacrifice is lighter to a Mussulman than life on Christian soil.

One can reach Eubœa from Athens either by land or water, as there is a fine road, the longest in the kingdom, extending via Thebes to Chalcis. The island is connected with the mainland by a bridge across the strait. An omnibus goes daily over this bridge, carrying the mail and passengers. The whole drive, however, is a long and tiresome one, often shared by peasants, who are not pleasant traveling companions, as they bring with them an atmosphere of garlic and tobacco smoke. We therefore concluded to take the steamer, which runs once a fortnight, and is the best means of conveyance, if one is not hurried. As we were to start at midnight from the Piræus, we left our home in Athens at nine o'clock, P. M., and drove over the white, powdery road which connects the capital and its port, overtaking several other carriages containing passengers on the way to the same boat. It is an hour's drive, and our first stop was at the coffee-house under the group of tall silver poplar-trees, a little out of Piræus. Here is the only shade to be found on the road, and for this reason the cab-drivers always stop there to water their horses, while the passengers eat locoomia, and take a glass of water or a cup of coffee; and no matter what is the weather, the hour, or the haste, the traveler never leaves or enters Athens, by carriage, through Piræus, without performing this ceremony.¹

Upon arriving at the quay, we embarked in a small row-boat, manned by two sturdy oarsmen, who took us out to the little steamer *Iris*. From the quiet harbor we seemed to be transferred to a pandemonium, as the usual scene of confusion prevailing on board a steamer an hour before starting was increased ten-

fold by the fact that the distinctions of class are very vague here. The deck was crowded with persons of every description, eager to secure the best places, and struggling to pick out their possessions in the heaps of luggage which blocked the passages. The contrasts of appearance in this crowd were very striking. Near the gay mustached officer and his fashionable wife stood the shaggy peasant, keeping guard over his various bundles with as much vigilance as they over their Paris trunks. A large number of the passengers were rheumatic invalids, bound for the mineral baths of Edipso, in the northern part of Eubœa. As the accommodations at the baths are most imperfect, they travel with all their requirements for the weeks they remain there; and as I saw the mountains of household goods, it was difficult to imagine where the owners would be stowed. To sleep below in the stifling atmosphere seemed too terrible to think of, even if one could have found a place, and we concluded to spend the night on deck, as all the third-class passengers were preparing to do. It was the 12th of May (the 1st, Greek style), and the weather was mild, so that one who was not rheumatic could sleep in the open air without much risk; as it was brilliant moonlight, we knew that it would be far from disagreeable. After we were well under way, the steward brought us mattresses and blankets, and we curled ourselves up comfortably beside the rows of peasants who were stretched on the deck. The latter always travel with a rug and pillow, and lie down whenever and wherever they please. Before an hour had passed, the ship's company was silent in sleep, and we floated tranquilly along over the smooth sea. The situation was too novel for me immediately to follow the example of the natives, and for a while I watched the varying aspect of the long ridge of Hymettus, stretching out like a wall between us and the unknown land

¹ It may here be remarked that the one railroad of Greece, five miles in length, connects the two towns, and absorbs the greater part of the travel.

to which we were going. About two hours' steaming brought us to Point Colonna, or ancient Sunium, where the glistening columns of its ruined temple, standing on the abrupt promontory, broke the utter barrenness of the shore. The marble of Sunium is far whiter than that of the other temples. Some conjecture that this is from the quality of the stone; others, that from its position, exposed on all sides to the sea air, it has become blanched, as the side of the Parthenon turned to the sea is also whiter than its other sides.

After Sunium, I remember no more until sunrise, when a blaze of light in the east awoke me, to catch a confused vision of peasant women combing long black tresses, and shaggy men unrolling themselves from their rugs; and from this time there was no rest, as the children began to run about, while the parents prepared breakfast and rolled up the beds. At seven o'clock we passed the plain of Marathon. We had now entered the straits, having the island of Eubœa on our right. The shores on either side were near enough for us to see them plainly, and every one turned with interest toward the mainland. Here the straits widened into a beautiful semi-circular bay, a mile perhaps in its curve, defined by a soft white beach, from which the plain sloped gradually back to the green, wooded base of the Pentelic range. The upper peaks are bare, and marked in white seams by its famed marble, seen very distinctly on approaching Pentelcus from Athens, where the quarried side is exposed to view. The plain of Marathon looked to us like a simple stretch of wild, waste land, beginning to turn brown in the hot spring sun, as every green thing does in Attica. The whole region made an impression of great beauty, but of deep solitude also, as there was neither habitation nor living thing in sight. During the morning the steamer made but few stops. These were at small villages,

sometimes on the shore, and sometimes lying at a distance on the hills. Among the stopping-places was Oropòs, on the mainland, where a band of brigands encamped with their English prisoners in 1872. The captain pointed out to us the heights near by, where the poor victims were murdered, and where the brigands were afterward taken by the Greek troops.

We approached the site of the ancient town of Eretria an hour before we reached Chalcis. Only a few walls and fragments of buildings mark the spot, but it is rumored that rich treasures are concealed beneath its soil. Some friends of mine found in one of their fields, near here, two statues, as beautiful as any discovered at Tanagra; also some fine glass cups, in a perfect state of preservation, except that the color had been changed by the action of the soil, reminding me of similar ones from Cyprus, seen in the Cesnola collection in New York. Private excavations in Greece are very interesting, and in many houses there are little collections of antiquities found in digging the cellar or the well.

We proceeded on our course, the shores constantly drawing nearer, and as we left Attica, and skirted the Bœotian coast, both sides were well wooded. Entering a labyrinth of waters, which became more and more circuitous, we wound between the mountains into the quiet land-locked harbor before the town of Chalcis. I had been told that its situation was very picturesque, but I was not prepared for the extreme beauty of the view. The city is built in the form of a square, three sides of it inclosed by the straits, and protected by soft brown walls of crumbling stone. These and the old fortress on the mainland across the strait, where, carved in stone over the entrance, the lion of St. Mark still scowls on the passer-by, are relics of the Venetian rule in Greece. From within the city walls rise the domes and

minarets of mosques. Opposite Chalcis, on the Bœotian shore, is the supposed site of the ancient Aulis, where Agamemnon and his army of heroes were detained by the continuance of unpropitious breezes. We sailed close up to the town, to a point where the straits become so narrow that island and continent are separated by only a few feet. This space is spanned by an iron bridge, which was raised that our steamer might pass in with the tide. The singular rushing tide of the Euripus (swift flowing) at this narrow strait has given rise in all ages to much wonder and remark. The inhabitants, accustomed to see only an inch or two of difference between high and low tide on their shores, cannot comprehend this phenomenon, more especially as they assert that the tide has no regular time for turning, but is quite capricious in its movements. There is a fable that Aristotle, who was a citizen of Chalcis, weary with the mystery, threw himself into the whirling flood, and thus ended his troubled existence. However this may be, the tide is regarded with as much interest as ever, and one may always see some idle person hanging over the bridge and watching it.

As our destination was but a short distance beyond Chalcis, we disembarked here, and set out on foot, under the guidance of our hosts, the friends with whom we were traveling, to a house in the town, where we were to await their carriage to take us to the country. We found it very hot. The noonday sun was shining vertically on our heads, while the glittering clay of the streets reflected its rays upwards into our faces with blinding glare, and we were glad to avail ourselves of the narrow margin of shade afforded by the high walls and houses. An interval of absolute darkness occurred while passing from the old town into the new through the stone tunnel which crossed the moat, now no longer filled with

water, but overgrown with green vines and bushes. The tunnel opened into a square; on one side of it stood a Turkish minaret, now used as a clock tower. The houses about the square were low, and, like most old Turkish houses, built of unpainted wood, partially plastered with white mortar, and had an outside staircase leading up to the second story, where the families live. The ground-floor may be used as a stable, or for a shop or coffee-house. In almost every house a part of the roof is made into a broad terrace, where the people sit in the cool of the evening, or sleep on summer nights. After walking through several roughly-made alleys, we turned into an inclosure, and went up the rickety stairway of an old house. Here a woman, of almost equally ancient appearance with her abode, clad in black, came forward, and greeted with the greatest joy her master and mistress, who had come to her house to await their carriage. She was an old servant, who had been born and brought up on their estate; and now that her days of usefulness were past, they had provided her with a good home, and seemed to regard her more as a relative than an inferior. She called her master *Effendi*, as the country servants generally do, while he called her *Graia*, — the old lady. The *Graia* bustled about to make us comfortable; told us all the news of Chalcis and the farm, always using the word "ours;" ran to bring sweet preserves; made coffee; showed us her different rooms, which were very neat and clean; and did all in her power to make our hour's visit agreeable. The *Effendi*, meanwhile, poor man, did not have such a peaceful time; for in his office of deputy to the parliament at Athens he had much business to transact, and no sooner had he set foot on his native sod than he was surrounded by a crowd of anxious neighbors, each one eager to know the result of his petition. One claimed damages from the government for land

taken for the new road; another wished the position of school-master; another a pension: so that when the carriage finally came for us Mr. X. stepped into it with an expression of relief, knowing that during the drive, at least, he should be out of hearing of their clamorous tongues. Our road, which led for a distance of two hours outside of Chalcis, had been built only a year or two. As we drove along, by the water-side, we passed gayly-dressed people sitting at tables, taking coffee and sweetmeats, listening to the military band that was playing. They were officers and their families, who bring a little life to the quiet place when the troops are stationed here. A little further on, we came to a group of larger houses, not of Turkish construction, one of which is now occupied as the National Bank. Before this house Mr. X. drew up his horses, calling our attention to its position, somewhat to our surprise, as there was nothing to distinguish it from the adjoining buildings, all very much alike, and separated from the water by the street, beyond which lay the Chalcis shipping.

"Thirty years ago," he said, "this house belonged to my father; and one evening in the late autumn, as we were sitting together, a party of neighbors and relatives, a band of brigands entered, armed to the teeth. The terrified servants crowded into the parlor, but their presence was of no avail. Although we outnumbered the robbers, we found ourselves, unarmed as we were, completely in their power. To call for assistance from outside was impossible, as they had stationed a guard to watch the house, and attack any chance passerby who might hear the screams and carry the news further. Their first measure was to seize my aged father and demand an immense sum of money. This he stoutly refused to give, whereupon they forced my mother to surrender her keys, which opened the closets where the silver plate and jewels were

kept. They took all these, which represented an important part of our possessions, as people in those days put their money into jewels, in absence of other investments. After this, they spent some time in talking together, and amusing themselves by threatening us with tortures of every description. Finally, after what seemed hours of agony, they departed, taking with them as hostages, to be detained until they received the demanded sum of money, two of our family, — my older sister, a girl of seventeen, and my brother, nine years old. Hurrying them into the caique waiting before our house, they carried them off to the wilds of Bœotia. There they spent the whole winter as prisoners, leading the same life as the brigands: sometimes making long marches at night when pursuit by the Greek troops was feared; sometimes concealed in caves or behind rocks, their foes holding daggers ready to murder them, while they actually heard the footsteps and well-known voices of friends who were passing close by their hiding-places in search of them. At length, in the spring, my father contrived to send word by a private envoy, who was most probably another brigand, that he would pay the money, and subsequently paid two hundred thousand drachmas, or forty thousand dollars, the larger part of what was left him, and thus got his children back." The account which the daughter gave of her experience was most thrilling. On becoming assured, after the first few days, that their prisoners were making no attempt to escape, the brigands, except on particular occasions, — when they were under pursuit themselves, or sometimes when they had been drinking too much rakí, — treated them well. They gave them the best pieces of meat, a soft bed of leaves and a warm blanket, and were even chivalrous in helping the girl over mountain streams, and doing their best to protect her from inclement weather. When the money came, they

parted from her with regret, and sent word to the father that he had a brave daughter. They appeared to be especially touched by her tender treatment of her little brother, from whom she always concealed her fears; trying to interest him in what went on about him, and inducing him to play games with the brigands. This lady lives now in Athens, the quiet mother of a family, but regarded by all who know her story as a heroine. She has even been heard to remark that she would like to wander over those wild footpaths again; that she had never slept so well in her life; and that the awaking in the morning in the pure air of the mountains was beautiful.

As we drove on, the impression left by this story added much to the already absorbing scene through which we were passing. We could easily fancy lurking brigands in the lonely fields about us, broken only by the line of ancient aqueduct and a ruined Venetian tower. But our friends assured us that nowhere in Greece is travel safer now than here, and the truth of this statement was well proved before our journey was over. It may be said, in justice to the Greeks, that all the recent brigandage has been done by Turkish subjects, who come over the borders from Thessaly. It is true they were Greeks by race and language, but the Greek government had no control of them, and Turkey did nothing to check them; in fact, often encouraged their inroads.

A drive of an hour and a half brought us to Vertonda, the little village where we were to see for the first time the real country life. Its name is Turkish, and is that of a flower which grows abundantly in the vicinity. We turned off the main road into a lane through the fields, then waving with wheat and barley ripe for the harvest. This farm was bought sixty years ago, by the father of the present owner, from a pasha, for a diamond-hilted sword worth five thousand

drachmas, or about one thousand dollars. It is now estimated at about forty times this value. It is very extensive, and, beside the grain fields, has vineyards and valuable chromium mines. The village is small, — a group of ten or twelve houses, clustered about the whitewashed church. Behind this, on higher grounds, stand the house and garden of the proprietor, nestled at the foot of an abrupt and wooded cliff. Away in the distance, the snow-capped peaks of Delphis, the highest mountain of Eubœa, looms up to a height of over five thousand feet. Its base is a half day's journey from Vertonda on horseback, and we hoped at first to make the ascent; but hearing on all sides of the difficulties to be encountered, we did not attempt it. One of the few people who had climbed it, however, was Queen Amelia, who was an undaunted explorer of all parts of her kingdom.

The house of Mr. X. is a low cottage, covering much ground, and built around a court-yard, which we entered through a high, strong gateway. The gate and the iron barricades at the windows gave me a feeling of trepidation; but my friends laughed at my fears, and the attractive and cheerful aspect of the establishment reassured me. Flowers were growing everywhere, pigeons were cooing from their cotes in a little tower, and several smiling servants were awaiting our arrival. The inside of the house was most comfortable, and the view from the front windows was superb, overlooking the garden and village to the sea, half a mile away; beyond this lay the Boeotian mountains, and still farther in the distance, shining like a golden crown in the setting sun, rose the eternal snows of Parnassus. After a little, I wandered out into a field opposite the house, where a woman was cooking at a fire built in a rough sort of stone furnace. She had an immense copper kettle full of soup. I said, "You must have a large family." "Yes," she

replied, with an amused smile; "thirty women." Supposing that they had a system of coöperative housekeeping, and that she cooked for the whole village, I continued my inquiries, when she told me that, it being harvest season, there were many extra laborers, who were women, and she, as the steward's daughter, had the supervision of them. The supper consisted only of a piece of bread beside the soup; and this diet has but few variations, such as black olives, salad, and fruit in the season. Meat is a great rarity; many eat it but once a year, at the feast of Lambri, or Easter. Then every one eats roast spring lamb; and if one is too poor to buy it, he will be sure to find somebody to give it to him. The generosity of the Greeks is extreme at Easter and New Year, as it is considered a religious duty to help the poor at these seasons. She took her soup off the fire, and put it out in the air to cool, remarking that it was very injurious to the teeth to eat hot food. As Greek peasants always have fine teeth, probably the theory is a correct one. After this, she raked out her fire, and put a number of loaves of bread on the heated stones: there, she said, they must remain all night, to be thoroughly cooked. Her work finished, she gave a sigh of relief, and sat down to await her family of thirty women, whom we soon saw approaching through the gathering darkness. As they came nearer, I perceived that they were mostly girls of fourteen or fifteen years, with one or two older women, who led the party; they were a sturdy-looking, sunburned set, and instead of seeming weary with the long day's work were in the best of spirits, laughing and talking. The effect was most picturesque; for although clad in the poorest, and in many cases most ragged costumes, the shape of their garments was such as best to set off their superb figures, and their free, untrammelled gait gave them even a majestic air. The material of the

dress is both woolen and cotton, of soft yellowish-white embroidered with bright colors; the broad sashes and the kerchiefs worn over the head are also of some gay color, becoming to their dark hair and eyes. As soon as they had reached the place where we were, they sat down in groups, keeping up the same lively chatter.

During our own repast, which was soon announced, Mr. X. told us that these women laborers were a set of people from the poorest part of the population, who always went about together from estate to estate to help when there was extra work on hand. They receive a drachma per day and their food; the day lasting from sunrise to sunset. This company was from Chalcis; but he soon expected a band of men from Salamis, whose natives are considered remarkably good workers. The conversation then turned upon the condition of the laboring classes in Greece, whereupon he expressed much dissatisfaction at the large number of feast-days that peasants keep, and said that the country would always be poor, until the laborers would learn to work more steadily. Some of his people, particularly the older ones, would never work on any saint's day; as the name of the saints is legion, there would be an average of nearly a day a week, beside the Sunday, when they would do nothing but dress in their best clothes, and dance and sing. I could not help thinking how much this sociable dancing and singing added to their charms as human beings, and wondering whether they would come home at night from their labors with such an elastic step, were it not for this waste of time, of which the landlords so bitterly complain.

A strange chanting song soon reached our ears, which came from the peasant women, and we hurried out to see them at their dance. Nearly all had joined hands, and were moving around in a circle, with a slow, measured step, at

the same time singing in a shrill, nasal tone. One of the older women took the part of soloist, and droned out a line of a curious air, to which the young girls, after a short pause, responded together. It had the effect of question and answer, but was really solo and chorus, as the same words were sung both times. When men are present they begin the song, and the women repeat it after them. The abrupt pause between the two parts adds much to the effect, especially as the men thunder out their part in deep, sonorous tones, while the women sing at a very high pitch, the oldest and most cracked voices in general predominating. The music is oriental, and the scale is written on a different plan of intervals from the European method, making a startling impression on the uninitiated ear; but after one is accustomed to it, there is something sympathetic, even soothing, in the weird, wailing sound, particularly as the singers put their whole soul into their performance. The words of the song have a separate origin from the music, and date from the time when Klepthic bands inhabited the mountain fastnesses of Greece, and waged incessant warfare on the Turkish land-holders. At this period the term Klepth, which simply means robber, acquired a new and peculiar signification, inasmuch as these warriors, although leading a life of blood and rapine, always held as their first object the extermination of the Mussulman and the maintenance of their liberty. They afterwards played a most important part in the Greek Revolution, several of them becoming leading generals in the regular army. A modern German author has said that when the populace learns to read and write it ceases to improvise, and that the birth of literature to a land is the death-knell to the songs of the people. This remark applies directly to the Klepthic poetry, which was composed, for the most part, near the end of the last and the beginning of the

present century. The latest date which we have found in a collection of songs is 1844. The robber bands are dispersed; the motives of their ballads exist no more; and this interesting poetry will soon be forgotten and lost, if the words of this generation of peasants are not carefully noted down and preserved. As we might expect, its predominating character is epic, and the extravagant praises of a Greek hero who holds a mountain pass against a thousand dastardly Turks recall the Homeric strains. The gloating over the destruction of the enemy, and the detailed description of his discomfiture and annihilation, are also similar to the delight of the ancient Greek, when he sees the dishonored body of the Trojan dragged in the dust, and submitted to every indignity.

Nature, in all her aspects, was another favorite theme of these simple narrators, and they expressed in the most exuberant and vivid language their joy in the return of spring, in the song of the bird, in the glowing blue sky, in the snow gleaming on the mountain top. Nothing was too insignificant or too familiar to awaken a response in their sensitive, child-like hearts, and they sang out their delight in a most happy, original manner. In the winter, when warfare was impossible, the Klepht came down from his mountain fastness to the lowlands, here to find a shelter among some of his people. Then in the ballads comes a brief lull in his hatred of the Turk, and his breast is stirred not less deeply by a more tender passion. He basks for a brief interval in the smile and sunny glance of some beautiful daughter of his race, who will do as much to help on the common cause by her ingenuity and artifices as a hundred armed heroes. She will send off the Turkish squads, who ride about seeking for information, on the wrong scent; she will lay the most destructive pitfalls for the foe, and do it all in a cool, determined spirit, regardless of the ter-

rible consequences to herself, should her schemes fall through. Her only fear is for her lover and her nation. She will also carry food and clothes to the soldiers, at the greatest risk to her own life and safety. Then, in the spring-time, when the Klepht returns to the mountains, we hear the most intense grief poured forth. Vows are exchanged, and the most sacred promises made of fidelity on both sides, while threats and curses are piled up for the unfaithful one.

In these ballads woman's beauty is often depicted by its effect on the world around her. A maiden walks across the meadow, and the whole region is lighted up as by magic; the flowers open, and the birds sing their sweetest song, as she passes. Another girl sits at her window, looking toward the sea, and singing a lament for her lover, who has been drowned. The beauty of her face and the melody of her voice act like a spell on nature. The wind forgets to blow, so that the sail-boats are motionless; the waves do not move, and the fisherman's oar drops from his hand. This is also Homer's way of describing the beauty of Helen, as she walks out on the wall of Troy to watch the battle-field. All are silent as she passes; and then the elders of Troy whisper together, and confess it not strange that this woman has caused such havoc among men. Songs are made on all subjects of every-day life, and some on gossip are quite amusing. One begins with a question: "Who saw us?" Then comes the answer: "A star that dropped into the sea, who told it to the waves; they repeated it to the oar, the oar to the fisherman, and he to his love, who told it to the whole village." We find also numberless sad, melancholy dirges on death, darkness, and the grave; these enemies of man, as the Greek always represents them. "Better a plowman in a field in this world than a king in Hades," said Achilles; and one dying

hero asks to have a window made in his grave, so that he can hear the birds sing and see the blessed light.

In the performance of the songs the metre often changes with the character of the piece, as it turns from joy to sorrow, or from narrative to conversation; the time being altered according to the subject. The steps can be varied, and a good leader performs many wild capers, makes high jumps, changes hands, and in fact does anything that comes into his head, if only it be in time. One of the dances most admired is the *Tratto*, which is to be seen at Megara every year, at the great feast of the Virgin. The music begins with a slow and dignified movement, which afterward changes to wild and fantastic bursts; the time becoming quicker, the voices louder, till the climax is passed, when the theme resolves itself again by degrees into its former calm and lofty character. As I saw the dance performed by four tall, lithe maidens, their swaying garments and serious, absorbed faces made an ineffaceable impression on my memory.

On Sunday, almost before daylight, the bells began to ring for morning service, and the peasants, who are early risers, were soon flocking into the little church. Not only the villagers came, but people from surrounding farms; and from my window I saw the priest, who had come from a distance, dismounting from his horse, and answering the salutations of his parishioners, who perhaps had the more regard for him because he did not live among them, but came only once a fortnight to conduct service. I had been told that there was to be a second Liturgia said at seven o'clock, for the master and family; so I waited for that hour, when we all walked down together. On entering the church we found there a goodly number of peasants, who had not been able to get to the early mass. As is the custom in the Greek church, the congregation remained standing during the en-

tire service, the men on the right, and the women on the left. They were very devout in manner, looking toward the picture of the Virgin near the altar; and to her they addressed their prayers, in a low voice, their only motion being the frequent sign of the cross. Several mothers were there, holding babies in their arms, with small children clinging to their skirts. The little ones crossed themselves with their tiny fingers, in imitation of their elders. Sometimes a person coming in would step forward, put down a small coin, and light a little taper, which he would put into the candlestick, saying a prayer for the soul of a dead friend, or would kiss the picture of the Virgin. The priest, who officiated at the altar, had exchanged his usual black robe for a gayly-colored one of some common stuff, and his hair, always concealed under his high cap, except in church, hung down in heavy black curls over his shoulders. He went through the prayers in a loud, nasal chant, and read the Gospel in the same tone, with great speed, assisted in his duties by a peasant lad, whom he had trained, and who was probably destined to be a priest. The worshipers made their responses with fervor, and after the doxology was said went up and kissed the priest's hand, and the Bible which he held. This was handsomely bound in silver and gold, set with colored stones, and was a family relic; so also was the sacred picture, worn and effaced, as if it dated from Byzantine days. The Greeks often have these valuable religious pictures hanging on the wall, at the head of the bed, and a devout soul keeps a lighted taper burning day and night before them.

As we came out of church, the people all crowded about Mr. and Mrs. X., who shook hands with each one, and made inquiries after all their concerns. The peasants were dressed in their best clothes, and looked neat and thrifty; and what especially struck me was the

entire ease and dignity of their bearing; there was no apparent shyness, and their greeting to us, the strangers, was most cordial and hearty, each putting out his hand to shake ours.

At the house, we found a number of shepherds waiting, who had come to pay the yearly rent for the pasture of their sheep. They were a shaggy, swarthy company, and reminded one of the ideal David of Scripture. Their hair, long, and looking as if it had never felt the touch of a brush, was surmounted by a small black fez, worn upon one side; their cotton fustanellas and coarse white leggins were threadbare and brown with long usage, as it is their custom not to change their garments until they are so old that they are ready to drop off. Each shepherd wears a leather belt about his waist, to which is attached, in front, an immense pouch, and in this is contained all that he constantly needs: his sharp knife, money, tobacco, and cigarette papers. His shoes are made of heavy red leather, turned up at the end like a boat's prow, and ornamented with a red silken tassel. In his hand he carries a shepherd's crook. From his shoulder hangs a bright-colored woolen bag for his food, and a wooden bottle for his wine or water; and over all he wears his heavy dark capote, to keep out the sun of summer or the rain of winter, and to serve as a bed in all seasons. It is made of the undyed, brownish wool of the goat's hair, and is a graceful, even elegant garment on the erect figure of the shepherd. He has a hard life, wandering up and down, with his flocks, over the scanty pasturage which is to be found on the dry Greek hillsides, and with difficulty manages to pay his rent from the slender gains obtained from the sale of his butter, milk, and cheese, and his lambs at Easter. However, as cow's milk is the greatest rarity, — there being but one herd of cattle in the kingdom, and this belonging to the king, — society is very dependent upon

the shepherd, and his goats and sheep. Grass is an unknown article, and the Greeks express great admiration, when they first travel in other parts of Europe, at the rich green pasturage seen everywhere.

Most of the rent was paid in *lepta*, the smallest Greek coin, and the form in which the shepherds realize their daily sales. They brought it tied up in bags, the contents of which the landlord, with infinite trouble, counted out, and divided into piles, to be exchanged afterward for notes at the bank. These people generally live in colonies, and their families move about with them, as the season requires, in the winter to the plains and the bases of the mountains, and in summer to the higher lands. The women are very industrious, as on them falls all the household labor, the men being exclusively occupied with the flocks. I have often met women carrying heavy barrels of water, which were strapped to the back, while they were busily engaged in spinning wool from the distaff. The dexterity with which they did this, the left hand smoothing and twisting the wool into a thread, while with the right they rolled it into a ball, led me to suppose that it was a simple process, which any one might learn immediately; but I soon found that it required long practice to do it quickly. They spin, weave, and make all their garments. Some of their materials are extremely thick and durable, which is the more important because their clothing is their principal protection against the weather; their houses being made of nothing but boughs of the pine-tree, twisted and joined together. The poor people suffer much in winter from rain and cold. An important member of their community is the don-

key, who carries the great copper kettle, the rugs, and a few other possessions, when they move about, sometimes being several days on the march from one pasturage to another. One need not go far from Athens to meet shepherds, as they encamp in winter at the base of Mount Hymettus. Standing with their flocks on the treeless plain of the Ilyssus, their tall, grand figures in silhouette against the clear sky, they form a very interesting part of the landscape.

Although so poor, the various shepherds had each brought a present to the landlord: one a woollen bag, another some cheese, or, what is considered a great delicacy, some *yaouti*, — a kind of curdled milk, which looks delicious, white, and foamy, but has a sharp and acid taste. Through the entire week which we passed at Vertonda these offerings did not cease to be forthcoming: the fisherman offered his finest fish, and many brought a flask of *Rezinata*, or resinous wine, recommending it highly as they presented it. This we found very disagreeable at first, but after one acquires the habit of drinking it other wine seems insipid; and when tired from a long journey, we found it marvelously refreshing. One sees everywhere in Greece the marks on the pine-trees where they have been tapped for the resin: but this process, so productive of benefit to the peasant, is very soon most destructive to the tree, which turns brown, dries up, and is cut down for firewood.

Among these friendly people a week quickly slipped by. Each day there was some new excursion to take, something pleasant and curious to learn, and it was with much regret that we left them for a further journey to the northern part of Eubœa.

Eunice W. Felton.

RUBE JONES.

HE was a fine, large man, with wavy white hair and blue eyes. I thought I had never seen a better specimen of genuine white oak. It was a winter evening in January, 1864, and we were at widow Morgan's, in Chapel Street, Albany. Jones and I were the only boarders. We were sitting with Mrs. Morgan in the cosy front parlor, before an open-grate fire.

"Fact is," said Jones, continuing the conversation, "this is not my first visit to Albany. I was here when I was eighteen years old; I came then from my home in New Hampshire to find work. They were building the Capitol (which you now call the old Capitol, because you talk of having a new one), and I worked on the building. I do not mind telling you that some things happened to me that year in this city which I have never felt quite right about, and I came here three weeks ago to look at the old landmarks and review my youth, as you may say. Of course you two have wondered what I have been looking about Albany for, and perhaps it will be as well for me to tell you all about it."

"We do not urge it," said Mrs. Morgan.

"Well, have it that I am anxious to tell, if you want to," said the narrator sharply. "Fact is, it was my first experience away from home, when I came here, so long ago. Albany was just a neat, queer Dutch place then. The houses were for all the world like those sharp old wooden hen-coops we had in New Hampshire. When I got my first sight of the place, that comparison occurred to me. And all around, on the sandy hills and in the hollows, were pine-trees and wild-briars and evergreens. And this beautiful verdure was profusely bespangled with the wild rose."

"Please don't get flowery, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Morgan softly, with a slow, delicious utterance.

"I will try to avoid it, by special request," replied Mr. Jones; "but I wish both of you to understand how fine it was. All along the river were stately elms and lines of willows, and there was the greenest grass in the world. There were no railroads, or excavations, or dumping grounds, or decayed cabbages on the island, or dead cats in the river. Everything was just as neat and smooth and pretty as a picture on an old-fashioned piece of china ware."

"Well, the way all this comes in," continued Jones, "is this. It was a wonderfully good place for a young fellow to go wandering around with his girl. And days when I was off work I used to wander; and evenings too, for that matter. It is just impossible to tell you of the delightful hours I enjoyed with little Blandie, the girl I cared so much for, and the dear little creature who I am sure cared for me."

"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Morgan, with a mischievous smile, "if you are going to be sentimental, I cannot give my time to it; really, I cannot." And Mrs. Morgan took her work from her lap and resumed her needle.

"Go on with your sewing, madam," said Mr. Jones tartly. "I will try not to disturb you. As I was saying, sir, when the lady interrupted," he went on, turning to me, "my enjoyment of that spring and summer was beyond what I can explain. I doubt not that at your age you will comprehend something of it" (with a deprecating glance toward Mrs. Morgan, as if she were too old to understand). "It was the golden summer, the culmination of my life. But there came a cloud. In those days it required about a week to travel from

New York to Albany. The man who had seen New York had something to boast of, and any New Yorker was a person of distinction, when he came to this city. In July, two men came here from New York. One of them won, or seemed to win, little Blandie away from me. It was not the older one, whose name was Dudley, but it was the young fellow, Harry. I was just a poor working-lad, but Harry was a gentleman from New York; what could I do? It may be that you, my dear young friend, have never passed through what I suffered, and I hope you never have and never will. It just hurt me deep down in my heart. One thing about it was, I could not blame Blandie much. She was always so good, and so kind, and so yielding! Very likely it was her mother, more than it was Blandie, who encouraged him. We had not been engaged, although I knew I would have died for her," said Jones huskily, with tears in his eyes and his handsome face flushed.

Mrs. Morgan stopped sewing, and looked at the narrator.

"Well," continued the story-teller, "the short of it was, I could do nothing. If I do say it, the honest heart of a poor country boy had been cruelly wounded. It was hard getting through the days, when I felt the life going out of me, as if the blood were oozing, drip, drip, drip, from the wound in my heart. I resolved to leave Albany. My old home among the Granite Hills had been broken up, and I had only the wide world before me. I determined to go to New York. Two days before I started, I sent a boy with a polite little letter to Blandie's house, saying I was going away, and bidding her good-by. She knew where I boarded, and I hoped she might send me a good-by, too, but she never did. I have always thought her mother kept my letter from Blandie. However it was, on a day in August I got on board a sloop leaving Albany, and started to work my passage to New

York, feeling more dreadfully sad and lonely than can be told."

"And didn't you hear from Blandie?" inquired Mrs. Morgan, with eager interest.

"Not a word, madam," replied Mr. Jones,—"not a single word. And the three or four days following my departure from this city were the most miserable I ever experienced. I tried to blame the dear girl, but could n't, not to amount to anything; and then I tried to blame myself. The wonders of the Hudson River and the great world into which I was going, and about which I felt dreadfully frightened whenever I thought of it, helped to lift her off my heart a little, as we sailed down the stream.

"Let me see," continued Mr. Jones, reflecting. "We started from Albany on Thursday, and it was on the Monday night following that we got the great scare. We were just about entering the Highlands, and it was near eleven o'clock at night. There was a little breeze directly down the river. Suddenly there came around the bend in the stream, just below us, something so terrible that we were all nearly scared to death, as you may say. You may have read, Mrs. Morgan, of the strange spectres in the form of ships, that sailors tell of, which haunt the seas. This was one of those spectre ships. It was, however, much more terrible and substantial than you can imagine. It came right on, against the wind, as no vessel could sail, and its glare was unearthly. I shall never forget how our captain looked in that strange light, as he stood, ghastly and trembling, facing it. We fell upon our knees in supplication, as it passed us; and with a terrible roaring sound it moved away up the river. It was, in fact, madam," said Mr. Jones, with great emphasis, turning toward the lady as he spoke,— "it was, in fact, Fulton's steamboat on that first trip up the river, in August, 1807."

"Oh, Mr. Jones, why did n't you tell it that way first, and not try to make me nervous?" said Mrs. Morgan.

"I only told it just as it was," replied Jones curtly. "Fact is, we knew nothing about such a thing as a steam-boat; had n't even imagined there could be such a thing. I venture to say there were not ten people along the Hudson River who had ever even heard of a steam-engine. I know, when we got to New York, the commonest inquiry was how the vapor could possibly make the wheels go round. We had never known of anything of the sort, and thought the steam was turned on loose some way, like the water on a water-wheel."

"We don't care so much about the steamboat," interrupted Mrs. Morgan, "but tell us more about Blandie."

"Oh yes, certainly," responded Mr. Jones politely. "Fact is, I have always thought, to look at it from a critical point of view, that the big scare helped me about Blandie. It shook me up so that I could think of something besides the dear girl, and so it gave a chance for the hurt I had suffered to heal. The short of it was, I went to Bermuda soon after arriving in New York, and I remained on the island. It is a curious old place, as you know, where the people are more than half blacks, and the rest of them more dead than alive. But I stayed there, working hard, raising onions and potatoes. There was nothing to rouse me. It was just a quiet, dreamy climate. We do not have frost or snow there. The Gulf Stream keeps us warm all the year round. One day is just like another, and so it makes no difference whether you stay there a week or fifty years; it is one long dreamy blur, as you remember it. Now and then a shipwreck on the reefs or some political disturbance helps a little to mark off the time. But for the most part you have only the boom of the ocean, the buzz of the mosquito, the prospect of the potato

crop, and the smell of the onion. Fact is," said Jones putting his hands in his pockets and tilting back his chair, "I have got to be pretty well off."

"And did you not hear from Blandie?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"There is a circumstance about that which I have not related. I received a newspaper, saying that Blandie was married. It was an Albany paper, a very small, dingy sheet in those days, but quite large enough to settle my business. Somebody had marked the place in it for me to see. My little Blandie was married; and whom do you guess it was to?"

"Was it not to Harry?" I inquired.

"No," was the reply; "it was to the older man of the two New Yorkers, — Mr. Charles E. Dudley. It was not to Harry. Now you know who Blandie was. Of course I can't tell you Albany folks anything new about Mrs. Blandina Dudley. You know that she founded your Dudley Observatory, and that she did an amazing amount of good, before she died, with her large property. But the fact that Blandie married well did n't help me a great deal, in that long ago time when I got the newspaper from the post-office in Bermuda. My view of the world was simply to the effect that I was done for, flattened out and finished."

"However," resumed Mr. Jones, after a long pause, taking his hands to lift one leg over the other, "I gradually picked up, found I was still available for some minor purposes, and traveled on. That is, I stayed at Bermuda."

"And did you ever see Blandie again?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"Well, no," said Jones, "I did n't; but I studied her up, as you may say. Fact is, I got over my conniption, and was able to look at an Albany newspaper again, after a few years. As the potato crop came in good, I began to take the New York and Albany newspapers. That was a matter of a dozen years

or so after Blandie was married. You would be really pleased, Mrs. Morgan, I dare say, to see what a kind of museum I managed to work up out of the things I found in the newspapers about the husband, Mr. Dudley, and, after his death, about the Observatory and Blandie. When the Observatory was inaugurated, or dedicated, I had the proceedings in the papers. I saved Edward Everett's great speech, and what the others said. And I followed up the goings-on afterward, about getting the instruments and making the observations. That performance Professor Gould, the astronomer in charge, went through, in fighting your Albany trustees, who wanted to boss him, was better than any play. Then when Professor Peters, who was the astronomer under Gould, found a comet which was flirting around among the stars, it gave the Observatory a start, — set them up in business, as it were. Perhaps you were as much interested as I was in the fun they had trying to name that comet, just for all the world as if a child had been born. They talked at first of naming it after one of the trustees, a real good, solid man, who had been liberal in giving money to buy the instruments. But then the scientific fellows took fire, and wanted it named after one of them. They said that such a thing as naming a comet after a business man was never heard of, and that it would not do at all. Well, there was pulling and hauling and jealousy among the relatives, so to speak. If that comet had really been a child, I think the father and mother would have hitched on to it a string of names that would have made it necessary to keep a catalogue of them, or to get out a second volume to the directory. The parents would have had to do it, to keep the uncles from becoming enemies and killing each other or murdering the child.

"And now, there was just one point those selfish creatures never thought of. Why on earth did n't they do the right

thing, and name that comet Blandie? She had given more money to the Observatory than all the rest put together. Her husband was dead; she was a lone woman; she never had any children, and here was a chance for a kind of heavenly offspring, as it were, which she would have appreciated. I was so riled up on the subject at the time that I sent a letter to the editor of a newspaper here about it. But he did n't print it, and I don't know whether he got it or not. Blandie would be too timid to speak for herself; I knew that. She was always so good, and so kind, and so yielding!" And Mr. Jones's eyes filled with tears.

"Let me see, what *did* they call it?" said Mrs. Morgan. "I don't seem to remember."

"Did n't call it anything," said Jones testily. "Parcel of big fools! They just fought over it till they were ashamed of themselves, and then put it down as comet number so and so of that year. Think of it!" said he, with a sniff of contempt. "How would you like it, Mrs. Morgan, to have your children just named number so and so of that year?"

"I would n't have it," said Mrs. Morgan decidedly.

"Nobody would n't," said Mr. Jones. "Well, as you know, early in March last Mrs. Dudley died. I saw by the papers that there was going to be some contest over her will, and I said to myself, 'Now, Jones, you may just as well see this thing through. You are well off, and can afford it.' And so I came up here to Albany to review my youth, as I told you before, and to see the fun, if there was any," said Jones, a little hoarsely, "in fighting over the bones.

"In the course of these last three weeks I have wandered all around the city. I have been to the Observatory, and seen the boss telescope, and the calculating machine, and the picture of the Inauguration, and the clocks, and

all the wonders. And I have seen that block of great houses in Hawk Street which Mrs. Dudley built, when she did n't know what to do with her money. I have worn out a good pair of taps stubbing along over these rough sidewalks. I have seen about all there is to see, and I am going home."

"You have taken a good deal of interest in the contest over the will," I remarked.

"Yes, I have. It has not been my way to hang around the surrogate's office when the fight was going on. A stranger among the mourners might excite remark. But I do not mind telling you that I took board at this house because I found out that you were an attorney in the case, and were stopping here. You see now why I have cultivated you so extensively. I really felt that I ought to tell you about myself before I went away. I have a good mind to show you my museum."

I expressed an ardent wish, in which Mrs. Morgan joined, that he would do so. He went to his room, and returned to the parlor with a huge scrap-book, and a box of photographs and stereoscopic views illustrating Albany, the Observatory, and the island of Bermuda. The scrap-book contained the newspaper extracts of which he had spoken relating to the Dudley Observatory and the Dudley family and estate, besides many little gems of poetry and pictures.

"Just thought I would bring them along in my trunk," said Jones. "Did n't know but I might find somebody in Albany that would like to see them."

We were beginning (Mrs. Morgan and I) to admire Jones's curious collection, when he hesitatingly took from the inside breast pocket of his coat a little case, and said, with a slight tremor in his voice, "I brought this down, too, thinking may be you would like to see Blandie, that is Mrs. Dudley, as she looked when she was a girl."

He opened the antique case, and

showed us one of those old-fashioned miniatures painted on ivory, which were in vogue before the daguerreotype and photograph were known. The face was that of a brunette, apparently about sixteen. Aside from a little piquancy of expression, and a few gay ribbons which the painting had preserved in their original vividness, I failed to see anything especially noticeable in the picture.

"That is just the way she looked," said Jones, his voice trembling, "so many, *many* years ago, when she was so good, and so kind, and so yielding."

It was quite still in the room for half a minute.

"Fact is," he added, clearing his throat, "I have been just on the edge of stepping off into matrimony three times since, down there in Bermuda; but it was kicked over every time, and I just knew each time that it was the hurt I got with Blandie that did it. I could never really care for any other girl as I ought to, after losing Blandie Becker."

I glanced at Mrs. Morgan, as we all stood grouped by the centre table, looking at the pictures. There was an odd, puzzled expression on her face. She had straightened up, and was gazing intently at Jones. It was evident that some recognition, or some remarkable thought or idea, had suddenly occurred to her. At length out it came from her lips, in a hard, quick, excited utterance: "Why! Be you Rube Jones?"

Mr. Jones was not looking towards her at the moment. He was startled by the exclamation and the tone of voice. He turned to the questioner with an air almost of alarm, and replied, "Well, yes, madam; that is what they call me at home."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Morgan, speaking very quickly and excitedly, "that is n't Mrs. Dudley's picture you have got there. She never looked like that."

"It's likely I might know," broke in Jones testily. "I had two of them

painted, and gave Blandie one and kept the other."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morgan, swallowing hard, and snapping her eyes in a way peculiar to herself; "but Mrs. Dudley was n't Blandie Becker."

"What's that, — what's that?" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "Mrs. Dudley was n't Blandie Becker?"

"No, she was n't," replied Mrs. Morgan.

"Well, I say she was!" roared Jones.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Morgan, and she paused, and looked hard at Jones, and frowned. "Well, may be she was."

"Of course she was," said Jones triumphantly.

It was clear to me that our hostess had changed her mind, and had decided not to tell what she knew; and I happened to know that Mrs. Dudley had been Miss Blandina Bleecker, and not Miss Blandina Becker. Was here some important mistake, or had they merely pronounced a name wrongly?

Jones talked on for a while, but it soon became evident that Mrs. Morgan's excitement and subsequent reticence had not escaped his attention.

"How did you know my name was Rube Jones?" he suddenly asked her.

"I did n't," she replied evasively.

"Well, why did you ask?" he persisted.

She did not explain this very fully, but merely said that she thought there was a young man in the city, long ago, of that name.

"Very likely it was I," said Jones.

Mrs. Morgan did not seem inclined to discuss this.

"What was your maiden name?" he asked.

"You might call it Smith, or some such name," said Mrs. Morgan, with an embarrassed laugh.

This was a rebuff, but Jones did not withdraw. He went to the verge of politeness in trying to get further information, but his efforts only resulted in

a little snubbing to himself. Mrs. Morgan declined to gratify Yankee curiosity, as she termed it.

The harmony which had prevailed was somehow gone. Mr. Jones had now little to say, and seemed to feel that he had been too free and talkative. Was Mrs. Morgan inclined to be disagreeable? Or was there some mystery casting its shadow upon that social intercourse which had been so delightful in the early part of the evening? The time dragged. Jones gathered up his museum, and went to his room.

"What an awfully obstinate man!" was Mrs. Morgan's comment the moment he had gone. "I was just on the point," she added, "of letting some facts out, but I am glad I did n't. Very likely he will find them out."

"Is he mistaken about something?" I asked persuasively.

"I should rather think he was," said my landlady, with a sly, secretive smile, seeming to imply a great deal more than the words expressed.

I waited silently.

"I will tell you some other time, — after he has gone home," she said.

I knew from previous experience of Mrs. Morgan's temper that urging would be useless, and, bidding her good-night, I withdrew.

During the next three days I saw Jones only at the table. That he and Mrs. Morgan were watching each other intently was clear to me. Another thing was unpleasantly apparent: Mr. Jones was suffering in some way to such a degree that his face, handsome, rosy, and well preserved as it was ordinarily, had become pale, and almost haggard. It could readily be seen that he took his meals only for form's sake, and without appetite. I could not help observing also, as time went on, that he was shunning me, and that his glances toward Mrs. Morgan were furtive, and indicated a shrinking feeling on his part. It was not easy for me to make advances, under

the circumstances; but I tried to show him by my manner, and by little attentions at table, that I would like to be sociable, and that I desired to befriend him. Mrs. Morgan was very attentive, also, and was evidently sympathizing with him in his trouble, whatever it might be.

On the fourth day, in the morning, the landlady beckoned me mysteriously into the parlor. This was her customary way of intimating that something momentous was impending. She began the interview by crying a little, and then said she desired to counsel with me about Mr. Jones.

I expressed the warmest sympathy, and told her that I should be only too glad to do anything in his behalf.

"Well, the fact is," said Mrs. Morgan (it occurred to me that she had caught the phrase from Jones), — "the fact is, he has found it out; I am satisfied of it; and he is so awfully proud that he is afraid to own it."

"Perhaps we could find some way to make it easier for him," I suggested vaguely, well knowing that direct questions were not the best way to fathom Mrs. Morgan.

"That is just it," she declared, with enthusiasm. "If you could persuade him — gently, you know — into the parlor, this evening, by telling him that we know all about it, and urging him not to care for us, and not to feel so."

"Certainly," I replied. "And what had I better tell him?"

"Tell him it is not so very wonderful that he did n't know, and that we sympathize with him, and want to talk it over," she suggested.

I perceived that I would have to ask the direct question.

"He has found out that Blandie was not Mrs. Dudley, I suppose?" I queried.

"I am sure he has; but I don't know whether he has found out who I am or not. You see, when my sister Blandie and I knew Mr. Jones, he took a

great notion to Blandie, and it is her that he means; and now to come back here, and tell all that stuff about Mrs. Dudley, and make such an awful fool of himself!" said Mrs. Morgan, laughing through her recent tears.

"Oh, yes, I see," said I. "It was your sister, Blandie Becker, and not Blandie Bleecker, that is Mrs. Dudley, that Mr. Jones took a fancy to."

"That is just it," said Mrs. Morgan. And she added, with a laugh that had a touch of derision and merriment in it, "The *idea* that he should get Mrs. Dudley into his head, and get up that museum! *She* never even heard there was such a man as Rube Jones. She did n't get her money from Mr. Dudley. She was n't a poor girl; she was the youngest daughter of Rutger Bleecker, one of the richest men that ever lived in Albany."

I assured Mrs. Morgan that these matters interested me very much, and that I would do everything in my power to aid her in getting Mr. Jones safely through his difficult situation; and that I would, if the circumstances favored, try to induce him to come into the parlor that evening. Having made this arrangement, I went away to my office.

All that day, as I was at work at my desk, thoughts of Rube Jones were in my mind. I no longer wondered at his suffering and his changed appearance. A delicate and beautiful structure, built up by the noblest passion of his nature, and by years of dreaming and belief, had been shattered as if by a blow. The more I thought of it, the more wonderful the incident seemed, and the more sympathy I felt for the man. I became a good deal interested in the matter, and a little nervous in regard to the part I had in prospect in the affair, as I reflected upon it. But when evening came, the pleasant supper-table and the encouraging glances of Mrs. Morgan gave me back to myself, and I felt that success would be achieved.

After supper, as Mr. Jones went into the hall and took his hat to go out, I stepped to his side. There was no one near. I said quietly, "Mr. Jones, we really hope you will favor us with your company in the parlor some of the time. Mrs. Morgan and I have talked it over, and of course we know of those little things you got mixed about. I hope you will excuse me, but really we would like to chat with you if you are willing."

The color came in a quick flush to his face. I thought he would refuse me. I hastened to say, "I beg your pardon."

But Mr. Jones did not go out. He stood quiet, and I saw that his face quivered. With an effort he said, "Thank you." He seemed to hesitate; a moment more, and he laid aside his hat, and went with me into the parlor. We took chairs, and sat down near Mrs. Morgan, who was sewing by the table. She said, with some feeling, "I am very glad you have come in this evening."

There was an embarrassing silence. I was about to launch into a premeditated discourse, when Jones spoke.

"Well," he said, huskily, with a glance at our landlady, "so you are Polly Becker, Blandie's little sister, that I used to buy presents for."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Morgan, looking at him, at first surprisedly, and then very kindly; and she added, "I have got some of your presents yet, Rube Jones."

There seemed to be something pathetic about this, for I noticed that soon both of the old people were in a melting mood.

"And I suppose it is Blandie," said Jones, hitching nervously in his seat, and clearing his throat, "who is living just round the corner in Lodge Street."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morgan, feeling for her handkerchief, and beginning to sob.

"And she always taught school, and never was married," said Jones, breaking down, and the tears pouring over his handsome face.

"Oh, Rube Jones!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, in an outburst.

This was the climax. The air was cleared, and a very pleasant and emotional conversation about the affairs of long ago followed between the parties. There were explanations and statements of little matters, frivolous in themselves, but which these good people laughed and cried over as if they were more to them, as doubtless they were, than anything else in the world. Jones dwelt quite largely upon the evening walks and the doorstep conversations and the roses of the old times, and the pleasant little surprises, in the way of presents, which he prepared for Polly. Did she remember? Yes, she had not forgotten; and she remembered how Rube carried her on his shoulder, and the tricks she played, and how she pulled his ears and his hair. In laughing and crying over these reminiscences, Jones was as simple-hearted as a child.

Wishing to take some part in the conversation of the evening, I interposed a remark upon my premeditated topic. I spoke of the important part which the mistaken identity of persons has played in the courts. But I regretted my venture immediately, for I saw a look of pain cross the face of Mr. Jones. He said, "I have seen earthquakes and I have seen hurricanes, but I never knew what it was really to tear up things until the last few days."

Mrs. Morgan perceived my mistake, and skillfully turned the conversation into its former channel. I saw that the subject of Mrs. Dudley, and the error in regard to her, was not a matter to be profitably alluded to in the presence of Mr. Jones. It dawned upon me that my mission in the parlor that evening was ended. I excused myself, notwithstanding entreaties to remain, and left the friends to their own devices. They made a late evening of it, and, as I subsequently learned, arranged their plans for the morrow.

By the arrangement, it fell to my lot, the next day, to show Mr. Jones the house where his old sweetheart resided. Mrs. Morgan had told her sister about matters, and she went that morning and gave her notice, so that Jones was expected. It was thought by Polly that it would be easier for Blandie to see Rube first without other company. So I piloted him to the little wooden house where Miss Blandie Becker had her home, and where she had a school-room, and had taught very young children for many years. She had, however, ceased to teach her infant-school, and was now living in the house with only a servant-girl.

As we walked toward the place, Rube told me that the discovery that Blandie was still living had overwhelmed him at first, and that he was still nervous. I encouraged him all I could, but it was easy to see that he was agitated. When we reached Blandie's house, I stepped to the lowly door-way and rapped, for there was no bell. A woman's voice said, "Come in;" and I entered, Mr. Jones following close behind.

Seated in the middle of the room was the old lady, dark, bent, and thin. She had a book in her lap.

I said, "Miss Becker, this is Mr. Jones," and presented him.

She glanced up timidly, and rose somewhat totteringly from her chair. She stopped to the other side of the room, to put her book away, before welcoming us, but she did not return. She stood with her face to the wall and her back toward us, and we knew that she was crying. She seemed like a poor frightened child. She told us afterward that she thought just then how poor an apology she was for that rich woman, Mrs. Dudley.

"Oh, it's little Blandie!" said Mr. Jones, softly crying in sympathy. "I know by the way she acts."

"I will be back in half an hour, Mr. Jones," I said; and I went out and closed

the door after me. At the expiration of the half hour, when I returned, I found that Mrs. Morgan had come, just as I knew she would. What woman would have stayed away? There was Jones happy as a Turk, with the two women, one on each side of him, evidently admiring him, and regarding him as the handsomest old boy in the world. But little more of the details of this affair came to my knowledge. I noticed, however, for the next six weeks, that every evening Jones and the two sisters were together, either in the parlor at Mrs. Morgan's, or at Blandie's house. Their talk was in regard to events remote in time, of which I understood but little. But I saw that the little presents Rube had given them long ago had been preserved by the two sisters. The duplicate of the picture Rube had cherished was still in Blandie's possession. This and all the little trifles were examined, and their preciousness dwelt upon as if they had some sacred quality, as indeed they had in the eyes of these people, who saw in them their own vanished youth. The season, as it went by, was evidently a lovely Indian summer to these friends, though the outward weather was, in fact, like the period in life at which they had arrived, of a wintry character. There seemed no end to their explanations and conjectures as to how it was and how it must have been, in that time so many years ago, when they were young, and when Rube and Blandie ought to have married. Each time they discussed the subject it yielded a fresh crop of recollections and surmises, all of which invariably led to the delightful conclusion that nobody was to blame except Providence and the post-office. As the trio became more and more familiar and happy in discussing these themes, the Dudley subject would sometimes be touched upon inadvertently. It was so intermingled with the affair that this could not be avoided. It was a long

time, however, before Rube ceased to wince when that matter was referred to, and it was as far as possible, in kindness to him, allowed to rest in silence.

There was a theory, which Jones advanced in the latter part of the winter, founded upon a discovery of his at the State Library, which made some stir among us, and helped him very much upon this subject. He brought to light, in a bound volume of old Albany newspapers, the very notice of the marriage of Mrs. Dudley which had misled him so many years before. The Bleecker was spelled with a single *e*. By erasing the *l* with a knife, the name could be made Becker, with only a slight misspacing, very common in newspaper print. Jones claimed that his rival, Harry Day, had played this trick upon him. Polly remembered, young as she was at the time, that there was some conspiracy on the part of her mother and Harry against poor Blandie and her rustic lover. Polly also thought she remembered hearing Harry laugh, some year or two afterward, on one occasion when he came up from New York, about some newspaper joke he had played upon somebody.

Whatever the facts may really have been, this theory of a newspaper trick helped Jones wonderfully. It restored his confidence, so that he became much less sensitive upon the subject of Mrs. Dudley. He said that any man might be the victim of a practical joke, or, if we would allow the expression, of practical villainy.

As Harry was "dead and gone," and as Polly said that, with all his fine airs and handsome clothes, he never amounted to anything, and as it was known that Blandie never favored his suit, Jones found it possible to forgive him. The trio, indeed, as they became more and more interested in recalling the past, forgave everybody, and spoke of "poor Harry" and all the others who were deceased with feelings of kindness

and admiration. The satisfaction with which their lives were reviewed by these friends was a very pleasant thing to contemplate. As the overflow of kindly sympathy was increased by their companionship from day to day, the discovery was somehow made that all must have been for the best, and that Providence, grim as it seemed to them, had really no hostile intentions.

As the winter drew to a close, Rube lingered, protracting his visit far beyond his original purpose. He confessed to me that he had never really known what home was before, since he had left his father's house, and said that he had not supposed he could ever be so contented and happy as he now found himself. The only time he recalled that he could compare with it was that golden summer which he had spent in Albany, in his early youth.

In April Mr. Jones announced that he must return to his home in Bermuda. His parting with his old sweetheart was witnessed by no vulgar eyes, but Mrs. Morgan confided to me the fact that Blandie, old as she was, put her arms around Rube's neck, and that he cried as if he had been one of those infants whom Blandie had been accustomed to instruct in her younger days. Rube promised that he would come back the next winter, and if possible arrange to live permanently in Albany; and doubtless he would have done so if Blandie had lived. He remarked to me, as I walked with him to the train to see him off, and give him the last hand-shake for the household, that he would certainly come again the next season. But he added, in a general way, and with that air of independence which single gentlemen seem to affect, that, as there was not much going on in business, he did n't know but he might as well be "fooling around among the women" as doing anything else. I did not mean to remember this against him, for, after all, it was probably only "his way." He

perhaps desired to impress me with the idea that he was an independent bachelor. I could not help seeing, however, from various indications, that he emerged from the scenes he had passed through unsubdued and elastic.

As already intimated, Blandie did not last long. She died the next summer, — just faded away, as yielding people so often do, with a submission that seems to divest the skeleton king of his terrors. Jones was duly informed of her decease by a communication directed to his home in Bermuda. He sent in return a letter of condolence to Mrs. Morgan. It was a model of its kind. I had not given him credit for so much good judgment as it evinced.

But Jones's real response came to me, in a private letter, which I was not to exhibit to Mrs. Morgan. He gave me an urgent invitation to visit him at his island home. He intimated that he should never visit Albany again. "The fact is, my dear boy," he wrote, "if I were to come to your city, now that Blandie is gone, just one thing would be inevitable: old as I am, I would certainly have to marry Polly, and that would never do. No woman shall ever come between me and the little girl I chose so many years ago, who is now waiting for me in the better country."

Jones informed me that, after getting back to his old home, he found that many of his old thoughts came back to him, and he could not get rid of the idea that the Blandie of whom he had dreamed so many years was in some way connected with the Observatory.

Subsequently, I received letters from him upon various subjects, and they gave me great pleasure. He was a good correspondent. The sound of the sea and the charm of Bermuda, the roses and the coral and the warmth of the Gulf Stream, seemed to be conveyed in his letters. I saw in them, also, memories of that early love which had haunted him so long, and the shifting dreams

which he still cherished. He referred often to the problem which his history presented. It was not easy to understand why an item in a newspaper should have been allowed by Providence to mislead him, and so change the color and fortunes of his whole life. Why was it, he asked me, that he and Blandie had lived apart, when they seemed so clearly to have been intended for each other? And why was it that when he had so unexpectedly and wonderfully found her again she so soon faded away? But my old friend never complained of these strange dealings of Providence with him; he only sought reverently to understand them. I cannot recall a word of murmuring, although to me he revealed unconsciously the loneliness of his life. Truth to tell, there was something pathetic in the figure of Rube Jones as I saw him in his letters, carrying about in his thoughts, as the long years went round, in the narrow bounds of his island home, the constant memory of his thwarted affection.

Mr. Jones confessed that he still made clippings from the newspapers, and continued to increase his museum. He claimed that the history of Mrs. Dudley was a part of the history of his own mind, and that it was well to follow it up for that reason, if for no other.

As the years passed, our correspondence ceased, and Rube Jones was forgotten. Mrs. Morgan had died, and it would have been natural to suppose that Mr. Jones had gone the way of all the earth, also. But a recent event recalled him. My clerk, a handsome, impulsive young fellow, bounded into my office one morning last March, bursting with the intelligence that his young friend Charlie Wells, who had recently entered the Dudley Observatory as an assistant, had immortalized his name by finding a comet. He said it was the second comet ever found at the Observatory.

Some ten days later, there appeared

in my morning's mail a letter with the Bermuda postmark. It contained about a dozen words of congratulation from Jones on the fact that "Blandie's Observatory" had found another comet. I answered the letter wondering. Could it be that my old acquaintance was still living? My curiosity was excited. I remembered a correspondent who had business which took him often to Ber-

muda. I was at some pains to find out through him about my old acquaintance. The report was a eulogistic one in regard to Jones. His excellent constitution and careful living had carried him into the nineties, and he was still able to get about. I learned, however, of his death shortly afterward. The new comet (the Wells comet of 1882) was his last enthusiasm.

P. Deming.

RECENT MEMOIRS OF CICERO.

THERE are vast differences in the world's feeling about the various names which it cannot readily let die. There are conventional immortalities, which are treasured like the antiques in a gallery, — matters of pomp and pride and æsthetic qualification merely; and there are homelier and more human immortalities, in which — or rather, in whom — our interest is always vivid and personal; natural and fallible shades, with all their mundane foibles and fascinations still clinging about them, their loves and hates and desires and disdains forever surging within, as Virgil found them in Hades, and showed them to his great disciple there; faces whose expressions remain after their features have passed away. Dead men of this description, no matter how many ages ago they passed away, will have partisans and foes; dead women, lovers and traducers, until the remnant of the living shall have been finally joined to the majority of the departed. Their biographies will be rewritten a dozen times in a century, and fresh hubbub of emphatic and dissentient voices will arise after each new telling of their tale. Of all conspicuous human careers there is

not one more certain of its immortality in impassioned human dispute than that of the great Roman orator and statesman, Marcus Tullius Cicero.

We have before us three of the latest versions of his story:¹ the polished essays of M. Gaston Boissier, of the French Academy, collected under the title of *Cicéron et ses Amis*; The Life of Cicero, by Mr. Anthony Trollope; and that very considerable portion of Mr. Froude's study of Cæsar wherein, systematically and of fell artistic purpose, he blackens the figure of the civic hero, in order that he may enhance the unnatural radiance with which he has chosen to invest that of the military usurper.

Although Mr. Froude professes to treat the career of Cicero only incidentally, and in so far as it was involved in that of a greater man, it is impossible not to give a certain anxious heed to the judgment passed by the eulogist of Henry VIII. on the men and things of the momentous last century of republican Rome. It may be well enough, therefore, to bestow a word at the outset on Mr. Froude's method, and on the "impressionist" manner of writing history in general. To read Mr. Froude upon

The Life of Cicero. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. London: Chapman and Hall.

Cæsar. A Sketch. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹ *Cicéron et ses Amis.* Étude sur la Société Romaine du Temps de Cæsar. Par GASTON BOISSIER, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Hachette & Cie.

any subject whatever is to enjoy one of the most exhilarating forms of literary diversion, not to say dissipation. He is animated; he is intensely graphic; he is colloquial sometimes, and sometimes he is stately, but he is both after a peculiar and piquant fashion of his own. He knows a great deal, and among other things he knows the art of so distributing and lightening his literary luggage that the reader, at least, is never oppressed by the weight of it. But the true secret of the hold he has of his generation, of the "large and intelligent audience" which his advertisement, so to speak, is certain to draw, is the fact that, whatever names he may bestow upon the characters in his piece, he will talk to that audience of themselves. His story of the past is always a parable of the present. He takes the properties of a by-gone period, and dresses up a stage on which to manœuvre the most pressing questions of the hour. He writes out his narrative upon a deeply colored transparency, and bears it aloft in a party procession, with a strong light burning behind. No wonder he is easy reading. The agrarian laws of Rome seem but a dry subject. They come home to every English reader when the Irish question is seen glowing between the lines. The application whether of unlimited sarcasm or of unqualified eulogy to men who have been dust for nineteen hundred years may appear a futile exercise of wit; but dub these men conservative and liberal, and the performance immediately acquires a point. There is no particular harm in this kind of historic pamphleteering, if its motive is once clearly understood. The late Canon Kingsley was a master of the same art, and the most powerful of his romances, *Hypatia*, which he frankly calls *New Foes with an Old Face*, has probably never greatly misled any one as to the state of religious parties in Alexandria under the episcopate of Cyril. The method is, perhaps, more

appropriate to historical romance than to studies—even short studies—in *bona fide* history; yet we venture to say that with many, it may be a majority, of those who read Mr. Froude with greatest zest there is little or no question of accepting him as a historical guide.

Concerning this modern fashion of putting forth tracts and pamphlets under the guise of history, M. Boissier writes, in his introductory essay on the letters of Cicero, with the refined good sense which belongs to him as a Frenchman, and constitutes one of his greatest charms as a writer, "Before commencing the ensuing study, there is one firm resolution which it befits us to take,—that of not too far importing into it the preoccupations of our own time. It is rather common, nowadays, to seek in the history of the past weapons for the conflicts of the present. Success consists in pointed allusions and ingenious parallels. Perhaps the very reason why Roman antiquity is so fashionable just now is that it affords to political parties a convenient and comparatively safe battle-field, where the passions of the day may contend in antique costumes. If the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, and Brutus are aptly cited, those eminent men must not be too proud of the honor. The curiosity which they excite is not quite disinterested, and, when they are mentioned, it is almost invariably for the sake of sharpening an epigram or seasoning a compliment. Against this irregularity I would guard. The illustrious dead whom I have named seem to me to deserve something better at our hands than being made to subserve the quarrels which distract ourselves, and I respect their memory and their repose too much to drag them into the arena of our daily discussions. It ought never to be forgotten that it is an outrage upon history to subordinate it to the fluctuations of partisan interest, and that it should be, in the fine words

of Thucydides, a work done for eternity."

M. Boissier keeps his engagement most honorably, and leaves us impressed by his disinterestedness no less than by his discrimination. As a Frenchman, he is bound, of course, to try the letters of Cicero by the standard of Madame de Sévigné's and of the Memoirs of St. Simon; and he finds many things, and so do we, in the picturesque, profuse, unguarded, and inestimably precious correspondence of the most modern and human of Romans which recall those delightful chroniclers of the *grand siècle*. It seems to us, however, that it is pushing the parallel a little too far when he attempts to read the sad riddle of Tullia's character by the selfish and unsympathetic one of Madame de Grignan. We know almost nothing about Tullia, save what we are led to divine by the passion of her father's love and grief. That she was very like himself, in her pride and sensitiveness, her irregular fervor, her quick irritability, and her formidable wit, seems highly probable; and also that, having been the intimate friend and companion of her brilliant father, she should have found it hard to adapt herself to any one of her three husbands: so that, in the matter of her matrimonial infelicities, there may very well have been, as the Pharisees are so fond of saying, "fault on both sides." But that she was at once a spoiled beauty and an unmerciful pedant, cold, critical, conceited, and worldly, like the blindly worshiped offspring of Madame de Sévigné, we find it very hard to believe. If only it were possible to know! If only that tomb which was opened some dozen years ago, upon the Appian Way, in land which had belonged to the Tullys, had proved to contain her ashes, we fancy that even those might have told us something. But alas! the swiftly dissolving image proved to be that of a young maiden, still robed in the melancholy pomp of her first season; not that

of the woman prematurely aged by sorrow and disappointment, who died in child-bed at thirty-two. What Tullia really was must still remain a matter of fanciful conjecture and purely personal prepossession. But no one, we repeat, could be more modest in even mentioning his prepossessions than M. Boissier, — more strictly conscientious in refusing to follow their lead. And therefore it is that we feel so safe to follow his.

Mr. Trollope, on the other hand, tells us candidly, in his preface, that he has been moved to write Cicero's life by his warm indignation at the injustice regularly done him by the devotees of Cæsar, including Mommsen, and concluding, for the present, with Mr. Froude. He owns that Cicero is one of his heroes, and affirms his belief that "there is matter in the earnestness, the pleasantness, the patriotism, and the tragedy of his life to move a reader still, if the story could only be written of him as it is felt." That the story, in Mr. Trollope's case, has been not only felt, but long and laboriously studied, and that it was first studied for its intrinsic interest, and not with any ulterior or controversial purpose, is plain to any unprejudiced reader. Mr. Trollope's preface, in which he thus foretells the drift of his work, is a very admirable piece of writing. It is forcible as an argument, sifting and arranging the evidence as to Cicero's general uprightness, both of ancient and modern writers, with something of legal science and precision. It is also finer, from a merely literary point of view, than anything else in the book, excepting some bits of translation from the orations, to which we shall refer again. For our own part we have always thought Mr. Trollope a more accomplished *littérateur* than he pretends to be. He affects homeliness of style, as a gentleman — and it may be a very proud one — sometimes affects rusticity of manner. He is so unwilling to be thought preoccupied with his dignity

that he rather impresses himself to be undignified. The easy *slouch* of his literary gait may have become a second nature by this, but once upon a time it was conscious and cultivated. It has served him admirably in his multifarious novels, enabling him to produce a greater number of readable, sensible, often laughable, and sometimes memorable pages than any other living writer. It is, at any rate, always sound and grammatical English that he writes, and marvelously free from the vices of vagueness and pretension. Sticklers for the dignity of history may think that he overdoes the free and easy a little when he says concerning the loud lamentation made by Cicero in his exile, "Roman fortitude was but a suit of armor, to be worn on state occasions. If we come across a warrior with his crested helmet and his sword and his spear, we see, no doubt, an impressive object. If we could find him in his night-shirt, the same man would be there, but those who do not look deeply into things would be apt to despise him because the grand trappings were absent. Chance has given us Cicero in his night-shirt. The linen is of such fine texture that we are delighted with it, but we despise the man because he wore a garment such as we wear ourselves, indeed, though when we wear it nobody is then brought in to look at us." But Mr. Trollope's plain manner becomes exceedingly effective in a passage like the following, where he is describing the complimentary session of the senate, held before Pompey in the suburbs of Rome, after his return from his Eastern victories, but before his formal triumph, during which interval etiquette forbade the great man to appear within the walls. There had been some debate on the shameful affair of Clodius, and Crassus had spoken first, then Cicero. Mr. Trollope observes that the latter, to judge by his own letter to Atticus on the subject, had done his best to "show off" before Pompey, who was

"sitting next to him, listening, and by no means admiring his admirer as that admirer expected to be admired. Cicero had probably said to himself that they two together, Pompey and Cicero, might suffice to preserve the republic. Pompey, not thinking much of the republic, was probably telling himself that he wanted no brother near the throne. When, of two men, the first thinks himself equal to the second, the second will generally feel himself to be superior to the first. Pompey would have liked Cicero better if his periods had not been so round, nor his voice so powerful." He, however, who would understand of what Mr. Trollope is capable in the way of elevated English should turn to Appendix D, at the end of his first volume, where he has given us a parallel translation out of what he calls Cicero's first great political harangue,—the speech he had made in favor of investing Pompey with the supreme command against Mithridates, commonly called the Oration for the Manilian Law. It would be difficult to imagine anything more perfect in the way of Latin prose than this extract beginning, "*Utinam Quirites, virorum fortium atque innocentium copiam tantam haberetis,*" etc. But Mr. Trollope has given us a rendering of it so close to the original, and at the same time so beautiful as English, that it may be said to fall below its model only in that matter of verbal melody and rhythm, in which the English language, from its very nature, must always remain inferior to the Latin.

Mr. Froude also gives us some excellent translations out of the letters and orations of Cicero, using strong idiomatic English phrases, and occasionally imitating the Latin brevity more successfully than Mr. Trollope. But even here the watchful Cæsarite contrives ingeniously to introduce the flavor of his prejudice, by marking large omissions in the text, and observing in foot-notes that the gaps are to be supposed filled

with empty declamation, or wearisome laudation of the orator's self. It does not, indeed, require much acumen to perceive that Cicero was a vain man, fond of the praise of others, and over-apt to praise himself. The very school-boy, who owes the great lawyer a grudge for the trouble he gives him in construing, can see that he had that weakness, and feels some natural gratification in the discovery. Neither Mr. Trollope, who lustily claims for himself the position of Cicero's "best lover," nor M. Boissier, who merely obeys the delicate and merciful code of the modern French school of sympathetic criticism, would dream for a moment of gainsaying it. But here, as elsewhere, the two are essentially in accord, and curiously support and supplement one another in their effort to show that it was, after all, more outward exigency than inward conceit which kept Cicero so incessantly busy at the unsatisfying work of self-examination and self-explanation. His lot had fallen upon an evil time, and one that was particularly evil for a political idealist, who also possessed strong social instincts and a keen love of approbation. It was a revolutionary time. Change, destruction, dissolution, were everywhere. There was no question even of patching up matters so as to last the life-time of the actual generation. The deluge was *then*. The conservative and sentimental, no less than the most reckless innovators, had to be in perpetual motion. Each new position which they took up, and desperately attempted to strengthen, was in its turn undermined by the progress of the flood. Groups gathered for a moment, only to separate with a *saute qui peut*. So it came to pass that the man, of all others, most averse, constitutionally, to change had to be constantly shifting his ground; the man most dependent upon sympathy and companionship was always finding himself isolated. Yet he was conscious of fixed principles and loyal affections. He

must needs try to make it clear to himself and others how the seeming inconsistency had come about.

Fortunately, through the foresight, in the first instance, of the cool and sagacious friend to whom the larger half of Cicero's correspondence was addressed, we have preserved to us the very words in which, from day to day for a period of twenty-one years, he embodied his long Apologia. Cornelius Nepos, a contemporary, said that the whole history of the time was in those letters, and all Cicero's innumerable biographers, from whatever point they have viewed his character, have acknowledged in them their chief source of information. The light they shed is often indirect, and Mr. Trollope and M. Boissier have shown with equal force, each after his own fashion, how misleading these lively chronicles and hot disquisitions would prove to any one who should treat them as premeditated history. The letters to Atticus were the outpourings to a perfectly safe confidant, living at a remote distance, of the contradictory impressions, baffled conclusions, transient "miffs," and enormous ups and downs in feeling of a thin-skinned and mercurial man of genius, with a matchless power of expression, at a time of portent and cataclysm such as has been described. To say, as Mr. Froude says somewhere of the letters in general, that Cicero never wrote a line without an eye to posterity is to deny them the very quality which gives them at once their unique value and their principal charm.

But it was not to Atticus only, the discreet, wealthy, worldly gentleman, with his long head, his easy conscience, and his fine taste in art and literature, who knew so well what he was about in preferring Athens to Rome as a residence just then,—it was not to him alone that Cicero was in the habit of dashing off careless and garrulous letters. There are many more, equally imprudent, and therefore equally pleasant read-

ing, addressed to his young friend and favorite Cælius, the type of the *jeunesse dorée* of Rome at that bad period; others to his *protégé* Trebatius, whom he placed with Cæsar in Gaul; a considerable number to his always unsatisfactory brother Quintus. Yet another side of Cicero's nature is revealed by the letters to his wife Terrentia, and his beloved slave, and subsequently freedman, Tiro, between whom and himself the relation was so rarely honorable and beautiful. Then there are missives of a more pompous, premeditated, and politic character; feelers advanced, negotiations essayed, situations discussed; fencing-matches in words with almost every one of the prominent actors in the wild drama of the day,—with Lepidus and Trebonius, Brutus, Cassius, and Cato, Pompey, and Cæsar himself. "Cicero," says M. Boissier, "is not the only person with whom this correspondence acquaints us. It is full of curious details concerning all those toward whom he stood in friendly or business relations. They were the most illustrious personages of that time,—those who played the first parts in the revolution which put an end to the Roman republic. No men have ever merited study more than they. It should be observed that there is a defect of Cicero's which has been of great service to posterity. If the case were Cato's, for example, how many correspondents we should miss! The virtuous alone would find a place among the writers; and God knows that at that period their number was not large. Happily, Cicero was less difficult to please, and did not import into the choice of his intimacies the rigid scruples of a Cato. A sort of native benevolence rendered him accessible to people of all shades of opinion; his vanity led him to seek for homage everywhere. He had a foot-hold in all the parties,—a great fault in a politician, and one with which the maliciously disposed of his own time did not fail to

reproach him bitterly; but it is a fault by which we profit, for hence it comes that all parties are represented in his correspondence."

M. Boissier subsequently devotes a special essay to each of Cicero's principal intimates, but first he has two extremely interesting chapters on his public and private life. In the former he amply illustrates the manner in which Cicero's political character was, in the first instance, determined, and his entire destiny shaped, by the very circumstances of his birth. Born in the country and in the middle class, of well-to-do, old-fashioned, plainly living, and highly thinking people, among whom the loftiest traditions of the old Roman state lingered unimpaired far longer than in Rome; born, nevertheless, with all the instincts, and receiving the education, or more than the education, of an aristocrat, it was inevitable that he should, on entering public life, attach himself to the patrician party, and equally inevitable that he should always be, to some extent, solitary among them. He embraced their cause, for he religiously believed it to be that of national honor and continuity; but he found it impossible, when he came to hold office, to imitate their unscrupulousness. Alike as *quæstor* in Western Sicily, in the very beginning of his career, and as governor in Cilicia, twenty-five years later, he felt constrained to treat the natives fairly, and even mercifully, and to refrain from enriching himself. Even Mr. Froude has to confess so much. But here was an implied censure of patrician practice, not likely to be well taken from a *parvenu*. Cicero lived in Rome as the aristocrats lived. No other style of living was, in fact, possible to the man; and so, while frankly proclaiming himself a *novus homo*, he came in for his full share of the odium of the unwashed. Yet most of the prevalent aristocratic vices were intolerably distasteful to him, and no reader of the orations need be told how

he could lash them when he chose. No wonder, therefore, that the *optimates*, too, eyed him somewhat askance. They were proud of his talents, and anxious to retain his services, but they reserved to themselves the right of telling him, if he angered them, that they knew nothing of his name. From Cicero's native town of Arpinum, and probably from the self-same social class, there had come, a generation before his day, the radical demagogue Marius. The party to which Cicero gave his life-long, if sometimes qualified and self-questioning, adhesion; for which, though no warrior, he was ready, when the time came, resolutely to die, had fixed itself in temporary security through the ruthless proscriptions, the more than Parisian *terror*, which had marked the final victory over the mob of the patrician Sylla. And yet Cicero made his *début* as a great pleader by an impassioned and successful defense of one of the sufferers under those proscriptions, — Sextus Roscius. The next great shock and peril of the conservative or optimate party was that of the Catilinian conspiracy, headed by a renegade of their own order, who had understood how to gather to himself the offscouring of all parties. It was, as all the world knows, the genius, the promptitude, and the intrepidity of Cicero as consul which had crushed and baffled that conspiracy. But his reward at the hands of the society which he had saved, for the time, was that decree of banishment which he took so lamentably, almost laughably hard, and which was proposed by one patrician, Clodius; abetted, in secret, beyond a doubt, by another and far greater, by Caesar himself; and blandly acquiesced in by the great and good Pompey, to whom Cicero did homage all his life as his political suzerain, and who was none the less, as Mr. Trollope says, his perpetual "bugbear, stumbling-block, and mistake." Is it possible to imagine a more anomalous and distracting political position?

No doubt Cicero went beyond the letter of the law when he ordered the execution of the Catilinian conspirators in the Mamertine prison. (He set an example to all coming ages, by the way, when he compressed the report of that execution into the one polite word, *vix-runt*. Would that the mouth-pieces of public opinion in our own day could emulate the dignified heathen on the morrow of a judicial homicide!) The moment was one which demanded an ultra measure. It seems wonderful to us yet that it should have been Cicero, the doubter, the theorizer, the self-conscious, the cautious, if not timid, who had the firmness to issue that order and strike that decisive blow. It has often been observed that men of theory and reflection, when forced to act, are apt to be more reckless than those who are habitually men of action, for the very reason, perhaps, that they lack experience in practical consequences. But when Mr. Froude represents Cæsar as shaking his head mournfully over the fate of Cethegus and Lentulus, murmuring, "Violence, — always violence! When is this to end?" and so girding himself up to all that he proposed to do, we are irresistibly reminded of Admiral Seymour, thoughtfully bombarding Alexandria, for the sake of preserving peace.

"It may be conceded," says M. Boissier, "without lowering Cicero too far, that public life did not suit him. The reasons which made him an incomparable writer did not permit him to be an admirable statesman. Those vivacious impressions, those delicate and irritable sensibilities, which were a chief source of his literary talent, forbade him the complete mastery of himself. *Things* had too great a hold upon him. He must be capable of self-detachment who would control them. His mobile and fertile imagination, causing him to expand on every side at once, rendered him hardly capable of connected plans.

He could never entirely delude himself about men, or stultify himself concerning their enterprises, and he was therefore subject to sudden revulsions of feeling. He often boasted of having foreseen and foretold the future. It was not, we may be sure, in his quality of augur, but by virtue of a sort of fatal perspicacity which showed him the consequences of events, and their evil consequences rather than their good. On the nones of December, when he put an end to Catiline's accomplices, he understood perfectly the vengeance to which he exposed himself, and he foresaw his exile. He had, therefore, on that day, despite the hesitations with which he has been reproached, more courage than another might have had, who, in a moment of exaltation, would have perceived no danger. . . . Did Cicero belie himself when, after having defended the victims of the aristocracy under Sylla, he defended, after a lapse of thirty years, the victims of the democracy under Cæsar? Was he not, on the contrary, more consistent than those who, after having bitterly complained of exile themselves, exiled their enemies the moment they came into power?"

Thoughtful and subtle analysis like this is not much in Mr. Trollope's line. He admits, after his own homely and slightly humorous fashion, that Cicero's training as a lawyer had assisted his native capacity for seeing both sides; and he does not fail to remind his readers that the practice of a successful lawyer, even in our own day, implies a certain facility in defending both. But he is wholly in earnest, and it seems to us very impressive in passages like the following, where he urges the essential consistency of his hero's political course:—

"I think it is made clear, by a study of Cicero's life and works up to the period of his exile, that an adhesion to the old forms of the Roman government was his guiding principle. I am sure

that they who follow me to the close of his career will acknowledge that, after his exile, he lived for this principle, and that he died for it. '*Respublica*'—the republic—was the one word which, to his ear, contained a political charm. It was the shibboleth by which men were to be conjured into well-being. The word Constitution is nearly as potent with us. But it is essential that the reader of Roman history and Roman biography should understand that the appellation had in it, for all Roman ears, a thoroughly conservative meaning. Among those who, at Cicero's period, dealt with politics in Rome, all of whom, no doubt, spoke of the republic as the vessel of state, which was to be defended by all persons, there were four classes. There were those who simply desired the plunder of the state,—the Catilines, the Syllas of the day, and the Anthonys,—men such as Verres had been, and Fonteius, and Autronius. The other three can best be typified each by one man. There was Cæsar, who knew that the republic was gone, past all hope. There was Cato,—“the dogmatic fool Cato,” as Mommsen calls him, perhaps with some lack of the historian's dignity,—who was true to the republic, but who could not bend an inch, and was thus as detrimental to any hope of reconstruction as a Catiline or a Cæsar. Cicero was of the fourth class, believing in the republic, intent on saving it, imbued, amid all his doubts, with a conviction that if the optimates or *boni*—the leading men of the party—would be true to themselves, consuls, censors, and senate would still suffice to rule the world; but prepared to give and take with those who were opposed to him. It was his idea that political integrity should keep its own hands clean, but should wink at much dirt in the world at large. Nothing, he saw, could be done by Catonic rigor. We can see now that Ciceronic compromises were,

and must have been, equally ineffective. The patient was past cure. But in seeking the truth as to Cicero, we have to perceive that, amid all his troubles, frequently in despondency, sometimes overwhelmed by the misery and hopelessness of his condition, he did hold fast by this idea to the end. The frequent expressions made to Atticus in opposition to this belief are to be taken as the murmurs of his mind at the moment, as you shall hear a man swear that all is gone, and see him tear his hair, and shall yet know that there is a deep fund of hope within his bosom. It was the ingratitude of his political friends, his 'boni' and his optimates, — of Pompey, at their head, — which tried him the sorest; but he was always forgiving them, forgiving Pompey as the head of them, because he knew that were he to be severed from them, then the political world must be closed to him altogether."

Both Mr. Trollope, in the earlier part of his narrative, and M. Boissier in his chapter on Cicero's private life, give anxious heed to the long-vexed question of the source of Cicero's ample income. Nothing could show more plainly how truly this man has been like a living contemporary to each succeeding generation of his biographers than their perennial interest in this never-to-be-closed inquiry. Mr. Forsyth, we remember, felt forced to conclude that Cicero must have taken pay, or at least presents, for his legal services, though this was forbidden by law. M. Boissier inclines to the opinion that all through the period of his public life his resources were fed by bequests; that there was a kind of fashion among the rich Romans of his day (how very convenient a one for him!) for remembering him handsomely in their wills. Mr. Trollope infers, and rather plausibly, from the very expensive education given both to Marcus and his brother Quintus Cicero, that their *bourgeois*

father must have been a much richer man than has been ordinarily supposed, and that the brothers began the world with large inherited wealth. Cicero's most determined adversaries, in his own and later times, have been slow to accuse him of having enriched himself dishonorably. The evidence is too overwhelming upon the other side. He was too notoriously a man of what must have seemed, in his day, quite fantastic scruples in money matters. There were speculations, sanctioned by the highest Roman respectability, in which he scornfully refused to engage. He would absolutely not soil his hands with the plunder of a province, or even with the regular perquisites of an ex-governor. "My coming to Asia," he writes to Atticus, with pardonable pride, "has not been of the slightest expense to any person" (*Adventus noster nemini ne minimo quide fuit sumptui*); or, as Mr. Trollope translates it, "has cost no man a shilling." Cicero was sometimes in debt, but easily and cheerfully in debt, as one who knows he can pay, and who always does pay. There was no question with him of deliberate and wholesale bankruptcy, like Cæsar's. Such being the case, we cannot resist the notion that there is the same sort of impertinence in prying into the sources of Cicero's wealth that there would be in the case of a contemporary of expensive habits, all whose obligations are met, and whose financial integrity is above suspicion. We know that it was his irritable fastidiousness in money matters which led to the divorce of his wife Terrentia, with whom he had lived comfortably for nineteen years, and to whom he was writing freely and affectionately up to the very eve of the catastrophe. He discovered that, during his lugubrious year of exile, she had not only been speculating freely, — as many Roman ladies did in those days, — but that she had been in league with a former slave of theirs, Philotomus, to cheat

him of large sums. His wrath was naturally high, and his remedy was at hand. In a society where divorce was now of daily, almost hourly occurrence, there is no wonder that the remedy should have been applied promptly. Cicero's standards were probably lax enough in some respects, compared with those of the nineteenth century, but the taint of pecuniary meanness and indirection was one which he could not and would not tolerate. We know how the discovery of it dismayed and disgusted him in the case of another person, whom he was well inclined to love and admire. When, during the course of Cicero's governorship in Cilicia, it came out that Junius Brutus, — "our old friend Brutus, whom," as Mr. Trollope says, "all English readers have so much admired, because he dared to tell his brother-in-law, Cassius, that he was 'much condemned to have an itching palm,'" — that he, the professional patriot, the "blameless prig," had been lending money in Salamis, and exacting, through the medium of a vulgar agent named Scaptius, an interest of forty-eight per cent., when twelve per cent. was the extreme limit fixed by law, Cicero wrote to Atticus, in very sickness of soul, that he had looked into the affair, and had ordered the payment of the legal interest only. "I shall be sorry to have offended him" (Brutus), he writes, "but much more so that he should have proved to be other than the man I took him for."

That the disagreeable impression produced on Cicero's mind by the results of the Salaminian investigation passed away, and that the time came afterwards when he saw, or thought he saw, in Brutus the only possible saviour of the perishing state, is also known. The multiplied misfortunes of their country under the twofold scourge of foreign and civil war, the ever-broadening sweep of Cæsar's encroachments, drew the two men closely to one another in the end.

After the battle of Pharsalia and the death of Pompey, they both made their submission to the conqueror, and in the four years that passed between Pharsalia and Cæsar's death they were much together. There was a difference of twenty years in their ages, but Cicero had always a special liking for the society of younger men. It came, no doubt, of his own unconquerable vivacity of spirits. He was never too old, as Mr. Trollope says, to laugh with the Curios and the Cæliuses behind the back of the great men. With the grave, austere, and somewhat pragmatical Brutus there was indeed no question of the sort of joviality to which Cicero referred, when he wrote to Pætus concerning Hirtius and Dolabella, "They are my pupils in speaking, and my masters in dining." (*Dicendi discipulos habeo, cœnandi magistros.*) But Brutus quickened in Cicero the speculative intellect, and stimulated him to literary production. They studied Greek philosophy together. "Both of them," says M. Boissier, "had loved and cultivated it from their youth up; both appeared to love and cultivate it with increased ardor, when the one-man power had expelled them from public affairs. . . . The characteristics of the different passions, the true nature of virtue, the hierarchy of man's duties; all those problems which an honest man is sure to propose to himself at some period of his life, and that one in particular before which he so often recoils, but which recurs with terrific obstinacy, and troubles at times the spirit of the most earthy and material, the future after death, — all these were investigated with no display of dialectic, without prejudice of school or engagement of party, with less care for the invention of new ideas than for the finding everywhere some grains of good sense and practical principle. Such is the character of Roman philosophy, at which we had best not sneer; for its rôle has been great in the world, and by it the wisdom of the

Greeks, rendered at once more solid and more transparent, has been transmitted to the peoples of the Occident. This philosophy, like the empire, dates from Pharsalia, and it owes much to the triumph of Cæsar, who, by suppressing political life, compelled active minds to seek fresh food for their activity."

Out of studies like these grew the *Tusculan Disputations*, in the first of which Cicero essays to prove that death is not an evil. "What a commonplace it seems," continues M. Boissier, "and how hard it is, not to regard these fine disquisitions as mere school exercises, or displays of oratory! Nothing could be farther from the truth, however, and the generation for which they were written found something very different in them. That generation read them to refresh its courage in the teeth of proscription, and arose from the reading firmer, more composed, better prepared to endure the great misfortunes which it foresaw. Atticus himself, Atticus the egotist, so little disposed to risk his life for any one, found in them an undreamed-of energy. 'You tell me,' writes Cicero, 'that my first *Tusculana* has put you in heart. I am very glad of it. There is no better or readier refuge [from what is coming] than that [which I indicate].' The refuge, of course, was death, and what numbers availed themselves of it! Never has been seen such an incredible contempt of life; never was death less dreaded. After Cato, suicide became a contagion, a frenzy. The conquered, like Juba, Petreius, and Scipio, knew no other method of escaping the conqueror. *Laterensis* kills himself for grief that his friend *Lepidus* should have betrayed the republic. When *Scapula* can hold out no longer in *Cordona*, he orders a pyre, and burns himself alive. When *Decimus Brutus*, a fugitive, hesitates to adopt the heroic remedy, his friend *Blasius* kills himself before his eyes, for an example. At *Philippi* it was a veritable delirium.

Even those who might have escaped cared not to survive their defeat. *Quintilius Varus* dons his robes of state, and has himself slain by a slave. *Labiennus* digs his own grave, and kills himself upon the margin. *Cato the younger*, for fear of being spared, flings off his helmet, and cries out his own name. *Cassius*, in his impatience, kills himself prematurely. *Brutus* closes the list by a suicide amazing for its dignity and calm. What a strange and terrible commentary on the *Tusculanæ*, and how does a general truth, exemplified in the practice of so many brave men, cease to be a commonplace!"

All the literary works, the letters and orations apart, which have won for Cicero most renown, the moral and philosophical treatises, the *Tusculanæ*, and the essays on *Friendship* and *Old Age*, were produced during the year preceding Cæsar's assassination, — the year of Cicero's grand climacteric, the last but one of his life. Mr. Trollope may be partly right in regarding these productions rather as an effort at distracting his own mind from the miseries and uncertainties of the present, as a series of souvenirs of his student life in Greece, than a formal profession of his own philosophical creed. But what shall be said of the mental vitality, versatility, and fecundity of a man, already old, to whom such authorship was mere recreation; the pastime of a season of enforced inactivity; a heroic effort to divert his own attention from the consciousness of devastating sorrows, past and present, and the just apprehension of yet more fatal calamities immediately impending?

Brutus, meanwhile, was passing under the influence of *Cassius*, and becoming the centre and soul of the conspiracy which was consummated on the ides of March. Cicero was not privy to that conspiracy, but the perpetrators of the fatal deed appealed first to him for applause when it was done, and they did not appeal in vain. For a brief period

he seems to have been deluded by the belief that the idea of his life was vindicated, the republic regenerate, and her wrongs avenged. Then the populace veered; the conspirators were paralyzed; the elements of the second triumvirate made their sinister apparition; Brutus and Cassius, with their handful of aristocratic adherents, withdrew to Greece, to meet their fate at Philippi. Cicero, who had been considering the question of accompanying them, and who joined them for a single night at Velia, turned back, at the earnest instigation of Brutus himself, to make one more attempt at reviving the dying republican cause at Rome. Even Mr. Froude cannot refuse his admiration to the heroism of that supreme effort. Whether or no, in bygone times, Cicero had ever played a craven part, there was no question of his daring now. He attacked Anthony in the terrible Philippics. He strove to see in "young Octavius," or Octavian, as he was beginning to call himself, the rising star of the old Roman party. He tried to win and mould into the sorely needed patriot leader Cæsar's comely and promising nephew, the "lad," as he called him, to the deep despite of the coming man and emperor. We know now that it was all in vain; that Anthony defied and Octavian betrayed him. He himself suspected that it would be so, in the rare moments when the brave old statesman allowed himself to despond. "We have killed the king," he would then say bitterly, "but the kingdom is with us still. We have taken away the tyrant; the tyranny survives." "Looking back," says Mr. Trollope, "we wonder that he should have dared to hope. But it is to the presence within gallant bosoms of hope still springing, though almost forlorn, — of hope which has, in its existence, been marvelous, — that the world has been indebted for the most beneficial enterprises. It was not given to Cicero to stem the tide, and prevent the evil com-

ing of the Cæsars; but still, the nature of the life he had led, the dreams of a pure republic, those aspirations have not altogether perished."

There was but one thing now left for Cicero to do. All had perished which had made his life rich and dear: home and family, friends and honors, cause and country. He had only to meet his own end, and he did it with quiet courage. M. Boissier has touched with so fine and reverent a hand that closing scene that we must give it in his own words. Referring to the remark of Livy, — Cicero's detractor always, and, when he wrote, the courtier of Augustus, — that of all Cicero's misfortunes death was the only one which he bore like a man, M. Boissier adds, "It must be confessed that this is something. . . . His death seems to me to atone for all the weaknesses of his life. It is much for a man like him, who piqued himself on *not* being a Cato, to have been so firm at that terrible moment. The more timid he was by nature, the more I am touched to find him so steadfast in his death. And so, whenever, in the course of his history, I am tempted to reproach him with his fluctuations and his failures, I think of that last scene, which Plutarch has painted so well. I see him 'with hair and beard disordered, and weary countenance, taking his chin in his left hand, with the old familiar gesture, and looking fixedly at his murderers,' and I dare not be severe. With all his faults, he was an honorable man, 'who loved his country,' as Augustus himself said, in a moment of frankness and remorse."

How far Cicero was supported in his latest moments by the hope of that personal immortality for which he had argued so eloquently, — how far any one is so supported in his latest moments, — it is useless to inquire. It seems to Mr. Trollope that Cicero received a deep and lasting impression of divine things at the time of his initiation into the

Eleusinian mysteries, when he was a student at Athens, and that he was always in some sort a religious man. It has seemed to many, in all the Christian ages, that Cicero was one of those high and isolated minds which received, while the world yet lay in darkness, a certain suffusion from the coming light of Christianity.

When young Octavius had become the Emperor Augustus, he developed virtues and magnanimities of which he had shown no symptoms in his ruthless youth. He was one of those of whom prosperity seems to make ever better and better men; and as his prosperity was unparalleled, so his amelioration was immense. The story that he openly lamented, in his imperial days, having consented to the murder of such a man as Cicero rests upon somewhat doubtful authority. But there is no questioning the evidence of the great inscription of Ancyra, sometimes called the political testament of Augustus, where we have, in his own words, an abstract of his career. We know from Suetonius that he prepared such a statement, and that it was engraved on plates of brass and set in the front of his tomb. We know, from the discovery, at intervals, of fragments in various places, that it must have been widely copied, and that at Angora, in 1863, the entire document was brought to light from among the ruins of a Turkish edifice,

which had once been a Greek temple, — and an enormous treasure-trove it was; and from the studiously deciphered inscription on those marble slabs, we know at last, and must do the royal apologist grace for the grain of conscience that it implies, that he mentions the season of vengeance with which his reign began with a reluctance, brevity, and constraint strikingly in contrast with the tone of confident and stately self-gratulation which characterizes the rest of the document.

To read M. Boissier and Mr. Trollope in connection is like listening to the thorough and amicable discussion of a congenial theme by two men equally accomplished in their subject, but shedding upon it such varying lights as are due to the contrasted character of their individual minds. If M. Boissier preserves an air of greater dispassionateness, and shows himself more subtle and penetrating, as well as more composed and elegant in his phraseology, there is a warmth and heartiness in Mr. Trollope, a sort of careless abundance of information, and a force in his pungent good sense, which renders him a no less delightful annalist than the Academician.

Their united voices are very powerful, and will go farther toward carrying conviction to the unbiassed mind than the most brilliant sallies of a perverse and petulant partisanship.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

It must be counted in favor of the serial publication of a novel that the author is enabled to secure a certain momentum of interest on the part of his readers, correspondent to the momentum of his story; and if his power lies in a strong conception of character, which he

must discover by a multitude of minute touches, then he is more than ever favored by the slow process of monthly publication. Time is given for the steady sinking of the story into the minds of readers, until the conclusion, which has been the author's from the beginning,

becomes at last, and only at last, inevitable to them. On the other hand, the author, having the advantage of this leisurely development, is tempted to elaborate his details unduly, and to trust less to the power of selected and typical situations than to the familiarity with his characters which he has permitted. If *A Modern Instance*¹ had been published only in book form, it is possible that its readers, becoming early interested in the fortunes of its chief characters, would have leaped quickly to the conclusion, and have been somewhat dissatisfied with the absence of many dramatic situations. In that event, they might have carried away the impression that the author was unnecessarily at pains in portraying the features of people whom one does not care to number among his intimate associates. It is not impossible that Mr. Howells himself, had he written the novel for publication in book form only, would have moved more swiftly to the end, and given a bolder, freer sketch of the lives which detained him; yet this supposes a somewhat radical change in his art, and, although *A Modern Instance* does give sign of dramatic vigor, its charm and its merit lie in other qualities.

Looking at the book as it now stands, we are even more aware than when reading it by parts how much good writing has gone to the presentation of phases of life which would have been perfectly intelligible to the reader if they had been treated more concisely. It is a dull imagination which needs all the details which Mr. Howells has given of cheap boarding-houses and restaurants, and of the internal economy of a newspaper establishment. The details are clever, and there are touches which make it unnecessary for writers on such matters hereafter to do anything but quote from this book; yet one becomes

impatient of an art which employs so fine a pencil upon that which is ignoble and that which has inherent dignity. If life be the sum of little things, — and there were no great outward events in this chronicle, — it is yet the business of art, when portraying life, to choose that which is significant, not merely that which is characteristic. The amusing scene, for instance, at the logging camp enjoys a fullness of treatment out of proportion to its importance in the novel.

Nevertheless, — and we repeat that the serial publication was hereby an advantage both to author and reader, — the intimate acquaintance permitted with types of character from which we turn away with irritation was necessary to a full appreciation of the final issue; for that issue, with its lines running back to the first words of the novel, is the most serious of any which this writer has set before him in his work. The book is his greatest achievement, not in an artistic, but in an ethical apprehension. It is the equilibrium of ethical and artistic powers which gives the greatest momentum to literature, and the movement of Mr. Howells has been toward the larger and profounder art. *A Foregone Conclusion* was a finer product, but its ethical interest was slighter. The Undiscovered Country dealt with the counterfeit of a noble belief, and was ineffective because there was no positive result. The art which chooses an inferior material in which to cast its forms must not complain if the forms do not last and are not valued. *A Modern Instance* shows a distinct advance in the author's conception of the life which lies behind the novel, and the foundations are laid deeper in the heart of things.

Taken as a picture of life within certain lines, the book is no less clever than its predecessors. Its realism is as firm and its naturalism as easy. The sketches of country town life in *Equity*; the portraits of the old squire and his faded wife, of the humorous philosopher in the

¹ *A Modern Instance*. A Novel. By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

logging camp, of Mr. Witherby the journalist, whose conscience is kept in the counting-room; the touches which reveal the veneering of culture bestowed by a small college on a mean man; the rapid outlines of a lank Western village,—these, and many more which recur as one thinks of the story, remind one that the hand has not lost its cunning. The familiar glimpses of a woman's mind, also, when that mind is like the upper drawer in her bureau, reappear in the case of Clara, and the passages between her and her husband are new readings from the old story, which Mr. Howells tells so well.

But these things seem to be of less importance to author and reader. It is of greater consequence that, in the presentation of Marcia's character, he has called back into fiction a powerful element, which has of late fallen into disuse. It is long since jealousy has played so important a part in a novel, and it would seem as if Mr. Howells had invested one of his women with it for the sake of reinstating an old and permanent force. Certainly, the effect is to enlist the reader's interest in Marcia without attracting his love. The heroine has a fascination for Ben Halleck, the moral hero of the story, but so little does she engage the affection of the reader that he is occasionally obliged to remind himself of facts which account for Halleck's infatuation; he does not himself come under her spell, and he wonders that Halleck should. The drop too much of jealousy in Marcia's veins, which repels the reader, explains her life and action. The touch which her father applies with consummate skill, when he would persuade her to proceed against her husband, is a test of her nature, and her faithfulness to her ideal proves less powerful than her blind rage of jealousy.

What does Mr. Howells mean by introducing this animalistic quality into the composition of Marcia's character?

Taken by itself, the quality is a savage one. Othello, with all his nobility of undeveloped nature, succumbed to the savage within him, and the savage was called forth by the disease of civilization; for Iago, with his subtle cruelty, is the type of an over-refined and conscienceless civilization. This jealousy of Marcia stamps her as more than half wild, and the contact with Bartley Hubbard inflames the passion, because he, like Iago, represents the cruel force of an education which is the base counterfeit of a pure civilization. Each of these characters is in a measure typical of phases of life. By themselves they would simply be unpleasant individuals; it is because we know them to express the movements of a crude and partly brutal civilization that they force themselves upon our notice. We do not think that Mr. Howells was merely endeavoring, in his creation of Marcia, to reinforce his familiar conception of fickle woman by the introduction of a powerful passion. He instinctively saw the woman created, not by himself, but by the life out of which she grew; and the reader is just as aware as Olive Halleck is that Marcia is out of place in the society where she is found, not because she is provincial, but because she has not yet emerged from the elemental condition of womanhood.

What such a woman would have been had she married Ben Halleck is an interesting problem, but it is not that presented in *A Modern Instance*. She is to be developed, not by the gracious influence of a noble nature enfolding and exalting hers, but by the harsh storm which shipwrecks her, and leaves her on the cold island of a solitary life, out of which has gone the mockery of love. It is not the design of the novel to publish her after-life, but the reader may wisely conceive it as fashioned by her child rather than by a second husband. Meanwhile, this woman, with all her capacity for love and all her rude

elemental grace, is joined to a man who is not capable of being redeemed by her, and therefore, though he does not and cannot ruin her soul, drags her happiness down the steep into which he plunges.

If Marcia is more than an individual, eccentric woman; if she is the product of a life where religion has run to seed, and men and women are living by traditions which have faded into a copy-book morality, Bartley Hubbard represents a larger and more positive constituency. It is not altogether displeasing to us to see our friend, the smart, self-made man, reach the end for which he appears to have made himself. There is a singular consistency in the development of this character; its good points are not omitted, and Mr. Howells allows himself even a kindly tone, now and then toward his infirmities. When Bartley takes out his pocket-book to reassure Mrs. Nash, and the author says, in passing, "He had a boyish satisfaction in letting her see it was well filled," we note the delicate turn in the word "boyish" by which Mr. Howells relents for a moment in his merciless work of unclothing the man's soul. So, too, the humorous twinkle in the brute from time to time saves him from being utterly loathsome; and the lapses into affection for his wife, when her passion draws him for a few moments out of his den of selfishness, are not only redeeming touches, but they are truthful, and make one believe all the more surely in the pit into which the wretch finally falls. Easy is the descent to Avernus, but it is not every novelist who has the art to show those occasional futile steps which arrest the descent.

It would be unjust to regard *A Modern Instance* as a tract against the divorce laws. We pointed out in our review of Dr. Breen's *Practice* that Mr. Howell's is a novelist, and not an advocate or opponent of medical education for women. It is the merit of this book

that the characters are typical characters, and the drama of their life must take place under modern conditions. But those conditions had in themselves partly created the characters moving among them. Bartley Hubbard begins to allow himself to dream of an escape from a bondage which fetters him when his whole being is moving toward a lawless freedom, and his dream is not only the ugly, unconscious action of a corrupt mind, it is the suggestion of a rotten social condition. The book is not even incidentally a plea for stricter divorce laws; it is a demonstration of a state of society of which divorce laws are the index.

We have said that it is difficult to familiarize one's self with the infatuation which Ben Halleck has for Marcia; and yet the deeper one gets into the spirit of the book, the more clearly he sees that the key-stone of the whole structure is in the relation of these two characters to each other. Marcia is a pagan, but she has seen in Halleck the light of Christianity, and she turns to it as to the one steady, unfailing guide. It is Halleck's misery and salvation at once. His own life, bereft of its complement of being, expresses the conflict eternally going on in the soul which loves light rather than darkness. It was a fine thought of the author that led him to make the last appearance of Halleck, in the reader's sight, to be that of a Calvinist clergyman. In no other way could he so signally have emphasized the transitional agony of this man's life. For we do not see the close with him, any more than we do with Marcia. With each the lesson of life still goes on, but the substantial victory remains with Halleck. We know with the most sorrowful certainty that if he were to fall there would be no light left for her; and his life and hers can have no issue in any cheap happiness.

Have we been drawn into too serious a mood in thus treating *A Modern In-*

stance? We answer that it is a parable, as all great works of art are parables; and in so regarding it one must go through it to the life on which it rests, or else he can have nothing more to say than that here is a collection of disagreeable people whom he would gladly forget. He would find small enjoyment in the novel who asked of it a gratifica-

tion of his hedonism; he might take malicious satisfaction in seeing virtue limp through the story with the help of a stick. But until Mr. Howells gives us what we may fairly expect, a novel as profound as this, but with the joyousness of hope, we may well be content with a book which is the weightiest novel of the day.

DANIEL MACMILLAN.

It is worth something to have definite testimony to personal worth, when the influence of the person has been recognized by those who never even heard his name. For nearly a generation students and lovers of good books have taken a strong interest in the publishing house of Macmillan & Co., because they have perceived that it had something more than business energy behind its enterprises. It is only now, by the publication of Mr. Hughes's life¹ of the founder of the house, that the public is admitted to a more intimate acquaintance with the personal power which determined largely the character of the publishing firm.

Mr. Macmillan was of Scotch parentage and training, and was bound out as apprentice to a bookseller and bookbinder when eleven years old; was a bookseller's clerk successively in Glasgow, Cambridge, and London; and returned to Cambridge to open a shop of his own in 1843, where he remained until his death in 1857, having expanded his business of selling books into a prosperous one of publishing. He was only forty-four years old at the time of his death, and the round of business had scarcely permitted any extraordinary adventure or fortune; nor were his con-

nections with the literature of the day such as to furnish his biographer with any considerable material from which to make a gossipy contribution to literary history.

The worth of the book is first in its plain account of a courageous man, who struggled all his life against an insidious disease which finally destroyed him; then in the side light which it throws on that strong movement in English political, social, and theological thought, which found exponents in Arnold, the Hares, Maurice, and Kingsley; and finally in its illustration of the power which a high conscience has of transforming a trade into a profession.

Mr. Macmillan was a shrewd, prudent man of business, and even when dealing with authors whom he almost revered displayed a cautious, watchful temper; he did not mean that either he or they should suffer pecuniarily by the engagements entered upon. He built up his business by patient industry, aided somewhat by the opportune loans of men who had confidence in his integrity, but struggling against difficulties which were more serious, probably, in England than they are in America. It was not this success, however, which made his life worth telling: it was the fidelity to a high ideal; the deliberate resolution to treat books not simply as objects of

¹ *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan.* By THOMAS HUGHES. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

merchandise, but as persons having souls of their own, capable of doing infinite good or infinite hurt. This made him a bookseller who read his books, and could advise his customers. It enabled him, when planted in a university town, to affect the lives of the students, who came to know that in the Trinity Street bookstore there was a man who could talk about his books as if they were his friends, not his wares; it enabled him afterwards to become the medium of communication to the world of the minds of men who regarded their own

books as something more than sources of income or bases of reputation.

The man made the business, and transfused his own strong personality into the work which he directed. In the more highly organized conditions of publishing to which business seems tending, this individual personal power may disappear from actual view, but it never can disappear from life, and the illustration which this book gives can be repeated again and again. The record made by Mr. Hughes will do something to make the repetition possible.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

LAST autumn I made the discovery that, in addition to the Indian summer, we were favored with a gossamer summer. During this season, which includes all October and the pleasant early days of November, miles on miles of this hazy filament (if it could be measured linearly) are floating about in the soft, indolent air. Especially, late in the afternoon, with a level and glowing sun, do these mysterious threads flash out along the ground, horizontally between shrubs, slantwise from grass to tree, or else cut adrift, and sailing as the wind wills. Numberless fancies, as subtle and airy-light, are suggested. What now? As the sunbeam plays along this shining length of web, and the gentle breeze gives it motion, but does not break it, might it not be taken for a sudden shaft from the golden bow of the far darter himself; or for a string of the golden lyre, just now touched into toneless melody; a fairy telegraph line, flashing with its electric message; a zig-zag of harmless heat lightning? Here a glistening clew has been dipped in the color fount of Iris, — may even be a stray raveling from the fringes of some

castaway rainbow. It shows the same prismatic changes that are seen in the wing tissue of the locust or the dragon-fly. Now the lazy wind wafts this way the tangled cordage and tackle of an airship, whose sails, deck, and hull are invisible, — said to be a pleasure yacht carrying a company of sylphs and sylphids, the *beau monde* of the air.

It takes nothing from the poetry that lies in the web of the gossamer when it is known to be the work of an unconsidered spider, and that it serves some practical purpose (not yet satisfactorily explained) of the producer. By some it is claimed that this floating web is not spread with predacious intent, but rather as a means of aerial navigation; indeed, these vague and indeterminate threads would hardly disturb a gnats' cotillon, if blown in their path. Hitherto we may have regarded the spider as a humble, plodding creature of the earth, an unaspiring, stay-at-home citizen, but this new aeronautic hypothesis hints that the poor insect is a very transcendentalist, an ideal voyager. Its journey may not be as sublime as the flight of the skylark, but it is not a whit less witching and

elusive. It seems scarcely credible that this sailing spider should be able, as some have supposed, to direct the course of its filmy parachute, having neither rudder, ballast, nor canvas. Doubtless, the wind often carries up both web and weaver, the latter in the predicament of a balloonist clinging to the ropes of his runaway car. Some naturalists assert that the gossamer spider instinctively takes advantage of the levity of the atmosphere, thrusting out its threads until they reach a current of warmer and rarer air, which draws them upward, the spider going along with the uncompleted web. Whether it is capable of cutting short its journey and casting anchor at pleasure is indeed questionable.

However, it would seem that there are acrobatic or leaping spiders, that use their webs as buoys in traversing short distances by air; else, how come those fine gluey flosses morning and evening, stretched straight as a surveyor's line between neighboring trees? It is not likely that the spider, after fastening its clew in one tree, descended and reached the other terminus by a tedious detour along the ground. It must have bridged the intervening space by some rapid and dexterous method, to which the exploits of a Sam Patch or a Blondin were absolutely tame and ventureless. If it could be proven that this sagacious insect is really possessed of navigating instinct and habits, why not suppose it extends its journeys, traveling from one latitude to another? Those phantom navies of the gossamer summer sky were perhaps going the same way as the autumn birds of passage. Are Spiders Migratory in their Habits? may, at some future time, be the subject of serious inquiry and discussion. I was never in luck to find the gossamer weaver at home from its voyages, but more than once have "spoken" its craft on the high sea, and received serviceable weather hints. Even in midwinter I have seen occasional shimmering fila-

ments among the dry twigs and grasses, but could never decide whether they were the fresh work of some enterprising spider, tempted out by a brief "spell o' sunshine," or merely the remnants of last autumn's spinning, unaccountably spared by the besom of the wind.

It has been suggested that the thick webs which are spread over the fields on a summer morning are there produced for the purpose of collecting the moisture that falls during the night. This theory is sustained by the known fact that the spider is an extremely thirsty creature. Is the spider, then, a disciple of hydropathy as well as an experimenter in aeronautics?

The poets have not, usually, condescended to take much notice of the spider, though mythology (which is a kind of anonymous poetry received from the ancients) relates how a young lady of Lydia impiously invited Pallas to try a spinning race with her; and how, on being vanquished by the immortal spinster of Olympus, the poor foolish girl was about to hang herself in a rope of her own twisting, when lo! she was changed into a spider, in which humble and despised shape she remains to this day. Gavin Douglas, the "Scottish Chaucer," in his description of a May morning, does not forget to mention that —

"In corners and clear fenestres of glass,
Full busily *Arachne* weavand was
To knit her nettes and her webbes slie,
Therewith to catch the little midge or flie."

The poetic and nimble-tongued Mercutio tells us that the wagon-spokes of fairy Mab's chariot are

"made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the very smallest spider's web," etc.

Nor must we forget the obliging Cavalero Cobweb, one of the elfin gentlemen whom Titania posted to wait on the wants of her long-eared lover: "Monsieur Cobweb, good Monsieur Cobweb, get your weapons in your hand, and kill

me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good Monsieur Cobweb, bring me the honey bag."

— Every great reform is the result of organized effort, but in general it is preceded by spasmodic individual attempts. In fact, it is often possible to find the precursors of a reform a century before the reform was finally accomplished. It is only in this century that societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have been generally organized, yet over two hundred years ago a Frenchman found his heart moved with compassion for the brute, and adopted an ingenious means of protecting it, or at least of punishing its maltreater. Talemant des Réaux was in the habit of taking notes, and he left sketches of all the chief people of the time, besides a mass of anecdotes about less well-known persons. Some of these were grouped together under general heads. In the ninth volume of his *Historiettes*, as edited by Monmerqué, is a bundle of anecdotes about people whom Talemant classes together as "extravagants, visionnaires, fantasques, bizarres," etc. And one of these visionary persons was worthy to be a member of the S. P. C. A. His name was M. de Montsire, and "he had such a liking for horses and such an aversion for lackeys that nearly every day he went towards some watering-trough or other; and when he saw a lackey galloping a horse he pretended to know the man's master, and gave him a note for him, in which there was written, 'Sir, I have seen your lackey galloping your horse; discharge him,' etc. He always had these notes ready in his pocket."

— How differently nature affects different people, according to temperament and taste!

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live,"

said Coleridge, and it is true in more senses than the one he intended. There are people who are concerned with na-

ture merely as she ministers to their comfort or discomfort; who find a certain animal satisfaction in sunshine and fresh air; who think trees were made to give shade, streams to turn mill-wheels, and rivers to carry steamboats and freight barges. These undeveloped souls are even more to be pitied than the undeveloped minds to which books are a sealed treasure. It is said that the love of nature is a characteristic of the modern world, and that the ancients were wholly indifferent to her except as serving material uses. It certainly is otherwise nowadays with the majority of civilized and educated persons: they realize the truth that the earth was made for man's delight as much as for his needs, and have eyes to see at least its outward beauty. Even so much is gain, although their initiation goes no further than this first step. Many persons take a genuine pleasure in the sight of a lovely flower or a gorgeous sunset, though they feel no special sentiment in connection with either. There are others with whom the love of nature is a passion, and companionship with her the compensation for a hundred deprivations. Nature satisfies the imagination in a way the highest art can never do. In the most glorious cathedral, the loveliest picture or poem, there is a sense of completeness which is at the same time a sense of limitation; and minds to which the idea of the infinite appeals peculiarly must therefore always find in nature a delight transcending any that art can give. It is for the same reason that the love of nature is so strong in minds where religion, in the broadest and deepest meaning of the word, has taken hold.

I think we receive from nature what we give to her in another and slightly different sense from that of Coleridge's lines, where he is noting simply how our view of her is colored by our own moods. Not only the character of our moods, but the quality of our whole moral and intellectual being, affects our

contemplation of her, and influences us in our enjoyment of one aspect or variety of landscape above another. The kind and the amount of a man's special culture, moreover, have something to do with his habitual preferences in the matter. In reading some sketches of travel, the other day, by a very delightful writer, I was amused to see how difficult it was for him to speak in praise of Swiss scenery, because it was not Italian. Apparently, the spell of Italy was so strong upon him that he was blinded to all beauty unlike hers. No, not blinded, for he could note with a cold appreciation the characteristic beauties of a Swiss landscape; but they had no power to move him, and make his pages glow with spontaneous eloquence of descriptive phrase. I will quote a few lines of his, which are probably expressive of the sentiments of other tourists besides himself: "I fancy that it is a more equal intercourse between man and man than between man and mountain. I have found myself grumbling at moments because the large-hewn snow-peaks of the Oberland are not the marble pinnacles of a cathedral, and the liquid sapphire and emerald of Lemman and Lucerne are not firm palace floors of lapis and verd-antique. . . . There is a limit to the satisfaction with which you can sit staring at a mountain, even the most beautiful, which you have not ascended nor are likely to ascend." And further on he complains of the "inhuman want of condescension" of the Wetterhorn or the Eiger. It is precisely the want of condescension of these majestic presences which to some persons makes their society so attractive, and to sit staring at them for an indefinite length of hours or days seems to such, on the whole, the most precious privilege of a European tourist. It all depends upon the point of view, and whether one's imagination and moral sensibility are of the kind that is most impressed by images suggestive of one

class of ideas or of another. For my own part, I find it hard to understand why one should disparage Switzerland because one prefers England or Italy. The preference may be natural enough, but it seems to betoken something of over-civilization, and of a culture that has added to its refinement a touch of artificial fastidiousness, when a writer finds nature guilty, even for a moment, of theatric effect, and objects on that ground, be it ever so mildly, to the view of the mountains about Lucerne. It is not the fault of nature if she seems vulgarized to us by the presence of the vulgar, although we may be allowed to wish that by some sudden charm the crowd of restless tourists on the Lucerne streets could be hushed into that silence which is the outer manifestation of moods of true and deep enjoyment. To the lover of Alpine scenery there is an almost sacred mystery of beauty about the great mountain-peaks, which makes the presence of indifferent spectators a vexation of spirit. I remember how plagued I was with the talk of fellow lodgers at the Riffelberg inn, above Zermatt. It is a headquarters of the Alpine Club men, and others who would fain emulate their exploits, and of course much of the conversation was interesting; it was even a pleasant excitement to the unadventurous tourist to sit and listen to the tale of some bold climber returned from an attack upon the Breithorn, and to hear of the exact number of steps which he and his guide had been able to cut for themselves in the ice before their numbed fingers refused further work, and the attempt was given over till a fresh start could be made. If only, with all this, there could have been a season of quiet, in which one had been allowed to think of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, the Dent Blanche and the Weisshorn, and all the others of that kingly company, as something more than so many insensate masses of ice and snow, created for the sole purpose of be-

ing conquered by these hardy climbers! It is possible they were not so insensible as they seemed; nevertheless, their presence there was for the most part a pure annoyance, and the ceaseless chatter one could not escape from an impertinent intrusion upon the silence of that strange upper sphere.

— A handful of paraphrases of Anacreon for the Club.

SPRING. ODE XXXVII.

LOOK, on the spring attending,
The Graces come scattering roses!
Look, how the rough foaming wave-crest
Lapses in ripples and laughter!
Ducks are sailing and diving,
Cranes taking wing for the Northland;
And over all, broadly shining,
Titan, the giant of heaven,
Cloud shadows flitting beneath him.
The works of men, too, are shining;
The ground is bursting with seedlings;
Fountains are bubbling with vintage;
Olive-trees heavy with fruitage;
Under each leaf an olive, —
The whole tree bowed with its burden.

TO A SWALLOW. ODE XXXIII.

THOU, O friendly swallow,
Dost ever come and go,
As summer bids thee follow.
Each spring, my roof below,
A new nest thou art weaving;
Each autumn, thou art leaving
For Memphis and the Nile.
With Love 't is otherwise:
He seeks no warmer skies,

Content to build, the while,
With secret toil and art,
A love-cote in my heart.
Behold the brood Love raises,
All ages and all phases!
Here, one flies very well,
One still is in the shell,
And one the shell is breaking;
And each and all are making
A shrill and piteous plea.
I hoped, indeed, the younger,
Ere now, had died of hunger.
But what is this I see?
The eldest of the brood
Provide the young with food;
And these, as soon as grown,
Have nestlings of their own!
Then, tell me, friendly swallow,
What plan were best to follow,
This clamorous flock to start.
I fear I cannot fright them,
I have no power to fight them,
Safe lodged within my heart!

ON HIS LYRE. ODE I.

Lo! I will sing of Cadmus,
And the great sons of Atreus;
Of princes and of founders,
Of battle-fields and trophies!
I touch my lyre, in prelude,
But hark! — it warbles fondly
Of Love and lovers only.
I change the strings completely,
And now begin, with spirit,
To sing Alcides' labors;
But Love, again, — the mischief! —
Drowns out the epic measure:
Oh, then, farewell, ye heroes,
Whose praise I may not compass!
This foolish lyre respondeth
To Love and lovers only!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel and Geography. Six Months in Persia, by Edward Stack, of the Bengal Civil Service (Putnams), is a two-volume narrative of life and travel, accompanied by clear maps and with the customary mark of English barbarism, the absence of a topical index. The journey was made in 1881, and the traveler was well equipped for his work, both by native freshness of mind and by a long Indian experience, which gave him the basis of interesting comparisons. The book will be welcomed as the evidence of an intelligent man about a little known country, but one likely to play an important part in the approaching conflict between Russia and England in the East. — The Report of the New York State Survey for the

year 1880, under James T. Gardiner (Weed, Parsons & Co., Albany), includes tables and fine maps of Eastern New York, Central New York, and the Hudson River.

Fiction. Mr. Bret Harte's complete works are followed at once by a little volume containing two stories in his well-known manner: Flip, and Found at Blazing Star. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — In the Round Robin series (Osgood), the latest issue is Doctor Ben, an episode in the life of a fortunate unfortunate, in which certain phases of insanity are treated in a healthy manner, and the author, who is good-natured and hearty, does not spoil a good story for the sake of pushing a theory. — Captain Mansana, and Other Stories is the latest in

the series of Björnson's novels. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The long story is now first given to English readers. The Railroad and the Churchyard is one of Björnson's telling short stories, and has been printed before. Dust, the third in the book, is very recent, having just appeared in Norway, and revives our hopes that Björnson has not been lost to pure literature. We would rather spoil the politician, if necessary, to keep the artist. — The latest numbers which have reached us of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are The Knights of the Horseshoe, a traditional tale of the cocked-hat gentry in the Old Dominion, by Dr. W. A. Caruthers; A Strange Journey, or Pictures from Egypt and the Soudan; and Heaps of Money, by W. E. Norris, which is in the old form of Harper's Library of Fiction, but at a cheap price.

Philosophy. Geometry and Faith, a Supplement to the Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, by Thomas Hill (Lee & Shepard), is declared to have passed to the "third edition, greatly enlarged," but the book lacks any preface which explains in what respect the issue differs from the second edition, published in 1874. The book was originally suggested by Babbage's treatise, and is an eloquent plea in modern terms for the truth that God geometrizes. — *Aråk el Enär* is the title of a quarterly, of which the first number has appeared, devoted, as the cover says, "to the expression of clear, investigative thought." The contents are two in number: Man and his Surroundings, a philosophic and scientific treatise, founded on qualitative bases, by J. C. Lane, and a portion of Wilkins's translation of the Bhagvat-Gita. (Quarterly Publishing Co., New York.) The flounder after truth may here splash *ad infinitum*. — In Social Equality, a Short Study in a Missing Science (Putnams), Mr. W. H. Mallock appears to be making an effort to regain his position amongst respectable writers. He busies himself with the aspects of modern democracy, and makes acute observations which have the air of being real discoveries. — The Peak in Darien is the fanciful title of a volume of essays by Miss Frances Power Cobbe (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston), in which she takes her position between the two oceans which bound humanity, and makes observations upon the great problems of life and immortality. The titles of the essays are Magnanimous Atheism, Hygeiolatry, Pessimism and One of its Professors, Zoöphily, Sacrificial Medicine, The Fitness of Women for the Ministry of Religion, The House on the Shore of Eternity, and the Riddle of Death. Miss Cobbe is an earnest theist, with more logic, but no less emotion, than belongs to most women.

Art. Mr. J. W. Bouton of New York sends us the twenty-ninth volume of L'Art, which gains in cumulative interest by its presentation in this form. Among the contributors to the volume are Champfleury, Decamps, Lenormant, Véron, Yriarte, Gehuzac, Leroy, and our countrywoman Mary Agnes Tincker. There are papers on G. F. Watts, Delacroix, Hamilton Palace, which has been so much in the eye of connoisseurs of late, Courbet, Japanese Art, the Influence of France on Art in Austria, together with notes on the Salon. The etchings are by Billy, Bocourt, Gauche-

rel, Gaujeau, Gautier, Greux, Jacomin, Leenhoff, Massé, Mongin, Pagliano, and Ramus, while the list of artists whose works have been reproduced in etching, wood, or photogravure is a long and illustrious one. Among the papers is one by Miss Tincker on the interesting Madonna of Santa Chiara, owned by the banker Hooker at Rome.

History and Biography. In the American Men of Letters series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Mr. O. B. Frothingham's George Ripley has the advantage that it leads the way in a biographic sketch, no life of Mr. Ripley having before been published. The relation which this critic held to American literature for a generation renders it every way fitting that he should be treated in the series, and Mr. Frothingham has given the reader excellent material from which to form a judgment of the man. — In the American Actor series (Osgood) Miss Kate Field records the life of Fechter. The book is dedicated to the memory of Dickens, who did so much to introduce Fechter to Americans. Miss Field deplors Fechter's ill-temper as the ruin of his life, and writes in a lively fashion of his career in Europe and America, filling out her somewhat rambling sketch with notes of his several parts and a collection of newspaper criticisms. — The Life and Achievements of James Addams Beaver, by Frank A. Burr (Ferguson Bros., Philadelphia), is a warm, enthusiastic life of the gentleman who is a candidate, at this writing, for the governorship of Pennsylvania.

Poetry and the Drama. Mr. Sidney Colvin's Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor (Macmillan), coming so soon after his admirable sketch in the Men of Letters series, will continue the good work of acclimatizing Landor. There is no question that good wine does need a bush, when every other shop is given over to cheap mixtures; and while we would not go so far as to insist that a taste for Landor offers a criterion of culture, we know of no English author who so completely takes the place of a Greek classic read in the Greek language. — W. J. Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida (Harpers) is excepted by the editor from his collection of Shakespeare for schools, and since it cannot be pruned is given without change, for the use of older readers. Mr. Rolfe continues his plan of supplying the reader with a variety of critical judgments from accepted sources, rather than giving much comment of his own. — A new edition is published of T. Buchanan Read's Poetical Works, with a dozen engravings from drawings on wood and a portrait. (Lippincott.) A kindly biographical notice precedes the poetry, and a few pages of notes complete the volume. Of the wine and water poets Read is not the weakest; there is now and then a distinct bouquet perceptible. — Sheaves, a Collection of Poems, by Harriet Converse (Putnams), is a neat volume of verse. — Erothanatos and Sonnets is the title of a volume by Leonard Wheeler, issued by the Melancholy Club of New York, and for sale by James Miller. One lingers a moment to enjoy the pathetic significance of a melancholy club as the publisher of a new volume of poems. The poetry itself is serious in intention, but lacks the form which justifies so

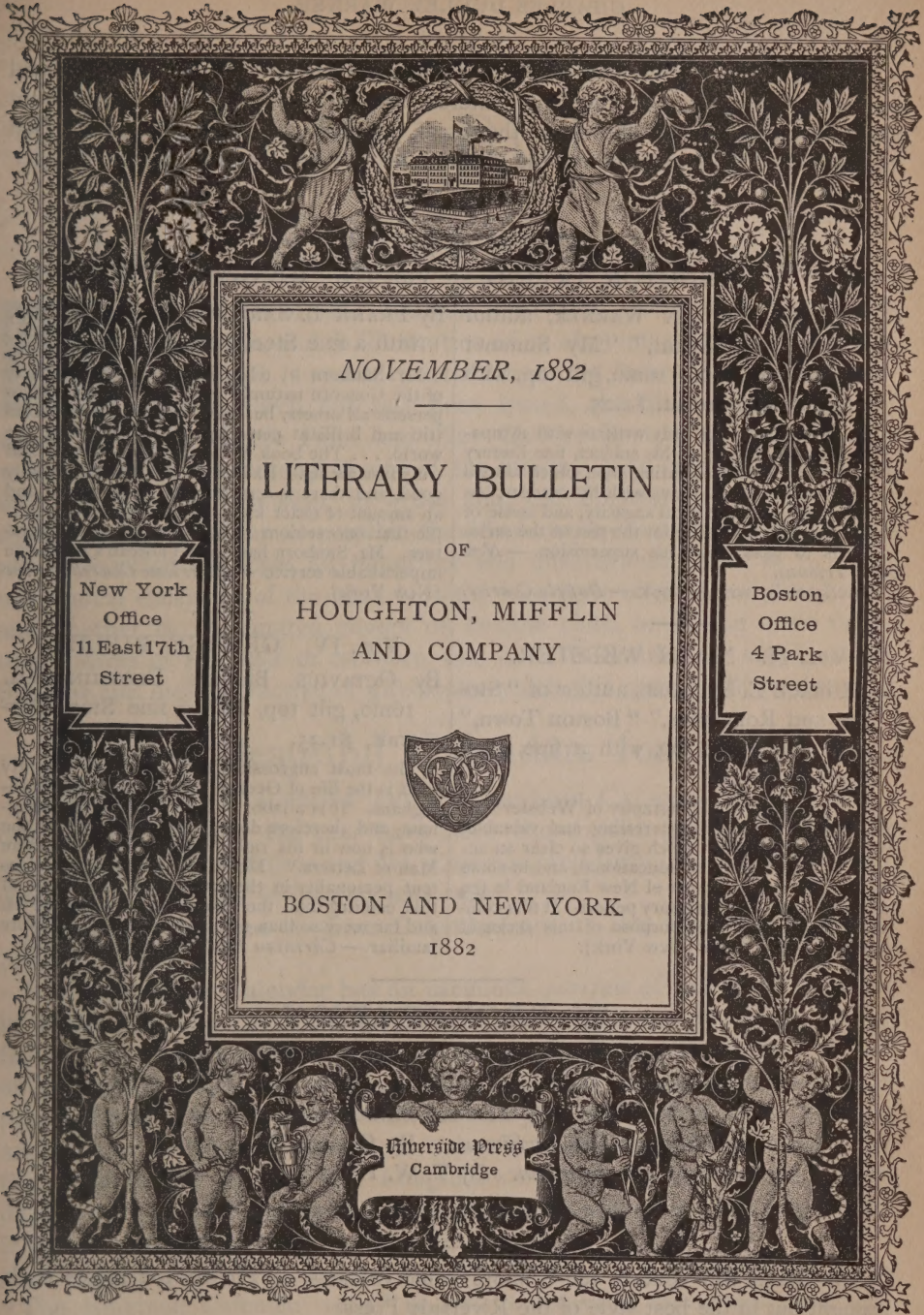
prolonged an expression of grief. The writer should have measured his book by Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, before he ventured to publish it.

Humor. Vice Versâ, or A Lesson to Fathers, by F. Anstey (Appletons), is an amusing picture of the *bouleversement* attendant upon a father and school-boy son changing places. The jest has a remote practical intention, but most readers will be too much entertained by the fun of the book to search very hard for the moral. — *Ting-a-Ling*, by Frank R. Stockton (Scribners), is a new edition of what passes for a juvenile, and perhaps must be given up to children, though the dryness of the fun and the suddenness of some of the turns assail the older reader most. The very clever designs by E. B. Bensell add to the interest of the book. It is only a pity that the pictures should be treated so coldly in printing. — *Billy Blew-a-way's* Alphabetical, Orthographical, and Philological Picture Book for Learners (Osgood) is a book of silhouettes in white and blue, harmless for older people, and unsuitable for young people. The fun is not very original nor likely to produce much hilarity. — *Under the Sun* is the comprehensive title used by Mr. Phil. Robinson to cover various smaller books previously published in England, and all partaking of the same general character of playful and lively sketches of life out-of-doors, chiefly in India. The humor is agreeable, and the book may be taken as a pleasant side dish.

Education. An interesting pamphlet has been published by the Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women in New York, containing the Proceedings of the first public meeting, held April 22, 1882, at which the Rev. Dr. Storrs, Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. J. H. Choate, Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter, and Dr. W. H. Draper spoke, and where letters were read from English scholars who had taken part in the movement at Oxford and Cambridge. — Miss Josephine Hodgdon, who prepared the leaflets from the writings of Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier, has prepared a similar selection from the writings of W. H. Prescott. They are intended for convenience of use in schools. (Lippincott.) — *A Practical Arithmetic*, by G. A. Wentworth and Thomas Hill (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is intended, not for beginners, but for those who have already mastered the first principles of numbers. The authors make their aim distinctly to teach arithmetic as an art, not as a science; decimal fractions precede common fractions, and the book is very largely one of examples. — Mr. Wentworth also sends out through the same publishers *Elements of Algebra*, which comprises what the author conceives to be a year's work for a beginner. He has aimed at a steady gradation in the book, and has accumulated a great number of examples for practice, excluding complicated problems. — A somewhat novel experiment is made by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson in *The Preparatory Greek Course in English* (Phillips and Hunt, New York), a book intended for those who have been prevented from taking a college course, yet wish to acquire some knowledge of the classics through their own tongue. The design

may have been prompted by the series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, but this book is more comprehensive than any single volume of that series, and includes a good deal of historical and geographical information. The writer has apparently had in mind such an audience as he might find at Chautauqua, and writes with liveliness and with a manifest determination that the reader shall find the Greek writers as human and as interesting as English or American ones. The aim of the book at length appears to be to set the reader at work learning Greek, and we think that the author has erred here in tacking a very slight bit of Greek work to his book. — *French Syntax on the Basis of Edward Mätzner*, by J. A. Harrison (John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia), is primarily a syntax, and not a grammar, but it has so much grammatical apparatus as is needed to perfect the plan. Its object, in the author's words, is "to enable home students, teachers, senior classes in colleges and universities, and other inquirers into the niceties of the most polished of European languages to find without trouble what is allowed and what is not in that language." — C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, has issued a series of *Dime Question Books on United States History and Civil Government, Physiology, Literature, Theory and Practice of Teaching, and other Subjects*. The compass of the books is too slight to give them any special value. — Under the title of *School Room Classics*, the same publisher sends Milton's *Tractate of Education* and *The New Education*, a brief exposition of Froebel's views, by Professor Meiklejohn, of S. Andrew's, Scotland. — *The Delarte System of Oratory*, from the French of Delamotte, by Frances A. Shaw (Edgar S. Werner, Albany, N. Y.), is an explosive introduction to oratory, with physical bases of emotion. Thus there is a diagram of legs, by which one can learn to express terror, hesitation, ceremony, vehemence, intoxication, and other qualities and acts, all below the knees. The book would not be a bad one for social purposes. The old play in which one is required to identify a friend by the eyes only, the rest of the person being concealed by a sheet, could be varied by a series of leg problems.

Books for Young People. Mr. George Cary Eggleston's *The Wreck of the Red Bird* (Putnam's) belongs to the time-honored class of salt-water excursion and shipwreck books, and has this advantage, that the scenes are laid on the Carolina coast. One has not read far before he discovers how fresh a field the author has secured and how recklessly he uses it. — *The Cryptogram*, by Jules Verne, translated by W. J. Gordon (Scribners), may properly be placed among books for young people; it describes life on the Lower Amazon, and is as astonishing as one can possibly desire. — *Saltito Boys*, by W. O. Stoddard (Scribners), gives in a realistic manner the life of boys and girls in a country village thirty years ago. There is a roughness about the book which seems intended to be an excuse for manliness, but we do not know that there is much to quarrel over in it.



NOVEMBER, 1882

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

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AND COMPANY

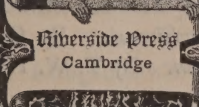


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HE poems of Mr. Aldrich lend themselves very readily to illustration, and to illustration of an airy, imaginative, suggestive type, which is specially attractive to art lovers. In the Holiday Edition which has just been issued, the illustrations were designed by artists of the Paint and Clay Club of Boston, not by arbitrary assignment, but by personal choice of the artists. The engraving was done with special care and skill, in order that the illustrations as completed should represent as far as possible the ideal conception of the artists, and not, as is often the case, an imperfect and unsatisfactory hint of it. The mechanical execution of the book is in the best style of the Riverside Press; and whether in illuminated covers or flexible cloth, or in the more sumptuous forms of tree calf or morocco, this book is entitled to stand among the best and most attractive of gift-books which this season will produce.

Two Beautiful Calendars for 1883.

A LONGFELLOW CALENDAR AND AN EMERSON CALENDAR. — The selections for each day of the year have been chosen with great care from the writings of Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Emerson, and form a collection of pithy sentences of remarkable interest and value.

The artistic features of these Calendars are no less admirable than the literary.

The Longfellow Calendar has an excellent portrait of the Poet, wreathed in laurel. On one side of the medallion containing it is a view of Mr. Longfellow's Cambridge home, and on the other the Belfry of Bruges. Below, on the right, is a figure of Evangeline, standing on her father's vine-clad porch; on the left, Priscilla in the snow carrying food to the poor. Summer and Winter are finely indicated in these beautiful figures, which are from the Subscription Edition of "Longfellow's Poems." A band of golden daisies, with panels bearing the titles of the works by which Mr. Longfellow is best known, fittingly incloses the entire design.

A rugged giant pine-tree, its branches bearing a scroll, with the words "The Emerson Calendar, 1883," in artistic lettering, forms the chief decoration of the other calendar. At one side of the design is a vignette of Mr. Emerson's house in Concord. A deep orange glow of the setting sun rises over the tree-tops, throwing them into bold relief. A border of conventionalized pine needles surrounds the whole.

The execution of these Calendars is very noteworthy, twenty colors being used, and used so skillfully as to produce a rich yet tasteful and artistic effect. The admirers of Longfellow and Emerson cannot fail to welcome these beautiful souvenirs, which will daily remind them of authors to whom they and the whole English-speaking world owe so much.

Evangeline Illustrated by Darley.

The beauty and pathetic interest of "Evangeline" have attracted the pencil of many an artist, and some of the designs made to illustrate it are as widely known as the poem itself.

Mr. Darley also has been moved to illustrate Mr. Longfellow's famous poem, and has made a series of sixteen designs, depicting in a very effective and graceful style the leading scenes and principal characters. The pastoral simplicity of the Acadians, the pitiless cruelty which drove them from their homes, the long and fruitless wanderings of Evangeline, — these are described by Mr. Darley's pencil with a noble and picturesque beauty altogether in harmony with the poem.

The designs have been reproduced in a manner which admirably brings out their vigor and grace, and they have been printed on a hand-press to insure the best possible result.

The typography of the poem is sumptuous and beautiful, and the binding at once striking and artistic, — the whole forming a magnificent gift-volume which will delight all lovers of art, all who have read the world-famous poem, and all who can appreciate perfect books.

Miss Phelps's New Novel.

"Doctor Zay" is already well known to the thousands of readers of the ATLANTIC, but for the benefit of the other thousands, who have not been so fortunate as to read the ATLANTIC, it may be said that this is one of the most interesting and spirited stories Miss Phelps has written. Inasmuch as Doctor Zay is a lady physician, the story affords Miss Phelps an opportunity to present some important and suggestive views of professional and social life. Those who have read Mr. Howells's story, "Dr. Breen's Practice," will be curious to observe the very different development of characters and story in "Doctor Zay," with a plot substantially the same.

This is undoubtedly one of the most important novels of the season, and is not only sure of a wide reading, but richly merits it.

Hawthorne's Works

In the new Riverside Edition, now in course of preparation, will for the first time be given to the public in a style of typography in keeping with their remarkable literary excellence. Mr. Hawthorne once spoke of himself, half humorously and half grimly, as perhaps the most obscure author who ever wrote, but the circle of his readers has been constantly enlarging from that day to this; and now, by general consent, he is ranked as one

of the greatest of American writers, and English critics are proud to rank him among the foremost of those who have written in the English tongue. The aim of the new edition is to put all of Hawthorne's writings in a form which shall at once be eminently desirable for libraries, public and private, and yet which shall not be too large for convenience in handling, and shall have a beauty of typography and tasteful elegance of binding such as every lover of good books and of Hawthorne would be glad to see. The edition will contain a new portrait of Hawthorne, and each volume will have an etching specially prepared for it by the most skillful of American artists.

Björnson's Novels.

These relate almost exclusively to the people, customs, and scenes of Norway, all of which he describes with an accuracy which comes from intimate knowledge, and with a style which is an unusual combination of vigor and simplicity. In "Captain Mansana" Mr. Björnson tells a story of the Italian Revolution and of Italian life, and his readers will be no less struck with the vividness and charm of this story than with the freshness and force of his stories which deal with Norwegian life. Of the two other stories in "Captain Mansana," one, entitled "Dust," appeared for the first time in Norway in a magazine in the early part of this year, and may be considered as a good specimen of the present style of the great novelist. Its robustness and delicacy ought to make it popular among all the best readers. One additional novel, "Magnhild," to be published soon, will complete the series of Björnson's remarkable stories, which should not be overlooked by any one who desires a truthful picture of the Norwegians in their daily life, and who can appreciate the rare literary excellence which gives to these stories so great a charm.

Robert Browning's Poems.

A volume has just been issued comprising those poems of Mr. Browning which have not hitherto been printed in this country, viz., his translation of the "Agamemnon of Æschylus," "La Saisiaz" and "Two Poets of Croisic," "Pauline," and two series of Dramatic Idyls, comprising his most recently published poems. This volume can be procured by those who have Mr. Browning's other works, to complete their sets. Those who have not Mr. Browning's works now, and who, recognizing his great eminence as a poet and the desirableness of knowing the works of one who is destined to hold so high a rank among the foremost poets of all time, will be glad to learn that a new and complete edition of his poems will very shortly be published in seven crown octavo volumes. This edition will comprise not only the poems which have been published in this country hitherto, but the volume which has just been issued. The great impulse given to the study and reading of Mr. Browning's poems by the Browning Society of London has been felt in this country, and the demand for Mr. Browning's works will be happily met by the publication of this new edition.

American Men of Letters.

This series already numbers four volumes, — Mr. Warner's "Washington Irving," Mr. Scudder's "Noah Webster," Mr. Sanborn's "Thoreau," and Mr. Frothingham's "George Ripley." They differ widely in the literary and personal characteristics of their subjects, and hardly less in style of treatment; but each is excellent in its way, and tells attractively the story of a life that contributed positively to American literature.

Each of these books has, in addition to its charm as biography, a distinct value in its criticism of literature and life, in emphasizing the conditions and limitations under which American writers have labored, and in furnishing more or less aid to a clear and just view of the history of American thought and letters.

The success of the series is justified by the skill with which the authors have done their work, the careful preparation which has enabled them to omit nothing really important, and to include nothing which does not add to the value of their work, and the literary art which has served them so well in depicting the careers and the times of the men whose lives they have written.

The next volume will be devoted to J. Fenimore Cooper. Prof. T. R. Lounsbury, of Yale College, has spent much time and labor in endeavoring to get at all the facts of Cooper's life, in reading everything that Cooper wrote, and in seeking to bring within the compass of a single small volume the story of a life so exceedingly active and prolific. Cooper's stories still have a wide circle of readers and admirers, who heartily enjoy his vigor and patriotism as well as the proper charm of the stories themselves, and these readers, as well as all who are interested in the history of American letters, will eagerly welcome a book which gives so faithful and adequate an account of one whose name is so conspicuous in our literary annals.

American Statesmen.

This series of biographies has won marked favor from the public, and from competent critics who appreciate the success of the effort to comprise, in single volumes of convenient size, all important facts in the careers of men conspicuous in the political history of the country, with a comprehensive survey of the condition of the nation in their time, and the leading questions that engaged attention. The *Boston Herald* says:—

There has been an attempt to rise above the partiality of the contemporary biographer, and escape from the details of the professional historian, and it must be confessed that they have shown the possibility of sketching our political history in such a way that, while we follow the personality of our leading statesmen, we are gathering a

correct and faithful view of the public questions which have agitated the country from the beginning of its history down to recent days. The preceding volumes have struck the note of historical candor and impartiality; they are capital summaries of the chief points in the small discussions that have affected American public questions.

Speaking of Prof. Sumner's volume on Andrew Jackson, it adds:—

Prof. Sumner does not make him a hero. He does something better. He dissects the man, lets us into his motives, tells the truth about him, and unfolds with a steady pur-

pose and an unerring pen the elements for good and evil which were plentifully sprinkled throughout his whole career. It is the truthfulness, the impartiality, and the steady vigor with which the story is told, not less than the evidence of a full knowledge of what was to be said, that constitutes the rare excellence of the biography. It is simply masterly as a political sketch. It is not weak at any point. There is no lesson lost.

Where important principles are first contested or developed in our political history, the fact is duly noted. For forty years the great issues before the people, as they were concerned with Andrew Jackson's life, are brought before the reader in a condensed form, without a word to be missed or added, and in a way that presents the pith of the whole matter to the reader. . . . It is a model work of its kind.

Poems of America.

Under this title are included in three volumes the contents of the six volumes which Mr. Longfellow in his remarkably full and interesting collection of "Poems of Places" devoted to New England, the Middle States, the Western States, the Southern States, and British America. These poems, it will be remembered, include everything of value which has been written in verse upon picturesque incidents or stirring historic events connected with localities in North and South America, or describing their scenery. The most famous of American and English poets are represented, and it would be difficult to name any American poet of note who does not here contribute something, and frequently something of his best, to the varied charm of these volumes.

This Holiday Edition contains a large number of excellent illustrations, and is printed and bound in the most tasteful style, forming gift-books of remarkable attraction.

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Containing "Flip" and "Found at Blazing Star," revives the rare pleasure which his first Californian stories afforded. They are so alien to the common experiences of Americans, and yet have so many a touch of that nature which makes the whole world kin, that they pique the curiosity and enlist the most eager interest. The New York *Christian Intelligencer* observes:—

These stories are all his own. The romance of wild existence, the description of strange mountain scenes and strange people, the subtle, suggestive reflection, are in these last tales as they were found in his earlier records of the Argonauts of the Pacific slope. There is a trifle of greater improbability in

the main incidents of both these narratives, than in the first stories. But the admirers of Bret Harte's peculiar talents will hardly notice this, and they will find the same charm in this volume which attracted and aroused them when he first appeared.

Mother Goose for Grown Folks.

Some years ago Mrs. Whitney fancied that a work which has so general and cheerful a popularity as Mother Goose ought in some way to be transformed for the benefit of adults, who frequently need recreation and genial nonsense even more than children, and accordingly she wrote "Mother Goose for Grown Folks." This proved very acceptable to the public, as it deserved to; and now Mrs. Whitney has made considerable additions to the book, Mr. Hoppin has added to it several new pictures in his special vein, and the book is issued in an attractive style.

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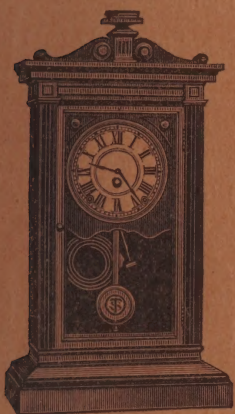
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Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME L.—NUMBER 302

DECEMBER, 1882

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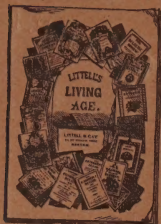
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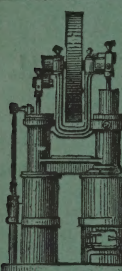
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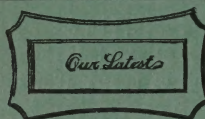
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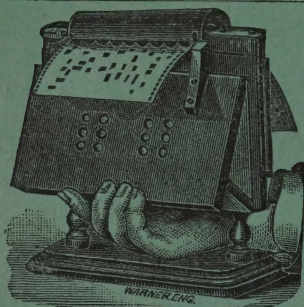


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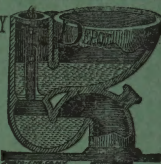
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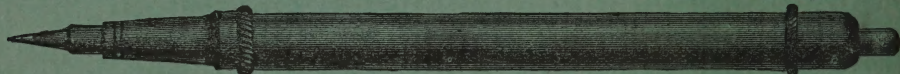
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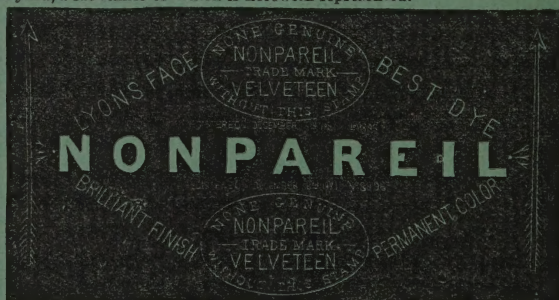
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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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TWO ON A TOWER.

XXXVIII.

VIVIETTE's determination to hamper Swithin no longer had led her, as has been shown, to thwart any weak impulse of hers to write and entreat his return, by forbidding him to furnish her with his foreign address. His obedient disposition, his fear that there might be other reasons behind, made him obey her command only too literally. Thus, to her terror and dismay, she had placed a gratuitous difficulty in the way of her present endeavor.

She was ready before Green, and urged on that factotum so wildly as to leave him no time to change the corduroys and skitty-boots in which he had been gardening. He therefore turned himself into a coachman as far down as his waist merely, putting on his proper coat, hat, and waistcoat, and wrapping a rug over his horticultural half below. In this compromise he appeared at the door, mounted, and reins in hand.

Seeing how sad and determined Viviette was, Louis pitied her so far as to put nothing in the way of her starting, though he forbore to help her. He thought her conduct sentimental foolery, the outcome of mistaken pity, and "such a kind of gain-giving as would trouble a woman;" and he decided that it would be better to let this mood burn itself out

than to keep it smouldering by obstruction.

"Do you remember the date of his sailing?" she said finally, as the pony carriage turned to drive off.

"He sails on the 25th; that is, to-day. But it may not be till late in the evening."

With this she started, and reached Warborne in time for the up-train. How much longer than it really is a long journey can seem to be was fully learnt by the unhappy Viviette that day. The changeful procession of country-seats past which she was dragged, the names and memories of their owners, had no points of interest for her now. She reached Southampton about midday, and drove straight to the docks.

On approaching the gates, she was met by a crowd of people and vehicles coming out, — men, women, children, porters, police, cabs, and carts. The Occidental had just sailed.

The adverse intelligence came upon her with such odds, after her morning's tension, that she could scarcely crawl back to the cab which had brought her. But this was not a time to succumb. As she had no luggage she dismissed the man, and, without any real consciousness of what she was doing, strolled away, and sat down on a pile of merchandise.

After long thinking her case assumed a more hopeful complexion. Much might probably be done towards communicating with him in the time at her command. The obvious step to this end, which she should have thought of sooner, would be to go to his grandmother, in Welland Bottom, and there obtain his itinerary in detail, — no doubt well known to Mrs. Martin. There was no leisure for her to consider longer, if she would be home again that night; and, returning to the railway, she waited on a seat, without eating or drinking, till a train was ready to take her back.

By the time she again stood in Warborne the sun rested his chin upon the meadows, and enveloped the distant outline of the Rings-Hill column in his humid rays.

Hiring an empty fly that chanced to be at the station, she was driven through the little town onward to Welland, which she approached about eight o'clock. At her request, the man set her down at the entrance to the park; and when he was out of sight, instead of pursuing her way to the house, she went along the high road in the direction of Mrs. Martin's.

Dusk was drawing on, and the bats were wheeling over the green basin called Welland Bottom, by the time she arrived; and had any other errand instigated her call she would have postponed it till the morrow. Nobody responded to her knock, but she could hear footsteps going hither and thither up-stairs, and dull noises as of articles moved from their places. She knocked again and again, and ultimately the door was opened by Hannah, as usual.

"I could make nobody hear," said Lady Constantine, who was so weary she could scarcely stand.

"I am very, very sorry, my lady," said Hannah, slightly awed on beholding her visitor. "But we was a putting poor Mr. Swithin's rooms to rights, now that he is, as a woman may say, dead and buried to us; so we did n't hear

your ladyship. I'll call Mrs. Martin at once. She is up in the room that used to be his work-room."

Here Hannah's voice implied moist eyes, and Lady Constantine's instantly overflowed.

"No; I'll go up to her," said Viviette; and almost in advance of Hannah she passed up the shrunken ash stairs.

The ebbing light was not enough to reveal to Mrs. Martin's aged gaze the personality of her visitor till Hannah explained. "I'll get a light, my lady," said she.

"No, I would rather not. What are you doing, Mrs. Martin?"

"Well, the poor misguided boy is gone, and he's gone for good to me. I am a woman of over fourscore years, my Lady Constantine; my junketing days are over, and whether 't is feasting or whether 't is sorrowing in the land will soon be nothing to me. But his life may be long and active, and for the sake of him I care for what I shall never see, and wish to make pleasant what I shall never enjoy. I am setting his room in order, as the place will be his own freehold when I am gone; so that when he comes back he may find all his poor jim-cracks and trangleys as he left 'em, and not feel that I have betrayed his trust."

Old Mrs. Martin's voice revealed that she had burst into such few tears as were left her, and then Hannah began crying, likewise; whereupon Lady Constantine, whose heart had been bursting all day (and who, indeed, considering her looming trouble, had reason enough for tears), broke into bitterer sobs than either, — sobs of absolute pain that could no longer be concealed.

Hannah was the first to discover that Lady Constantine was weeping with them, and her feelings being probably the least intense among the three, she instantly controlled herself.

"Refrain yourself, my dear woman,"

she said hastily to Mrs. Martin. "Don't ye see how it disturbs my lady?" And turning to Viviette she whispered, "Her years be so great, your ladyship, that perhaps ye'll excuse her for bursting out afore ye? We know when the mind is dim, my lady, there's not the manners there should be; but decayed people can't help it, poor old soul!"

"Hannah, that will do now. Perhaps Lady Constantine would like to speak to me alone," said Mrs. Martin. And when Hannah had retreated Mrs. Martin continued, "Such a charge as she is, my lady, on account of her great age! You'll pardon her biding here as if she were one of the family. I put up with such things because of her long service, and we know that years lead to childishness."

"What are you doing? Can I help you?" Viviette asked, as Mrs. Martin, after speaking, turned to lift some large article.

"Oh, 't is only the rames of a telescope that's got no works in his inside," said Swithin's grandmother, seizing the huge pasteboard tube that Swithin had made and abandoned, because he could get no lenses to suit it. "I am going to hang it up to these hooks, and there it will bide till he comes again."

Lady Constantine took one end, and the tube was hung up against the white-washed wall by strings that the old women had tied round it. "Here's all his equinoctial lines, and his topics of Capricorn, and I don't know what besides," Mrs. Martin continued, pointing to some charcoal scratches upon the wall. "I shall never rub 'em out; no, though 't is such untidiness as I was never brought up to, I shall never rub 'em out."

"Where has Swithin gone to first?" asked Viviette anxiously. "Where does he say you are to write to him?"

"Nowhere yet, my lady. He's going traipsing all over Europe and America, and then to the South Pacific Ocean

about this Transit of Venus that's going to be done there. He is to write to us first, — God knows when! — for he said that if we did n't hear from him for six months we were not to be gallied at all."

At this intelligence, so much worse than she had expected, Lady Constantine stood mute, sank down, and would have fallen to the floor if there had not been a chair behind her. Controlling herself by a strenuous effort, she disguised her despair, and asked vacantly, "From America to the South Pacific — transit of Venus?" (Swithin's arrangement to accompany the expedition had been made at the last moment, and therefore she had not as yet been informed.)

"Yes, — to a lone island, I believe."

"Yes, — a lone islant, my lady," echoed Hannah, who had crept in and made herself one of the family again, in spite of Mrs. Martin.

"He is going to meet the English and American astronomers there at the end of the year. After that he will most likely go on to the Cape."

"But before the end of the year, what places did he tell you of visiting?"

"Let me collect myself. He is going to the observatory of Cambridge, United States, to meet some gentlemen there, and spy through the great refractor. Then there's the observatory of Chicago, and I think he has a letter to make him beknown to a gentleman in the observatory at Marseilles; and he wants to go to Vienna; and Poulkowa, too, he means to take in his way, — there being learned instruments and a staff of astronomers at each place."

"Does he take Europe or America first?" she asked faintly, for the account seemed hopeless.

Mrs. Martin could not tell till she had heard from Swithin. It depended upon what he had been advised to do by his great-uncle's solicitor.

Lady Constantine bade the old people good-by, and dragged her weary

limbs homeward. The fatuousness of forethought had seldom been evinced more ironically. Had she done nothing to hinder him, he would have kept up an unreserved communication with her, and all might have been well.

For that night she could undertake nothing further, and she waited for the next day. Then at once she wrote two letters to Swithin, directing one to the Marseilles observatory, one to the observatory of Cambridge, Massachusetts, as being the only two spots on the face of the globe at which they were likely to intercept him. Each letter stated to him the urgent reasons which existed for his return, and contained a passionately regretful intimation that the annuity, on which his hopes depended, must of necessity be sacrificed by the completion of their original contract, without delay.

But letter conveyance was too slow a process to satisfy her. To send an epitome of her epistles by telegraph was, after all, indispensable. Such an imploring sentence as she desired to address to him it would be hazardous to dispatch from Warborne; and she took a dreary journey to Southampton, on purpose to send it from an office at which she was unknown.

Here she handed in her messages in duplicate, addressing them as she had addressed the letters, and again returned home.

With regard to Marseilles, she assumed that an answer might be expected in a day, if he had gone there. She waited two days, three days; and there being no return telegram from Marseilles, the inference was that he had gone to America. For an answer to her American telegram she ought to wait a week or ten days longer, to allow him time to get to Cambridge and receive it.

Then she considered the weakness, the stultifying nature, of her attempt at recall.

Events mocked her on all sides. By

the favor of an accident, and by her own immense exertions against her instincts, Swithin had been restored to the rightful heritage that he had nearly forfeited on her account. He had just started off to utilize it; when she, without a moment's warning, was asking him again to cast it away. She had set a certain machinery in motion, to stop it before it had revolved once.

A horrid apprehension possessed her. It had been easy for Swithin to give up what he had never known the advantages of keeping; but having once begun to enjoy his possession, would he give it up now? Could he be depended on for such self-sacrifice? Suppose there arrived no reply from him for the next three months, and that, when his answer came, he were to inform her that, having now fully acquiesced in her original decision, he found the life he was leading so profitable as to be unable to abandon it, even to please her; that he was very sorry, but, having embarked on this course by her advice, he meant to adhere to it by his own.

There was, indeed, every probability that, moving about as he was doing, and cautioned as he had been by her very self against listening to her too readily, she would receive no reply of any sort from him for three, or perhaps four, months. This would be on the eve of the transit, and what likelihood was there that a young man, full of ardor for that spectacle, would forego it at the last moment to return to a humdrum domesticity with a woman eight years his senior?

If she could only leave him to his career, and save her own situation also! But at that moment the proposition seemed as impossible as to construct a triangle of two straight lines.

In her walk home, pervaded by these hopeless views, she passed near the dark and deserted tower. Night in that solitary place, which would have caused her some uneasiness in her years

of blitheness, had no terrors for her now! She went up the winding path, and, the door being unlocked, felt her way to the top. The open sky greeted her as in times previous to the dome and equatorial period; but there was not a star to suggest to her in which direction Swithin had gone. The absence of the dome suggested a way out of her difficulties. A leap in the dark, and all would be over. But she had not reached that stage of action as yet, and the thought was dismissed as quickly as it had come.

The new consideration which at present occupied her mind was whether she could have the courage to leave Swithin to himself, as in the original plan, and singly meet her impending trial, despising the shame, till he should return, at five-and-twenty, and claim her. Yet was this assumption of his return so very safe? How altered things would be at that time! At twenty-five he would still be young and handsome; she would be three-and-thirty, faded, middle-aged, and homely. A fear sharp as a frost settled down upon her that in any such scheme as this she would be building upon the sand.

She hardly knew how she reached home that night. Entering by the lawn door, she saw a red coal in the direction of the arbor. Louis was smoking there, and he came forward.

He had not seen her since the morning, and was naturally anxious about her. She blessed the chance which enveloped her in night, and lessened the weight of the encounter one half by depriving him of vision.

"Did you accomplish your object?" he asked.

"No," said she.

"How was that?"

"He has sailed."

"A very good thing for both, I say. I believe you would have married him, if you could have overtaken him."

"That would I!" she said fervently.

"Good God! What! Would you marry anybody or anything?" asked Louis, aghast.

"I would marry a tinker, for that matter," she said recklessly. "Only I should prefer to drown myself."

Louis held his breath, and stood rigid, such was the force of the meaning her words conveyed.

"But, Louis, you don't know all!" cried poor Viviette. "I am not so bad as you think! Mine has been folly, not vice. I thought I had married him — and then I found I had not — the marriage was invalid — Sir Blount was alive. And now Swithin has gone away, and will not come back for my calling. How can he? His fortune is left him on condition that he forms no legal tie. Oh, will he, will he come again!"

"Never, if that's the position of affairs," said Louis firmly, after a pause.

"What then shall I do?" said Viviette.

Louis escaped the formidable difficulty of replying by pretending to continue his Havana; and she, bowed down to dust by what she had revealed, crept from him into the house. Louis's cigar went out in his hand, as he stood looking intently at the ground.

XXXIX.

Louis got up the next morning with an idea in his head. He had dressed for a journey, and breakfasted hastily.

Before he had started Viviette came down-stairs. Louis, who was now greatly disturbed about her, went up to his sister and took her hand.

"*Aux grands maux les grands remèdes*," he said gravely. "I have a plan."

"I have a dozen," said she.

"You have?"

"Yes. But what are they worth? And yet there must, there must be a way!"

"Viviette," said Louis, "promise that you will wait till I come home to-night, before you do anything."

Her distracted eyes showed but slight comprehension of his request, as she said, "Yes."

An hour after that time Louis entered the train at Warborne, and was speedily crossing a country of ragged woodland, which, although intruded on by the plow at places, remained largely intact from prehistoric times, and still abounded with yews of gigantic growth, and oaks tufted with mistletoe. It was the route to Melchester.

On setting foot in that city, he took the cathedral spire as his guide, the place being strange to him; and went on till he reached the archway dividing Melchester sacred from Melchester secular. Thence he threaded his course into the precincts of the damp and venerable Close, level as a bowling-green, and beloved of rooks, who from their elm perches on high threatened any unwary gazer with the mishap of Tobit. At the corner of this reposeful spot stood the episcopal palace.

Louis entered the gates, rang the bell, and looked around. Here the trees and rooks seemed older, if possible, than those in the Close behind him. Everything was dignified, and he felt himself like Punchinello in the king's chambers. Verily, in the present case Glanville was not a man to stick at trifles any more than his illustrious prototype; and, on the servant bringing a message that his lordship would see him at once, Louis marched boldly in.

Through an old dark corridor, roofed with old dark beams, the servant led the way to the heavily moulded door of the Bishop's room. Dr. Helmsdale was there, and welcomed Louis with considerable stateliness. But his condescension was tempered with a curious anxiety, and even with nervousness.

He asked in pointed tones after the

health of Lady Constantine; if Louis had brought an answer to the letter he had addressed to her a day or two earlier; and if the contents of the letter, or the previous one, were known to him.

"I have brought no answer from her," said Louis. "But the contents of your letter have been made known to me."

Since entering the building Louis had more than once felt some hesitation, and it might now, with a favoring manner from his entertainer, have operated to deter him from going further with his intention. But the Bishop had personal weaknesses that were fatal to sympathy for more than a moment.

"Then I may speak in confidence to you as her nearest relative," said his lordship, "and explain that I am now in a position with regard to Lady Constantine which in view of the important office I hold I should not have cared to place myself in, unless I had felt quite sure of not being refused by her. And hence it is a great grief and some mortification to me that I was refused; owing, of course, to the fact that I unwittingly risked making my proposal at the very moment when she was under the influence of those strange tidings, and hence not able to judge what was best for her."

The Bishop's words disclosed a mind whose sensitive fear of danger to its own dignity hindered it from criticism elsewhere. Things might have been worse for Louis's Puck-like idea of mistaking his Hermia with this Demetrius.

Throwing a strong flavor of earnestness into his mien, he replied, "Your lordship, Viviette is my only sister; I am her only brother and friend. I am alarmed for her health and state of mind. Hence I have come to consult you on this very matter that you have broached. I come absolutely without her knowledge, and I hope unconventionality may be excused in me on the score of my anxiety for her."

"Certainly. I trust that the prospect opened up by my proposal, combined with this other news, has not proved too much for her."

"My sister is distracted and distressed, Bishop Helmsdale. She wants comfort."

"Not distressed by my letter?" said the Bishop, turning red. "Has it lowered me in her estimation?"

"On the contrary, while your disinterested offer was uppermost in her mind she was a different woman. It is this other matter that oppresses her. The result upon her of the recent discovery with regard to the late Sir Blount Constantine is peculiar. To say that he ill used her in his life-time is to understate a truth. He has been dead now a considerable period; but this revival of his memory operates as a sort of terror upon her. Images of the manner of Sir Blount's death are with her night and day, intensified by a hideous picture of the supposed scene, which was cruelly sent her. She dreads being alone. Nothing will restore my poor Viviette to her former cheerfulness but a distraction, a hope, a new prospect."

"That is precisely what acceptance of my offer would afford."

"Precisely," said Louis, with great respect. "But how to get her to avail herself of it, after once refusing you, is the difficulty, and my earnest problem!"

"Then we are quite at one!"

"We are. And it is to promote our wishes that I am come, since she will do nothing of herself."

"Then you can give me no hope of a reply to my second communication?"

"None whatever, by letter," said Louis. "Her impression, plainly, is that she cannot encourage your lordship. Yet, in the face of all this reticence, the secret is that she loves you warmly."

"Can you indeed assure me of that? Indeed, — indeed!" said Bishop Helms-

dale musingly. "Then I must try to see her. I begin to feel — to feel strongly — that a course which would seem premature and unbecoming in other cases would be true and proper conduct in this. Her unhappy dilemmas, her unwonted position, yes, yes, I see it all! I can afford to have some little misconception put upon my motives. I will go and see her immediately. Her past has been a cruel one; she wants sympathy, and with Heaven's help I'll give it."

"I think the remedy lies that way," said Louis gently. "Some words came from her one night which seemed to show it. I was standing on the terrace: I heard somebody sigh in the dark, and found that it was she. I asked her what was the matter, and gently pressed her on this subject of boldly and promptly contracting a new marriage as a means of dispersing the horrors of the old. Her answer implied that she would have no objection to do it, and to do it at once, provided she could remain externally passive in the matter; that she would tacitly yield, in fact, to pressure, but would not meet solicitation half-way. Now, Bishop Helmsdale, you see what has prompted me. On the one hand is a dignitary of high position and integrity, to say no more, who is anxious to save her from the gloom of her situation; on the other is this sister, who will not make known to you her willingness to be saved, — partly from apathy, partly from a fear that she may be thought forward in responding favorably at so early a moment; partly, also, perhaps, from a modest sense that there would be some sacrifice on your part in allying yourself with a woman of her secluded and sad experience."

"Oh, there is no sacrifice! Quite otherwise. I care greatly for this alliance, Mr. Glanville. Your sister is very dear to me. Moreover, the advantages her mind would derive from the enlarged field of activity that the posi-

tion of a bishop's wife would afford are palpable. I am induced to think that an early settlement of the question, an immediate coming to the point, which might be called too early in the majority of cases, would be a right and considerate tenderness here. My only dread is lest she should think an immediate following up of the subject premature. And the risk of a rebuff a second time is one which, as you must perceive, it would be highly unbecoming in me to run."

"I think the risk would be small, if your lordship would approach her frankly. Write she will not, I am assured; and having her interest at heart, it was that which induced me to come to you, and make this candid statement in reply to your communication. Her late husband having been virtually dead these four or five years, believed dead two years, and actually dead nearly one, no reproach could attach to her if she were to contract another union to-morrow."

"I agree with you, Mr. Glanville," said the Bishop, warmly. "I will think this over. Her motive in not replying I can quite understand; your motive in coming I can also understand and appreciate in a brother. If I feel convinced that it would be a seemly and expedient thing, I will come to Welland to-morrow."

The point to which Louis had brought the Bishop being so satisfactory, he feared to endanger it by another word. The interview having ended as far as its object was concerned, he went away almost hurriedly, and at once left the precincts of the cathedral, lest another encounter with Bishop Helmsdale should lead the latter to take a new and slower view of his duties as Viviette's suitor.

He reached Welland by dinner-time, and came upon Viviette in the same pensive mood in which he had left her. It seemed that she had hardly moved since.

"Have you discovered Swithin St. Cleeve's address?" she said, without looking up at him.

"No," said Louis.

Then she broke out with indescribable anguish: "But you asked me to wait till this evening; and I have waited through the long day in the belief that your words meant something, and that you would bring good tidings! And now I find your words meant nothing, and you have *not* brought good tidings!"

Louis could not decide for a moment what to say to this. Should he venture to give her thoughts a new course by a revelation of his design? No: it would be better to prolong her despair yet another night, and spring relief upon her suddenly, that she might jump at it, and commit herself without an interval for reflection on certain aspects of the proceeding.

Nothing, accordingly, did he say, and, conjecturing that she would be hardly likely to take any desperate step that night, he left her to herself.

His anxiety at this crisis began to be great. Everything depended on the result of the Bishop's self-communion. Would he, or would he not, come the next day? Perhaps instead of his important presence there would appear a letter postponing the visit indefinitely; if so, all would be lost. The Bishop was as abjectly in love as only pompous people can be; and this thought gave him hope.

Louis's suspense kept him awake, and he was not alone in his sleeplessness. Through the night he heard his sister walking up and down, in a state which betokened that for every pang of grief she had disclosed twice as many had remained unspoken. He almost feared that she might seek to end her existence by violence, so unreasonably sudden were her moods; and he lay and longed for the day.

It was morning. She came down the same as usual, and asked if there had

arrived any telegram or letter; but there was neither. Louis avoided her, knowing that nothing he could say just then would do her any good. No communication had reached him from the Bishop, and that looked well. By one ruse and another, as the day went on, he led her away from contemplating the remote possibility of hearing from Swithin, and led her to look at the worst contingency as her probable fate. It seemed as if she really made up her mind to this, for by the afternoon she was apathetic, like a woman who neither hoped nor feared.

And then a fly drove up to the door.

Louis, who had been standing in the hall the greater part of that day, glanced out through a private window, and went to Viviette. "The Bishop has called," he said. "Be ready to see him."

"The Bishop of Melchester?" said Viviette, bewildered.

"Yes. I asked him to come. He comes for an answer to his letters."

"An answer — to — his — letters?" she murmured.

"An immediate reply of yes or no."

Her face showed the workings of her mind. How entirely an answer of assent, at once acted on for better or for worse, would clear the spectre from her path, there needed no tongue to tell. It would, moreover, accomplish that end without involving the impoverishment of Swithin, the inevitable result if she had adopted the legitimate road out of her trouble. Hitherto there had seemed to her dismayed mind, unenlightened as to any course save one of honesty, no possible achievement of *both* her desires, — the saving of Swithin and the saving of herself. But behold, here was a way! A tempter had shown it to her. It involved a great wrong, which to her had quite obscured its feasibility. But she perceived now that it was indeed a way. Nature was forcing her hand at this game; and to what will not nature compel her weaker victims in extremes?

Louis left her to think it out. When

he reached the drawing-room Dr. Helmsdale was standing there, with the air of a man too good for his errand, — which was, indeed, not far from the truth.

"Have you broken my message to her?" asked the Bishop sonorously.

"Not your message; your visit," said Louis. "I leave the rest in your lordship's hands. I have done all I can for her."

Viviette was in her own small room to-day. Feeling that it must be a bold stroke or none, Louis led the Bishop across the hall till he reached the apartment, opened the door, and, instead of following, shut it behind him.

Then Glanville passed an anxious time. He walked from the foot of the staircase to the star of old swords and pikes on the wall; from these to the stags' horns; thence down the corridor as far as the door, where he could hear murmuring inside, but not its import. The longer they remained closeted, the more excited did he become. That she had not peremptorily negated the proposal at the outset was a strong sign of its success. It showed that she had admitted argument; and the worthy Bishop had a pleader on his side whom he knew little of. The very weather seemed to favor Dr. Helmsdale in his suit. A blustering wind had blown up from the west, howling in the smokeless chimneys, and suggesting to the feminine mind storms at sea, a tossing ocean, and the hopeless inaccessibility of all astronomers and men on the other side of the same.

The Bishop had entered Viviette's room at ten minutes past three. The long hand of the hall clock lay level at forty-five minutes past when the knob of the door moved, and he came out. Louis met him where the passage joined the hall.

Dr. Helmsdale was decidedly in an emotional state, his face being slightly flushed. Louis looked his anxious inquiry without speaking it.

"She accepts me," said the Bishop in a low voice. "And the wedding is to be soon. Her long solitude and sufferings justify haste. What you said was true. Sheer weariness and distraction have driven her to me. She was quite passive at last, and agreed to anything I proposed, — such is the persuasive force of a trained mind! A good and wise woman, she perceived what a true shelter from sadness was offered, and was not the one to despise Heaven's gift."

XL.

The silence of Swithin was to be accounted for by the circumstance that neither to Marseilles nor to America had he, in the first place, directed his steps. Feeling himself absolutely free, he had, upon arriving at Southampton, decided to make straight for the Cape. His object was to leave his heavier luggage there, examine the capabilities of the spot for his purpose, find out the necessity or otherwise of shipping over his own equatorial, and then cross to America as soon as there was a good opportunity. Here he might inquire the movements of the transit expedition to the South Pacific, and join it at such a point as might be convenient.

Thus, though wrong in her premises, Viviette had intuitively decided with absolute precision. There was, as a matter of fact, no chance of her being able to communicate with him for several months, notwithstanding that he might possibly communicate with her.

This excursive time was an awakening for Swithin. To altered circumstances inevitably followed altered views. That such changes should have a marked effect upon a young man who had made neither grand tour nor petty one, — who had, in short, scarcely been away from home in his life, — was nothing more than natural. New ideas struggled to disclose themselves; and with the addition

of strange twinklers to his southern horizon came an absorbed attention that way, and a corresponding forgetfulness of what lay to the north, behind his back, whether human or celestial. Whoever may deplore it, few will wonder that Viviette, who till then had stood high in his heaven, if she had not dominated it, sank lower and lower, like the North Star. Master of a large advance of his first year's income in circular notes and other forms, he perhaps too readily forgot that the mere act of honor, but for her self-suppression, would have rendered him penniless.

Meanwhile, to come back and claim her at the specified time, four years thence, if she did not object to be claimed, was as much a part of his programme as were the exploits abroad and elsewhere that were to prelude it. The very thoroughness of his intention for that advanced date inclined him all the more to shelve the subject now. Her unhappy caution to him not to write too soon was a comfortable license in his present state of tensity about sublime scientific things, which knew not woman, nor her sacrifices, nor her fears. In truth, he was not only too young in years, but too literal, direct, and uncompromising in nature, to understand such a woman as Lady Constantine; and she suffered for that limitation in him, as was antecedently probable she would do.

He stayed but a little time at Cape Town, on this first, reconnoitring journey, and on that account wrote to no one from there. On leaving, he found there remained some weeks on his hands before he wished to cross to America, and feeling an irrepressible desire for further studies in navigation under clear skies, he took the steamer for Melbourne; returning thence in due time, and pursuing his journey to America, where he landed at Boston. Having at last had enough of great circles and other nautical reckonings, and taking no interest in men or cities, this indefati-

gable scrutineer of the universe went immediately to Cambridge; and there, by the help of an introduction he had brought from England, he reveled for a time in the glories of the gigantic refractor (which he was permitted to use on odd occasions), and in the pleasures of intercourse with the scientific group around. This brought him on to the time of starting with the transit expedition, when he and his kind became lost to the eye of civilization behind the horizon of the Pacific Ocean.

To speak of their doings on this pilgrimage, of ingress and egress, of tangent and parallax, of external and internal contact, would avail nothing. Is it not all written in the chronicles of the Astronomical Society? More to the point will it be to mention that poor Viviette's telegram and letter to Cambridge had been returned long before Swithin reached that place, while her missives to Marseilles were of course misdirected altogether. On arriving in America, uncertain of an address in that country to which he would return, Swithin wrote his first letter to his grandmother; and in this he directed that all communications should be sent to await him at Cape Town, as the only safe spot for finding him sooner or later. The equatorial he also directed to be forwarded to the same place. At this time, too, he ventured to break Viviette's commands, and address a letter to her, not knowing of the strange results that had followed his absence from home.

It was February. The transit was over; the scientific company had broken up; and Swithin had steamed towards the Cape, to take up his permanent abode there, with a view to his great task of surveying, charting, and theorizing on those exceptional features in the southern skies which had been but inadequately treated by the younger Herschel. Having entered Table Bay, and landed on the quay, he called at once at the post-office.

Two letters were handed him, and he found from the date that they had been waiting there for some time. One of these epistles, which had a weather-worn look as regarded the ink, and was in old-fashioned penmanship, he knew to be from his grandmother, and opened it before he had as much as glanced at the superscription of the second.

Besides immaterial portions, it contained the following:—

"I reckon you know by now of our main news this fall, but lest you should not have heard of it J send the exact thing snipped out of the newspaper. Nobody expected her to do it quite so soon; but it is said hereabout that my lord bishop and my lady had been drawing nigh to an understanding before the glum tidings of Sir Blount's a taking of his own life reached her; and the account of this wicked deed was so sore afflicting to her mind, and made her poor heart so timid and low, that in charity to her her few friends agreed on urging her to let the bishop go on paying his court as before, notwithstanding she had not been a widow-woman near so long as was thought. This, as it turned out, she was willing to do; and when my lord asked her she told him she would marry him at once or never. That 's as J was told, and J had it from those that know."

The cutting from the newspaper was an ordinary announcement of marriage between the Bishop of Melchester and Lady Constantine.

Swithin was so astounded at the intelligence of what for the nonce seemed Viviette's wanton fickleness, that he quite omitted to look at the second letter, and remembered nothing about it till an hour afterwards, when sitting in his room at the hotel.

It was in her handwriting, but so altered that its superscription had not arrested his eye. It had no beginning, or

date; but its contents soon acquainted him with her motive for the precipitate act. The few concluding sentences are all that it will be necessary to quote here:—

There was no way out of it, even if I could have found you, without infringing one of the conditions I had previously laid down. The long desire of my heart has been not to impoverish you or mar your career. The new desire was to save myself and another. . . . I have done a desperate thing. Yet for myself I could do no better, and for you no less. I would have sacrificed my single self to honesty; but I was not alone concerned. What woman has a right to blight a coming life to preserve her personal soul? . . . The one bright spot is that it saves you and your endowment from further catastrophes, and preserves you to the pleasant paths of scientific fame. I no longer lie like a log across your path, which is now as open as on the day before you saw me, and ere I encouraged you to win me. Alas, Swithin, I ought to have known better! The folly was great, and the suffering be upon my head! I have borne much, and am not unprepared. As for you, Swithin, by simply pressing straight on, your triumph is assured. Do not communicate with me in any way,—not even in answer to this. Do not think of me. Do not see me ever any more. Your unhappy

VIVIETTE.

Swithin's heart swelled within him in sudden pity for her, first; then he blanched with a horrified sense of what she had done, and at his own relation to the deed. He felt like an awakened somnambulist, who should find that he had been accessory to a tragedy during a period of unconsciousness. She had loosened the knot of her difficulties by cutting it unscrupulously through and through.

The big tidings rather dazed than crushed him, his predominant feeling being soon again one of keenest sorrow and sympathy. Yet one thing was obvious: he could do nothing,—absolutely nothing. The event which he now heard of for the first time had taken place five long months ago. He reflected, and regretted, and mechanically went on with his preparations for settling down to work under the shadow of Table Mountain. He was as one who suddenly finds the world a stranger place than he thought; but is excluded by age, temperament, and situation from being much more than an astonished spectator of its strangeness.

The Royal Observatory was about a mile out of the town, and hither he repaired as soon as he had established himself in lodgings. He had decided, on his first visit to the Cape, that it would be highly advantageous to him if he could supplement the occasional use of the large instruments here by the use at his own house of his own equatorial, and had accordingly given directions that it might be sent over from England. The precious possession now arrived; and although the sight of it—of the brasses on which her hand had often rested, of the eye-piece through which her dark eye had beamed—engendered some decidedly bitter regrets in him for a time, he could not long afford to give to the past the days that were meant for the future.

Unable to get a room convenient for a private observatory, he resolved at last to fix the instrument on a solid pillar in the garden; and several days were spent in accommodating it to its new position. In this latitude there was no necessity for economizing clear nights, as he had been obliged to do on the old tower at Welland. There it had happened more than once, to his sorrow, that, after he had waited idle through days and nights of cloudy weather, poor

Viviette would fix her time for meeting him at an hour when at last he had an opportunity of seeing the sky; so that in giving to her the golden moments of cloudlessness he was losing his chance with the orbs above. But here there was clear atmosphere enough for both science and love, had an object for the latter been present with him.

Those features which usually attract the eye of the visitor to a new latitude are the novel forms of human and vegetable life, and other such sublunary things. But our young man glanced slightly at these: the changes overhead had his attention. The old subject was imprinted there, but in a new type. Here was a heaven fixed and ancient as the northern; yet it had never appeared above the Welland hills since they were heaved up from beneath. Here was an unalterable circumpolar region; but the polar patterns, stereotyped in history and legend, without which it had almost seemed that a polar sky could not exist, had never been seen therein.

St. Cleeve, as was natural, began by cursory surveys, which were not likely to be of much utility to the world or to himself. He wasted several weeks — indeed, above two months — in a comparatively idle survey of southern novelties; in the mere luxury of looking at stellar objects whose wonders were known, recounted, and classified long before his own personality had been heard of. With a child's simple delight, he allowed his instrument to rove evening after evening from the gorgeous glitter of Canopus to the hazy clouds of Magellan. Before he had well finished this optical prelude there floated over to him from the other side of the equator the postscript to the epistle of his poor Viviette. It came in the vehicle of a common newspaper, under the head of "Births:" —

"April 10, 18—, at The Palace, Melchester, Lady Helmsdale, of a son."

XLI.

Three years passed away, and Swithin still remained at the Cape, quietly pursuing the work that had brought him there. His memoranda of observations had accumulated to a wheelbarrow load, and he was beginning to shape them into a work of scientific utility.

He had gauged the southern skies with greater results than even he himself had anticipated. Those unfamiliar constellations which, to the casual beholder, are at most a new arrangement of ordinary points of light were to this professed astronomer, as to his brethren, a far greater matter. It was below the surface that his material lay. There, in regions revealed only to the instrumental observer, were suns of hybrid kind, fire fogs, floating world pollen, globes that flew in groups, like swarms of bees, and other extraordinary sights, which, when decomposed by Swithin's equatorial, turned out to be the beginning of a new series of phenomena, instead of the end of an old one.

There were gloomy deserts in those southern skies, such as the north shows scarcely an example of; sites set apart for the position of suns, which for some unfathomable reason were left uncreated, their places remaining conspicuous by their emptiness.

The inspection of these chasms brought him a second pulsation of that old horror which he had used to describe to Viviette as produced in him by bottomlessness in the north heaven. The ghostly finger of limitless vacancy touched him now on the other side. Infinite deeps in the north stellar region had a homely familiarity about them when compared with infinite deeps in the region of the south pole. This was an even more unknown tract of the unknown; space here, being less the historic haunt of human thought than overhead at home, seemed pervaded with a more lonely loneliness.

Were there given on paper to these astronomical exertions of St. Cleeve a space proportionable to that occupied by his year with Viviette at Welland, this narrative would treble its length; but not a single additional glimpse would be afforded of Swithin in his relations with old emotions. In these experiments with convex glasses, important as they were to eye and intellect, there was little food for the sympathetic instincts which create the changes in a life, and therefore are more particularly the question here. That which is the foreground and measuring base of one perspective draught may be the vanishing-point of another perspective draught, while yet they are both draughts of the same thing. Swithin's doings and discoveries in the southern sidereal system were, no doubt, incidents of the highest importance to him; and yet, from our present point of view, they served but the humble purpose of *killing time*, while other doings, more nearly allied to his heart than to his understanding, developed themselves at home.

In the intervals between his professional occupations he took walks over the sand-flats near, or among the farms which were gradually overspreading the moors in the vicinity of Cape Town. He grew familiar with the outline of Table Mountain, and the fleecy "Devil's Table-Cloth" which used to settle on its top when the wind was southeast. On these promenades he would more particularly think of Viviette, and of that curious pathetic chapter in his life with her, which seemed to have wound itself up and ended forever. Those scenes were rapidly receding into distance, and the intensity of his sentiment regarding them had proportionately abated. He felt that there had been something wrong in that period of his existence, and yet he could not exactly define the boundary of the wrong. Viviette's sad and amazing sequel to that chapter had still a fearful, catastrophic aspect in his

eyes; but instead of musing over it and its bearings, he shunned the subject, as we shun by night the shady scene of a tragedy, and keep to the open road.

He sometimes contemplated her apart from the past, — leading her life in the cathedral Close at Melchester; and wondered how often she looked south and thought of where he was.

On one of these afternoon walks in the neighborhood of the Royal Observatory, he turned and looked towards the signal-post on the Lion's Rump. This was a high promontory to the northwest of Table Mountain, which overlooked Table Bay. Before his eyes had left the scene the signal was suddenly hoisted on the staff. This announced that a mail steamer had appeared in view over the sea. He retraced his steps, as he had often done on such occasions, and strolled leisurely across the intervening mile and a half, till he arrived at the post-office door.

There was no letter from England for him; but there was a newspaper, addressed in the seventeenth-century handwriting of his grandmother, who, in spite of her great age, still retained a steady hold on life. He turned away disappointed, and resumed his walk into the country, opening the paper as he went along.

A cross in black ink attracted his attention; and it was opposite a name among the deaths. His blood ran icily as he discerned the word "Helmsdale." But it was not she. Her husband, the Bishop of Melchester, had, after a short illness, departed this life at the comparatively early age of fifty years.

All the enactments of the bygone days at Welland now started up like an awakened army from the ground.* Only a few months were wanting to the time when he would be of an age to marry without sacrificing the annuity which formed his means of subsistence. It was a point in his life that had had no meaning or interest for him since his

separation from Viviette, for women were now no more to him than the inhabitants of Jupiter. However, the whirligig of time having again set Viviette free, the aspect of home altered, and conjecture as to her future found room to work anew.

But beyond the simple fact that she was a widow, he for some time gained not an atom of intelligence concerning her. There was no one of whom he could inquire but his grandmother, and she could tell him nothing about a lady who dwelt far away at Melchester.

Several months slipped by thus ; and no feeling within him rose to sufficient strength to force him out of a passive attitude.

Then, by the merest chance, his granny stated, in one of her rambling epistles, that Lady Helmsdale was coming to live again at Welland, in the old house, with her child, now a little boy between three and four years of age.

Swithin, however, lived on as before.

By the following autumn a change became necessary for the young man himself. His work at the Cape was done. His uncle's wishes that he should study there had been more than observed. The materials for his great treatise were collected, and it now only remained for him to arrange, digest, and publish them, for which purpose a return to England was indispensable.

So the equatorial was unscrewed and the stand taken down ; the astronomer's barrow-load of precious memoranda, and rolls upon rolls of diagrams, representing three years of continuous labor, were safely packed ; and Swithin departed for good and all from the shores of Cape Town.

He had long before informed his grandmother of the date at which she might expect him, and in a reply from her, which reached him just previous to sailing, she casually mentioned that she frequently saw Lady Helmsdale ; that on the last occasion her ladyship had

shown great interest in the information that Swithin was coming home, and had inquired the time of his return.

On a late summer day Swithin stepped from the train at Warborne, and, directing his baggage to be sent on after him, set out on foot for old Welland once again.

It seemed but the day after his departure, so little had the scene changed. True, there was that change which is always the first to arrest attention in places that are conventionally called unchanging, — a higher and broader vegetation at every familiar corner than at the former time.

He had not gone a mile when he saw walking before him a clergyman, whose form, after consideration, he recognized, in spite of a novel whiteness in that part of his hair that showed below the brim of his hat. Swithin walked much faster than this gentleman, and soon was at his side.

"Mr. Torkingham — I knew it was !" said Swithin.

Mr. Torkingham was slower in recognizing the astronomer, but in a moment had greeted him with a warm shake of the hand.

"I have been to the station on purpose to meet you !" cried Mr. Torkingham ; "and was returning with the idea that you had not come. I am your grandmother's emissary. She could not come herself, and as she was anxious, and nobody else could be spared, I came for her."

Then they walked on together. The parson told Swithin all about his grandmother, the parish, and his endeavors to enlighten it ; and in due course said, "You are no doubt aware that Lady Helmsdale — the Lady Constantine of former days — is living again at Welland."

Swithin said he had heard as much, and added, what was perfectly true, that the news of the Bishop's death had been a great surprise to him.

"Yes," said Mr. Torkingham, with nine thoughts to one word; "one might have prophesied, to look at him, that Melchester would not lack a bishop for the next forty years. Yes; pale death knocks at the cottages of the poor and the palaces of kings with an impartial foot."

"Was he a — particularly good man?" asked Swithin.

"He was not a Ken, or a Heber. To speak candidly, he had his faults, of which arrogance was not the least. But who is perfect?"

Swithin, somehow, felt relieved to hear that the Bishop was not a perfect man.

"His poor wife, I fear, had not a great deal more happiness with him than with her first husband. But one might almost have foreseen it: the marriage was hasty, — the result of a red-hot caprice, hardly becoming to a man in his position; and it betokened a want of temperate discretion which soon showed itself in other ways. That's all there was to be said against him; and now it's all over, and things have settled again into their old course. But Lady Helmsdale is not Lady Constantine. No; put it as you will, she is not the same. There seems to be a nameless something on her mind, a trouble, a rooted melancholy, which no man's ministry can reach. Formerly she was a woman whose confidence it was easy to gain; but neither religion nor philosophy avails with her now. Beyond that, her life is strangely like what it was when you were with us."

Conversing thus they pursued the turnpike road, till their conversation was interrupted by a crying voice on their left. They looked, and perceived that a child, in getting over an adjoining stile, had fallen on his face.

Mr. Torkingham and Swithin both hastened up to help the sufferer, who was a lovely little fellow with flaxen hair, which spread out in a frill of curls

from beneath a quaint, close-fitting velvet cap that he wore. Swithin picked him up, while Mr. Torkingham wiped the sand from his lips and nose, and administered a few words of consolation, together with a few sweetmeats, which, somewhat to Swithin's surprise, the parson produced as if by magic from his pocket. One half the comfort rendered would have sufficed to soothe such a disposition as the child's; he ceased crying, and ran away in delight to his unconscious nurse, who was reaching up for blackberries at a hedge some way off.

"You know who he is, of course," said Mr. Torkingham, as they resumed their journey.

"No," said Swithin.

"Oh, I thought you did. Yet how should you? It is Lady Helmsdale's boy, her only child. His fond mother little thinks he is so far away from home."

"Dear me — Lady Helmsdale's — ah — how interesting!" Swithin paused abstractedly for a moment; then stepped back again to the stile, where he stood watching the little boy out of sight.

"I can never venture out-of-doors now without sweets in my pocket," continued the good-natured vicar; "and the result is that I meet that young man more frequently than any other of my parishioners."

St. Cleeve was silent, and they turned into Welland Lane, where their paths presently diverged, and Swithin was left to pursue his way alone. He might have accompanied the vicar yet further, and gone straight to Welland House; but it would have been difficult to do so then without provoking inquiry. It was easy to go there now: by a cross-path he could be at the mansion almost as soon as by the direct road. And yet Swithin did not turn; he felt an indescribable reluctance to see Viviette. He could not exactly say why. Moreover, before he knew how the land lay, it

might be awkward to attempt to call; and this was a sufficient excuse for postponement.

In this mood he went on, following the direct way to his grandmother's homestead. He reached the garden gate, and, looking into the bosky basin in which the old house stood, saw a graceful female form moving before the porch, bidding adieu to some one within the door.

He wondered what creature of that mould his grandmother could know, and went forward with some hesitation. At his approach the apparition turned, and he beheld, developed into blushing womanhood, one who had once been known to him as the village maiden, Tabitha Lark. Seeing Swithin, and apparently from an instinct that her presence would not be desirable just then, she moved quickly round into the garden.

The returned astronomer entered the house, where he found awaiting him poor old Mrs. Martin, to whose earthly course death stood rather as the asymptote than as the end. She was perceptibly smaller in form than when he had left her, and she could see less distinctly. A rather affecting greeting followed, in which his grandmother murmured the words of Israel: "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive."

The form of Hannah had disappeared from the kitchen, that ancient servant having been gathered to her fathers about six months before, her place being filled by a young girl, who knew not Joseph.

They presently chatted with much cheerfulness, and his grandmother said, "Have you heard what a wonderful young woman Miss Lark has become? — a mere fleet-footed, slithering maid when you were last home."

St. Cleeve had not heard, but he had partly seen, and he was informed that Tabitha had left Welland shortly after his own departure, and had studied mu-

sic with great success in London, where she had resided ever since till quite recently; that she played at concerts, at oratorios; that she had, in short, joined the phalanx of wonderful women who have sternly resolved to eclipse masculine genius altogether, and humiliate the brutal sex to the dust.

"She is only in the garden," added his grandmother. "Why don't ye go out and speak to her?"

Swithin was nothing loath, and strolled out under the apple-trees, where he arrived just in time to prevent Miss Lark from going off by the back gate. There was not much difficulty in breaking ice between them, and they began to chat with vivacity.

Now all these proceedings occupied time, for somehow it was very charming to talk to Miss Lark; and by degrees St. Cleeve told Tabitha of his great undertaking, and of the voluminous notes he had amassed, which would require so much rearrangement and recopying by an amanuensis as to absolutely appal him. He greatly feared he should not get one careful enough for such scientific matter, — whereupon Tabitha said she would be delighted to do it for him. Then, blushing, and declaring suddenly that it had grown quite late, she left him and the garden for her relation's house, hard by.

Swithin, no less than Tabitha, had been surprised by the disappearance of the sun behind the hill; and the question now arose whether it would be advisable to call upon Viviette that night. There was little doubt that she knew of his coming, but more than that he could not predicate; and being entirely ignorant of whom she had around her, entirely in the dark as to her present feelings towards him, he thought it would be better to defer his visit until the next day.

Walking round to the front of the house, he beheld the well-known agriculturists, Hezzy Biles, Haymoss Fry,

and some others of the same old school, passing the garden gate homeward from their work, with bundles of wood upon their backs. Swithin saluted them over the top-rail.

"Well! do my eyes and ears" — began Hezzy; and then, with a smile almost as wide as the gate, and balancing his fagot on end against the hedge, he came forward, the others following.

"Says I to myself, as soon as I heard his voice," Hezzy continued (addressing Swithin as if he were a disinterested spectator, and not himself), "Please God I'll pitch my nitch, and go across and speak to en."

"I knowed in a winking 't was some great navigator that I see a standing there," said Haymoss. "But whe'r 't were a sort of nabob, or a diment-digger, or a lion-hunter, I could n't so much as guess till I heard en spak."

"And what changes have come over Welland since I was last at home?" asked Swithin.

"Well, Mr. San Cleeve," Hezzy replied, "when you've said that a few stripling boys and maidens have busted into bloom, and a few married women have plimmed and chimped (my lady among 'em), why, you've said anighst all, Mr. San Cleeve."

The conversation thus begun was continued on divers matters, till they were all enveloped in total darkness, when his old acquaintance shouldered their fagots again and proceeded on their way.

Now that he was actually within her coats again, Swithin felt a little more strongly the influence of the past and Viviette than he had been accustomed to do for the last two or three years. During the night he felt half sorry that he had not marched off to the great house to see her, regardless of the time of day. If she really nourished for him any particle of her old affection, it had been the cruelest thing not to call. A few questions that he had put concern-

ing her to his grandmother elicited that Lady Helmsdale had no friends about her, not even her brother, and that her health had not been so good since her return from Melchester as formerly. Still, this proved nothing as to the state of her heart; and as she had kept a dead silence since the Bishop's death, it was quite possible that she would meet him with that cold, repressive tone and manner which experienced women know so well how to put on when they wish to intimate to the long-lost lover that old episodes are to be taken as forgotten.

The next morning he prepared to call, if only on the ground of old acquaintance; for Swithin was too straightforward to do anything indirectly. It was rather too early for this purpose when he went out from his grandmother's garden gate, after breakfast, and he waited in the garden. While he lingered his eye fell on the Rings-Hill Speer. It appeared dark, for a moment, against the blue sky behind it; then the fleeting cloud which shadowed it passed on, and the face of the column brightened into such luminousness that the sky behind sank to the complexion of a dark foil.

"Surely somebody is on the column," he said to himself, after gazing at it a while.

Instead of going straight to the great house, he deviated through the insulating field, now sown to turnips, which surrounded the plantation on Rings Hill. By the time that he plunged under the trees he was still more certain that somebody was on the tower. He crept up to the base with proprietary curiosity, for the spot seemed again like his own.

The path still remained much as formerly, but the nook in which the cabin had stood was covered with undergrowth. Swithin entered the door of the tower, ascended the staircase about half-way on tip-toe, and listened, for he did not wish to intrude on the top if any stranger were there. The hollow spiral, as he

knew from old experience, would bring down to his ears the slightest sound from above; and it now revealed to him the words of a dialogue in progress at the summit of the tower.

"Mother, what shall I do?" a child's voice said. "Shall I sing?"

The mother seemed to assent, for the child began:—

"The robin has fled from the wood
To the snug habitation of man."

This performance apparently attracted but little attention from the child's companion, for the young voice suggested, as a new form of entertainment, "Shall I say my prayers?"

"Yes," replied one whom Swithin had begun to recognize.

"Who shall I pray for?"

No answer.

"Who shall I pray for?"

"Pray for father."

"But he is gone to heaven."

A sigh from Viviette was distinctly audible.

"You made a mistake, did n't you?" continued the little one.

"I must have,—the strangest mistake a woman ever made!"

Nothing more was said, and Swithin ascended, words from above indicating to him that his footsteps were heard. In another half minute he rose through the hatchway. A lady in black was sitting in the sun, and the boy with the golden hair, whom he had seen yesterday, was at her feet.

"Viviette!" he said.

"Swithin!—at last!" she cried.

The words died upon her lips, and from very faintness she bent her head. For instead of rushing forward to her he had stood still; and there appeared upon his face a look which there was no mistaking.

Yes; he was shocked at her worn and faded aspect. The image which he had mentally carried out with him to the Cape he had brought home again as that of the woman he was now to rejoin.

But another woman sat before him, and not the original Viviette. Her cheeks had lost forever that firm contour which had been drawn by the vigorous hand of youth, and the masses of hair that were once darkness visible had become touched here and there by a faint gray haze, like the *Via Lactea* in a midnight sky.

Yet to those who had eyes to understand, as well as to see, the chastened sweetness of her once handsome features revealed more promising material beneath than ever her youth had done. But Swithin was hopelessly her junior. Unhappily for her, he had now just arrived at an age whose canon of faith it is that the silly period of woman's life is her only period of beauty. Viviette saw it all, and knew that time had at last brought about his revenge. She had tremblingly watched and waited, without sleep, ever since Swithin had reëntered Welland; and it was for this.

Swithin came forward, and took her by the hand, which she passively allowed him to do.

"Swithin, you don't love me," she said, simply.

"Oh, Viviette!"

"You don't love me," she repeated.

"Don't say it!"

"Yes, but I will! You have a right not to love me. You did once. But now I am an old woman, and you are still a young man; so how can you love me? I do not expect it. It is kind and charitable of you to come and see me here."

"I have come all the way from the Cape," he faltered; for her insistence took all power out of him to deny, in mere politeness, what she said.

"Yes, you have come from the Cape; but not for me," she answered. "It would be absurd if you had come for me. You have come because your work there is finished. . . . I like to sit here with my little boy; it is a pleasant spot. It was once something to us, was

it not? But that was long ago. You scarcely knew me for the same woman, did you?"

"Knew you? Yes, of course I knew you!"

"You looked as if you did not. But you must not be surprised at me. I belong to an earlier generation than you, remember."

Thus, in sheer bitterness of spirit did she inflict wounds on herself by exaggerating the difference in their years. But she had, nevertheless, spoken truly. Sympathize with her as he might, and as he unquestionably did, he loved her no longer. But why had she expected otherwise? O woman, might a prophet have said to her, great is thy faith if thou believest a junior lover's love will last five years!

"I shall be glad to know through your grandmother how you are getting on," she said weakly. "But now — I would much rather that we part. Yes; do not question me. I would rather that we part. Good-by!"

Hardly knowing what he did, he touched her hand, and obeyed. He was a scientist, and took words literally. There is something in the inexorably simple logic of such men which partakes of the cruelty of the natural laws that are their study. He entered the tower and mechanically descended the steps; and it was not till he got half-way down that he thought she could not mean what she had said.

Before leaving Cape Town he had made up his mind on this one point: that if she were willing to marry him, marry her he would, without let or hindrance. That much he morally owed her, and he was not the man to demur. And though the Swithin who had returned was not quite the Swithin who had gone away, though he could not now love her with the sort of love he had once bestowed, he believed that all her conduct had been dictated by the purest

benevolence to him; by that charity which "seeketh not her own." Hence he did not flinch from a wish to deal with loving kindness towards her, — a sentiment, perhaps, in the long run, more to be prized than lover's love.

Her manner had caught him unawares; but now, recovering himself, he turned back determinedly. Bursting out upon the roof, he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her several times.

"Viviette, Viviette," he said, "I have come to marry you!"

She uttered a shriek, — a shriek of amazed joy, — such as never was heard on that tower before or since, and fell in his arms, clasping his neck.

There she lay heavily. Not to disturb her he sat down in her seat, still holding her fast. The little boy, who had stood with round conjectural eyes throughout the meeting, now came close; and presently, looking up to Swithin, said, "Mother has gone to sleep."

Swithin looked down, and started. Her tight clasp had loosened. A wave of whiteness, like that of marble which has never seen the sun, crept up from her neck, and traveled upwards and onwards over her cheek, lips, eyelids, forehead, temples; its margin banishing back the live pink till the latter had entirely disappeared.

The little boy began to cry; but in his concentration Swithin hardly heard it. "Viviette, Viviette!" he said.

The child cried with still deeper grief, and pushed his hand into Swithin's for protection. "Hush, hush, my child!" said Swithin distractedly. "I'll take care of you. Oh, Viviette!" he exclaimed again, pressing her face to his. But she did not reply. "What can this be?" he asked himself. He would not then answer according to his fear.

But he had to do so soon. Sudden joy after despair had touched an overstrained heart too smartly. Viviette was dead. The Bishop was avenged.

Thomas Hardy.

ART AND WEALTH.

A FRIEND who had been abroad came in to talk about Europe. The conversation fell on art, the masterpieces whereof we had both seen. My friend was something of a traveler, but unlike many, if not most, travelers, he was a man of much reading and of independent thought. It had been my fortune, in New York, to inspect, with the architect, a sumptuous house, then almost finished, costly to a degree unexampled, except in the case of some princely foreign palace which generations of men rich with inherited wealth had adorned with works of painting, sculpture, and rare examples of human skill in ivory, precious metals, and glass. My friend listened attentively to the account of inlaid woods, mosaics, marbles, bronzes, statuary, tapestries, frescoes, gilded ceilings and cornices, paintings by the most famous of modern artists, ornaments in terra cotta made by imported workmen; and when the tale was ended expressed satisfaction that the time had come for America to show what she could do in the way of solid splendor. For wealth, he contended, is the precursor of fine art. The natural precedes the spiritual, was his fundamental principle; and as inevitably the spiritual succeeds the natural. A fixed condition of prosperity being secured, — a condition of material prosperity resting on permanent foundations, or such as seem permanent, — the higher culture will be sure to come. Wealth in America is becoming firm, settled, established. In another generation art will flourish. Genius of the æsthetic order will be encouraged; genius of the poetic, artistic, creative order will spring from that; and in due season no workmen in stone, canvas, wood, clay, need be imported. Every want will be met at home; a new school of art will arise, characteristic, fresh, original, a genuine

product of the Western world, the demand creating a supply as ample as itself. So it must be, he went on to say; for wealth makes the market, without which no industry whatever can subsist. Wealth gives the opportunity, provides the motive, furnishes the attraction, directs mental force to certain ends, stimulates talent, brings floating genius to a useful point, determines method and form, and prescribes to achievement its bent.

So, he maintained, it always has been. There has been no great art in ages of poverty; no age of wealth has been without it. The supreme accomplishments of the artist have glorified prosperous times. Witness the period of Pericles, which was the culminating point of Athenian opulence. The energy of the ruler, conspiring with the popular feeling of abundance, raised the Parthenon, and erected those works the loveliness and grandeur of which astonish the world. A generation afterwards the fire of genius died away, and creative talent disappeared in the agony of the Peloponnesian war, draining the treasury and diverting the mind of the people. No triumphant Athens, no Phidias; no Phidias, no statues of ivory and gold, no stately columns, no sculptured friezes, no rhythmical symmetry of line. The glory of that moment will never be forgotten, but the moment passed, never to return. There was but one Pericles, one Phidias, one Parthenon. The flower of Athenian fortune bloomed and faded, and along with it the beauty of art glowed and went out. Thenceforward Greece had no marvel of genius to show.

Turn to Italy. What did not the painters of the Umbrian school, at Florence, owe to the princely family of the Medici? What did not Buonarroti and Raphael, to say nothing of lesser men,

owe to Julius II. and the line of Medicean Popes? What would Venetian art have been without the Doges and the magnificence of the merchant kings in that marvelous city of the sea? Milan called Leonardo da Vinci; Genoa called Vandyck; Siena had its school; Pisa was a centre of attraction; Perugia drew aspirants for fame. There was not a city of that once opulent peninsula which did not have its group of painters, sculptors, cunning artificers in mosaic and bronze. The workmen sought the work; the work called into existence the workmen. There was a cathedral to be built, and architects were at hand to furnish plans. There was a palace to be decorated, and designers thronged to the spot. There was a mausoleum to be erected, and the brains of sculptors teemed with suggestions. The mysteries of drawing and color were explored and fathomed. The secrets of anatomy were brought to the light. The tools of the graver learned new tricks. Combinations of material, — stone, wood, metal, — never before imagined, were invented. Quarries were opened; factories were built; studios were arranged. A rich church, unchallenged, with inexhaustible supplies of money from nobles and people, offered permanent premiums for the highest excellence in the ornamental arts. A fixed social order, resting on tradition and maintained by force, standing in no fear of overthrow, and having no elements of anarchy within itself, justified any amount of expenditure on private elegance, or luxury, or vice, as the case might be, and the purveyors for either were at hand. Read the history of Velasquez at the court of Philip IV.; of Holbein at the court of Henry VIII.; of Sir Peter Lely, of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The story is the same everywhere, and always it is a tale of patronage on the one side, of ambition on the other.

There is a notion that art flourishes only in certain climates, in certain coun-

tries, — in Greece, for example, or Italy, or Spain, — in Southern Europe, under sunny skies; that to such regions a genius for art is native; the position of an artist is a position of honor, and the artist's profession one of dignity, not to say popularity. This is a mistake, a superstition, a foolish fancy. Artists are born in all climates, in all lands, under all skies. Theirs is a calling, like any other, requiring stimulus and patronage, — the stimulus of gain, the patronage of the opulent. They multiply according to the demand for their services. As fortune decreed, the wealth centred in Greece, Italy, Spain, and thither the painters, sculptors, architects, all went, for there they found welcome and occupation. In our day wealth is scattered, divided, precarious. Over a large part of the earth poverty is the rule. In Greece the trading spirit has supplanted the political. Glory departed from Italy along with splendor and imperialism. Spain has fallen. Skepticism has taken the place of faith throughout Europe. The great powers in church and state stand on the defensive against an insurgent people. England is the one rich country; the artists go thither for employment, and find it, as once they found it in Venice, Florence, Rome, — the radiant lands of the South. So long as London holds the purse-strings, matters will continue as they now are. When the sceptre passes from England to the New World, art will take leave of her shores. The old experience will be repeated elsewhere; the ancient glory will be revived under new auspices, and works as beautiful as ever saw the day will delight the gaze of men.

For all art, my friend argued, was decorative. Its inspiration was earthly glory. Its office was to adorn the palaces of the great, the churches of the lofty, the mansions of the princely. The portraits are likenesses of grandees, who could afford to hang on their walls canvases by Titian, Raphael, Tintoretto,

Guido, Velasquez. The saints, madonnas, nativities, crucifixions, were painted by order of proud ecclesiastics who wanted to decorate a shrine, chapel, or altar; perhaps were the gift of some devotee who had no other use for superfluous gold. The subject was conventional where it was not assigned. The artist took the intellectual materials which lay about him, and worked them up according to his skill or the desire of his employer, aiming always to excel some rival aspirant for fame or fortune. The pictures look calmly down on the beholder in saloon or gallery, but who knows how the heart of the artist was tormented with envy, jealousy, rage, or spite as he stood before his easel? Read the story of Michael Angelo, of Cellini, of Andrea del Sarto, of Leonardo da Vinci, and see how human these men of genius were; how the spirit of competition animated their breasts; how hard they worked, not to embody their ideal so much as to please their patrons, who simply wished to be flattered or entertained, to boast of finer houses than their neighbors had, to celebrate the exploits of their ancestors or exalt their personal renown. Follow the pictures themselves to their origin, and see how mean in motive, how sordid in purpose, how vain in intention, they were. The theme may be seraphic, but far from seraphic was the temper of workman or employer: the one thinking of his rival, the other of his ducats. Visit the immense palaces of the Corsini, the Borghese, the Doria, and a thousand others in Italy, and you cannot fail to comprehend the necessity for decoration to enliven the enormous stretches of wall, and make the vast chambers habitable. Such buildings would be desolations, without the glowing attractions of art. When to all this expanse of room is added corresponding wealth of gold and power, there can be no marvel that the chief artists of the age vied with one another in their efforts to make beautiful

what in its nakedness was so ugly. And while religion set a high standard of excellence in regard to themes for the pencil, while costume and rich furniture surrounded the artist with a luxurious atmosphere, it cannot be surprising that the great pictures should be what they are, — wonders of glory in line and color; we cannot marvel that such times should eclipse all that preceded or came after them; that the culmination of artistic genius should seem to have come then and there. It is a natural delusion that Italy was the chosen spot of earth for the painter. But genius departed from it with power and opulence, and for many a generation nothing deserving the name of art has been produced; a circumstance which helps the delusion by presenting a stronger contrast between present and past, confining the creative spirit within narrow limits, and making smaller the area of its operation. The decadence of Italy; the departure of wealth to other lands; the decline of the papal authority; the decay of Florentine grandeur; the diminution of cities like Siena, Perugia, Orvieto; the substitution of a money-making for a money-spending spirit, are facts of such gradual and general import that they are unobserved, while the sudden cessation of creative genius in art is startling, like the gaunt apparition of the higher rocks during a slowly sinking tide, which still covers the lower reefs. This fine talent is the first to feel a change in the flood of prosperity; is soonest abandoned by the reflux wave. It is the glory of successful periods. Poor, struggling, preoccupied men cannot afford to indulge in its productions. Its energy ceases when the springs of opulence dry up, as they did in Greece and Italy. And since their splendid day wealth has been nowhere concentrated enough to revive it, save, perhaps, in England; while even in England there is more stir, unrest, ferment of ideas, agitation of feeling, shifting of parties

and powers, than is agreeable to artists. The great privilege of a fresh revival is reserved for America, which already possesses foreign masterpieces, and will in due time have schools of its own. For, in America, wealth increases with measureless rapidity. The period of convulsion is over, and seclusion from the agitations of English and European politics is pledge of the permanency of a national state. Greece and Italy had the past; England and France have the present; but America will have the future, as we shall see by and by.

Thus my friend ran on, ingeniously bringing forward such considerations as supported his theory; believing cordially that no others existed, and for the moment persuading me that the doctrine was sound. It was not until he went away, and left me to my quiet reflections, that the weakness of it appeared. When the effect of his brilliant talk had passed off, other thoughts arose, like the following.

In the first place, the existence of genius as distinct from talent is not, on the foregoing theory, sufficiently accounted for. Genius implies a creative impulse, which is not found in mere ability to work successfully. It is impelled to this or that kind of activity whether circumstances favor or discourage. Considerations of private advantage, in the shape of money, ease, popularity, never suggest themselves. In fact, the presence of such is always regarded as detracting from the genius, as in the sad case of Andrea del Sarto. Genius resents the overtures of fortune; in the well-known example of Michael Angelo it flung them off in disdain. It will have its own way, follow its own leadings, observe its own seasons and methods, be rich or poor as events may decide; in all emergencies it must be true to itself. No analysis of material conditions has yet succeeded in explaining it, as no chemistry has accounted for the flavor of the Johannisberg grape.

It is willful, capricious, passionate. It has a light that comes from no visible skies, and a fragrance that is not native to any soil. It will not be commanded; it cannot command itself, but obeys the prompting of some hidden spirit, whose law has not been traced. It is found in lands the most unpromising, in climates to all appearance the most unpropitious: in lands like Holland, England, Russia, in climates like those of Northern Germany, Denmark, Sweden. It comes and goes unexpectedly, without warning; wealth may use it if it can; power may seize on it: but it is the creature of neither wealth nor power.

Wealth, surely, will not account for Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto, Leonardo da Vinci, Angelico da Fiesole, Andrea del Sarto, Cimabue, Orcagna, Correggio, Giotto, or artists of an inferior order to any of these. What had opulence to do with the creation of men like Memling, Dürer, Rubens, Rembrandt, or the less known masters of Dutch or Flemish art? Was patronage conspicuous in calling into existence Wilkie, Hogarth, Turner, Stanfield, Gainsborough, to name no others whom their genius impelled to pursue in England the career of painting? Nay, to come to our own country, what part did money perform in raising from nothing Allston, Peale, Read, Doughty, Stuart? Wealth may have supplied opportunity; it did not give original bent of mind. Had these men not existed, gold would never have summoned them into being. In due time they appeared, without consulting the social or financial situation, without asking permission of duke, king, pope, millionaire, or inquiring what particular work was laid out for them. In fact, the relation of some of these men to wealth was just the reverse of what the theory we are considering demands. They were creators of it, laid it under contribution, fought their way to it, wrung from it an acknowledgment of their greatness, drew it within the circle

of their fascination. They struggled into prosperity as a cedar pushes its way through some crevice in a rock towards air and light, afterwards to be wooed by the elements and become an object of admiration to many idlers or students. Their genesis it would be useless to search into. Their career is often hidden from the view of men. Their beginnings are obscure, sometimes, in proportion as their endings are glorious, while the beauty of their lines is frequently concealed from all but spiritual eyes, which, behind the surface beauty, can discover the revelation of an eternal loveliness.

Quite inconsistent with the notion that art is a child of opulence is the fact that poverty is so often its parent and nurse. It is related of Rivera, the Spanish artist, that, being in Rome, "steeped in poverty to the very lips," but happy in his industry, his talent at copying frescoes from the street walls attracted the regard of a cardinal, who took him home, provided him with comforts, and furnished him with models for his pencil. But the artist, loving his poverty better, made his escape into the streets, that he might pursue his art in his own way. The cardinal, meeting him again, persuaded him to return once more to his palace, upbraiding him for his vagabond disposition. Rivera soon relapsed a second time, saying that if he were to become an artist he must return to his rags and crusts. This pleased the cardinal and delighted the colony of artists, who nicknamed him *Il Spagnoletto*.

Apart from the intervention of the cardinal, the story of Rivera is applicable to many of the fraternity. They grew in the shadow. Their days of high dreaming, purposing, aspiring, were the days of their penury, when frost and darkness thrust them back on themselves, made them blow with painful breath on the embers that smouldered in their bosoms, and fortify their talent

with faith and courage, drawn from the depths of their souls. In the mountain tops, amid ice and cloud, their flashing waters had their source. The life of Claude Lorraine began in poverty. Mantegna was always in debt. Filippo Lippi was an orphan; Murillo was destitute; Masaccio was poor; so were Fra Bartolommeo, Perugino, Nicolas Poussin, Thorwaldsen. Velasquez began in humblest condition. As far as we know, the greatest artists were not rich at first. Though their latest works may have been their best, the genius which made them possible arrived at consciousness before prosperity came. This was the case with Michael Angelo. So it was with Raphael, whom Julius II. employed, but did not inspire. In all the noblest instances, the years of toil were the great ones, — not the years of fame; and the period of toil was that of want.

We must notice in this connection the influence which Italy exerted on the unfolding of genius. It was the native soil of the artistic soul, the casual touch whereof awoke the passion for beauty in natures comparatively cold. The power of that charming land has been felt by multitudes, who merely touched it in passing. There the great masters live in their works. Even people without talent are tempted, in Florence and Rome, to spoil canvas; where real talent exists it is easily fanned into flame. The country is poor. Wealth has gone to distant climes. But a creative mind animates the dust, and draws the devotees of art away from regions of opulence. The history of painting discloses the fact that, while genius neglects no portion of the earth, it has its favored spots, its vital centres. The regenerating force of Greece and Italy is active, in spite of ruin and devastation. Greece is immortal in sculpture, and Italy in painting; and both must be studied, though neither may be imitated. All we learn about Greece increases our wonder;

and the remains of art in Italy excite our admiration at the sudden achievement of two or three centuries. Where would art have been but for those two lands? The light that streams from them still irradiates the world. Modern art turns its eye thitherward from London, Paris, Berlin, New York. Gibson lived in Italy; so did Overbeck, and Greenough, and Powers, and Crawford. Vandyck spent years there. Vernet lived in Rome seven years. Sir Joshua Reynolds studied with zeal the masterpieces of the Peninsula. West went thither for inspiration. Allston was at home in Rome. Need we mention Flaxman, or write the names of the innumerable company of men all but unknown, who owed what incitement they had to the stimulus of that wonderful country? Nature favored other regions with delicious climates, enchanting scenery, the materials for sensuous joy; but genius consecrated Italy. Great writers, like Milton, Goethe, Heine, felt the glow, and confessed the revelation. Every soul acknowledged the presence of the spiritual contagion, and where no soul was present to be touched, but dry bones only, the dry bones lived. The result may not always have been admirable, but there it was, the more surprising since the material upon which it was exerted was so unpromising. We may concede that residence in Italy, or familiarity with the art of those lands and ages which genius has made sacred, has not in all cases been favorable to modern talent, without in the least qualifying our admiration of the works of Phidias or Praxiteles, of Titian or Bellini. Their greatness remains unquestioned; nay, the more unquestionable, by the side of the futile efforts to imitate them. The necessity of resorting to them attests their superiority the more emphatically when resort to them is unfruitful. The failure of the pretender shows the power of the lawful king.

Nor should it be forgotten, when we

are discussing the relations of riches to art, that in the great epochs of which we are speaking riches were associated with elegance of taste and extraordinary fullness of acquisition. The patrons of Raphael, Titian, Buonarrotti, were remarkable men. The Medici, Julius II., Leo X., the Venetian Doges, nobles, merchant princes, the dukes of Milan and Mantua, were eminent as friends of learning, devotees of science, promoters of every lofty scheme in the æsthetic world. Intellectually they were as distinguished as the men they encouraged. All accomplishments felt the magic power of their smile. However unscrupulous of character they may have been, however imperious, overbearing, cruel, lascivious, their mental endowments were splendid, and made, not their own age only, but many ages, illustrious. Of such men, wealth, rank, dominion, were the least prevailing characteristics. The opportunity they afforded to genius was intelligent and sympathetic. They did not merely open a door; they opened space. They bade welcome to the best the earth had to offer. They met artists half-way, and even suggested the path they might follow, stimulating their higher faculties as well as furthering their material welfare. The names of Pericles and Lorenzo the Magnificent awaken thoughts respecting the union of power with intellect which reach far into the interior of our subject, and explain in some degree the possible influence of opulence on art. Such princes have not yet appeared in the New World.

On the whole, the connection between art and wealth does not appear to be intimate. From that association alone little or nothing can be hoped for in the near or distant future. It is not certain that an increase of prosperity will be attended by a fresh growth of the sentiment of beauty; and unless it should be, the prospects of art must be dim indeed. Before we can predict the rise

in America of a fresh, to say nothing of an original, school, either of plastic, pictorial, musical, or architectural art, — before, that is to say, we can prophesy a brilliant future in America for any form of poetic expression, we must meditate seriously on several points.

The characteristic feature of American society is homogeneousness. To this it more and more tends, or ought to tend, in order to justify the democratic proclivity, which aims at putting all people on a level, so far as law and custom and human institutions can do it. Homogeneousness would not of itself be an objection. But it should be accompanied by moral conceptions commensurate with its extent, — a faith in man, a confidence in principles, an enthusiasm for progress, a noble optimism founded on the nature of spiritual laws, a sublime hope of the future of humanity, a rational assurance of the ultimate victory of republican ideas, such as thus far have been unknown in the history of the race. Two or three elect souls have hitherto been great enough to entertain aspirations so exalted. The multitude of people do not cherish them, and to all appearance never will. They are regarded as unpractical, visionary, transcendental, fanatical, quite unsuited to the needs of a working world. The faith declines in proportion as the call for it increases. When the country was small, fifty years ago, the air was bright with anticipations of grandeur, refinement, intellectual expansion, social improvement, and reform. Now such anticipations are distant and faint. The task of developing the material resources of the country, of maintaining order, of getting possession of foreign markets, of educating or absorbing populations, engrosses attention to the exclusion of higher concerns. So far as one can see, the ideal period of American life is in the past. The civil war called forth heroism, but did not awaken poetry or art; and such a convulsion

furnished an occasion the like of which may not recur. Industrial enterprise has since then taken a prodigious stride forward, and “material interests” overbear all others. Artistic creation is discouraged. A race for success seizes on all men, and success, as Rachel said, means money.

The homogeneousness we speak of is attained by the suppression of whatever helps to distinguish one man or one group of men from another, and this tendency is unfavorable to art. To plane down the summits is to produce monotony; and monotony is not encouraging to aspiration. Picturesqueness is destroyed; not merely in dress, which is reduced to uniformity, or in features, which are rapidly assimilated to one inexpressive type, but in mental and moral attributes. An uninteresting average of sentiment comes into vogue, from which nothing short of a genius singularly profound and penetrating can draw sustenance. The two summits, often clouded, covered with snow, or hidden by mist, but resting on foundations adamantine, immovable, are church and state. So long as these are seen to abide, the race of men rests in security. When these seem to disappear, a sense of uneasiness disturbs the foundations of mind. In America effort is making to remove both of these pillars. The church, in ancient times and in old communities a centre of awe and mystery, a perpetual stimulant to the imagination, the soul's support and nutriment, is rapidly breaking in pieces, under the action of secular forces. Theological controversy is substituted for faith. The swelling tide of agnosticism washes away the shores of belief. Symbols, forms, doctrines, words, are deprived of their meaning. Lectures take the place of sermons. The clergy wear the costume of the laity. The original unity is broken up by the sectarian spirit, which multiplies divisions and subdivisions, till the substance of faith is disintegrated. It is far from

our present intention to pass opinion on the merit or demerit of this tendency. That is a large subject, and involves considerations essentially foreign to the purpose of this article. Desirable or undesirable, it is not favorable to art in any of its grand forms, which demand permanence, unity, and elevation of feeling, a blending of repose and aspiration, solidity of conviction coupled with a sentiment of yearning after ideal attainment. Art is poetic, and will not flourish in an unpoetic age.

The state, in America, is exposed to a similar process of decomposition. Ours is an administration by parties, and parties, as we know, split on temporary and local issues. All questions, the greatest and the least, are made partisan questions. Every social and political idea is open to debate. There are no undisputed principles. The very conception of government is by many repudiated, business committees acting instead of appointed officials. Even the mildest proposals of reform in the civil service of the nation are regarded with suspicion, as inconsistent with our fundamental ideas, which are held to require an equal division of party spoils. How far this movement may proceed it is idle to conjecture. One thing, however, is certain, — art cannot thrive under such circumstances, for this reason, among others: that the poetic faculties require as conditions of their exercise a state of serenity, and also points of established authority, as in Greece, Italy, Holland; whether the authority be monarchical or democratic matters not, so it be established. In fact, democratic institutions, when firmly believed in, may be preferable, since they insure permanence of administration, or, in other words, immunity from revolutionary change. But in countries where democratic forms are adopted, the faith in pure, disembodied, unemblazoned, unadorned ideas must be implicit. A democracy must be in the best sense rational, that is spiritual, in

order that art may take root in its soil; and from anything like this we are far distant at present, hope hardly daring yet to reach so high.

Another consequence of the leveling tendency in America is the devotion of mind to practical affairs, commerce, invention, politics, the various devices for obtaining place and power. The genius of the country is expended on the arts which materially exalt the individual in wealth or influence. The fine idealists, who might in other societies become poets or painters, give themselves to reform, the reconstruction of the state, the rehabilitation of religion. Goethe was of opinion that, in the coming generation, art would perform the office of religion in elevating and refining mankind. Thomas Carlyle, on the other hand, thought that the problems of religion would engross the creative energies of the mind, to the temporary exclusion, perhaps the long suppression, of art. Time will show which is right. Thus far, the signs favor the surmise of Carlyle rather than that of Goethe. In America the disintegration of religion has gone farther than in Germany, while the development of art is conspicuously less. In America, too, the finest minds devote themselves to the restatement of religious doctrines and the reinstallation of ecclesiastical forms, apparently feeling the necessity of intelligent religious faith as a condition of intellectual cultivation. This was characteristic of Emerson, and is almost a peculiarity of the highest order of intelligence. An instinct suggests that love of truth precedes love of beauty; for the love of beauty is evanescent unless it has foundation in truth. There can be no art where there is no conviction.

Some have maintained that the size of America is incompatible with fine art in painting; that none but coarse products are likely to grow from such a soil; that concentration, so necessary

for keen stimulus of intellectual faculty, is made impossible by the vast expanse of territory which spreads out on every side, and by the immensity of life's diffusion, which dissipates force of imagination. Greece, they remind us, was small; Italy was made small by divisions of land, and separations of government; Holland was diminutive; the area of Flanders was limited. The comparisons are striking, but the relation between bulk and attainment in artistic perfection is not, in the present instance, apparent. The American artist, like the European, lives within bounds: he dwells in a city, a town, a village; in Ohio or New York he occupies no more space than in Italy or Hellas. If genius possesses him, he lives in himself, as much alone as if he inhabited the corner of a desert, celibate and friendless. The quality required for greatness is genius, wealth of imagination. That will open heavens in a cavern, and will set waters running in a wilderness. Society is nothing, the stir of business activity is of no effect, political excitement is uninteresting, to one who has the glorious world of beauty in his soul. Let that vision dawn, and to him it matters not whether he lives in ancient Athens or in modern New York. Place and time and order of civilization are indifferent. Like the French Millet he abandons Paris for the seclusion of Barbizon.

Others have suggested that the climate of America is unpropitious to art, being too extreme and violent. The masterpieces of sculpture and painting were produced in even temperatures and sheltered spots of earth, like Attica, Lombardy, Southern Spain. And yet pictorial art in America is mainly devoted to landscape. Landscape is the peculiarity, we may say, of American art. If criticism has a word to speak, it is to the effect that the landscape is somewhat wanting in soul. Much of it is painstaking, conscientious, accurate.

Some of it is touched with a delicate feeling for beauty of line and color. But much of it is weak, sentimental, artificial. It lacks depth of sincerity, a constraining love of truth, reverence for the spirit of beauty in nature. Faith is absent from it,—faith in anything beyond the vision of the outward eye. The art is tainted by materialism; fine in quality, dainty and subtle, it is true, but materialism still. The afflatus has not come. Climate is not at fault. Nature is present in her loveliness. But nature invites a soul in complete sympathy with herself; to no other will she yield up her secret. Mere skill with the pencil will not suffice. How intimately familiarity with external nature may be associated with a general absence of faith in spiritual realities, or whether there is any traceable connection between them, is a question that need not be raised here. It is enough now to say that, as yet, faith in spiritual realities does not distinguish those who are externally most familiar with nature. Neither naturalism nor spiritualism seems to inspire them. They belong to no school of thought, but rather abjure what is called speculation. They profess to be realists, worshipers of things as they are,—meaning things as they appear,—not heeding the lesson of the poet's line, "And things are not what they seem." The artist of nature must believe that nature stands for something, either divine or demonic, and must express on canvas that persuasion. Otherwise, his work, however skillful and picturesque, is uninteresting. Turner was a believer, after his kind; so was Millet; so was Corot. But the American artist still cultivates the surface of his mind, and scrutinizes the superficies of the world about him. Yet he, of all men, should be a believer, if only in consequence of the magnificence of the scene he daily contemplates,—the expanse of sky above him, the width of view around. He should be an American, not

an Americanized European, and, seizing the essential idea of American life, should translate that into beauty. The characteristic quality of America is not bulk. Not by depicting Niagara, the mountains which surround the valley of the Yosemite, or the lofty scenery of the Blue Ridge, but by filling his soul with thoughts of the invisible glory, will the artist render himself immortal. His ideas cannot be the same as those held by ancient painters; but the faith in them need be no less sincere. It must, in fact, be equally profound, entire, unquestioning; else will the achievement be poor and cheap.

The assertion that art is eternal is one of those commonplaces that seem to signify a great deal, but in truth mean little. Faith in divine things is eternal, yet there have been ages of unbe-

lief. Hope is eternal, but many bosoms are uncheered by it, and large areas of humanity are unvisited by its consolation. Charity is eternal, yet love is a stranger to multitudes of hearts. The spirit of beauty will never die, and some will seek it. But eternal things, when domesticated in time, must conform to temporal conditions, and the conditions of eminent excellence in art are not easy. They were fulfilled once; whether they will all be again remains to be seen. Art of the mere decorative kind wealth may provide, as it provides carpets, rugs, curtains, wall papers, tapestries, coverings for chairs and sofas, carved furniture, and mantel ornaments. But art of an ideal, imaginative kind it originates not. As to creating such, it might as well dream of creating the stars.

O. B. Frothingham.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

X.

INDUSTRIAL AND BUSINESS INTERESTS.

The industry or labor of Mississippi appeared, in many places at least, to be in a less satisfactory condition than that of most other Southern States. It was pretty clear that the negroes were often cheated out of their wages, and that they were sometimes roughly and severely treated on the plantations; while they, in turn, were restless in various portions of the State, and somewhat turbulent, idle, and dishonest. In the "black districts" the white women were really afraid of the negroes, and apparently with good reason, judging from the frequent accounts of assaults on women by negroes. Where the white people are roughest and most given to violence the negroes exhibit similar traits. Probably these facts should not be regarded as standing in

the relation of cause and effect, so much as in that of similar results proceeding from like causes operating upon both races. In the towns of Mississippi and near them, the negroes have improved, and are still advancing in civilization; but in the regions in which the blacks greatly outnumber the whites, I could see little sign of any effort or tendency toward improvement. To remain for a few days in the heart of a black district always gave me a strong feeling of remoteness from the world of civilized life. I was irresistibly impressed by the vastness of the mass and multitude of a race alien, animal, half savage, easily made sullen or aroused to fury. It was not an agreeable feeling. One could see that, from their great preponderance in numbers, the negroes had a half-unconscious, half-conscious, animal, instinctive sense of their superior strength, just as, while

one wolf flees in fear from a man, a hundred wolves will face him impudently and aggressively. I felt that the problem of this part of the South was not so much political as social, industrial, and moral.

MARDI GRAS.

I saw the Mardi Gras festivities in New Orleans. The weather was very fine; the number of visitors in the city was said to be greater than ever before, and the spectacle more interesting and beautiful than on any former occasion. To me the objects of greatest interest were the people themselves. The vast crowds were wonderfully well behaved. There was some drinking, of course, and I saw a few arrests. But the police were efficient in a quiet, unobtrusive way, and there was apparent everywhere a sunny cheerfulness and spirit of good-natured enjoyment, which are always potent to banish ill-temper and turbulence. The hospitality to Northern military organizations and other invited guests was most cordial and profuse. The illumination at night on the principal streets was very fine. The spectacle, as such, seemed to me to be, if judged by any high standard, rather heavy, and lacking in the quality of illusion. Perhaps this could not well be otherwise in a street procession. The scenes and tableaux from the Norse mythology had a kind of splendor and magnificence in the equipages and trappings, which greatly impressed most spectators. I found myself in a party of Texan merchants and members of the legislature, who had so wild a desire to know what it was all about that I was compelled to keep up a running comment or explanation during the whole time of the passing of the procession. I can testify that some Southern people have a thirst for information which ought to satisfy the most exacting.

I tried to learn what is the real significance of Mardi Gras, and the reason

for maintaining this annual holiday and exhibition. Perhaps I am wrong, but I judge that the whole matter has a practical business basis. It brings a throng of strangers to New Orleans each year, and these visitors necessarily spend considerable money in the city; so that the festivity is pecuniarily profitable to many classes of the citizens. There were but few maskers on the streets, and I saw little evidence of gayety; only cheerful, social enjoyment of a holiday. The female personages in the historical and mythological tableaux are represented by men in women's dress. I attended two masked balls on the same night. As I entered the hall where the first was held, an officer approached, with a bow, and said in the politest manner, "You will please allow me to ascertain whether you have any weapons about your person." "Certainly," said I; and he ran his fingers lightly and quickly over my various pockets, and bowed to me to pass on. I remained here a part of the night, and then went to the hall where the other ball was given. When I presented my ticket, a policeman laughingly asked, "Ye have n't any big pistol about ye, have ye?" "No," I said, "but you can see for yourself;" and the process of search was repeated. The first ball was very stately and formal, and, it seemed to me, a trifle heavy and dull. It was warm, and the dancers, especially the ladies, found their masks oppressive. The other ball was of a very different character, as it was, I suppose, intended to be. The *abandon* grew wilder and wilder as the night passed, till the dance was, as to dress and behavior, as licentious as it could well be without becoming something else than a dance.

What I found most interesting and picturesque in New Orleans was a stroll through the old French Market, with a breakfast there. It affords glimpses of a life not native to the soil anywhere else in our country, with features at-

tractive both to the artist and to the student of civilization; but its old charm is not likely to be long retained.

NEGRO LABORERS IN LOUISIANA.

The organization and entire condition of labor on the great sugar plantations of Louisiana appeared to me to be superior to anything that I found elsewhere connected with Southern agriculture. The employers were evidently masters of the situation. They seemed to be just in their treatment of their laborers, and competent to direct and control them. One great feature of superiority, as compared with agricultural labor in other regions of the South which I visited, was that in the sugar country of Louisiana everybody paid cash, and there was no ruinous credit system. This impressed me as something wonderful, and scarcely possible, after the universal exhibition of the evils of the credit system (or, as it should be called, the debt system) in all the other Southern States. The negro laborers appeared to be cheerful, contented, and industrious. Each of them had as much good land for himself as he could cultivate, — from one to five acres on some of the plantations, — and they used the horses belonging to the plantations to do their own plowing. I looked over the account-books of the managers of some of the large sugar farms, and transcribed many pages. I see that the first name on one of the lists is that of a negro. He worked fourteen days for his employer in January, at eighty-five cents per day. The next name is that of a white man. He worked eight and a half days, at eighty cents per day. A negro boy, ten years old, received thirty cents per day, and supported himself and his mother. A first-class plowman was paid eighty-five cents per day; a negro carpenter a dollar and a half per day, and his board, all the year round; a negro blacksmith, two dollars per day and board all the

year; a stableman, twenty-five dollars per month. The negroes had all the chickens and vegetables about their cabins that they wanted, and many had cows of their own.

Almost everywhere in Louisiana I found a few negroes who were saving money and investing it in land. I saw one black man in Iberville Parish who had fifteen hundred dollars in the bank. The more industrious and thrifty negroes discouraged their own people from having anything to do with politics, saying that work would do them "a heap more good." I talked with one negro who was regarded in all the region near him as a leader among his people. He rented a sugar plantation, and employed many laborers, some of them white men. As I had learned that he had an idea of trying to improve the colored people, I asked him whether he tried to give them the right kind of education and advice about their political duties. He frowned, and asked me whether I ever got anything "out o' politics." He said, "We've been through it all hyah. I'm ready to fight anybody for anything that 's worth fightin' for. But when a nigger gits politics into his head he's a mighty po' han' in the fiel'." We had considerable talk. I had wondered at first at a certain asperity of manner, which I very rarely encountered in the South, among people of either color. Everybody seemed to wish to talk. But this man told me that he thought at first I was "gwine to talk 'bout politics to de han's; an' I wonder what de cap'n done sen' ye hyah fuh."

I told him that I did not care to talk with the hands, and that the captain had sent me to him because I wished to talk with some colored man who understood what was good for his own race. This seemed to mollify him, and he went on: "I thinks 'bout that a grea' deal. S'pose I goes to de Norf to wuk for you, cunnel. You has big cotton-mill,

or a plantation; you don' make sugar up dere?" "No," said I, "not this kind." "Well, I wuks fuh you, an' you an' de oder big men, you 'ten's to de politics. I don' know nuffin 'bout 'em; no mo' 'an a dam fool. Ef you makes good laws for yo' se'f, I's gwine to do well enough, an' don't you fergit it. I's gwine to wuk." He was a little excited by his own eloquence or earnestness. He seemed conscious of it, and said nothing more for a few moments; and then added, as if dismissing the subject, "Ef white men do well for themselves hyar, we hain't nothin' to fin' fault on."

In Louisiana everybody told me that the negroes were improving as laborers; at any rate, all old Southerners said so. This reminds me that throughout the South the harshest critics of the negro whom I met were Northern men, — men who had gone down there to work sugar plantations, grow cotton, etc. These men, being pushing, sharp, and energetic, after the Northern fashion, are always disposed to keep the negro laborers "up to their work." The negroes do not like to work for them. They require a steadiness of application and exertion of which the negro in general does not appear to be capable. He can work hard for a while "by spurts," or on a race, especially in a crowd, and if he is allowed to sing while at work. But for quiet, solitary, constant toil a first-rate white laborer is, I think, superior to almost any negro. The Northern men in the South are, as compared with Southern men, very exacting as employers. They are stern and impatient with their "hands," and usually irritate and confuse the negroes. Southern men are, usually, not at all exacting as employers of agricultural labor; they are not accustomed to being prompt or steadily industrious themselves, and they value their own ease too much to engage in any contest with the peculiar "ways" or traits of the negro. Thus,

the "shiftlessness," the slowness, the inefficiency, the habit of taking things so leisurely, as if one had infinite time at his command, — the features of the average negro life and character which are so exasperating to the energetic Northerner, — are accepted or recognized by most Southern people as something inevitable, like the course of the seasons, not to be accelerated or interfered with to any profitable end. I think I saw nobody in the South, white or black, except a few leading business men in the cities, who could do anything in fifteen minutes. It is not natural to hurry in that part of the world. I talked with a queer old man, in the pine woods in North Carolina, who had observed the restlessness of most Northern people when they first came to the South. He said they always acted "as ef they was hung on wires, an' somebody was jerkin' on 'em;" but Southern people "know how to take their time, an' plenty on it." In reply I made the usual sage remarks about differences of character as affected by climate and environment in general, and concluded with the opinion that life in the South during the time of a few generations would change the Yankee blood and temperament, and produce a race of people who could "go slow" on occasion. "Yes, yes," said he; "that's so, young man, that's so. I've seen 'em. It takes 'em jest about three weeks." If you give the negroes time, — to say nothing farther regarding these traits in the character of the white people, — they, going on in their large, slow, inorganic way, will accomplish important results in the course of the year. Exertion seems less necessary or desirable to dwellers in Southern lands than to Northern people. A distinguished American author has said that a man could be happy sitting in a chair, in the open air, all day, in Venice, and that if one wishes to work he should not stay there too long. I have never been in Venice, but I saw

many places in the South that appeared to resemble it closely in these respects.

"THE OLD TIMES."

In various parts of Louisiana I found many people who had lived on some of the great plantations before the war, and heard their accounts of the peculiar life of the inhabitants of some of these rich, retired regions in the interior of the State. The planters had considerable wealth, for that time, and they and their families lived a life of "elegant, refined leisure," with little business or care except pleasure and happiness. All supplies for the plantations came from New Orleans merchants. Once a year the young ladies had bonnets, and sometimes gowns, from Paris. Visits and parties and balls were the events of life. The young people had a good education; many of them were sent to Northern schools, but the South had good schools and colleges in those days. I do not doubt that it seemed to the people living it a pure and innocent life, happy and wholesome, and so natural and stable that it was likely to go on forever.

"We did not know it was wrong," said an accomplished woman to me, one day. "No one had ever told us it was all wrong, or that we were going on gayly toward an awful destruction. We knew no world but our own. We thought we were very happy, and we meant to be good. We were much attached to our people, — the negroes, I mean, — and they were happy, too, then. We heard sometimes of low, miserable wretches who abused their negroes, and how we despised them!"

"Would you rather have it all back, that old time and that beautiful life, if you could?" I asked.

"Oh, no; I think it is just like one of the great changes, revolutions, that we read about in history. It all had to be, I should think, and so it must be there is a Providence in it; it must be for the best, in some way."

After a pause, she went on: "I disposed of the war in that way, you see, and then I could be reconciled to it. We had our losses, too. My only brother, — there is his portrait," and she pointed to a life-size likeness of a handsome, boyish-looking young fellow in an officer's uniform, — "he died in prison, at Elmira, New York. We were up there afterward, but we could not find his grave. Excuse me," she said, as her voice broke a little, "I did not blame anybody about the war; did not hate anybody for it. I thought I understood the war — well, in a way. You know, perhaps, what I mean. It was too large, too awful a thing to hate anybody for."

"Now," said she, "you were on the other side, and I am talking to you almost as if you were on ours, or as if the war were away back in history." I bowed, and she immediately resumed: "But what happened after the war — some of it — I could not understand. I did not know where to put it, or how to classify it. It seemed like something which could not be, and yet was. Did you — did the North — wish us?" — and she became pale with agitation — "did the North wish us to regard black men as we regard white men, — as our companions and friends?"

"No, my dear madam; I assure you, we never wished that."

She looked at me keenly, with a troubled expression on her face, and exclaimed, "But let us not talk of that!"

This lady is the wife of a merchant in one of the smaller towns on Bayou Teche. The plantation which was her home before the war is but four miles away. We rode out and looked over it. It had passed out of the possession of her family, and was owned by a young man from Pennsylvania, who had erected a smart, Northern-looking frame house, with narrow verandas, — a mistake in that climate. He and his wife received us cordially, but, I thought, with a little embarrassment. As we

drove away from the house, the Southern lady — my hostess in the village — said, "I wished you to see the place. I do not like to come here, because that young man and his wife are sorry for me, I think. It was awkward, at first, and one day the young woman cried, and said she felt as if I ought to be the lady of the house. But I laughed at her, and told her not to feel so, as I did not grudge her the place."

The two families go to the same church, and both the women are interested in regard to the morals of the young negroes around them. I thought this a good instance of a practical kind of reconstruction.

DRINKING HABITS.

There seemed to be more drinking of intoxicating liquors by the better class of people than I have seen anywhere in the North, but I cannot say positively that this is true. Southerners are, however, certainly more social, public, and effusive with their drinking than Northern men are. I was constantly asked to drink, on the railroads, in the streets, and at the hotels. I rode in the smoking-car during the night after leaving New Orleans for the West, and just across the aisle sat a gigantic Texan. He drank from a large bottle more than half a dozen times, and each time as he took it out he first held it across toward me, and politely invited me to drink. His courtesy was unwearied, though I always declined. Almost everybody else in the car drank, — men, women, and children, — and although nobody was drunk, we had an extremely social and hilarious night. Of course, as was always the case in the smoking-car, a considerable number of the passengers were negroes. They were generally the most quiet portion of the company, but they sang occasionally, and quite drowned the conversation and the noisy laughter. The negroes commonly made themselves very much at home in the smoking-car,

and it often seemed that the whites, rather than they, were there by sufferance.

The drinking habit appeared to bring the two races nearer together, socially and in good feeling. Of course, white men do not so often ask negroes to drink with them as they ask each other; but it is a very common thing to see a group of white men drink together, and then, if there is a single negro near them, the man with the bottle holds it out toward the sable brother, and says, heartily, "Have some?" The invitation is always accepted. If a white man happens to be dry, something that occurs not infrequently, he does not disdain an invitation to drink because it is proffered by a negro. I never observed that my refusal to drink produced any unpleasant feeling, except, perhaps, once. As I was entering a theatre in New Orleans, to attend a ball, a gentlemanly looking man, somewhat intoxicated, asked me to drink with him. When I declined, as politely as possible, he appeared to be displeased, and invited me aside, saying that he wished to speak to me; but I asked him to excuse me, and passed on, the ticket seller at the same time warning me by a look not to remain. I thought that men under the influence of liquor seemed to be less pugnacious or ill-tempered than in the North.

AN OLD TOWN.

San Antonio! One feels and sees here that he is under alien skies, and among people somewhat unlike — well, say New Englanders, at least. Everybody talks a little Spanish and a little Indian, and a great deal more of a speech which is neither one thing nor another. There are Indians and Mexicans everywhere in the streets. Here I encountered the first beggar I ever saw on horse — or rather mule — back. He was riding a mule which was not very much larger than a sheep, and was a fat, contented-looking Mexican cripple, who

took off his hat, and offered up a devout prayer for each benefactor who dropped a coin into it. I gave him a trifle for the picturesqueness of his appearance, reflecting, also, that if half the stories I heard about Texas were true I might need his prayers before I got out of the country. There was a great deal of business in San Antonio, and money was plenty. The town is not supported, or its business sustained, in very large measure, by the productive industries of the surrounding country; but vast quantities of goods and supplies of all kinds are bought there by people who are going farther West, — though, of course, the stock-raising in the adjacent region is one source of the business and wealth of the town.

It is not in every way a pleasant place in which to do business. If a merchant should go there and open a new store, and attend to his own affairs in a quiet way, as in other parts of the country, he would soon find that his course was beset with great difficulties. The men already engaged in trade of the same kind would regard him as an intruder; they would resent his having come in without their permission as something not to be tolerated, an impudence requiring prompt punishment, and they would soon "run him out." I do not mean that he would be assaulted, or subjected to personal violence; but the old merchants would conduct a kind of "crusade" against him by inducing all their friends, and everybody whom they could influence, to let the new man alone, — to buy nothing of him, and give him no accommodation or recognition of any kind. Such proscription in business matters appeared to be more marked and vigorous than I had ever observed elsewhere. If a new man wishes to gain a footing in trade, he must first go about the town, and expend considerable sums of money with the men already established there, either by liberal purchases of their goods, or in suppers, wines, and

entertainments for them. Then he will have their permission, and may proceed with his business.

The Cuero people warned me about San Antonio, as I was on my way thither, as a cut-throat kind of place, one of the worst towns in Texas; while the San Antonio newspapers called the attention of immigrants and travelers to the fact that Cuero tolerated a class of desperadoes who were a terror and disgrace to all that part of the State. Each of these towns thinks well of itself, and the people of both speak with severity of the "bad places" in other parts of the State. "But here," the leading citizens said everywhere, — "here things are just as quiet and peaceable and decent as they are anywhere in the world." One may easily see what is the real state of society behind these conflicting representations. Old Texas has changed very considerably. There was a time when the inhabitants themselves recognized the fact that nearly all of them were fugitives from justice in the older States, who had "left their country for their country's good," and their own, and had found a convenient refuge in the "unchartered freedom" of society in the Lone Star State. In those days they regaled each other with stories of the misadventures which had rendered emigration convenient, and regarded a man as a cheat and a sneak who would not own to having been the object of the special solicitude of the sheriff, when he left his old home. A friend of mine, who was led to the State long ago by a mere wild, roving disposition, told me that he was unable to get into "good society" there while he pretended to have been an honest man; and was at last obliged to confess that he had beaten his grandmother nearly to death, in Ohio, and was compelled to flee the country.

But even Southwestern Texas is now much like other parts of the United States; that is, there are churches and

schools, and the other features of a settled and regular civilization, in all the towns. There are Northern and Eastern people everywhere, and those who seek for good society, and have any qualification for admission to its privileges, can find it there as readily as in the older States. The standards are not so much lower or easier as many people imagine. On the other hand, there is a rough, wild life, which is more prominent than in most Eastern communities, and it is very easy to get into its current. Drinking and gambling saloons and houses of ill-fame await silly and undisciplined youth on every hand. Many a young man has gone there with high hopes, and with money which he expected to form the foundation of a fortune, and has lost all in a single night's debauch.

When one looks at the Alamo and the Old Cathedral, and reads again the story of the siege and the massacre in 1836, it is easy to reproduce, in imagination, those scenes and the wild surroundings of that time. But, looking at the city as it is now, one is inclined to push the date of these savage occurrences further back into the past. Forty-five years seems scarcely long enough for all the changes that have taken place in the building up of so large a town. Much of the Alamo still stands intact. It is a long, narrow building, two stories high, — part of it, at least, — and is built of stone, with walls four feet thick. The rude carvings on the front have been battered and broken by cannon-shot. It is now used as a store or warehouse. A portion of the Old Cathedral, of similarly heavy and durable construction, stands a little distance away. In the upper story of a building adjoining the Alamo, an elderly Frenchman had a very interesting museum of stuffed animals, all of them inhabitants of this region. There were enormous specimens of the puma, or "Mexican lion," wild-cats, wolves, and other beasts of prey. The serpents

were of a size to shake the nerves of timid immigrants. Some of the rattlesnakes were five feet long, and as thick as a man's leg. When I spoke of their great size, the Frenchman politely informed me that he had some which were much larger; but I told him those I had seen would do very well for me, and that, if I should settle there, I should not care to have larger snakes. "Will monsieur have also one museum of ze animals?" he inquired, with much interest.

There were not so many negroes at San Antonio as I had found at other places, but some of them were intelligent and superior men. I could see that it was not a pleasant town for them. There was a strong and general feeling against a negro's being well dressed, self-respecting, and prosperous; a harsh and fierce kind of contempt for him; a feeling that he should be a menial, and nothing else, — a creature to be kicked, cuffed, and cursed, treated just as caprice or impulse might dictate, without responsibility or obligation on the part of those who should choose to maltreat him. I do not mean that the best people exhibited such a disposition regarding colored men, but it was the average and prevalent spirit of the place. If a negro behaves with propriety, lives quietly, makes money, and dresses well, many of the foreigners and Northern men say, "That damned nigger's puttin' on airs. He must be taken down a little, and made to know his place." The favorite method of accomplishing this object is by a brutal assault, two or three armed men setting upon a negro, and beating him to insensibility. They prefer that a colored man should be an idle, drunken, worthless vagabond.

The railroad men in Southwestern Texas are nearly all Northern men, — the engineers, conductors, bridge and tank builders, etc. Many of the firemen and brakemen are from Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. I

had much conversation with men of all these classes, as everybody was communicative in the extreme. There was much more sociability in the cars, on steamboats, in hotels, and at all public places than is usual in the North. Some of the railroad men were young fellows from the Northern and Eastern States, who, liking their work and the country in Texas, had brought their wives thither, and were boarding at the hotels, or were taking houses and going to house-keeping for themselves. At San Antonio I became acquainted with two such young people from Michigan. The young man had been building bridges and tanks on the railroads for two or three years, and had recently sent for his sweetheart. She came down to meet him at Austin, and they were married at once. She was a spirited girl, and was ready to "make the best of everything," as she said; but she was a little homesick, and did not greatly enjoy hotel life. The insects of the country were a source of disquiet to her. She turned pale at the supper-table when some one foolishly told a story about a scorpion, and her husband said, "She's afraid of bugs an' things. We boarded at an old hotel up the road for two weeks, an' my wife could n't sleep, because she saw some roaches scallyhoot-in' around whenever she went up-stairs. They was as big as turtle-doves are at home."

As we ran out from New Orleans toward Houston, we stopped at a way-station for supper. When we returned to the train, after our repast, a tall, good-looking young negro had come in, and had sat down in the seat just across the aisle from mine, which "belonged" to the Texan who so often invited me to drink with him. As we were to have an all-night ride, each of us of course wished to keep a whole seat for himself, if it could be done conveniently. So my Texan neighbor had left his overcoat "to hold the seat," and when he

came back and found the negro there he good-naturedly remarked, "Well, I reckon you may take som'ers else." We were in the smoking-car, but the negro rose, without demur, and, taking his bundle, stood by the door as the train started off. The Texan went on to say, still addressing the negro, lying down meanwhile so as to fill the whole seat, "I ain't a goin' to set with you. I'm a democrat." "Well," said the negro, "I'm a radical, an' I would n't set with you ef you wanted me to." "Yes," the white man replied, "I 'lowed you was a radical. I expect you're a good man, but you can't set with me." To this the negro retorted, "You need n't make a fuss; I'm not a-goin' to make you stand up because you're a democrat." "Well," the other went on, "ef ye had n't got up, I'd a-made yer." At this the negro glared on him savagely, but said nothing. A seat was offered him, but he declined it, saying that he should get out at the next station.

I had learned that my Texan friend was chief of police in one of the larger towns of the State, and when, some time afterward, I found myself in his city, with an hour to spare, I thought I would go to see him, feeling certain of a cordial greeting as an old acquaintance. In this I was not mistaken. I found him in his office. He was very glad to see me again, and opened his desk and took out a bottle, remarking as he did so, "No use to ask ye to drink, I reckon. *Won't* you take somethin' this time?" I said no, with thanks, and he asked, "How 've you ben makin' it? How do ye like the country?" I had told him, when we separated before, that I was from New England. After some talk of my travels, I asked him why he made the negro get up and leave the seat at Jeannerette.

"Why," he said, "do ye s'pose I'd make myself equal with a nigger? Ef I'd a set with him, would n't you think I was no better 'n a nigger?"

"No," said I; "I don't know that I should look at it that way."

"Well, now," said he, as he put his feet upon the table, "tell us how you fellows up there would do in such a case. How do you look at it there?"

I told him that Northern people had no desire for special association with negroes, but that I thought if we were really superior people we need not take much pains to show it, except, perhaps, by being obliging to everybody; and I asked him who he thought was about the greatest man in the world. He "allays 'lowed General Washington wuz, mebbe, or General Lee." Then I asked if he supposed that General Lee would have been afraid that people would think he was about the same as a nigger, if he sat down by one. He understood, and laughed heartily as he answered, "Oh, but General Lee was a heap bigger man than I am." Then he added, "Oh, you know, I wanted the seat. I had n't nothin' agin the nigger. You know, I told him I expected he was a good man."

We had considerable talk, and he appeared glad to learn that the "nigger equality" which the North believes in is that justice shall be equally within the reach of every human being under our flag. "I ain't nothin' to say agin that," was his reply. At the close of the conversation, when I told him that I was not certain that Northern men in general would treat the negroes any better than Southern men do, if all the circumstances were the same, he exclaimed, "Durned ef I don't believe you're as honest as any of us!"

I looked over a great deal of territory in Texas; going from San Antonio to New Braunfels, Austin, Hearne, Palestine, Longview, Mineola, Dallas, Sherman, and various other points, with frequent excursions across the country, away from the railroads. I received the impression of a vigorous life in the State, of a great country in the aggre-

gate, which yet includes much of poverty, indolence, and other features of a somewhat unsettled and uncertain life.

LODGINGS IN LITTLE ROCK.

I passed a day in Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas. It is a place of considerable business and capital, but the streets were extremely dirty, and the grounds about the State House had a wonderfully shabby and neglected appearance. The legislature was then in session, and I went in to see the representatives of the people of Arkansas. (Everybody in the Southwest says — and always has said — Arkansaw.) They were a fine-looking body of men, and were doing their work with an appearance of dignity and decorum, joined with good temper, which strongly attracted and interested me. I was in several similar assemblies, and, so far as I could observe, Southern men, in such public bodies, appeared to be characterized by decorous good humor. They always seemed to be comfortable, as if their business did not irritate them.

The negroes in Little Rock, and in that region, were not in a very promising condition. Many of them were idle and indisposed to labor, and there was a great deal of work done by white men which would naturally belong to the negroes, if they would do it. There is much good country in Arkansas, but it is often unhealthy along the streams, where much of the richest land lies. The State has hardly attracted the attention it deserves. I found many Northern people in Little Rock. Some of them were not of much advantage to the place, while others were doing well in business. I could not learn that there had recently been any trouble between the races there, but labor in that part of the country was not so well organized, or so prosperous, as in the sugar regions of Louisiana.

While traveling northward and eastward through Texas, I had "got ac-

quainted" with a poor fellow who had been ten years in the State, having gone out there with his young wife, soon after their marriage, from Alabama. He had "lived all over the State, on highlands and lowlands, and had been sick everywhere." He had finally given up the struggle with ill-fortune in Texas, and was on his way back to the old home in Northern Alabama, with barely money enough to carry him thither, "and with nothin' in the world to show fer all my work in Texas," he said, "but these six children." He was an excellent representative of a large class of "poor whites" found almost everywhere in the South. Not very well equipped by nature, in any respect, for the struggle of life, he was discouraged, and the little spirit he had ever possessed was exhausted by his long experience of sickness and failure. He knew little more than a child of the great world or its ways, and was painfully conscious of his ignorance and helplessness. He was afraid of everybody, and yet longed to trust every one, and to have somebody always to guide him and instruct him. The conductor on the train, a Northern man, was extremely harsh to him, which added to his distraction. I felt sorry for him and for his wife, who was a true and helpful consort and mother to the extent of her powers, but was not greatly superior to her husband.

We reached Little Rock very late at night, and this family had to wait till morning for a train. They could not remain at the railway station, and when they tried to find means of conveyance up town an army of hackmen and "runners" descended upon them, and, as I saw, were about to take all the money the poor fellow had, or nearly all, so that he could not have reached home. It occurred to me that instead of going to a hotel, as I had intended, I would go along with this family, and learn what a Little Rock cheap lodging-house might

be. So I dispersed the hackmen, took the business upon myself, and, having dragooned one young fellow into some measure of reason and justice, led the way to "a very good place," as the driver declared, "and as cheap as any."

It was nearly midnight when we reached the boarding-house. It had two rooms on the lower floor, and two above. The front room down-stairs was the dining-room, filled with chairs and long tables. Back of this was a small room which served as the kitchen, and as bedroom for the proprietor and his family. There was but one bed in it, and in this, when we arrived, the man of the house, his wife and three children, were sleeping. The man arose to receive us, and ushered us at once into the kitchen; then he lighted a lamp, and awoke his wife and eldest daughter, a well-grown girl of fifteen, who got up and dressed, as we waited for some arrangement for providing us with places for the remainder of the night. It was found that there was one vacant bed up-stairs, and this was assigned to the Texan family. They said in the morning that they had slept well, having been very tired. I was given a coverlet and a place on the floor, at the side of the cooking-stove, in the kitchen, just about large enough for my accommodation. I put my satchel under my head for a pillow, lay down on one half of my coverlet and drew the other over me, and was soon sleeping soundly, although the night was chilly and the room open and cold.

There was a litter of puppies, with their mother, on a bed of their own on the floor just back of my pillow, and in the night, some time, I was awakened by one of the puppies climbing over the satchel and over my face, and trying to find a place in my bed. Probably the little beast had been sleeping "on the outside," and had found it cold. I slapped him with some emphasis, whereupon he tumbled back over the satchel to his mother. He howled piteously,

and the other puppies howled in chorus, while their mother whined sympathetically. But I went to sleep again, and when I next awoke the woman of the house and her daughter were getting breakfast, and I found the climate torrid enough.

This family was from Illinois. They were "glad to see somebody from the North," and, as an expression of their pleasure, charged us more than the most exorbitant Southerner would have asked. I paid my own bill without grumbling, feeling that the experience and opportunity for observation had been worth the amount demanded; but I would not see my Texan friend imposed on, so I made them reduce his bill to just proportions. The poor, kind-hearted fellow! When at last I saw him on the cars, with a fair prospect of reaching his home without further detention, he was so grateful! He urged me to go on with him, and "stay a few weeks;" said his father had plenty of everything, and they would all be glad to see me, and to do anything for me. I did not doubt it, but could not command time for such a visit; so we said good-by.

Few things in my travels in the South were more pleasant, or more interesting, than the voyage down the Red River from Shreveport to the Mississippi. It was pleasant, to begin with things purely personal, to have a bed a little longer than the railway car seats, in which I had done most of my sleeping for some months before; and the food and table appointments and service were the best I found in the South. The boat did not undertake a regular passenger business, nor did it run on any time schedule. The captain warned me of this before we left Shreveport. "We are due everywhere," said he, "only when we arrive." The freight was mostly cotton, cotton seed, and bacon, with some corn, hay, wood, staves, hoop-poles, etc. The boat sometimes waited at landings for several hours,

while freight was brought in and loaded, and I had time for short excursions into the country at various points. The people of both races have the "ways," manners, and general characteristics of a new or frontier region. They talk loudly in the streets and in the fields, are extremely hospitable and accommodating, and very improvident.

I found a good many hard-working white people on small plantations along the river, some Northern families, but most of them natives of different Southern States. Most of them might make money, probably, but they buy too many things, and live too expensively; many of them devoting all that should be saved for the future to entertaining their friends and neighbors. The visiting is excessive, and amounts to a vice and dissipation. A whole family will often go in the morning, and stay all day; and if the neighbor or friend who is to be visited lives some miles away, the visit often extends to several days, lasting till the larder is empty. The hospitality to a stranger is so earnest, and almost forcible, that it is difficult to leave a neighborhood after a stay of only a few hours.

The negroes like to work on railroads and boats, and great numbers of them are thus employed in all parts of the South. Wherever there is a train employed in conveying materials for repairs, or for building bridges, the negroes, women as well as men, are very fond of riding up and down the country "on de 'struction train," as they call it. The captain with whom I came down had been "in the Red River business," as he said, for many years, sometimes running on the Mississippi, farther up. He told me that for a few years after the war the negroes in that region were entirely unsettled, and were, most of them, constantly going from place to place, with a vague notion that something wonderful was going to be done for them. "They thought life was goin'

to be jest a big circus." Many of them were powerfully influenced by superstition. Their preachers were every now and then receiving revelations, and the older negroes, the religious ones, continually saw signs "in the heavens an' the yea'th." Many felt that "de judgment day was a-comin'"; others held that the black people were to have this country "fuh deh own," and believed that the white people would have to work for them.

He said the negroes had done as well as could rightly be expected of them, but they were not like white people, and we ought not to expect that they ever would be. "Still," he continued, "they are not like they was before the emancipation, and I reckon they may change more and more; but they will never be like white men." He thought it "nature" for negroes to steal,—"don't know's I blame them very much,"—and said that "to require a negro to have forethought, and to lay up something for the future, is very hard on him; is like requiring a child to bear all the cares of an old, grown-up person. But it may do them good, after a while."

I asked the captain, one day, at dinner, if he had ever been to the North. He replied that he had been in New York and Philadelphia, and added, "I reckon if Northern people would come down hyar, they'd make a heap o' difference with this country, ef they did n't git to be as easy-goin' an' slipshod as we are. They could make money down hyar, shore." "Perhaps they would take too much of the business," I suggested, "and crowd Southern men out." "Oh, well, let 'em," he replied, and he dropped his knife and fork to speak with greater emphasis; "let 'em, ef they're smart enough. But I reckon this country's big enough for us all."

While on this boat I had much talk with a miner, who was on his way back to Georgia with his family, after a resi-

dence of many years in the mining regions of the Southwest. He had been living lately in a region "six hundred and eighty miles west" of some place I had never heard of before. He had a dry, condensed style of narration, as if he had but a small stock of language on hand, and must make every word tell as much as possible. He thought the rough justice of the mining regions as good as any,—rather better, I suspected, than the more elaborate and uncertain methods of civilization; and said the West was a good country for a man to mind his own business in. He liked life there, as a whole, but said the women and children got lonesome. I asked what people did there for amusement or entertainment. "Same as they do in other civilized countries, o' course," he replied; which, considering what he had told me of the wildness of life in that region, seemed so good an answer that I did not push my inquiries farther in that direction.

But he went on: "Some dam fools hunts cinnamon bear, when they can't find nothin' else to do. Now a cinnamon bear allus minds his own business, an' the old settlers out thar knows too much to meddle with 'em. It's the young chaps; they're mostly too fresh to keep long in that climit. Not long ago some English fellers come out thar, an' they must have a big hunt. They wanted me to go along, cause I knowed the country, an' they'd never seen no cinnamon bears. But I told 'em I had n't lost no cinnamon bears, an' had n't no time to hunt up other people's stock. Ef any o' thein was lost, it was all right for 'em to find 'em, but they must *excuse me*. Well, they went up in the foot-hills, an' they had mighty good luck."

Here he paused, but, knowing that it irritates such men to have a listener "try to be so smart" as to anticipate what they are going to say, I waited. "Yes, mighty good luck! The bear

knocked one hoss over a bank, an' broke the feller's leg an' his collar-bone, an' put his shoulder out o' place. His hoss was hurt so they had to shoot it. 'Nother chap found his bear, too, an' the bear chewed him up, an' knocked him around with sich a looseness that he did n't know which one of the brothers he was. The rest o' the party had to git some Chinamen from a minin' camp to bring the hunters into town on stretchers. So you see they foun' their bears, an' had fust-rate luck."

I can imagine few things more restful to one tired and worn with the life of towns than a few weeks of travel on one of those Red River or Mississippi steamboats; provided, that is, that the weary individual does not require any exciting amusement or entertainment. The country looks wild and unfinished, and to an exacting tourist would be monotonous. There is scarcely anything that can be called scenery. We do not often see a definite landscape, with well marked features or outlines. Every town and landing gives us a new glimpse into the life of the region through which we are passing, and we can sometimes learn much that is of interest about a place in the hour or two during which the boat is taking on and discharging freight. At night I was often awakened by the noise of running out the bridge, or by the voices of the negroes who were waiting, or had to be summoned for the work of unloading and housing whatever was to be left at the place. As they begin their work, the negroes always set up a song, or chant, or recitative of some kind, as accompaniment to their labor. Some of these are very curious. It seems as if the negroes could not work without some such vocal stimulus. I often listened to them as the men handled iron bars in foundries, and while they were loading wood, cotton seed, and other articles on boats and cars, and as they

were at their work as "section hands" on the railways. They always have a foreman, one of their own number, who directs their work and leads their song or chant. Sometimes he merely utters, in a high, sing-song tone, a constant succession of orders, to which the hands respond now and then as the work goes on; everything that is said is chanted, with a well-defined cadence and rhythm, often extremely musical and interesting: "Ready now! Give us light dar! What do yo' say now? All togedder dar!" and so on. Some of their songs or chants include queer, inarticulate shouts or cries and vocal explosions, — sounds which I am unable to represent by any combination of letters, but which, when softened by distance, are strangely impressive, and somehow made me think of strains which I have heard from some of the great singers. Perhaps they belong to a kind of savage, unwritten opera.

In Northeastern Texas, in Arkansas, and in Northwestern Louisiana I found that the merchants in many of the smaller towns felt insecure, on account of the frequency with which stores were robbed, safes blown open, etc., even in the day-time. In several instances, when they invited me into the small "office," or space railed off at the rear of the store around the safe, I saw a double-barreled shot-gun, sometimes two of them, standing within easy reach of the desk. One gentleman told me that some one of the firm, or of the salesmen in the store, was always in or near the office, and that whenever strangers more than two in number entered the store, the man in the office began handling the weapons, so as to display them, or asking questions, or making remarks about their having been loaded. Another merchant said, "Five or six men on horseback could clean us all out here 'most any day, unless we were ready for them."

CEDIPUS.

KINGDOM and spouse me prompted less than thought
Of that Mysterious One whose image, fell
But beautiful, drew me as Amphion's lyre
The steadfast stones. But most herself, herself,
And not her fatal riddle, vexed my peace.
Cruel and sweet and strong, the subtle spell
Of mingled potencies, love, wonder, fear,
Forever stirring my unquiet heart,
Tangled my fate with hers. For, looking deep
In my own mind, seeking the plummet-line
To sound her mystery, I, startled, found,
Instead of my own stature, safe and small,
A lengthened, wavering shadow, dimly cast
By flickering lamp upon dissolving mists
From unknown shape, — nothing, or anything,
Or all. My own familiar being slipped
From my sure grasp and faded into air.
But ever, as it vanished, seemed to blend
In one long thrill of shifting bliss and pain
With hers, as shadow into substance melts.
Strange, strange the bond that mocked, yet held me fast :
Me, whom prophetic fingers from my birth
Beckon or warn ; me, ominous to myself.
Vainly by day and night my baffled thought
Pondered the import of this prodigy,
Till, 'twixt the life that filled my throbbing breast
And that half hint of complex life, I hung
Most like the dim reflection of a bridge
Spanning the stream that parts our literal world
From shores unmindful of us. Gradually
I felt the presence of another life,
Wide, rich, and strong, and tranquil, of which mine
Was but a faint, inconstant echo, fill
All height and depth and distance ; drinking up
My drop of separate being, nevermore
Rounded in small completeness, — nevermore
Self-centred, whole. Thenceforth my pulses beat
In the large measure of my stretched sense.
Visions and sounds not meant for me disturbed
The easy rhythm of youth's unheeding tread,
And I fell out of step with man, because
I listened for the wide pace of the gods :
Yet heard them not, but only seemed to hear ;
And seemed to know that their full meaning broke
Just where, on the far edge of human thought,
That Being sat, and drew me to her, thrilled

With something that made music in my heart,
Yet filled me with immeasurable dread,
Shaming my manhood. For the jealous gods,
Though they may use us for their pastime, still
Cannot recall the gifts themselves bestow, —
Courage, and scorn of pain, and thirst for fame.
So, whether I had stumbled on their snare
Or stumbled on their secret, whether I
Tossed in the wind of my own fantasy,
Floated in limbo of immortal thoughts,
Or on the breath of divine traffic rocked,
That which I was, I was, — man capable
To act man's part, and let what must be, be.
So grew the strong desire to understand
The whither, whence, and why of man or sphinx;
Till, arming my weak fears with fortitude,
I dared confront my Terror; dared behold
Near what far off was terrible and fair, —
More fair, more terrible now to my faint heart,
Pierced with a power that made me long to yield,
Yet constant to destroy. Time stopped his flight,
Expectant, while I looked through eyes that blazed
Scornful and ravenous, down to a soul
Doubting and dark and void, though now made big
And insolent with triumph; yet beneath
That front of pride, and o'er the lion heart,
The tender refuge of her woman's breast,
In protest mute, lay pitiful and mild.
Slowly the balance of our beings swung
In that long gaze, and all my passionate fears
Drained to her lower level. Then a voice
Came like low thunder from reluctant lips,
And one by one words dropped upon my ear,
Falling like stones, but changing as they fell,
In my foreboding mind, to winged thoughts.
Their meaning, slow and clear, broke like the dawn
Across the desert's farthest, vanishing rim.
Wide open swung the gates of prophecy;
Waves of a mighty ocean suddenly
Broke on my inward sense; I felt the wind
Blow on my cheek from Hades' opened door.
But she, that riddle, read within my eyes
My answer true, and her imperious gaze
Faltered and faded. From her visage bold
Fled its late spell of mystery and dread,
While blank astonishment and horror froze
Its shame and rage to stone. Then, frantic, she
Dashed at despair, as I, erewhile, at fate,
Her triumph, doubt, and doom all merged in mine.

So Cædipus, in his seven-gated Thebes, —
 When, in deep sleep, out of the gathering gloom
 Of thickly crowding portents, sudden flashed
 A vision of the Sphinx, cleaving the night, — rehearsed
 That obscure page, traced by his proper hand
 Though not in his own character, while the curse
 Close creeping, darkened all his laboring mind,
 And o'er his star its baleful shadow flung.

Agnes Paton.

HAMLET IN PARIS.

THE scene is laid at Paris, in the salon of Madame Necker, one evening in the year 1787. The conversation, as usual, turned upon literature, for most of the *habitués* were men of letters: M. de la Harpe, M. Suard, the Abbé Morellet, the Abbé Galiani, M. de Saint-Lambert, M. de Florian, Mr. Gibbon, M. de Marmontel. Amongst the ladies might be noticed Madame de Lauzun, Madame de Monaco, Madame de Barbantane, Madame de Blot. Monsieur le Comte de Buffon had put in an appearance in the course of the evening, as also had Madame de Genlis, but they had left early: M. de Buffon on account of the fatigue of his great age; Madame de Genlis because the women present were all hostile to her, particularly Madame de Blot. At the supper table the conversation continued, and M. Necker happening to mention the name of an extravagant poet, M. de Piis, who had just published a ridiculous poem on the alphabet, Marmontel said, —

“In faith, I believe Ducis is as cracked as Piis. Have you read his last pieces?”

“Prodigious!” replied Madame de Staël; . . . “but if Ducis understands Shakespeare, how is it that a sun so pure does not enlighten the poor man with a single one of its rays?”

M. de la Harpe did not respond, because he did not like Shakespeare. The school of M. de Voltaire did not under-

stand this prodigious genius, and it was agreed amongst the disciples that Shakespeare was a *barbarian* and an *ignoramus*. “For that matter,” wrote the Duchesse d’Abrantès, who has reported this conversation, “we French were not happy in our judgments at that time. . . . As for Shakespeare, however difficult it may be, it is a sacrilege not to understand him. Shakespeare is the Homer of the theatre! We failed to recognize him for a time; now [1837] that we admit his beauties, may we feel them all! Madame de Staël had one of those souls that anticipate genius; she divined its presence by the perfume that it spreads around. And so, before she could read the celebrated authors in their own tongue, she studied them in translations. But at the epoch of which we are now speaking, being already familiar with the high literary marvels of other nations, she could not endure to hear M. de la Harpe concentrate all literature in our language. She was not then the woman that she afterwards became, — a woman whom the universal voice proclaims the first of her age, no matter which nation claims her as its child; but already she felt that in order to understand our author we must read him in the language in which he wrote. . . . Madame de Staël then asked M. de la Harpe if he read Shakespeare in the original; he replied, No, but with

a dictionary. . . . 'Then,' said Madame de Staël, 'I will talk to you no longer about Shakespeare; we should never understand each other.' M. de la Harpe saw that his position was a bad one, and went back upon Ducis; luckily, he had there more than an easy triumph, for King Lear and Macbeth had just been represented. The unfortunate Ducis was passed under the scalpel with cruel severity; and to tell the truth, when M. de la Harpe recited in a mocking tone these verses from Le Roi Lear,

. . . 'Végétaux précieux,
Si vous pouvez m'entendre et sentir mes alarmes,
Fleurissez pour mon père, et croissez sous mes
larmes,'

it was impossible to remain serious. Vegetables that grow under tears! that hear! that feel! M. de la Harpe had the *beau rôle* here, and Madame de Staël, always prompt in discussion, had forgotten that which is the palliative of sharp debate. Madame Necker remedied this forgetfulness, for she saw the brow of Aristarchus becoming cloudy, and she never allowed a guest to leave her house with a painful impression. 'M. de la Harpe,' said Madame Necker to him, 'you must pardon my daughter for having caused you a little annoyance, the more so as I was witness of her emotion when she saw the piece which, on the following day, made us forget the absurdities of Le Roi Lear.' 'Then you have seen Le Roi Lu, madame? It is indeed a ravishing parody, at which you must have cried with laughing.' 'No, no, not the parody,' replied Madame Necker. 'What my daughter saw was a translation, too, but a beautiful and truthful translation of Sophocles.' "

At this point Madame d'Abrantès gives us to understand that La Harpe looked modestly at his boots, while his face flushed with joy at this reference to his translation of the Philoctetes of Sophocles, which had just been played at the Théâtre Français.

But, in spite of their shortcomings,

Ducis's adaptations of Shakespeare met with immense success. Not only were they discussed in the most select salons of the time, as we have seen, but in the majority of the salons they were profoundly admired. This very King Lear, which was the butt of M. de la Harpe's witticisms, obtained such success that a contagious craze of exaggerated sensibility invaded the society of the day.

The fashion then was to shed tears of tenderness and sympathy, and so in society you heard nothing but gloomy stories, dismal histories, and touching narratives, recited by charming young persons, whose ideal was the sentimental prettiness of Greuze. The *théâtre de société* was all the rage. The taste for amateur theatricals pervaded all classes, and *la mimomanie* reigned supreme at Versailles as well as in the dramatic societies of the Marais and of the Rue Popincourt, in the mansions of the nobility as well as in the parlors of the middle classes. In all the *châteaux* and *maisons de plaisance* near Paris, stages were built. From one end of France to the other, society dreamed only of one thing, — acting, *jouer la comédie*. At the Prince de Conti's private theatre, Jean-Jacques Rousseau's grand opera of the Nine Muses was produced; Le Mariage de Figaro was played for the first time at M. de Vaudreuil's theatre at Gennevilliers. But the private theatre that attracted most attention, and that had the privilege of bringing two hundred coaches three leagues out of Paris, was the model stage of M. de Magnanville, at La Chevette. And what was the *pièce de résistance* at M. de Magnanville's? A tragedy of the Chevalier de Chastellux, "*tiré du théâtre Anglais et accomodé au notre*," entitled Roméo et Juliette!

It may easily be imagined that in the country of Racine, Boileau, and Delille the name and genius of Shakespeare had not come into vogue without encountering violent opposition. In 1787 we find

the disciples of M. de Voltaire treating Shakespeare as a barbarian. Nevertheless, it was no other than Voltaire who had introduced his countrymen to the beauties of Shakespeare. During his three years' stay in London, from 1726 to 1729, Voltaire became familiar with the English language and literature; and when he returned to France he brought back with him the sketch of his tragedy of Brutus, inspired partly by Addison and partly by Shakespeare. In 1732 he produced his tragedy of Eriphile, in which certain details, and notably the apparition of Amphiaräus, in the fourth act, were copied from Hamlet; and in the same year he wrote Zaire, the plot of which is traced upon that of Othello. Meanwhile, in his *Lettres sur les Anglais*, Voltaire had spoken with enthusiasm of Shakespeare, and had given an excellent translation of the famous monologue of Hamlet. In his prefaces, too, he had frequently spoken of the English poet, and his works at this epoch were full of imitations of him. The remarks of Voltaire were by no means without influence. Public attention was awakened, and France became conscious that there were things curious and admirable outside her own boundaries. The reform movement declared itself frankly and openly. English literature became a favorite study, and Anglomania a fashion daily increasing in extent.

One of the most singular incidents in the literary life of Voltaire is the manner in which, after having introduced and imitated Shakespeare, and after having, during twenty years, lent his approval to the dramatic reform movement which he had himself begun, he suddenly turned round upon his former idol, and appealed, before Europe, to the tribunal of the French Academy to defend Sophocles, Corneille, and Racine, and, last but not least, Voltaire, against the invasion of "Gilles Shakespeare and Pierrot Letourneur." This episode is

too long to be related here. It is enough for us to remember that the Shakespearean movement in France was begun under the auspices of M. de Voltaire, and that one of the first plays with which the French became familiar was Hamlet.

The earliest translation of this play is that given by De la Place, in the second volume of his *Théâtre Anglais* (Paris, 1745); a publication which, although full of defects, did much to help on the dramatic reform then in preparation, — the cause of the modern drama against the Racinian tragedy. His Hamlet is a mixture of prose and verse, both of the roughest kind; whole scenes are omitted, others are simply analyzed, and the words and thoughts of Shakespeare are throughout curiously distorted. Nevertheless, the *Théâtre Anglais* was the book of the day; the enterprise was bold and new, and the author, in his first volume, while sounding high the praises of Shakespeare, was careful to anticipate all objections on the ground of taste, style, and dramatic liberty. At the end of his ingenious and vigorous preliminary discourse he says, "Let us, then, beware of condemning irrevocably what our grandchildren will perhaps one day applaud."

In 1769, Ducis, "*le bon Ducis*," began that series of unfaithful imitations of Shakespeare with which posterity has so often reproached him, but which his contemporaries received with applause, such as no modern translations or adaptations have yet obtained. His Hamlet was the first that was produced on the French stage.

At this time the general opinion as regards Shakespeare, both of French people of fashion and of the men of letters who did not belong to the opposition, was summed up in a *boutade* of the "*roi Voltaire*," in which he characterized the English poet as a "*barbare frotté de génie*." But Ducis did not attempt to force Shakespeare upon his contemporaries in all the novelty and

strangeness of his form and conception ; he simply endeavored to adapt his tragedies to the French dramatic system, and also to the moral ideas and language of his age, knowing that it is easier to change the legislation and constitution of a people than its tastes and pleasures, and bearing in mind that nothing is more obstinate than a fashion — so long as it lasts.

Now it must be remembered that neither the *grand siècle* nor the *grand monarque* had loved truth in art. The encouragement of Versailles and the applause of public opinion had guided the efforts of sculpture, of painting, of architecture, and of literature towards a deceitful grandeur and a conventional nobleness that confined the beautiful within the solemnity and formalities of a narrow etiquette. When the century of Louis XV. succeeded the century of Louis XIV., when a France of gallantry issued from a France of ostentation, when men and things became smaller as royalty became more human, the ideal of art and of literature still remained factitious and conventional ; only the ideal descended from majesty to grace. In everything, in the second half of the eighteenth century, we find a refinement of elegance, a quintessence of amiability, of charm, of color, of gracefulness. The stage, books, statues, pictures, houses, rooms, nothing escapes from the invading prettiness of this delicious decadence. Prettiness is the essence and formula of the time. The charm of French women at the end of the eighteenth century was not piquant grace, but touching grace ; they sought not to fascinate, but to produce an emotion. In this age of *sensibilité* it became the fashion to return to nature, to admire the country, to be humane, to have a heart, to taste the sweets and tenderness of natural affection, to be a good father and a good husband, to have a soul, virtues, religious emotion, to believe in Providence and immortality, to be capable of enthusiasm. Just

at the moment when Europe was preparing to send the armies of Brunswick against France, France was seized with the noble and charming craze of universal fraternity. In that much-calumniated epoch, the nation was lifted above itself by great hopes, by noble illusions, by sublime aspirations towards a more elevated ideal. The language of the day was tender, pure, and sentimental ; the types of the painters and the heroines of the novelists strove to replace the expression of wit by the expression of sentimentality, and the smile that comes from thought by the smile that comes from the heart.

Ducis endeavored to impregnate the characters and some of the incidents of Shakespeare's plays with that sensibility which Rousseau and Diderot had brought into fashion. He simply adapted to the taste of his age the "beauties" that struck him in Shakespeare ; and so well did he succeed in "nationalizing" his model that up to within quite recent times his quaint arrangement of Othello was constantly played and applauded at the Comédie Française, in preference to the excellent and faithful translation of Alfred de Vigny. Ducis never even professed to translate Shakespeare. "I do not understand English," he wrote in his preface, "and yet I have dared to produce Hamlet on the French stage. Everybody knows the merit of the Théâtre Anglais of M. de la Place. It is after this work, so valuable to literature, that I have endeavored to render one of the most singular tragedies of Shakespeare." The rôle of Hamlet was created by Molé, and the piece achieved a success which encouraged Ducis to continue his series of Shakespearean adaptations.

Nobody, nowadays, would think of reading the Hamlet of Ducis except out of literary curiosity. However bold it may have appeared at the time, it now seems insipid beyond expression. The object of the tragedy, as arranged by

Ducis, is to show in Hamlet a model of filial piety. Hamlet is represented as reigning king of Denmark, and Claudius as the heir apparent, plotting against the throne. In the *dénoûment*, poetic justice is distributed to all in a calm and dignified manner. Hamlet kills Claudius, and, turning to his guilty mother, he says to her, "Return to your duty; repair your offense; my vengeance is satisfied with one victim." Then Gertrude stabs herself, exclaiming, —

"Ce fils trop généreux, par un reste d'amour,
Désobéit au ciel en me laissant le jour:
Puisqu'il n'ose venger un père déplorable,
C'est à moi maintenant de punir le coupable."

So Hamlet lives. His cup of misfortune is full to the brim, but he says, —

"Ma vertu me reste;
Mais je suis homme et roi; réservé pour souffrir,
Je saurai vivre encor; je fais plus que mourir."

In his excessive sensibility and respect for the sensibility of his audience, Ducis contrived a double *dénoûment* for nearly all his pieces: one intended for the stage; the other, for the use of "*âmes sensibles*," to use a favorite phrase of the day. In the second ending of this tragedy, Claudius is supposed to be torn to pieces by the mob, behind the scenes, and so Hamlet's hands remain free from the stain of blood.

The success of the Hamlet of Ducis continued far into the present century. Even severe critics like Geoffroy recognized beauties of the first order in the adaptations of Ducis, of whom he said, "Ducis a son génie dans son cœur, et c'est là qu'il est bien." It was in the Shakespearean versions of Ducis that Talma obtained some of his greatest artistic triumphs, and the rôle of Hamlet was one of his finest, after that of Othello.

We may dismiss in a few lines the different French translations of Hamlet, in order to arrive at two capital events in the history of Hamlet in Paris: the visit of the English actors in 1827–28 and 1844–45, and the translation of Al-

exandre Dumas and Paul Meurice, the only adaptation of the piece, with the exception of that of Ducis, which has ever been produced upon the dramatic stage. The various translations that we have to mention are that of Letourneur (1776); the same revised and corrected by Guizot and Amédée Pichot in 1821, and by Francisque Michel in 1839; that of Benjamin Laroche (1841), of Montégut (1868), of F. V. Hugo, which remains up to the present the best literary translation that exists in the French language, and one by Théodore Reinach (1880). None of these were intended for the stage.

The visits of Kean, Kemble, and Macready, between 1827 and 1845, enabled the Romanticists and the generation of 1830 to become acquainted with Shakespeare's masterpiece, interpreted by native actors. Even in 1827 Shakespeare was not yet accepted in France. Most of the Academicians and tragic poets of the time looked upon him with suspicion; the newspapers made his name the butt of their jokes; and the grave Davicquet, the predecessor of Jules Janin as dramatic *feuilletoniste* of the *Journal des Débats*, refused even to mention his name. Shakespeare's only admirers and defenders were a group of young men, writers and artists, who used to meet in the garden of the Luxembourg, under the colonnade of the Odéon, or in the reading-rooms of the Latin quarter, in order to read and declaim in sympathetic company the scenes of Hamlet or of Macbeth. This group was the kernel of the band which, under the leadership of Victor Hugo, was destined soon to bear aloft the banner of Romanticism, and to fight the battle of Shakespearean drama against Racinian tragedy, of truth and nature against the Aristotelian canons. The movement had been begun by Diderot. Madame de Staël had given it a name and augmented its force by making it acquainted with German thought and poetry. But the young Shakespeareans

were far from being in harmony with the average opinions of their contemporaries. "The liberalism of the classic Constitutionnel," says one of them, the Count Armand de Pontmartin, in his *Souvenirs d'un Vieux Critique*, "almost accused us of being doubly unpatriotic: first of all, in sacrificing to a foreigner [people no longer said, as Voltaire had said, "a drunken savage"] the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine; and secondly, in forgetting too easily the grievances of France against perfidious Albion."

However, on the first night of *Hamlet*, performed by the English company, the Odéon was crowded. The band of Shakespeareans had met at the Café Voltaire, on the Place de l'Odéon, and had organized themselves to combat the Philistines, the *bourgeois*, the readers of the *Constitutionnel*, the clan of *per-ruques* and *momies*, who still cherished a remnant of national rancor against the victors of Waterloo. The chiefs of the Shakespearean band were Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Alexandre Dumas, Alphonse Karr, Alfred de Musset, Eugène Delacroix, the brothers Johannot, the brothers Devéria, Emile and Antoine Deschamps, Sainte-Beuve, Chenavard, Barye and Préault, the sculptors, Louis Boulanger, Théophile Gautier, Philarète Chasles, etc.,—all the young generation, whose talents were ripening to give lustre to their age.

The Romantics carried the day easily, and their enthusiasm knew no bounds. From the literary circles and the newspapers the excitement spread to the general public, and English literature again became the craze of the hour, as it had already been in the last century. Almost every day some new translation of Shakespeare, Walter Scott, or Byron, saw the light; the newspapers were full of enthusiastic essays on the subject of English poets and prose writers; and Kemble and Miss Smithson were the idols of the day.

"I knew only the Hamlet of Ducis!" exclaims Alexandre Dumas, in one of his prefaces. "I went to see that of Shakespeare. Imagine a man born blind to whom his sight is restored, and who discovers a whole world of which he had no idea; imagine Adam waking up after the creation, and finding under his feet the enameled earth, over his head the flaming sky, around him trees with golden fruits, in the distance a broad silver stream, at his side a young and chaste wife: you will then have an idea of the enchanted Eden whose gate this representation opened for me. . . . Oh, this, then, was what I was seeking; this was what was wanting; this was what was destined to come to me!"

In less hyperbolic terms, in a letter to a friend, written in 1828, Eugène Delacroix wrote, "The English actors have opened their theatre. They are working miracles, since they are filling the Odéon, until the very paving-stones of the quarter tremble under the wheels of the carriages. In short, they are in vogue. The most obstinate Classicists have lowered their colors. Our actors are going to school, and opening wide their eyes. The consequences of this innovation are incalculable."

In order to complete the reader's idea of the progress of Shakespeareanism in France, we will pass over a period of sixteen years, and take up the *Journal des Débats* in December, 1844. Macready had been playing *Hamlet* in English to an appreciative Parisian audience. The critic of the great journal, although he found the tragedy of *Hamlet* wanting in what he considered the first element of dramatic interest, namely, action and the struggle of the passions, still hung with ecstasy on the lips of the melancholy dreamer, *Hamlet the Dane*. The reason was, he says, that "the voice of *Hamlet* awoke sentiments and thoughts that have worked upon all the hearts and minds of our times. In this unique tragedy Shakespeare is more than

a great poet; he is a great prophet and a precursor."

The task of familiarizing the French with Hamlet, begun so brilliantly by Kemble, Kean, and Macready, was completed by Eugène Delacroix and Alexandre Dumas. Eugène Delacroix, the only French painter of the century who takes undisputed rank beside Rubens, Veronese, and David, was profoundly influenced by Shakespeare. Many of his finest pictures and lithographs were of Shakespearean subjects, — scenes from Macbeth, Henry VI., Othello, Romeo and Juliet. But it was particularly to Hamlet that Delacroix gave his thought and care, and it is, perhaps, more from Delacroix's compositions than from any translation that the figure of Hamlet has become familiar to the French. From the picturesque point of view, Delacroix's conception of the feudal Middle Ages corresponds to that of Anglo-Saxon artists; his figures, however, are rather the lean and nervous creatures of the South than the stalwart and ruddy men of the North. Although the type varies in some of the pictures and lithographs, Hamlet is in nearly all of them represented as a beardless youth; and in one of the compositions, that of the grave-diggers, Delacroix's model appears to have been a woman. This extreme youthfulness of Hamlet does not harmonize entirely with the text of Shakespeare, nor with the age and experience which the irony and skepticism of Hamlet imply. Still, from the French plastic stand-point, we can understand that this type was found perfectly satisfactory. On this subject George Sand has written, "Personne n'a sent comme Delacroix le type douloureux d'Hamlet; personne n'a encadré dans une lumière plus poétique et posé dans une attitude plus réelle, ce héros de la souffrance, de l'indignation, du doute, et de l'ironie, qui fut pourtant, avant ses extases, le *miroir de la mode et le moule de la forme*, c'est à dire un 'homme du monde accompli.'"

The Hamlet that Delacroix has represented is not the harsh, unhappy, violent, and almost turbulent creature that the actor Rouvière afterwards made to live on the stage; it is a delicate, pallid Hamlet, with white, feminine hands and tapering fingers, an exquisite nature, but without energy, undecided, and with an almost expressionless eye. In this figure Delacroix seems to have sought to express the very essence of that singular and obstinate melancholy which was one of his most remarkable qualities, and which manifests itself in all his works in the choice of subjects, in the expression of the figures, in their gestures, and in the style of the color. Dante and Shakespeare, the two great painters of human sorrow, held the highest place in Delacroix's affection.

The history of the translation of Hamlet, in five acts and in verse, played at the Théâtre Historique in December, 1847, has been related at length by one of the authors, the elder Dumas, with his usual exuberance and inexactitude of detail. The authors who figure on the title-page are Alexandre Dumas and Paul Meurice. Being curious to know to what the collaboration of Dumas amounted, the present writer recently asked M. Meurice to give him his version of the matter, which is recorded here almost in M. Meurice's own words:

"I was then quite a young man, almost a boy; a freshman, in short. Ostensibly I was a law student, living in the Latin quarter. Being already a great admirer of Shakespeare, and with a view to getting practice in dramatic verse-writing, I had translated the principal scenes of Hamlet. I was at that time fairly familiar with English; at any rate, I could read it with facility. And so, without any special idea of having my work played, I continued until I had translated nearly all the piece; I had omitted only the connecting and transition scenes. One day I happened to speak of my translation to Dumas,

who was an enthusiastic champion of the Shakespearean movement.

"‘Ah!’ said Dumas. ‘You must show me that!’

"‘I brought my manuscript. Dumas read it.

"‘The translation is very good, very good,’ was the verdict; ‘the verses are well turned. I will get it played for you at the Théâtre Français. Ligier [a celebrated actor of the time] is tired of playing the insipid Hamlet of Ducis, and I am sure he will jump at the opportunity of at last playing Shakespeare’s Hamlet. But I am afraid of the dénouement for the French stage, you know; it is perhaps a little too audacious — the public is hardly accustomed to that sort of thing.’

"‘I of course protested, in the name of Shakespeare and on the ground of the respect due to genius.

"‘Yes, yes,’ continued Dumas, ‘I know, — you are quite right; but the French public will never put up with that slaughtering at the end. We shall have to tone that down and make it less violent.’

"‘Although my conscience continued to protest, still Alexandre Dumas was a master in matters concerning the drama. I was only a boy, and so I yielded. But wishing to respect Shakespeare, even in changing his sacred text, I suggested the adaptation to Hamlet of the apparition of the ghosts of Clarence, Rivers, Hastings, Queen Anne, and the other victims of Richard in the last act of Richard III.

"‘Dumas was enchanted.

"‘The idea is splendid. Go and write the scene, and then we will see what the committee of the Français has to say about the piece.’

"‘So I wrote the final scene as it was afterwards played. Meanwhile, Dumas arranged the *scenario*, intercalated a few verses here and there to connect the scenes, and altered the beginning. But, with the exception of these few verses,

I was really the author of the whole translation, including the dénouement.

"Thus arranged, the piece was read at the Théâtre Français, and accepted by the actors, who were then the sole judges in such matters; but it was accepted, or, to use the French term, received à *correction*, that is to say, on condition that certain alterations should be made in it by the authors in concert with the actors.

"Dumas was furious when he heard the verdict.

"‘Quoi? Mais on ne reçoit pas Shakespeare à *correction*! Ou on le reçoit ou on ne le reçoit pas du tout! Tas d’imbéciles!’

"And he took up the manuscript, and stalked out of the theatre."

Dumas’s version differs considerably from that of M. Meurice, and in it Dumas claims for himself the glory of having first conceived the idea of the translation and the dénouement. Dumas furthermore relates the incident of the Théâtre Français differently, and without the fine *mot* which M. Meurice attributes to him. However this may be, the piece was first played at Saint-Germain, in September, 1846.

"I was then living at Saint-Germain," writes Dumas (*Étude sur Hamlet*). "I hired the little theatre of that town for my own private pleasure. This was that epoch of luxury with which I have been so much reproached, and for which I have had to pay so dearly. Rouvière and Madame Person received the principal rôles, those of Hamlet and Ophelia. The others were distributed amongst the artists who happened to be there, and who were obliging enough to accept them. Then, one night, after dinner, I took my guests to the play. I had Hamlet performed. I gave a supper to them and to the artists, and I sent them all away by special train at three o’clock in the morning. Hamlet had great success. It was played fifteen times at Saint-Germain, and left me out of pocket

only 3000 francs for my supper, the cost of the seats at the theatre, of the scenery, and of the special train."

In 1847 Hamlet was produced at the new Théâtre Historique, with Rouvière in the title rôle. The piece proved a popular as well as a literary success, and for the next twenty years Rouvière and Hamlet were one. From time to time Rouvière laid aside his suit of sable to play other parts; but it was always to resume at the first opportunity the cap and black feathers that set off so strikingly the swarthy paleness of his face. The career of this Rouvière is worthy of a chapter by itself, thankless as is the task of evoking the shadowy memories left by a vanished actor. Of Rouvière's Hamlet, Théophile Gautier wrote in the *Moniteur*, —

"In an epoch of stupid fairy pieces, of idiotic *vaudevilles*, and of operettas that have no music in them, Rouvière, with unshakable faith, constituted himself the priest of the great William Shakespeare." By this time, it must be remembered, the golden days of French Shakespeareanism had passed; the fine enthusiasm of the Romanticists had vanished, to take its place in the limbo of the legends of the past; Offenbach had appeared, and the desecration of Olympus had begun. Amidst this spreading abomination of desolation, continues Gautier, Rouvière "penetrated the mysterious depths of that gigantic creation of Hamlet, which seemed untranslatable on the French stage. Sagacious as the criticism of Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister*, picturesque as the illustrations of Eugène Delacroix, fantastic as Kean or Kemble, he made the Prince of Denmark live, breathe, walk, and dream. . . . No one ever rendered as Rouvière did that hesitation of thought before action; that mixture of feigned madness and involuntary madness; that visionary eye, in which are reflected phantoms invisible to the rest of the world; that profound reverie, interrupted by convulsive awak-

enings through contact with reality; that sacred horror in presence of the bloody task imposed by the Ghost; that philosophical uneasiness interrogating the other life, one foot on the brink of the grave, and a skull in one hand, — all the delicate and diversified shades of that immense rôle, which one would think it impossible to act. . . . What distinguished Rouvière from other actors, besides his passionate and romantic comprehension of Shakespeare, was the extreme care which he displayed in the outward composition of the character that he was representing. He drew Hamlet with his person as Delacroix drew him with his pencil. In Othello, his postures, his costumes, his gestures, and his style reminded you of the magnificent etchings of Théodore Chassériau. He not only acted his poet; he illustrated him, and made of each scene a picture."

The alterations which Alexandre Dumas introduced into Hamlet were guided both by his experience of the stage and by his instincts as a Frenchman. The problem which presented itself to Dumas, as to all French translators of Shakespeare, was to acclimatize an Anglo-Saxon poet in a Latin country; to transplant works that grew in a land of reverie, of fantasy, of vague and profound imagination, into a land of reason, of logic, of regular elegance. However strange these attempts may appear from our point of view, they are worthy of respectful attention; and in this case it is the duty of the literary historian to record and explain rather than to criticise.

These changes bore upon three main points: First, Dumas suppressed the scene between the Ghost and the two sentinels, on the ground that the first appearance of the Ghost should be made in the presence of Hamlet, who is called upon to avenge its death, rather than before two foreign mercenaries. Secondly, Dumas thought that Hamlet left

the spectators, and above all French spectators, who desire the explanation of everything, a little too uncertain as to his madness. In his version, therefore, Hamlet indicates distinctly to Marcellus and Horatio the object and limit of his madness, and makes them swear to keep the secret, and to appear to believe in the reality of his feigning. Thirdly, Dumas changed the dénouement. "The ending of Hamlet," he says, "has always appeared to me unjust; it is in vain that people maintain that it is the antique fatality, which demands an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Antique fatality punished deliberate action, not error; premeditation, not accident. Now Hamlet is not guilty of a crime, but of an accident. Gertrude and the king wished to kill, the one her husband, the other his brother. Laertes wished to kill Hamlet. Hamlet, on the contrary, did not wish to kill Polonius; he meant to kill the usurper of his kingdom and the murderer of his father. In so doing he was obeying the orders of the Ghost. It was by mistake that he slew Polonius. Besides," continues Dumas, "it is unpleasant to see these four persons on the stage, dying, so to speak, in one common agony. Shakespeare, if it was not from a falling off after the long and fatiguing execution of a work like Hamlet, must have had some reason for making his piece end by an assault of arms, fatal not only to the actors, but also to the spectators. Perhaps he had, to represent Hamlet, an actor who was a very exceptional fencer, whose talent he wished to bring into relief, or an excellent mimic, who was to crown the work by a *succès d'agonie*. However that may be, I persist in saying that the conclusion of Hamlet is defective: defective from the philosophical point of view, because Hamlet, not being guilty in the same way as the rest, ought not to die by the same death; defective from the stand-point of dramatic *mise en scène*, inasmuch as

these four corpses produce a most disagreeable effect on the stage; defective, finally, in scenic construction, inasmuch as the Ghost, that is the mainspring of the drama, the Ghost, who, when he sees the drama languishing in the third act, reappears in order to revive it, ought fatally to enter once more, so as to be present at the dénouement. The Ghost is Providence visible; or, if you insist on bringing the piece under the category of the antique and fatalistic compositions of Æschylus and Sophocles, it is the *Deus ex machina*, which, in this case, does not come down from heaven, but issues out of the earth, in order to bring about an ending in accordance with morality and justice."

In the dénouement conceived by Alexandre Dumas, — or rather, as we have seen above, by Paul Meurice, *malgré lui*, — Hamlet does not die; the ghost of the old king, which the avenger had hitherto alone perceived, becomes visible to the guilty also, and the scales fall from their eyes in the supreme moment. A literal translation runs thus: —

Hamlet. The ghost, the ghost!
Come, sombre phantom, see thy murderers die!
The King. [*Under Hamlet's hand.*] Help!
Hamlet. [*To the courtiers, at a sign from the king.*] Leave us.

[*The courtiers hesitate.*
If one of you takes one step
He will not take two! I am king, am I not?
King of your existence and of your agony?
This piece must end between us five.
Begone, all! [*All intimidated. Ezeunt, slowly.*
Now, you three, do you see him?
Laertes. Mighty God! The dead king!
The King. My brother!
Gertrude. My husband!
Laertes. Pardon!
The Ghost. Yes, thy too prompt blood
dragged thee toward the abyss,
Laertes, and the Lord hath punished thee for thy
crime;
But thou shalt find him, for he fathoms all hearts,
Less severe above. Laertes, pray and die!

[*Laertes dies.*

Gertrude. Pity! Pity!
The Ghost. Thy crime was thy love itself,
Poor woman! Jesus loves those who love.
Go; thy heart hath washed thy shame with thy
tears;
Woman here, queen in heaven. Gertrude, hope
and die! [*Gertrude dies.*

The King. Pardon!*The Ghost.* No pardon! Go, infamous murderer,

Go; for thy horrible crime, in their circles of flame,

Satan and hell have not too many torments.

Go, incestuous traitor, go, despair and die.

[*The King dies.*]*Hamlet.* And I, am I to remain, sad orphan on the earth,

And breathe this air, impregnated with misery?

Tragedian, chosen by the wrath of God,

If I have chosen ill my part, and ill understood my play;

If, trembling at my work, and wearied without fighting,

For one that thou didst wish, I have killed four,

Oh speak! will God not pardon,

Father? And what chastisement awaits me?

The Ghost.

Thou shalt live!

By this arrangement, Dumas, according to French ideas, at least, made the piece "logical" in its beginning and in its end: the fate of each person is fixed and the punishment proportioned to the crime with sublime justice. Only Shakespeare's Hamlet could not live. In Shakespeare's Hamlet vengeance devoirs the avenger. "The rest is silence."

Subsequently, and partly with a view to having it played at the Shakespeare Jubilee in 1864, M. Paul Meurice made a new version of Hamlet, in which he religiously respected the text and re-

stored the dénouement of Shakespeare. But the proposed Shakespearean performance, together with the Jubilee banquet, were prohibited by order of the emperor, owing to the fact of Victor Hugo having been nominated honorary president of the committee. In 1867, however, this new and faithful version was played at the Gaité with great success, and Madame Judith fulfilled the rôle of Hamlet with singular talent. It was on the occasion of these performances that Dumas wrote his *Etude sur Hamlet*, a pamphlet now become somewhat rare, in order to defend his conception of the piece against Shakespeare's!

Since 1867 Hamlet has not appeared on the French stage, and so far as scenic representation is concerned the genius of Shakespeare is almost completely ignored in Paris. It is indeed a curious fact that, with the exception of the *Comédie Française*, there is no important literary theatre in Europe where the works of Shakespeare do not form part of the current repertory; and there is no European capital, with the exception of Paris, that is contented with the pale reflection of Hamlet which flickers dimly and dolefully in the opera of Ambroise Thomas.

Theodore Child.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XXIII.

A PLEA BY AN INGENIOUS ATTORNEY,
BUT THE COURT RESERVES ITS DECISION.

BAINBRIDGE went next day to see Otilie, notwithstanding the prohibition that had been laid upon him. He found her at home, in one of the luxurious rooms where he had already passed so many pleasant hours.

"It is an unpropitious place," he said, glancing around, "but I have come again to try and persuade you to leave it, as I promised."

He poured out a new flood of affectionate entreaty, and Otilie renewed her objections. But she had passed a night of mental conflict, which had weakened her physical forces. How could she effectively resist when so betrayed by her own situation, and sustained only by the drear sense of duty?

The young man, in his impetuosity, was unconscious of himself, of all his qualms, scruples, and cynicisms of the past. He reminded her, in his persistence, of a teasing child, who will not take no for an answer.

"Oh, waver! Oh, be weak at least!" he urged, after an array of other arguments. "Firmness is not becoming in a woman. She should vacillate; she should be irresolute, and yield. Come, let us be engaged!"

"You can break it off, you know," he offered immediately after as a happy solution, "in case you do not like me."

He had taken her hand. "This is the finger for the ring," he went on, singling out the slender member in question. "I have in mind a diamond, which has long twinkled to me in a rather knowing way in a certain window. You must let me bring it. We must have you photographed in your wedding dress, to look at in future years. You will be so lovely in your bridal attire."

These apparently trivial utterances, which were tossed off, with a multitude of others, in the heat of his eloquence, affected Otilie, from her feminine point of view, with a potency beyond their actual importance.

She saw the ceremony, her new dignity as a wife, the long perspective of happy years by his side. He combated every position but that of consideration for himself, by which alone she was deterred.

"We should have to live in a kind of Bohemian way, of course, at first," he pursued, going on to arrange all these details, although she had not yet consented. "We should take some sort of a flat, and have rugs and a divan and some photographs in it. We could give tea, you know, and see some of those people we met at Mrs. Stoneglass's, if you wanted company. If you did not, that would suit me exactly. I want

only you. Nothing would suit me better than to fly to a desert island with you this minute."

Otilie was astonished at her own marvelous powers of negation. To be so importuned to do what her whole being called out for, what appeared to her the most delightful thing in the world, was ever woman so deliciously beset? She rallied, however, for a final resistance. It was such a defense as that of gunners who resist with clubbed muskets when the enemy is already in the works in overwhelming force.

"No," she began, with an effort at a precise air, "go your journey, dear. By the time you have returned" —

But the caressing little epithet which had escaped her lips inadvertently set him on fire. He was no longer to be controlled. He threw an arm about her waist.

"Say you love me," he cried impetuously, "since you do! Let us have no more of this."

"I love you, dear Russell," she replied, and yielded to his embrace with an exquisite consenting.

"I could not hold out. It was beyond mortal endurance. I want to be yours, and I want you for mine," she said, later. This had an appearance of delightful candor, but, considering that she had once wildly debated whether she should write to him that she could not live without him, it hardly seemed to Otilie candor at all. "But you are not to give me any ring, and it is not an engagement yet. I must wait."

"How long?"

"Ah! who can say? After my cousin's wedding. If nothing happens then, I will fix a date in the future; and then if there is nothing, — but I do not wish to talk about it. I do not wish to explain. Something must be cleared away. Perhaps I may yet have to give you up. Perhaps all must come to an end between us, hard as it is to think of."

"Perhaps stuff and nonsense! I

want to hear nothing of such absurd suppositions."

"I could bear it better now than before, since I know that you love me. I so longed and prayed for your love. You do not know what happiness it is for me to tell you this. The memory of what has passed would sustain me, even if we should never see each other again."

"Well, it would n't me, I can tell you;" and he repudiated fiercely any such fantastic idea of comfort.

She was really inflexible now, in this last position she had taken. Nothing could shake her. Bainbridge had to be content with the assurance of her affection; that, after all, was the important thing. The important thing? It was the ineffable thing, — the thing for gods and men to wonder at.

Others no doubt had loved and been loved, in their time, but nobody could assure him that it had been in a manner wholly like this. Once, when they two were sitting together, Otilie bent forward impulsively, and kissed him on the forehead. Then she blushed deeply. The timid boldness of this caress from such a source gave him an exquisite pleasure. To have won with his own small deserts that pure and beautiful affection, in no sense to have bought or compelled it, — was it not a reward for many trials? Was not this alone something to have lived for?

His heart at this time bubbled over with kindness towards all the world. It was fortunate for beggars or other of the wretched who came in his way. He would have liked to share his beatitude with the whole human race. "Ah, it is happiness that is good for us," he cried, "and not betrayal and defeat." But he found his nervous system at an extreme and excitable tension. A word, a tender passage in a book, a sweet chord of music, affected him unduly. "It is too much," he declared to Otilie. "Very shortly I shall not be worth the powder to blow me up."

They had but a few brief days before Bainbridge would be obliged to take his departure. Fortunately, the bustle for Angelica's wedding allowed them to be much together unobserved. It may be supposed that they indulged in their fair share of the usual lovers' babble. The old questions — When did you like me? Why did you like me? Where did you like me first? — were asked. They exchanged now with pleasure all the fine shades of their respective doubts, hopes, and fears, which they had been so long engaged in carefully concealing from each other. There was now, also, the case of a former flame, Madeline Scarlett, to be analyzed and cleared up. Otilie withdrew her hand from the narrator's while this was being done.

"You *are*," he declared to her (as he had often declared to himself) "what I only fancied her to be. She was a cold and heartless woman, as incapable of warmth of feeling as of intelligent appreciation. Not that she had much to appreciate, you know."

"Could you go back to her? Could you ever like her again?" Otilie asked, with a charming irrelevance.

"Yes, I think of going back at once. Her husband is dead, as you know, and she is a rich widow."

But Otilie was too content now to be discomfited by his banter. Inwardly, she looked upon this Madeline Scarlett with a lively wonder and indignation, as a sort of monstrosity, to have sacrificed what she had. She must be a person of a brain with a missing lobe, — a person without the most ordinary perception of the relative merit of things.

Some minor flirtations of the young man's were also to be gone over and cleared away. He humorously ascribed whatever slight sentimental fancies of this kind he might have indulged in to some unaccountable hallucination, to his lack of knowledge of women, and particularly to his lack of acquaintance

with her. This having been done, Otilie gave him back her hand, and beamed upon him once more with the full measure of her approbation.

It was presently her turn. Her manner was much less bold-faced now, although Bainbridge aimed to conduct the inquiry with a discretion befitting so delicate a subject. Two or three young men, in their day and generation, she admitted, had been very *pleasant*. In fact, there had almost always been some one—not that there was any one you could really count. A boy sweetheart had given her a carnelian ring, which she had worn for some time. “Then there was a young man, the winter I passed at Cincinnati,” she said. “He was very young. He wrote me original poetry. He represented me as such a remarkable person, that really — If he had only made me a little less extraordinary. But I do not think I cared just then for the *very* poetical kind. I was sorry, of course, that he should want to go on that way.”

Bainbridge called the latter Petrarch, and her a stoical Laura, turning a deaf ear to his sighs. “Well, we all have to go through our experiences,” he said. “The poor poets, alas! have always got more kicks than half-pence. It is lucky for me that I could not string rhymes. I should have been capable of writing *Iliads* and *Odysseys* about you; and then you would have had nothing to do with me.”

He well conceived that there should have been others by whom she was admired as she was by him. But she was not old in love-making. She had had no experience which had touched in any but the most superficial way her girlish fancy.

Faces are, no doubt, transfigured to the eye of affection, and it might have been difficult for the mere calm outsider to discover all the perfections attributed to that of Otilie by her lover. He instructed her in her charms with such a

prodigal praise that she was buoyed up with a kind of divine self-possession. If half were true that he said, if it were indeed true that every least motion, tone, and look of hers could give him pleasure, she might well afford to dispense with other critics, and comport herself before the general public with a sweet dignity. He analyzed exhaustively, in the opportunities now open to him, each one of her features. As he could not make poems, he would have made a series of memoirs upon her unusual eyes; her slightly *retroussé* nose; her long dark lashes, which curved so fascinatingly upwards; her brows, which he had once thought severe. He had thought so when he first saw her,—the day when, waiting Rodman Harvey’s convenience, he stared at her as she sat abstracted in her hackney coach. They recalled that day together. “If you but knew how horrid I thought you then!” she said.

Nor was this praise of physical perfection confined to one side. Otilie insisted that her lover’s eyelashes were even longer than her own. She found an exceeding comeliness in his looks.

“Oh, no,” he said, disclaiming this, as if this were a gross and quite needless invention. “I have never set up for anything of that sort. It is too late for it to be discovered at this time of day.”

“Yes, I tell you,” she persisted. “You are a very handsome young man. You are a very prepossessing person.”

In speculating about the flattering sensation of being loved, as it was his way to speculate a little about everything, he said, “It makes a great difference from what source the affection comes. It is not all equally flattering, though it be equally devoted. It must be a discriminating person. It must be a person who is a judge.”

“So you think me a judge?” she queried, delighted.

“Oh, yes, *you* are a judge. You are

quite capable of forming your little opinions."

In this mutual glamour, intoxicated with each other's intensely genuine flattery, they rested as it were upon a height from which the world of ordinary sensation and experience was stretched out below them, commonplace, arid, and map-like.

"I ought not to let you go on so. It cannot last; it is too lovely," said Otilie, feeling her apprehensions recurring. "Still, for the little while you are here, perhaps it may not be wrong." She did not know when the smiling prospect would change, and she might have to lament the altered gods and the sea black with ruffling storms.

The final appeal of Bainbridge to be allowed to leave her as his engaged wife met with no more success than all those preceding. He set out, therefore, upon his long jaunt by rail with the affair in this condition. She was a friend simply. He was to wait indefinitely the mysterious period which she put to the realization of his wishes.

He most ardently desired a prosperous result for his mission. And as he jogged interminably onward, looking out of the window at the fleeting country, making brief halts at commonplace towns, dozing or half dozing in his sleeping car at night, he was lost for the most part in sweet reveries of Otilie.

He wrote to her from the way stations. His love seemed to be changing his whole view of life, of morals, of religion. He viewed the cynical, jovial persons for whom he had lately professed admiration differently. How were they really turning out? He began a new inquiry into character, and examined the sources which had made the most admirable one he knew of what it was. He called himself weather-cock. "Am I turning conservative? Shall I deny all my negations? Is the truth or falsity of things shaken, then, by my liking for her?" he soliloquized. But again

he said, "Perhaps what is good enough for her is good enough for me. Let us stand or fall together."

Sudden dreads of the contingencies of life swept across his mind. Was it possible that this affection of theirs could be imperiled, could be wiped out forever, by the agency of a broken rail or a bit of defective boiler flue? No, it must go on. It must not be compassed by the span of a few brief years; there must be a never-ending future for its beatific continuance. As he had been formerly one of the most careless of travelers, he became now one of the most painstaking and finical. When a man is loved, when he has such a happiness awaiting him, it adds a new value to existence. He is valuable freight and by no means to be carelessly handled. As to turning out refractory tenants from shanty-town, it is probable that he would now have given it a very different order of consideration.

XXIV.

"THE TOILS ARE LAID AND THE STAKES ARE SET."

When Kingbolt of Kingboltsville had been absent from town and free from the goad of opposition and notoriety for some time, he began to have his furtive moments of retrospect. Was it, after all, the most desirable thing to marry? The men of his age were not marrying. Old Robert Rink was still driving his coach and enjoying life as a bachelor at sixty.

"Marriage may have its hampering aspects, even under the best of circumstances," reflected Kingbolt. "This thing of giving up your independence, and taking a companion to tote round with you, whose tastes and wishes are more likely than not to conflict with your own, is matter for serious consideration."

However, he was now committed. It was satisfactory to know, at any rate, that he was to have a partner who would gratify his sense of pride and self-importance better than any other he had ever seen. On the whole, he could not say that he was sorry.

A certain stimulus continued to be furnished, too, by the thinly disguised opposition of his family. "They are always nagging, in their pusillanimous way," he said, "at somebody or something which pleases me."

A mysterious episode, too, of the last days preceding the wedding was the receipt of an anonymous letter. It alleged some connection between Rodman Harvey and the death of his father. The cause had been proceedings of Harvey's which would not bear honest looking into.

"Bah!" said Kingbolt, tossing it contemptuously away. "There are always plenty of infernal meddlers trying to break up any match that promises to go off well. It is a pretty time of day to come along with such a story now. I think I should have learned something of it in the course of a life-time if it had been true."

He had heard, it is true, an account of some worryment by which his father's death had been accelerated, but the idea of connecting Rodman Harvey with it was preposterous. Shortly after, his dismissed *protégé*, St. Hill, had the impudence to call upon him. He broached this very subject. He suggested that a public scandal might be impending, and thought that by proper means, a bribe to himself, it might be averted. Kingbolt taxed him fiercely with writing the letter himself, and put him out-of-doors. The young Cræsus made as little of the story as it deserved; but what with this and the remaining annoyances he would have been glad if the wedding were fairly over.

He gave, about these times, a farewell dinner to his bachelor friends, which was

signalized by much jovial speech-making. He gave a breakfast to his ushers and best man, at which they were all presented with handsome scarf-pins. He sent Angelica a pair of diamond earrings and a magnificent bridal veil. After the latest mode, the wedding ceremony was to take place in the evening, at seven. The bridesmaids, six in number, were to walk up the aisle unattended. They were to be costumed alike, somewhat in the style of the French Directory, with baskets of flowers. The bride and groom were to meet at the chancel rail. Dr. Miltimore would marry them by a combination service of his own, for which he had obtained much repute. Angelica was, naturally, an authority in the arrangement of these details. The participants were once assembled at her house for rehearsal, and again at the church, that there might be no awkwardness. This last occasion was upon the Tuesday preceding the Thursday for the wedding. It was evening. The gas was lighted, the organ pealed out its grand march, the procession was formed, and the effect of the ceremony was realized so far as might be without the flutter of the fifteen hundred guests, and the bright toilettes to be expected in the pews.

Rodman Harvey himself appeared at this last rehearsal, but could remain through only a part of it. He was obliged to present himself, according to promise, at the annual meeting of the Civic Reform Association. He was to make his report as first director, and also as treasurer, of the association. He had come on from Washington the same day, and looked fatigued. He told some confidants that the night sessions at the Capitol and his persistent committee work did not agree with him. He had had some severer attacks of vertigo than common. As fortune must have it, too, it was in the papers, on the very afternoon of his arrival, that the invalid Secretary of the Treasury had at last

handed in his long-expected resignation. It would probably have been better for Rodman Harvey, had the occasion for his absence been any less pressing, to be actually on the ground at the President's call. He would go back, however, at the first moment. His nomination might even be received by telegraph. The news was the talk of all the clubs and hotel lobbies, and his name was put at the head of the list for the successorship. In excusing himself to his daughter, who was provoked that he must go, he affected a humorous tone, saying, —

"I am of such little importance in the show that my mistakes will never call for criticism."

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, chosen for the meeting of the Civic Reform Association, was bustling this evening, like numerous similar caravansaries in the neighborhood, with the life that made it a rendezvous. Knots of well-dressed loungers looked from the portico at the rolling cabs, the theatre-goers, the shameless women flaunting by, and so across to the dim obscurity of the lights and benches among the trees in the park. The green weather-doors behind them closed after each in-goer with a thud, as if keeping, for purposes of their own, an audible tally.

Within was a great scuffling of feet over the tessellated pavement. Acquaintances presented others. There was a great talking of politics, trade, and gossip, and a placing of fingers in the palms of hands and on the sleeves and lapels of coats, as an aid to the illustration of ideas. Young men about town, without a club, came hither. Insatiate dealers in stocks engaged in further transactions, or studied the tape of the telegraphic indicator, coiled up in its basket. McKinley, salesman for Harvey & Co., had come in search of a country customer, to whom he was going to "show the town," — expecting in consequence a larger order on the

morrow. Guests of the house sat and smoked on the benches at the sides of the lobby; or stood conferring near the elevator, with door keys in their hands; or wrote letters in a room at the rear, hung with files of newspapers from all parts of the country, and scattered with advertisements, even to the blotting-sheets on the table.

One of the green weather-doors was brusquely thrown back by Mr. Sprowle Onderdonk. It nearly knocked off his feet Mr. Fletcher St. Hill, who had been awaiting his arrival.

"You should look out for yourself," said Sprowle Onderdonk carelessly, as his coadjutor picked up his hat with a certain air of meekness. Fletcher St. Hill was hardly the important figure that he had been a year since. It seemed, from the talk, that he was now looking forward to a fee, which was to be more or less liberal according to the success of the enterprise they had undertaken.

"Has Harvey come yet?" asked Sprowle Onderdonk.

"Not yet. I have been keeping a sharp lookout for him."

"And the others?"

"Mr. Hackley has already gone up to the meeting. McFadd is here, — in the best coat he ever had on in his life. I got it for him, — I hope you will remember that. He will pass for a very respectable personage. He is keeping out of sight just now, till we are ready for him."

"And what success have you finally had with old Gammage?"

"I have tried in every way to get him over to our side and bring him along, but nothing will stir him. He is not drinking now, and is obstinate as a mule. That man Bainbridge — where *his* interest comes in I don't see — has influenced him against us. You recollect the devil of a time I had to find him again, after he was got away from us. He has never been of any use since. Still, we have his affidavit, and that will

serve our turn. He says he is sorry he gave it, but that does n't alter the fact."

"Well," commented Sprowle Onderdonk, "his affidavit will do for the present. On the whole, I think we are in luck. General Burlington is in Barbadoes. It will be two weeks before he can be communicated with. Not that we need be afraid of anything he might have to say; he can only testify in one way; but an absent witness is better for our purpose, just now, than a possibly unwilling one. We can be as bold as we like. Yes, I think we can call it a very pretty case."

"I ought — I want to offer a final caution about those letters of mine in your hands," suggested St. Hill, with a nervous air. "You are not to use the letters themselves, nor draw attention to me. I have too many other difficulties just at present, and really ought not to be in this business at all. You are at most to sketch the treasonable situation disclosed as a preamble to your more telling charges, and without names. And you are to stand by me in any consequences that may arise, supposing Harvey to defeat us, after all, and select me as a victim for having taken part against him."

"Oh, of course we are not going to get you into trouble," returned his interlocutor in his bluff way, with a mixture of contempt in the tone.

Upon this Fletcher St. Hill appeared reassured.

Rodman Harvey, too, entered the lobby smartly, holding a morocco-bound account book under his arm. If the green weather-doors, keeping their tally, had any sense of impending evil, they may be supposed to have rocked back and forth upon themselves in a crooning way. The merchant prince walked with his quick, nervous step, and, casting a keen glance or two right and left, passed up the stairs to the parlors secured for the meeting.

The two whose talk we have noted,

when they had seen him pass, followed at their convenience. St. Hill first went in search of the ex-bank messenger, Peter McFadd, where he was in waiting, and took him along.

The Civic Reform Association stood ready to do excellent work in the future, as it had in the past. A large number of the most reputable citizens saw the necessity for such an organization in the actual condition of the city's misgovernment and the oppression of the taxpayers. There being no particular crisis at present, its annual meeting did not call forth so large an attendance as at some previous times. Still, there was present a select assembly of persons of the highest respectability. Ex-Governor Antram occupied the chair. Among the younger element of the association, to which Sprowle Onderdonk, too, thought it desirable to belong, were found to-night some purely fashionable club men, who came for the first time. They had been brought by Sprowle Onderdonk, on the promise of "fun," as a *claque* for his own support. Dr. Wyburd, who went everywhere, was present as usual.

The meeting was called to order, and routine business disposed of. The reporters, at the table prepared for them, took a few notes, with a languid air. They had no appearance of expecting to find anything interesting. It came at length to a question of the reelection of Rodman Harvey to the position he had held for another year. He had made a report, which had been accepted in the usual form.

At this point Sprowle Onderdonk took the floor. His figure seemed larger than usual. He had a portentous, leonine air. His club men pressed close behind him, in expectation. His very first words contained the thunderbolt.

"I object to the re-nomination of this man!" he cried. "I protest against Rodman Harvey's being allowed henceforth to have any part or lot among

us. I protest in the name of common honesty and decency. I will state my reasons why."

A tremendous excitement arose in the assembly. For a moment it looked on with astonishment at this audacious disturber of the ruling harmony. Though he was an attorney and a person of considerable social weight, it was not recollected that he had before taken any notable part in its deliberations.

"I charge," he went on, before he could be interrupted, "that he was a traitor to his country in the hour of her worst need. If that might be passed by, I charge, furthermore, directly and unequivocally, that he is a — *forgery*. I hold in my hands the proof of what I say."

"Hear! hear!" cried his supporters, the club men, standing by him as per agreement. A part of the audience thought that he must have been drinking more than was for his good, and were for ejecting him from the room. A larger part, with that secret delight in the calamities of others which is a perverse human trait, or perhaps having long entertained malice against the merchant prince, were willing to hear all that was likely to be said. The newspaper reporters had pricked up their ears and become vastly more animated. The chairman was obliged to pound vigorously with his gavel, for the restoration of order.

"That young man shall be held to a strict accountability for his words!" Rodman Harvey exclaimed, above the hubbub. He was seen pointing a bony forefinger, with an intense directness, across the room.

"It is what I demand. It is what I expect," thundered the assailant of character. "By the leave of this honorable association, I charge that he is not a proper person to be trusted with its funds. It is high time that fraud and hypocrisy in high places were exposed; it is time the whited sepulchres were

opened. We have sat here and listened to his glib talk on the potency of moral ideas, his cant as to the works of regeneration, which are to make our city a pattern to the world. But moral reforms are not propagated from such sources as this. Moral regeneration is not the work of felons,—admitted, though as yet unpunished."

"This is a most scandalous proceeding," cried the editor Stoneglass, rising indignantly to his feet, "and I call, Mr. Chairman, for its suppression! It is no place, here, for the indulgence of vituperation and private malice. If there be any charges, worthy of the name, against our respected treasurer, against one who, as we all know, may now at any moment be called to manage the finances of the nation, let them be put in writing and brought before a proper committee."

"Let it go on; I desire it to go on!" insisted Harvey, in a voice now high and shrill. "I have been assailed in my private as well as in my public integrity. These preposterous accusations must be given to this assembly here and now."

This readiness looked like innocence. The merchant prince had, indeed, if innocent, too critical interests at stake, to allow charges of any seeming importance to hang over him.

Sprowle Onderdonk drew some papers from his breast pocket, and unfolded them with a deliberate air. "I have to display," he said, "a picture of baseness, hidden till now with consummate duplicity. I shall show that it began in treason to our country, and ended in the more vulgar, if less heinous, crime of forgery. I shall show that the latter was used and relied upon to save the criminal from the ruin into which he was precipitated by the miscarriage of the former."

The rumor had got out that something extraordinary was in progress at the meeting of the Civic Reform As-

sociation, and the room began to fill up from below.

The impeacher of Rodman Harvey began his case with the letters to the elder Fletcher St. Hill, of which we have seen the contents. He gave dates, names, everything, explicitly and in full. Sprowle Onderdonk had no idea of making anything less than the best possible of his case, through weak consideration for the feelings of a tool in his employ.

Fletcher St. Hill was in despair. He tried by gestures to attract the attention of the reader; then approached and touched him on the arm, but was rudely repulsed. He fancied that the eye of Rodman Harvey blazed at him with wrath, — as indeed it did, now that his part in the conspiracy was disclosed. He left the hall quaking with an apprehension that proved but too well founded.

The merchant prince hastily summoned a person in whom he had confidence. There was no longer any motive for refraining from visiting upon this detractor his richly deserved punishment. "I have in my desk," he said, "a fully prepared case against this man for a swindling operation upon a former employee of mine. There is also a collection of testimony to other doings, which will send him to the penitentiary. I am not feeling well, and may not be at the office to-morrow, but place the papers in the hands of the district attorney at once!"

"Rodman Harvey was ready," the accuser might have been heard continuing, "to throw his fortune and personal weight into the scale on the side of the Confederacy, for his own supposed advantage. He extended such credits to the South, up to the last moment, as no loyal man would have dreamed of. Caught in his own wiles, justly punished for his treasonable designs, he was on the brink of insolvency. Let me show by what means he extricated himself."

"This is infamous, infamous," muttered the merchant prince. He stood, leaning one hand upon the back of a chair, and was seen to shake his head in a strange way from side to side. This was perhaps taken by those who saw it for a gesture of energetic denial, but it was in fact an impatient, irrational effort to dissipate the gathering fogs of his old enemy, vertigo. Surely, surely, it should leave him untroubled in a time like this.

"There came a day when he had a vast indebtedness to meet, after the admitted failure of all his natural resources," Sprowle Onderdonk went on. "The balance against him at the Antarctic Bank was overwhelming. In the morning he confessed his inability to meet it, and begged an extension, which could not be granted. But before the close of business hours he had met it. Among the deposits made by him in this interval were three certain pieces of commercial paper, to a large aggregate amount, which were fraudulent. Let me here explain," the speaker interpolated at this point, "that I personally intend no invoking of the outraged law, no prosecutions, in this case, — if indeed the law can yet be invoked, after so long a delay. I leave that to those whose department it is. My personal motive is no more than to protect this body and society at large against the further depredations of the man. My belief is, though it may now be too late to trace them fully, that his forgeries at this date were on a large scale, and that it was thus he saved his credit. I advise that the books of the Antarctic Bank, and of other institutions and firms with which he had dealings, be carefully examined for evidence. I am able at present to cite but three specimens, yet these will be more than sufficient.

"The pieces of commercial paper in question," the accuser resumed, "were of the nature of acceptances. We may suppose that his intention was to take

them up before they matured and should have been forwarded to their ostensible maker. They purported to have been signed by a certain Colonel Kingbolt, of the Eureka Tool Works at Kingboltsville. The fraud, however, was almost immediately discovered, and was confessed by Rodman Harvey, when taxed with it at the bank."

At this, a very great sensation arose in the assembly. The names and incidents had struck particularly the alert ears of the ubiquitous Dr. Wyburd. "What do I hear?" he said,—"the Eureka Tool Works?—a forgery upon Colonel Kingbolt?—Rodman Harvey?—the Antarctic Bank? Will extraordinary things never cease to happen within my cognizance? It is the last part of the story of which I so long ago heard the first."

He edged his way sedulously nearer to the front, as one who had a special right to be there, owing to acquaintance with the case.

"This is false, — so wholly false!" ejaculated the merchant prince in a husky voice, speaking with difficulty. His friends thought he was acting very strangely.

"I present in evidence," continued Sprowle Onderdonk imperturbably, "the sworn statement of the note-teller of the bank at the date, one James Gammage, who still lives in this city and can be summoned. He certifies that the acceptances as described came into his hands. Something unusual in the signatures attracted attention. He conferred with the cashier, Ambrose Hackley, who agreed with him in finding the signatures peculiar. He dispatched a telegram of inquiry to the Eureka Tool Works, giving no names, but only such particulars as were necessary to identify the acceptances. A reply was received, declaring any acceptances of the dates and amounts given to be forgeries. He thereupon notified General Burlington, the president of the bank.

General Burlington summoned Rodman Harvey. The latter, as the witness was informed at the time, and believes, confessed to the fraudulent making by him of the pretended commercial paper. No criminal proceedings were instituted. He states that he was afterwards reprimanded, as having exceeded his authority in sending the telegram of inquiry without previous consultation with the president. I offer next the affidavit of Peter McFadd, messenger of the Antarctic Bank at the time. Mr. McFadd is a very respectable person, and is here present."

Upon this, McFadd contrived to stand forth prominently, in his good coat, with the object of drawing upon himself and his respectability the attention of the house.

"Mr. McFadd testifies to having had opportunity to read a telegram of inquiry addressed to the Eureka Tool Works, and also a reply to it, of the character described in the former affidavit. He swears that he was sent as a messenger to summon Rodman Harvey to the office of the president of the bank, and that Rodman Harvey exhibited, both on arriving and departing, such an agitation as he should suppose that of a guilty man to be. He testifies that he was employed later to return to Harvey certain papers, which he, the deponent, understood to have been tampered with and irregularly fabricated. When it became a question of such restoration, he learned that one of the papers which it was intended to restore was missing. After considerable search it was not found, but given up as lost. He says that it is his distinct recollection that Rodman Harvey was considered, in the bank, to have committed some serious irregularity which was in some way passed over, for prudential reasons.

The merchant prince, having now recovered his equanimity, perhaps at the slightness of the case against him, interrupted with a remark of the same

kind that had been drawn forth from Sprowle Onderdonk himself.

"I hardly know whether it is worth while," he said, "to call the attention of this assembly to the paltry character of such testimony. The affidavit of James Gammage, once a respectable man, but for years a besotted victim of drink, can no doubt be had at any time on any subject, by whoever will take the trouble to dictate it. The ex-bank messenger McFadd is of little better habits. He lost his place for cause, if I remember rightly, and later he was one of a number of squatters ejected from property of mine, which was to be put to a better use."

"We expect to have our witnesses aspersed," vociferated Sprowle Onderdonk. "But let us see if as much can be done with the next one. I now present the sworn affidavit of Ambrose Hackley, ex-cashier. He desires to corroborate the statement of James Gammage, which he has read. He recalls, furthermore, having received and, under instructions, replied to a number of letters from Kingboltsville, pressing for particulars of the forgeries. Under instructions, he returned only evasive and uninforming answers. His recollection is that the matter was purposely and deliberately hushed up by the aid of the president of the bank. He does not desire to impugn the character of General Burlington. He does not attribute his action to collusion with the criminal, but to a wish to avoid a public scandal and excitement at a peculiarly critical time in financial affairs. Mr. Hackley is here, and ready to furnish any further particulars that may be desired. General Burlington is, unfortunately, absent at Barbadoes, but he will also be heard from on this matter."

Mr. Ambrose Hackley now stood forward in his turn, in a conspicuous way. The former sycophant had braced himself for the ordeal of meeting his patron's eye, but not with entire success.

An emanation of confessed meanness pervaded his whole face and figure.

"Do *you* say this, Hackley?" demanded the merchant prince, almost breathless, and pale and trembling with a new excitement. "Will you let such a statement, such a wicked and libelous distortion, go out upon your authority, no matter what our recent relations may have been?"

"It is as I have always understood it," asserted the sycophant, assuming an extra air of bravado.

"Do you not know, — do you not know well?" — the merchant prince began to question him, shaking a quivering finger, and his naturally limited voice rising almost to a shriek.

But Sprowle Onderdonk, went on like fate, bearing down these interruptions by his sonorous tones.

"Ambrose Hackley deposes," he said, "to having found, in a waste-basket, one of the fraudulent acceptances in question, some time after it had been given up for lost. At first through inadvertence, later through unwillingness to revive the memory of an unpleasant occasion, and later still as a matter of curiosity, he kept this paper in his own hands. *He has it still in his possession.*"

With this, Sprowle Onderdonk appeared to have ended his tirade. The assembly buzzed loudly as he concluded, and Rodman Harvey gathered himself with a laborious effort for his reply.

"It must be produced," he began, — "that paper. It will speak for itself. It will be seen — General Burlington will say — Can this association for one moment suppose — But it will be more convenient to proceed in regular order."

In regular order, — ah yes, that is it; a defense should proceed in consecutive order. Ah, this leaden heaviness! The speaker endeavored to brush it away from before his eyes. The first point to be met, the first consideration — let us see? The merchant prince succumbs

for a moment to a feeling as of nightmare. In it he sees a vision of error, hatched in secret, following him through the years; gathering malevolent powers in the darkness; expanding at last and leaping upon him, colossal, terrible, in his moment of physical weakness. It is all easily explained — but ah, when the head is so thick, so thick — He resumed: —

“The libel of treason is very old. It was used against me before, when I was a strong supporter of the government, and was sending troops to the front at my own expense. These letters must be looked to. I know not what may have been added to them. Now, as to the second part” —

Surely this was but a short defense, if it were intended to be all that was to be devoted to the first part. The merchant prince rested more heavily on the back of his chair, and breathed in a stertorous way. He stared around him deliberately. He had an air as if he had been speaking for hours.

“For forty years” — he began again. “I will say — It is in—famous. The old house of Rodman Harvey & Co. has never — been — assailed.”

He pulled at his plain watch-chain, then strongly at his neckcloth. Ah, this was not a condition of mind and body to meet the crafty, well-concocted plot of enemies! All at once he sank, collapsed, into his chair, and from here, before outstretched hands could save him, in an inert, disorderly mass to the floor. Dr. Wyburd's presence at the front was unexpectedly useful. He pronounced that the victim had a severe stroke of paralysis. It is thus that this evil, finding men still eager, sleepless, indefatigable in affairs even after it has touched them with a premonitory finger, finally lays a heavy hand upon them.

It thus appeared that a man might rise from a modest origin, gather in an enormous fortune, marry into a station much above his own, devise a plan for

leaving his wealth, by limited entail, so as to found an enduring patrician family; it appeared that he might rear a daughter as beautiful and haughty as a young goddess Diana, who was going to marry a young Phœbus Apollo of her own sort; and yet that the entire structure might topple to ruin through an original flaw in its corner-stone.

It appeared that such a man might rise to the highest honors and emoluments in the metropolis; represent its most solid district in Congress; be the friend and intimate of the President of the nation, and next in succession to the most important office in his gift, and yet be subject to attack and defeat by a most despicable cause.

For defeated Rodman Harvey was, cut to pieces, routed beyond hope of repair. Irrespective of their merits his enemies had proved their charges as it were on his body, as in the days of mediæval trial by mortal combat. There would be no necessity now for a weighing of the evidence by President and Senate before making a cabinet appointment. The case could be decided upon medical grounds alone. Rodman Harvey would never again be fit for human employment.

When he was brought to his home in that melancholy condition, with his helpers and sympathizers around him, his wife met the *cortège* with signs of consternation and woe. She invariably saw herself, however, in the foreground of every prospect.

“Oh, had I not trouble enough,” she bemoaned, “that this must come upon me!”

But then, to do her justice, she set to work with zest to perform all such services as lay within the range of her limited capacity. Otilie, too, was present, and wrung her hands over this sad arrival in dismay. She had the circumstances of the attack in a guarded way from the friendly editor, Stoneglass.

He endeavored to make the basis of it less serious than it was, but her swift imagination flew far on beyond him. It was this that she had dreaded. The hints and forebodings of evil which had gained such a hold in her breast had come to pass. She read the accounts in the newspapers, in which, after the way of newspapers, the most striking thing possible was made of it. The inexperienced girl could not conceive an effrontery that could make such charges in such an assembly, unless they had been true. She thought none of the family could ever hold up their heads again. She looked tearfully at Angelica, at Selkirk, at her aunt, at Calista, and not least at herself. Her hopes of happiness were shattered. Bainbridge was absolutely lost to her.

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" she cried. "He will hear of it where he is, before his return. Now he will know. Now he will understand my justifications. Alas, there is little danger, when he should endeavor by every legitimate means to rise, that he will try to overcome them now!"

The enemies of the merchant prince in the press had it all their own way for a considerable time. Stoneglass, indeed, endeavored to make light of the story; but making light of it on general principles was not sufficient against an array of facts and figures, and in the absence of any responsible word of refutation. Harvey seemed to have fallen thunder-smitten, as if upon the exposure of his real character. None but a guilty man, it was argued, would have been so affected. It was clearly a case of divine interposition. The ram's-horn blasts of judgment had blown upon this falsely-enjoyed reputation, and it had gone down.

Kingbolt of Kingboltsville learned of the scandal of the Civic Reform Association from his morning paper. He was buried in dazed reflection over it at his apartments, when he was summoned

in hot haste to the hotel where his mother and sisters were staying. They had come down to attend his wedding on the morrow. They, too, had just read the news in their morning paper, and were in an extreme state of excitement. They beset him strenuously to put off the wedding. They begged him to proceed no further at all in the business, unless investigation should yield a clear refutation of the charges; and this they did not deem possible. They assured him that the family name and interest were at stake. It would seem to them something monstrous that he should consent to ally himself with one who, besides his dishonesty, had been in any way a cause of hastening his father's death.

Kingbolt endeavored to repudiate this counsel in his usual gruff way with them, but it had its effect, after all. He would admit that the case was devilish annoying; and there had been annoyances and to spare already. He promised nothing, but said he was going to see Angelica. He saw Angelica, but she had no elucidation for him. She only felt indignantly that it was a shameful libel. The house was in a turmoil. The wedding must be postponed a few days, pending Rodman Harvey's condition. He lay comatose, his pulse extremely high and vanishing by turns. It was thought that he might die at any moment. The invitations were accordingly countermanded. Kingbolt could not forbear saying, even to Angelica, that the matter was extremely annoying.

During the few days of this postponement he read more newspaper accounts, talked more with his family, and consulted, confidentially, with some disinterested friends, at the clubs and elsewhere. These last admitted to him, confidentially, that the case looked to them also devilish awkward. He went to Kingboltsville, and wandered about there. "It was not altogether 'good form,' you know, of Angelica to throw

over Sprowle the way she did, in the first place," he reflected, among other things, — "though of course I should be the last person in the world to complain of that. The Sprowles are a very vindictive faction, and they have shown a striking specimen of their power. It is not pleasant to think of being pursued all one's life long by such people. Of course they will include Angelica and me whenever occasion offers. They have a reputation for never letting up. But the scandal itself is more important. Everybody seems to think that I ought to be particularly shocked by it, on account of the way I am involved, even if nobody else should be."

After having suffered himself to be torn for what seemed an eternity by conflicting emotions, Kingbolt of Kingboltville decided that he was a person of sufficient importance to take a bold step. He decided, too, that he might as well take it at once. He sat down and wrote the following note: —

MY DEAR ANGELICA, — I think the wedding had better be still further, or indefinitely, postponed. Perhaps, under the circumstances, we ought not to marry at all. Of course I do not mind what has taken place on my own account, but it would be an unpleasant beginning for us. The abandonment of the wedding need not attract great attention. It can be accounted for by your father's condition. In fact, I feel that after what has occurred it will really be impossible for me to consider our engagement as binding. A personal meeting between us will not be necessary. In any event I should hardly have time for it, as I sail for Europe tomorrow.

This note was mailed, and the composer took the next day's steamer as he had announced.

Angelica was thrown, by its receipt, into a state that may be imagined. There

were signs now of an even greater calamity in the house than that which had befallen its owner. Mrs. Rodman Harvey, overwhelmed by all these genuine evils, after dealing so long with purely fictitious ones, could offer but little comfort. Angelica, humbled by the whim of a nature as ruthless and even more willful than her own, had hysterical fits, weepings, and communings with her broken pride, and finally went off to pay a long visit, the real situation of affairs being kept from the public.

In the disaster that had befallen his father, the elder son, Selkirk, seemed to find at last something like a profession in life. He developed a surprising talent for the new order of ministrations that now arose. No hand so deft as his, no volition so ready, in attendance upon the helpless bulk that had once been a merchant prince. Selkirk lifted his father affectionately in and out, and supported his tottering steps in the hall. He would commit to no other the duty of driving out the patient in a peculiar springless carriage, which was arranged for the purpose of giving him exercise. He neglected for these cares those of his commercial station down town. His father knew of this, and, when his feeble means of communication with the outer world had advanced so far as to make it possible, protested against it. His ambition was not yet quenched, moribund as he lay. It was a source of grief to him that his elder son and heir should be recreant to his, even though he put his time to such a service.

The younger son, Rodman, Jr., on the other hand, took advantage of the state of things to leave his college and start for the West, on a trip chiefly connected with match games of base-ball and similar athletic matters.

Ill news travels far as well as fast. The attack upon Rodman Harvey went out, like all metropolitan news of moment, into the country. It came to Bainbridge in a chance copy of a Chi-

cago journal, to which the district where he found himself was to a certain extent tributary for its news. The story had lost nothing by the distance it had traveled, and it was made appetizing by dashing alliterative display-lines, of some such tenor as this: Knickerbocker Knaveries. Another New York Nabob Shown Up.

Bainbridge's heart sank with apprehension as he read; but it was for Otilie, not himself. He ran to the nearest telegraph office, and sent a message.

Had Otilie been called upon as nurse in the first few days of the calamity, it is to be feared she would have proved of but slight use. She was too full of tremors and distraction. She had, as well, a certain awe of the poor atrophied figure that lay before her. By degrees, however, intelligence revived in it. Its eyes could at last be seen to follow persons with a wistful look around the room. By degrees, also, Otilie's awe was dispelled, and succeeded by a profound pity.

One day, after somewhat more than a week had passed, as she sat alone by the bedside of her uncle, the dead-lock upon his faculty of speech was removed. In other respects he was little less inert than before. His mind went at once to his interrupted defense on the day of his overthrow at the Civic Reform Association. He began to talk of it. Otilie would have gone for somebody else, but he prevented it. He directed her to bring pencil and paper, and note down what he said. He apparently felt that his present capacity might be of but short duration, and the event proved that he was right. His newly recovered voice died away presently to a faint articulation, in which condition it permanently remained.

Selkirk came in before the statement was complete. They two went with it to Judge Chippendale, to Hastings, to the friendly editor Stoneglass, and oth-

ers. The alleged forged acceptance in the hands of ex-cashier Ambrose Hackley was carefully examined, testimony taken at home, and General Burlington communicated with in the West Indies. A cheery reply was received from this latter. Though a rival and political opponent of Rodman Harvey, he professed himself a man of honor, above distorting a merely equivocal situation to his own advantage or the injury of even an enemy. A committee of the Civic Reform Association was called, and a report soon prepared, which put an entirely new aspect upon the affair, both for the association and the public.

Nothing of all this had yet taken place, however, and Otilie was still sitting in the deepest shadow and dejection, when a telegram from Bainbridge was received from the far West, couched in these terms:—

"Have read accounts. Is that all? I love you. Have succeeded beyond expectations here. Start to-morrow by through express."

Was that all? He presumed to make light of disgrace. He loved her still? What a person! He must be lost to all moral considerations, to all respect for public sentiment, to treat it so. She knew what she had to do, all the same,—to refuse him as before, and be firm. But he was coming back. He loved her still. How noble, how generous, he was! It would be her comfort to think of it in all after time.

XXV.

OTILIE HARVEY CLEARS UP A PAINFUL SITUATION.

When Russell Bainbridge returned to town, he hastened with all dispatch to the Harvey mansion. A curious spectacle met his gaze at the threshold. An old, old man, in a dressing-robe, was being supported by paid attendants for a

slow promenade. A stalwart man held him up by each shoulder. At one side walked Otilie, holding a book and bunch of keys; at the other, her cousin Selkirk. It was Rodman Harvey. To this complexion had he come at last. He was borne along his splendid hall like some strange fetich. His feet swung in and out mechanically, falling upon the pavement with a dull thud. There was no virtue in his splendid surroundings, no magic in the memory of the sway that had once been his, to break the numbing spell upon his faculties. His eyes alone lived, resembling jewels in some unwieldy, disproportionate setting.

He recognized Bainbridge, and a faint mumbling escaped his lips, Otilie bent to catch it, with the ear of sympathy. Bainbridge remarked with a pang that she was pale and thin and showed the trace of her anxieties.

"Uncle Rodman says, 'How do you do?'" she said. "He will shake hands with you." There was something very sweet in this. It was as if she were interpreting the lisping accents of a child.

Bainbridge, with a certain awe, took three palsied fingers of his patron's hand in his own. Tears started from the eyes of the merchant prince, and dribbled down his cheeks. They were sedulously wiped away by his attendants.

"Why was he so affected at sight of me?" asked Bainbridge, when this interview had ended, and he was enabled to withdraw with Otilie into one of the reception-rooms adjoining.

"I do not think he was unusually so," she explained. "He remembers you, and that alone suffices to excite him. He is often so. He has no control over his faculties."

Bainbridge listened with a sympathetic air, for a time, to further details of the sad case. A pause ensued.

"Well, I have returned, and you know very well what for," broke out the young man, when he could no longer refrain from entering upon the sub-

ject with which he was overflowing. "They do have very fair railroads, and travel tolerably fast, in that model West of yours; but to me they seemed only to crawl. I thought I should never get here. You knew that I would come back and renew my supplication at the earliest possible opportunity, did you not? You understood perfectly well that this sensational incident could make no sort of difference with me?"

"No," returned Otilie. "I thought it would. I was not sure that you would come back." She directed at him an anxious, inquiring gaze.

He took both her hands in his, and swung them a little back and forth affectionately as he addressed her. "Never let me hear you talk in that way again!" he said. "Poor old Otilie! You have been so troubled with all this. We must put an end to it. I have come back to marry you, and at once. I trust there are no new bugbears in the way, since you see you cannot frighten me with the old one. Come; I am going to have your aunt's consent, if that be a necessary preliminary."

"Stay," said Otilie, detaining him, as he made a feint of going on the instant. "And you really mean to say that you are not afraid of taking a share of this stigma, with which the town, perhaps the whole country, is ringing?" There was something benign and at the same time mysterious in the smile with which her words were accompanied.

"No, I do not seem to mind it. You used to charge me with a moral insensibility. Perhaps this is a case of it. Moral insensibility may have its advantages, after all."

"But Mr. Kingbolt has thought the matter so serious that he has broken off the match with Angelica."

"I always had my opinion of that fellow," said Bainbridge, receiving this news with a manifestation of disgust. "It is hard on Angelica," he continued, reflectively; "but, between ourselves,

there are persons who require a certain mixture of adversity to bring them to a little consideration for the rest of the world, and she is possibly one of them. Still, even adversity does not always work."

"Hush!" exclaimed Otilie. "She is extremely unhappy. I am sure we ought to have nothing but sympathy for her."

"Well, sympathy let it be, then. As to the scandal itself, it is written that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, but I have never heard that those of the uncles were. That would be a little too much. If they were, though, I will say that I should not mind shouldering some trifling responsibility of that kind, on your account. How am I to show that I love you? There are no ordeals, no tests."

Otilie had never known him more magnanimous, confident, tender, irresistible.

"Well," she began, all at once changing her manner, and beaming upon him with a ravishing brightness, "since you are quite sure that you do not care, since you are pleased to make light of this odium upon our family name, it does not exist; that is to say, it is not going to. It is all a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"Yes. Had my uncle not been so suddenly stricken, it would have been explained away on the spot. The evidence of what I tell you is in the hands of Judge Chippendale, a committee of the Civic Reform Association, and others, and will shortly be issued. It is a complete vindication. Oh, you cannot know what a weight it has raised from my life! A dread, nourished by circumstances recurring with a kind of fatality, had grown upon me for months. I used to dream the most terrible things. I saw my uncle a member of one of those chain-gangs of convicts we looked down upon that day from the Terrace. I awoke, and found myself crying and begging them to let him go."

"Poor child, poor child! We ought to have talked it over together. I feared to give your suspicions exaggerated importance even by appearing to understand them."

Bainbridge had the details of the attack upon the merchant prince well in his head. He had pored over them carefully in his newspaper, seeking flaws in the evidence from a legal point of view. He was well prepared to appreciate the points of the defense.

"My uncle Rodman," said Otilie in substance, "looks at many things in his past life differently now. He has confessed to me that he fears that he was at one time too inconsiderate of all but pecuniary advantage. He adjusted himself to the world as he found it, giving no thought to reform it or resist objectionable tendencies. As to the sentiment of patriotism, he says that it had never been aroused to prominence in his breast by any threat of danger to the country. His attitude towards slavery, now so heinous, was that of what was called the "conservative" element of the time. He says that, however it may appear in the letters, which have possibly been added to, he did not really foresee the bloody conflict that arose. He thinks that he could never have been drawn actually to side against the government."

"It is hardly what one would call a striking defense, from the modern point of view," said Bainbridge. "Still, your uncle amply compensated for any temporizing conduct at first by his later vigor."

"Fortunately, the rest is more satisfactory," said Otilie. "Let me tell you, as it has been explained to me, the baseless character of the allegation of forgery. Uncle Rodman was upon the brink of ruin that day, as they claim. He had been refused an extension at the Antarctic Bank, and sat in his office, expecting failure, and unable to raise hand or foot to avert it. In his well-

nigh distracted condition, he scribbled upon paper before him imaginary notes, bills, and acceptances. 'Thus and so much,' he said to himself, as he has told me, 'such and such a name or names as indorsers, would save me.' It must have been like those visions of water conjured up in the desert by travelers perishing of thirst. There was no imitation of signatures, no other handwriting than his own, — no regular aspect to the papers at all. Some of them were but half written, others covered with scrawled flourishes or multiplications. But some of these got into the bank with commercial paper that was really genuine."

"I begin to see," said Bainbridge. "A dangerous error, and also, I imagine, an extremely infrequent one."

"Dangerous indeed it proved," Ottilie went on, "in a peculiar way. One would have thought that they would have been at once thrown out, as showing on their face what they were; but it was not so. Now it so happened that this day was one of the most remarkable in a peculiarly frenzied time. Under the influence of the imminent prospect of war, the prices for all commodities were advancing almost from moment to moment. Small dealers everywhere were desirous to buy, to realize the further rise themselves. Orders by mail, by telegraph, and personal visit poured in at an unheard-of rate. The actual sales and money receipts at my uncle's store on that day have never been equaled, before or since. He was aroused from his lethargy to new hopes of safety. With the almost miraculous resources thus obtained, and some new exertions which he was encouraged to make outside, before the close of banking hours his credit was substantially saved. The greater part of the sum demanded was paid in. Little is done calmly on such occasions, as you may imagine. Messengers, buyers, and salesmen were rushing wildly in and out, demanding the proprietor's attention. How

it happened that the pretended acceptances became mingled with the others, and went into the bank for deposit and collection, cannot now be explained, but by some fatality they did. Two of them bore the name of the great manufacturer, Colonel Kingbolt, of Kingboltsville, which was then almost like a household word. This was the germ of the calamitous consequences we have witnessed."

"But why — but how?" asked Bainbridge.

"That is what I am going to tell you," hurried on the fair narrator. "The president sent for uncle Rodman. As everything is important in a bank, it seems that he thought it his duty to do so. They had a little chat together, and all was amicably explained. My uncle insisted on sending back the bank messenger to bring the waste-basket from the store, to show just how the scribbling had been done, and how insignificant it was. Thus there was no appearance of forgery, and furthermore, as my uncle's bank account did not need the amount, no motive for it. The petty circumstance would never have been heard of again except for two causes. An over-zealous employee, new in the service of the bank, had telegraphed to Kingboltsville. Secondly, when the pretended acceptances should have been returned to uncle Rodman, one was missing. It was not seen again until it turned up in the hands of his enemy Hackley, who had retained it all these years for his own purposes. It was plainly seen by Judge Chippendale and the committee, when they inspected this one the other day, and compared it with specimens of Colonel Kingbolt's writing, that it was in uncle Rodman's hand, without alteration or disguise, and that there was but the faintest resemblance between the two. The committee had considerable difficulty in getting it from Mr. Hackley, who knew the weakness of his cause, but he dared not refuse."

"Artfully planned on the part of Mr. Sprowle Onderdonk," commented the listener, when the story was finished. "I would not have given him credit for ability to make so much of so little. And boldly planned! They could not have expected to do any permanent harm with it. It must have been meant only as a bombshell in the enemy's camp, on the eve of the marriage of his daughter and his probable appointment to the cabinet. They were favored by the state of his bodily health. The Sprowles have well repaid the affront offered them. It seems a case where revenge has been possible, in modern times, after all."

"Upon the conclusion of that day, with all its exciting experiences, my uncle fell ill of a fever," pursued Otilie. "Thus you see that it is an occasion marked in his memory in numerous ways. He scored up his sufferings to the account of the South. It was this that led to his bitterness."

The young girl paused, then resumed, but in a lingering way. "I do not know whether I ought to tell you this," she said, "but—I tell you everything, and it will go no further. Uncle Rodman admits to me that while he sat helpless at his desk he had a terrible temptation. Had other means not intervened, he is not sure but he might have done what he has been charged with. He says, '*They might have made me a forger.*'"

"There, but for the grace of God, goes John Knox reformer," broke in Bainbridge. "You know the quotation. We all know something of the feeling."

"He could not bear the thought of going down to ruin from such a cause. It was a certain dallying with this temptation that accounted for his peculiar agitation, upon having a startling suspicion of the crime cast upon him shortly after. He half felt it to be just, though he had never come to the actual point of yielding, nor committed any tangible wrong. It was this that added the keen-

est edge to his hatred of his Southern debtors. Their betrayal had driven him, with his exceptionally strict ideas of commercial accuracy and uprightness, to such a pass. Had he succumbed, the fault, with the rest, would have been theirs. It was this, too, that accounted for his interest in the class of cases of which I have told you, which I, in my too ready apprehensiveness, took for a manifestation of remorse and guilt."

"He is not wholly bad, then," said Bainbridge, summing up.

"I cannot think he is bad. He has been over-ambitious, rigid, in certain peculiar ideas, and warped on one side by the strong sense of injury. I am sure there must be many worse."

"Well, since it is out of the way, and there is no need of our standing by it, it did have a somewhat ugly look. Let us rejoice at a happy deliverance! But for your sake, dear Otilie, since it made you uneasy, not mine. I would have gladly put up with fifty times as much. I cannot dwell upon gloomy subjects to-day. Let us return to our marriage. Let me tell you of my success in Colorado. My friend, the absconding debtor, came down at once on seeing me, without putting me to the trouble of legal proceedings. He was able to pay, and did so, with what excuses for his past conduct he could trump up. I, overjoyed to get my money, was not too particular in my scrutiny of them. The sum is a modest one, but it will do to begin life upon. Come, now, dear child! come, dear little mistress of all the arts and sciences, a date for the wedding, — a very speedy one!"

How sweet it was to have him lavish these epithets of affection upon her! Such things are said a thousand times, it may be, but ah, those earliest times!

"We need no long engagement," he went on. "Our whole acquaintance has been a kind of engagement. It seems to me that we know each other very well."

"My family will be very much surprised."

"Families always are, you know, but they get used to it."

"There are so many things to be done."

"Don't do them! Let them wait!"

"Well, in a year." This by way of trying him.

Bainbridge opened his eyes in amazement. "I like that!" he said. "A fortnight!"

"Oh, oh! Three months, at least," insisted Ottilie, amazed in her turn. This ultimatum was, however, after sufficient pleading on the part of the lover, cut down to six weeks.

"My uncle will perhaps object," she urged later. "He may consider me a necessity as his nurse."

"That is one of the very reasons," said the lover. "You are fagged out. You will break down. You can come back if you are really wanted. And, another thing, I am not quite sure that I feel sufficient confidence in my own surpassing merits to leave you too long. It has been the greatest wonder to me that some one of the young millionaires about have not snapped you up before now. They have eyes in their heads, I suppose, and I am sure they have tried. There is no telling, even now, whether they may not make their inducements too strong. Human nature has its limits."

"You are very trusting," said Ottilie, "I must say. No, they have not snapped me up. They have not tried,—except of course that ridiculous Stillsby, and—my cousin Selkirk."

"Your cousin Selkirk?" cried Bainbridge, in consternation.

"Oh, yes; but I heroically refused him. I tell nobody else; only you. I shall have no secrets left presently. It was only the other day. It came about, perhaps, through the intimacy into which we have been thrown by our care for his father. He had never made love

to me before, unless it be making love to explain to me his technical collections, and take me out to drive once or twice. He declared, in his backward, hesitating way, that I was one of the reasons why he had not married. He complimented me by saying that I was different from other girls,—though how I am so different, I really don't know. He would esteem my advice and help in the management of his property. I told him that I could not think of marrying so near a relative on any account; nor would I, though some do, you know. That alone was a sufficient excuse. We had a talk of considerable length. Selkirk is amiable and easily influenced, and yet not without strength in a certain way, too. I left him well disposed towards me. I am sure that it was only a fleeting fancy, and he will think no more of it."

Bainbridge was lost in admiration at this incident, as if it had been an extraordinary sacrifice for him. He made as if to draw her towards him.

"But you want somebody whom you can put upon a pedestal," she demurred, drawing back from his embrace. "No mere ordinary woman will do for you."

"I have put you there long since, Ottilie, darling," he said, rendered more ardent by her tantalizing way. "You see before you the most abject of idolaters."

"Take care!" she said; "it is better not to touch idols, the gilding may rub off." But then she resigned herself deliciously, saying, "After all, one feels rather toppy on one's pedestal, at first."

"I wish I could make you understand how utterly without personal needs I have become," said Bainbridge, "how good I want to be to you. I wish there were some way of letting you enjoy all that I have, alone, while I but look on. The important thing is"—

"Whether she will stick to a fellow; whether she will pull through thick and thin with him," she interrupted, recalling in delightful mimicry some of his

sage talk of the past summer, almost as a resource for not weeping with happiness. "Well, she will." She laid a soft, round cheek against his.

It was a pleasant sight to see, that of the fair young girl seated by the chair of the poor invalid. It was a pleasant sound to hear her fresh young voice raised in contrast with his mumbled tones. She amused, as it were, a child,—such an old, heart-weary, pathetic, tragical child! Bainbridge could not conceal his enthusiasm over her. Mrs. Rodman Harvey looked at him with interest on account of it, contrasting him with Kingbolt.

She said to Otilie, "Here, child, let me look at you! Have we indeed had such a paragon in the house all this time, without knowing it?"

He went out and paid some calls with Otilie, among other places, at the Hastings'. The visit so strongly recalled to the young man the last evening they had spent there, that he was scarcely lucid in talk with Mrs. Hastings. His thoughts wandered continually to his betrothed. She sat across the room in some fresh, simple toilette that became her admirably, and tapped her parasol from time to time, against her small boot as she conversed.

"She is mine," he said to himself in a kind of wonder. "She is mine."

The roar of the streets now seemed to him, as he came up town, a triumphal march. The sky from his office window seemed of a more delicate azure, the sunshine of a finer quality, in the part of the town where Otilie was, just as a city is indicated at night by the glow above it in the heavens.

He chanced to fall in, about these times, with Mrs. Elphinstone Swan. She already began to wear her widow's weeds with a certain coquettish air. "Are you never going to speak to me again?" she said. "I should still value your friendship. You did not quite un-

derstand me." She made other efforts, succeeding this, to draw him back to her, but without avail. Whether actuated by repentance or a new inspiration of coquetry, they hardly caused in him even a bitter reflection. That passion was utterly dead.

It was again full spring, and the creamy white blossoms of the magnolia shrubs again bloomed as if in the courts of paradise. Bainbridge remarked, in his visits to the Harvey mansion, that that which had been planted before the corner-stone, so singularly marked with the fossil print, had now a much less mission than formerly to fulfil. The antediluvian bird-track, if bird-track it were, was disappearing, little by little, through the continued flaking of the stone, till it was well-nigh obliterated. The superstitious might now have been at liberty to believe that the omen had finally exhausted itself, and would be of no further avail.

The mind in the helpless frame of the merchant prince still gave evidence of its old vigor. In the pale white light that shines from a near approach to another world he saw many subjects as he had never seen them before. He remitted some debts, and among others that so long hanging over the Hasbrouck family. Otilie had the pleasure of being the first to convey to her friends the delightful intelligence. He established the trusty Klauser in the partnership.

Miss Emily Rawson was married presently to the Rev. Edwin Swan. She turned her superfluous energy into channels of benevolence, and all the good works in the parish had reason to be glad of her acquisition. At about the same time came news of the frauds in the great Eureka Tool Works of Kingboltsville. It seemed that Judge Bryan, the principal trustee, was a defaulter, and young Kingbolt was hurrying home from Europe in alarm. People said, unsympathetically, that if the

heir had ever taken the pains to look after his own affairs this would never have happened.

The ambitions of the merchant prince appeared as keen as ever, but he had been disappointed in the unaspiring traits of his children. He was called away presently to his long rest. The eminent bodies of various sorts with which he had been connected passed resolutions of respect to his memory, and transmitted copies to the bereaved relatives. A stately tomb, with a polished granite column, rose above his remains at Greenwood.

When at length his last will and testament was opened, it was found to devise, after ample provision for his family, a large share of his property, in the usual way, to charities and institutions of learning. It also made a provision, amounting to a handsome fortune, "in affectionate remembrance of her devotion, and many amiable qualities," to his "beloved niece Otilie Harvey," now the wife of Russell Bainbridge.

The opportunities of her new position, thus suddenly opened, scintillated before the vision of this charming young legatee like a shower of sparks.

William Henry Bishop.

AN AFTERNOON IN HOLLAND.

To exchange the uneven surface of the English Channel for the level fields of Belgium was a great pleasure. The transition would have made the Great Desert itself seem a paradise; but even the attractions of Antwerp, and the delights of its pictures, and of a Sunday in its cathedral and the cheerful streets that lead to it, failed to content us, — we were in such a hurry to get to Holland.

A constitutional dislike to climbing hills may have been attracted by the reported flatness of Holland, and a love for the sea even extended to a desire to make a voyage on a canal. And a fierce partisanship for Lombardy poplars naturally urged me out of my own country toward the peaceful asylum of those persecuted monarchs of the plain, — poplars, canals, and windmills.

It was a great surprise to find the representative Dutchman, of the long pipe and mug of comforting drink, with moon-like face and ponderous bulk, apparently wanting in Amsterdam. Either the Knickerbocker's adopted home on the Hudson had favored his increase of size, or else the Hollanders of the pres-

ent day are thinner and smaller than their ancestors. The universal right to the once monopolized trade with Japan may have led to the gradual impoverishment of society. Other glories which belonged to the older merchants of Holland have also been wrested from them. Both the land and the water highways of Amsterdam were busy, and crowded with rattling wheels or leisurely gliding boats, when I saw them; but one could not help thinking of the riches of the old days, and the industry of the present seemed to be less well rewarded than that of the past.

It has been said that the Dutch language is like and unlike every other. It has a curious individuality of its own, and is full of surprises. A word which looks so familiar that you use it without hesitation proves to have a sound which is foreign to any idea ever known to you; and another visible sign of speech, which has so many double *o*'s and *j*'s in its spelling that you pass by it in horror and dismay, sounds, when spoken, like the easy little words which are familiar to a child of five.

We had lingered in Amsterdam after the time set for leaving, in our never-to-be-relied-upon plan of travel, and, the day being fair, we had made up our minds to go to Broek. We were told that the steamboat for Zaardam (which noted village proved to be not far out of our way) would leave at two o'clock; so we took breakfast at our Bible Hotel, and were in no hurry about it, being assured that the place of departure was round the corner, and understanding, from the backward gesture of the porter's thumb, that the steamboat's city home was in the canal, which lay just under our own windows.

It had been a great amusement to us that the proprietors of our inn, seeming to recognize the discrepancy between the spiritual suggestions of its long-inherited name and the actual use of another kind of spirits that went on continually under its roof, had put a stained-glass window in the stairway, with an open copy of the Scriptures for its escutcheon. In distinct lettering on the page was the admonition of St. Paul to Timothy that he should drink no longer water, but a little wine. It was no unkind or unwise advice to the Timothys of Amsterdam in former years, for in that, like many another Dutch town, the water was not fit to drink.

We loitered a good while longer than was necessary over our late breakfast, and were a little startled, at last, when we found that there were only a few minutes left before the boat was to go, and taking our wraps and the umbrellas which are the modern pilgrims' staves, we hurried out through the corridor and up the street. We turned the first corner toward the canal, but there was no craft in sight — this being one of the marine by-ways of Amsterdam — except some decrepid small boats and clumsy scows, or, as I heard a delayed and enraged stewardess on the Bergen steamer call them, mudhoppers.

We stopped before a kind-hearted-

looking market woman, who told us in a few stumbling English words that our wharf was beyond the railway station, three quarters of a mile away. There was no carriage visible, and it was within five minutes of two o'clock; we hurried along the street, keeping on after the bells had struck and chimed the hour with triumphant persistency, until we were not quite sure about our way. However, we came in sight of the Zaardam steamer at last, and waited fifteen or twenty minutes before she left the quay.

It really was delightful weather; the canal was so full of boats and small shipping that it seemed like a parade, and the sharp-bowed steamer moved quickly out toward the country, leaving a broad white track of foam, and sending off waves to right and left that made the little boats within their reach bob up and down distractedly. The deck was a good place to rest. There were not many people on board. We took pleasure in watching a dutiful little old woman in a plain brown dress, who sat knitting beside the engine-house. She seemed to be a well-known person, for she looked up with a smile, and had an eager little talk with most of the other passengers, and even with the solemn stewardess, who carried two tumblers of beer on a plate to some voyagers who were smoking astern. She was a very grumpy stewardess, we thought. She looked as if she had used every argument to keep the men from wasting their money in beer, and now would have nothing further to say. She held the plate in her hands, and stood in the low companionway, with long wisps of her hair blowing in the wind.

Amsterdam had been a most delightful old city to stroll about in, but the suburbs of it pleased us even more. At last it was really Holland! And across the flat green fields and the dikes rose the sails of a vast company of windmills at Zaardam and Purmerend, and all the

country side beyond and between. The air was thick with them, like a forest of great stumps and leafless branches. The mills near at hand were huge and round, with sails that Don Quixote would have fled from at first sight; but the farthest ones were like children's playthings, and seemed to beckon to us and to belong to our holiday. When we came nearer them we were gratified to find that the lower stories were often used for dwellings. It was a pretty picture to see children playing about the door, with the sails twirling slowly overhead, as if to frighten away some predatory fowl of the air, a grewsome hawk that was in quest of young Dutchmen. The thatch with which the tall round mills were covered was very smooth and fine, almost like fur, and of an exquisite color.

We turned presently into a narrower canal, and soon reached Zaardam. We did not have a good first impression of it. We had felt we were adventurers, and almost as if no American travelers before us had bethought themselves to make such good use of a summer afternoon. We had felt ourselves remote from the beaten track of tourists, although we had found in the guide-book directions for going to Broek by way of Zaardam. And yet it was such a quaint and pleasant corner of the world that we had all the satisfaction of being the first discoverers, until we were fairly landed on the little pier.

Then five men ran towards us in a great hurry. One claimed us for his own, and began to talk in fragments of English about Peter the Great's house, while his neighbors, in voluble Dutch, implored us to make arrangements to hire a vehicle of them, in which to drive to see all the rest of the world; and he translated their threats and entreaties, when he could desist for a moment from telling us something we could not understand about Peter the Great. Dutch numbers are impossible for an Ameri-

can to recognize by ear, and it was a great relief when one of the men pulled a crumpled paper from his pocket, and pointed to a printed tariff, from which we learned that for certain gulden we could be driven to Broek, and afterward to the tollhouse, whence we could cross the ferry to Amsterdam. We were really tired when the clamor ceased, and four men turned their attention to putting in the horse, while the fifth walked quietly before us to the shrine of Zaardam.

It was our first look at a Dutch village, except as we had hurried through a part of the country on the railway, a day or two before. We thought that Broek itself, the cleanest town in the world, could hardly be cleaner than this. The salt air blew across the sweet green fields, the casements were full of flowers, and the sunshine streamed in at the open doors. All the people looked comfortable, and nobody had seemed to take any notice of the excitement on the wharf. We followed our guide along the crooked thoroughfare; having suspicions that there might be treasures waiting to be discovered in the orderly small shops, and catching glimpses of the interior of the houses as we went by.

We were fully convinced that we had not been the first strangers to come to the town, when we reached the home of the Russian Peter, if we had failed to be before, for it was so carved upon and written upon with names of pilgrims that it was like a page of the world's census. It was certainly well taken care of. The old house was warped and bent with age, but an outside shell and cover had been built over it, so that visitors could walk between the walls of the two houses. There had been not a few royal pilgrims, whose portraits and compliments, with their autographs appended, were hanging about the walls in frames, — a grander way of leaving one's name, but much the same thing as carving it with a jack-knife, that all the world may

see. It was easy to fancy the young Russian coming home at night tired from his ship-building, and sitting in the three-cornered chair which is still part of the house's furniture. His thoughts must often have been far enough away from Zaardam; but I wonder that he ever lived to return to his people, if he slept in the low-storied cupboard of a bed, guarded with close doors and built in the wall of the kitchen.

The house stood just at the edge of a field, quite apart from even the small activities of Zaardam. It seemed a pity to go to see it. It is the most tired-out little house I have ever seen. It can hardly hold itself up, yet there is no appearance of dustiness or decay. The people take good care of it, and prize it highly, as well they may, since it brings them so much money; but it appeared to me like some human being who had reached a very great age, and become an object of interest to curiosity hunters. There was a garden around the keeper's lodge. Children were strolling about, and sailing little boats in a very small canal, apparently made on purpose for them. As we looked up and down the wide canal, a sluggish and idle waterway, it was pleasant to see the doors opening directly upon it, and the little boat-landings; and as for the scarlet geraniums on the wide window-sills, they all leaned over to look at themselves in the water. The grass and weeds grew in a most luxuriant fashion, and all the vegetation was as vivid a green as it ever can be in Ireland. Wherever there was a bit of ground large enough a garden had been made, and with the children's voices chirping and calling, and the sound of laughter in one of the houses near by, it was all as charming a glimpse of village life as one would care to have.

One of the four stable-men had driven to meet us, and we climbed into the heavy carriage, and began to laugh at the horse, which was as round as a dumpling, and nothing but a pony, at any rate.

It seemed a brisk little creature, and we did not know how to suggest to our Dutch acquaintances that a larger one would have pleased us better. In some way or other we had learned that Broek was only a mile or two away, and so we rattled along the narrow paved street, with houses on one side and a canal on the other, until we were out in the open country. The road was at the top of a great dike; so we had a capital outlook. The wind came up a little, and the tall grass was waving about. The canals themselves could not be seen, but in every direction we could see brown or white sails gliding between the fields, and at some little distance, in the great sea canal, a large steamer was going slowly in to Amsterdam, its huge hull floating high above the rest of that level and sunken world, and looking strange and clumsy as it moved along.

The fearfulness of a break in the sea dikes cannot be understood until Holland has been seen with one's own eyes; neither can the patience and toil of the Dutch. It is no wonder that the people are willing to take such care of their country, when such infinite pains have been given to its building and defense. They work at it as ants work, or as coral insects year by year add something to a reef. Their thrift and industry are marvelous, and it would be ungrateful grass that did not grow heavy as an arctic creature's fur over the fields, or heartless flowers that would not bloom by the way. All the streets of Amsterdam are on a lower level than the sea, though it is difficult to remember it in that solid and well-built city; but out in the country the sight of the sea canal, of the great ship high above the land, of the tremendously strong walls that were built to keep the ocean within bounds, was fairly amazing. The stories of the overflowing of the country became at once realities. I pictured to myself this green and fertile neighborhood at the mercy of an inundation; the havoc and deso-

lation and sorrow that the sea any day might make.

But the Holland men and women seemed to be sure of their safety and fearless of any trouble that day; there could not be a more peaceful country to look at. The next village was reached in course of time, and we rattled through it without stopping except to pay a turnpike toll at its entrance. The Dutch money and the coins of Belgium gave us great trouble. We were continually mistaking the shiny bits for silver, and the handfuls of nickel or base metal and copper that came to us, when we had to change even the smallest silver coin, were most surprising. We caught sight of another village, and pointed to it, and said "Broek?" inquiringly; but our driver shook his head and smiled, and pointed with his whip across the country, where the little hamlets were scattered about, half hidden, like birds' nests, under the clustered green trees. We could not tell which he meant, whether it was the nearest or the farthest, but were not impatient even to see Broek; it was so delightful a little journey we were taking toward it.

Now and then we passed a solitary man mending the embankment, where a new piece of timber was to be fitted in, or where the filling of small stones was loosened and washing away. But the great dikes looked as if they would stand forever, so welded and clamped they had been, with such a solid weight of masonry and timber. The clean, well-scrubbed Dutch houses themselves are not better tended and kept than is all out-doors in Holland. One would think the rain that fell from heaven was soap and water, and that once a week, at least, the farms were swept and dusted and put to rights, and that even the little bushes had grown afraid to stir when a breeze came to play with them, lest they should rumple their leaves, and be called untidy.

All the farms are surrounded by

broad ditches, and the land is divided into squares of perhaps a quarter of an acre each. Sometimes there is a bridge, with a gate at the end, across from one field to the next. These gates looked very odd, standing stiff and straight by themselves, as if they had all the care and authority of miles of fence. Instead of fixed gates there was often a drawbridge hoisted up from the ditch, appearing as if it were meant for some kind of a trap, until you came near it. We were delighted with the beautiful cattle that were scattered about, half a dozen together, on the small green fields, and, as it grew later in the afternoon, men and boys pushed out from the kitchen doors of the farm-houses in flat-bottomed boats, with their milking-stools and white wooden pails, and followed the ditch-paths to the pastures.

The shadows grew long, and we passed one village after another, and did not come to Broek; it was nearly six o'clock, and we had ordered our dinner in Amsterdam, at that time being certain in our ignorance that Broek could not be more than a long stone's-throw away. Our driver smiled, and kept on pointing with his whip.

We had seen masts and sails always at a little distance, though we had met so many small boats hitherto in our drive, but at last the road led by a larger canal, and here we came close to the old-fashioned slug-like canal boats, where happy families lived in comfort and content, if not in splendor. Puffs of thin blue smoke were coming out of the chimneys of the little cabins, and yellow-haired children sat on the deck and watched us as we went by. Sometimes a little dog would stand with one foot on the rail and bark at us in a great frenzy, and presently we would overtake the larger dog, or the horse, and most surely the man who was tugging at the tow rope. It did not look very hard to pull even a large boat through the still water; the sloops were moved

also by their sails, though there was not much wind, and no chance for beating or tacking. The little boats with their loads were drawn lightly along by a cord fastened to the top of their masts. All the people seemed to be on their way home, and we did not dare to think that the next village, also, might fail to be Broek.

Suddenly, to our great distress, we were driven into the yard of a large farm-house which stood by itself among the fields. Could our driver mean that we should spend the night there and take the rest of the journey in the morning, or had he some important errand of his own to these acquaintances? In a few moments, however (the driver had meantime alighted and stood beside us with great patience, waving his hand toward the door of the house), the latch clicked, and an elderly woman came out to greet us, and we at once accepted her invitation to come in. This, to our surprise, was Broek, or, at any rate, its suburbs, for here was the famous stable where the cows' stalls were decked with colored tissue-paper cut in shapes, with muslin curtains at their little windows, and all manner of luxurious decoration and furniture. Having become world-renowned, there was an artificial splendor and bedizenng. Specimens of delft-ware and china were hanging on the sides of the stalls; the floors were covered with clean pebbles and with painted cockle-shells arranged in patterns. It looked like a magnificent baby-house, and as if the elders of the family had never given up playing with dolls. The cows were living in their pastures: this was only their winter residence, and, for my part, I would much rather see the stable when they were in it, and I have no doubt their housekeeping is carried on in unparalleled fashion, for the beautiful sleek-coated creatures looked dainty enough to be at large anywhere, even in Holland.

The same great roof covered the sta-

ble and the house, and a door opened directly into a long kitchen, where some supper, which we should have been glad to eat, was set out on one of the tables by a latticed window, over which some vines were growing. In the next room was a great business of cheese-making, and in the next, which was walled with stone and cellar-like, were stored away a great number of cheeses, cannon-ball as to shape, and of a fragrance and yellowness impossible to describe. The point-lace lappets of our hostess's cap flapped as she walked before us and showed us room after room of her house, betraying pride only when she opened the door of one and said, "The salon!" It was the least interesting to us, being uncommonly stuffy, and carpeted and furnished in the most conventional and uncharacteristic way. We had noticed some superb pieces of furniture, heavy wardrobes and the like, of vast size and antiquity, but these were all in the living-rooms, fortunately, and not locked away from sight and use.

It was only a little way farther to the cleanest town in the world, but Broek must have won its reputation by only a length in its race with the rest of Holland. The other villages may have followed its example until they became its rivals, however, so I will not try to steal its laurels, and it certainly is a most clean-faced and well-dressed little town. The houses are very pretty, and the flower-gardens were in gayest bloom. Flocks of children were playing about the streets; we came upon a dozen of them busy with some merry game or other in a little square near the church, which was shaded with trees whose foliage was so thick that it was damp and gloomy underneath. There were some stalls and booths, as if it were a fair-ground or market-place, or as if some wandering showman had arranged his much-battered properties for a performance.

We could look between the houses out

across the fields. The glimpses of the wide reaches of greenest grass, of the grayish willows and slender poplars, formed charming pictures. From the main street of Broek we could look far down the canal that led to Amsterdam: a delightful perspective of a tall white sail and a clump of willows, an idle windmill farther away, a blue sky that had not begun to fade, though the twilight had begun to fall, and white clouds that made the nearest stretch of water look like silver. It was dead calm on the canal; the breeze which had ruffled it a little all day had gone down with the sun. It was the Holland that Ruysdael painted, with its soft colors and its endless distances, where the earth and sky meet in a mist, like the blending of the sky and sea.

We left the main street, presently, quite sure that it was true that the paving-stones of it were scoured every Saturday, and followed the only side street to where its houses ended. They were less pretentious than those we had just left. It was supper-time, and at each door a company of wooden shoes of various sizes were waiting for their owners. This was the pleasantest part of

Broek to us, but one must see it for one's self on a summer evening, and I hope everybody will be fortunate enough to see, as we did, two young men who came hurrying up the narrow tow-path and got into a boat and rowed away as if they were belated. They certainly had been left behind by the fashions, for they both wore the amazing petticoat-trousers of a past age.

It was not a long drive to the toll-house; we crossed the ferry and found a hackman who had, happily for us, finished his supper, and we were soon back at the hotel. The prim stateliness of the high-gabled roofs of Amsterdam delighted us more than ever by their contrast with that charming bit of the low countries we had just seen. The lights were shining out in the houses one by one and twinkling again in the canal underneath. I shall be glad to remember all my life how fresh the wind was, and how green the clover; how the people smiled at us, and said good-day as we passed them. I can always shut my eyes and see the sails moving this way and that among the green fields, and the round-topped windmills beckoning lazily with their long arms.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

PERSIAN DUALISM.

PERHAPS the least known of the old Aryan creeds, Zoroastrianism, is the one which has most vitally influenced the faith and morals of modern Europe. Greece contributed much to Christian ritual and festival making. India communicated its spirit of asceticism to the West. But from Persia came the belief in pure evil, original sin, and in an arch-enemy of God and man, which for centuries was the central thought of Christianity. The religion of that country is therefore of peculiar interest to

us. To understand it in its relations to the history of human progress, it makes little difference whether we believe Zoroaster to have been actually its founder, or whether we decide that he was as mythical a being as the shining Mithra, or the tall Sraosha. If, as Frederick Harrison says, "the great need now is not to increase, but to use, our stores of historical learning," the real questions at issue are: (1.) What are the doctrines accepted as coming from the Persian prophet? (2.) How were these affected

by physical and social life. (3.) To what degree did they in turn influence Persian and Western civilizations? The fundamental dogmas, and not the minor details of belief, are what concern the present inquiry.

Zoroastrianism in its broad outlines taught that the world was made and is governed by Ormuzd, the spirit of good, and Ahriman, the spirit of evil, who are ever striving the one against the other, and that it is man's duty, while upon earth, to take active part in the conflict. Modern commentators have attempted to prove from certain passages in the Pahlavi texts that the Persian religion was originally monotheistic. It did embrace, in its later days, sects who held time, light, space, or fate to be the first and chief power of existence, to which gods and devils were subordinate. But in this respect it did not differ from Hellenism and Hinduism, which, when they passed into the critical stage, referred all deities and demons to an indefinable source. Beyond and above Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva of Hindu mythology was the Atman or Self, to whom personality was never attributed. Greater than Zeus and Hades, than Here and Aphrodite, in the Greek Olympus, was a supreme fate. But Hindus and Greeks were practically polytheists, in spite of the pantheism of the former and the fatalism of the latter. And in like manner Zoroastrianism, though it can be traced to pre-Vedic germs, and though its modern representatives are monotheists, was, in its organic stage, pure dualism.¹ The sacred books of Iran are even more explicit than those of the Hebrews. They not only record the manner of the creation, but they define the motive force leading to the act. Spinoza says that a *perfect* God cannot be conceived as working to attain an end, "because God

¹ That dualism and not monotheism was the original creed of Persia has been ably proved by Prof. James Darmesteter. In his *Ormuzd et Ahriman*, Paris, 1877, he traces the evolution of

would then desire something which he was without." This idea seems to have occurred to the early Mazdeans, and to have perplexed them. They represented Ormuzd as self-sufficient, and they were obliged to reconcile this conception of divinity with the fact of earthly life. They thought to evade the difficulty by declaring Ahriman to be the cause of the creation. Both powers had existed co-equally from all eternity, but while Ormuzd had been from the first conscious of the presence of the spirit of opposition, the latter, because he was the principle of darkness, remained ignorant of his opponent. Ignorance, in itself, is a negative evil, but its active expression is usually dangerous. In modern Europe it was not until illiterate peasantries broke out into French revolutions and Irish insurrections that they jeopardized the preservation of order. And so it was only when Ahriman became conscious of the light, and resolved to destroy it, that Ormuzd's vigilance against him was necessitated. But, as from the chaos of human rebellions and riots better laws have been evolved for the people, so the first movement of the enemy led to the generation of good in concrete forms. In other religious cosmogonies evil, as a personified force, was an accident; in the Mazdean, it was a necessity. Where most men have supposed devils to be the result of the creation, Persians believed that the earth existed because of a devil. Instead of imagining the world to be the well-intentioned but badly executed scheme of a deity, they saw in it the product of a god struggling to save goodness from destruction. All the evils in the universe came from Ahriman. Through him the rose had its thorn, light its shadow, joy its sorrow. Whenever new forms of life were made, he marred their Persian gods and devils, showing very conclusively that in the transformation of Hindu deities into Persian devils we have a revolution, not of thought, but of language.

beauty. He brought into being demons and planets, the latter being supposed to scatter confusion among the constellations. He sullied the purity of fire with smoke, and formed in the bosom of the sea the deceptive Maelstrom. He covered trees and plants with thorns, and introduced poison into vegetation. He sowed seeds of evil in animal life, and transmitted the germs of moral and physical disease to the primeval man, Gayomard.

The contest between the spirits did not cease with the creation. The forces of good and evil, once set in motion, could not rest from rivalry until one or both perished. Ormuzd must continue striving to make things pure and beautiful, Ahriman to prevent him. "Ever since a creature was created by us," Ormuzd declared to Zoroaster, "I, who am Auharmazd, have not rested at ease on account of providing protection for my own creatures; and likewise not even he, the evil spirit, on account of contriving evil for the creatures." Men, being free agents, had to choose for themselves between the service of the two spirits, and the methods by which they could serve Ormuzd and thwart Ahriman are typified in the history of Zoroaster. As Mara held out to Buddha all the allurements which make life beautiful, so did Ahriman promise Zoroaster full sway over the universe for a thousand years, should he but swear fealty to him. But while Buddha conquered the evil one by prayer, fasting, and penance, the Persian prophet arose in his wrath, and with the strength of an inspired Samson threw mighty rocks upon his tempter. Faithful Mazdeans were bidden to follow the example of their great master, and seek for spiritual victory through temporal means. Even as Ahriman had impelled Ormuzd to action, so he became the spur to activity in the daily life of human beings. His strength decreased in proportion to the growth of earthly prosperity. For the proper service of

Ormuzd, and the attainment of eternal salvation, it was absolutely essential that men should have great vigor of body. They therefore classed mortification of the flesh as a sin, while eating and drinking, and every gratification of the senses that added to their physical well-being, were ranked with the highest virtues. The Semitic devil might be intimidated by the scourge and the hair shirt, but Ahriman quailed before the plough and the well-filled larder. There was no room in such a religion for pillar saints and mendicant friars. A good farmer was a better exorciser of demons than hermits or ascetics. The Zend-Avesta taught that —

"When barley occurs, the demons hiss;
When thrashing occurs, then the demons whine;
When grinding occurs, then the demons roar;
When flour occurs, then the demons flee;
So the demons are driven out from the place
(or the house for the flour); they shall burn
their jaws, whereby it happens that the great
er number are fellow fugitives when barley
becomes plentiful."

The earth was declared to be happiest in those places where there are large, prosperous families, where corn and fruit grow in rich profusion, and where cattle multiply and increase. Men prayed, not for spiritual graces, but for temporal gifts, — for strength and knowledge, for husbands and for children. Ormuzd, in explaining the law to the prophet, represented to him as the purest morality full enjoyment of those worldly pleasures from which men of other creeds, seeking the higher life, are recommended to abstain: —

"Verily, I say unto thee, O Spitama Zarathustra, the man who has a wife is far above him who begets no sons; he who keeps a house is far above him who has none; he who has children is far above the childless man; he who has riches is far above him who has none.

"And of two men he who fills himself with meat is filled with the good spirit much more than he who does not do so."

The spirit of activity, thus enkindled, encouraged men's interest in the world in which they lived, making of them keen observers, active enterprisers, and enthusiastic students. As Zeno thought that if men only knew what was good they would practice it, so Persian Magi believed that once they understood goodness *per se*, that is, Ormuzd himself, it would be an impossibility for them to turn from him. This idea is not very original. Hindus and all mystics who have aimed at absorption into divinity have thought to attain this end through pure knowledge. It is in the means adopted for the purpose that the individuality of the Persian cultus is set forth. Hindus sought to reach the substance or *noumenon* of being by ignoring its attributes or *phenomena*. But Persians declared that insight into the nature of God resulted from comprehension and cultivation of his works. Therefore, while priests of other faiths busied themselves with abstractions, the Magi were devoted to the pursuit of physical science, winning thereby the title of Wise Men of the East. Even to-day the Parsis, the last professors of Zoroastrianism, preserve the old national qualities. They are numbered among the most active men in India, being as a rule prosperous and enterprising merchants, and quick to adapt themselves to the new civilization introduced by the English.

Preciseness in the definition of deity and exaction of human activity as a moral obligation are the principal characteristics of this religion, and were the direct outcome of the early circumstances of the people who held them. Man's creeds vary according to physical phenomena and social relations.

"As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been," and the Iranian god and devil were as essentially the outgrowth of primitive Aryan thought carried into Persia as Triunes and Avatars were the result of the same in India, or as beau-

tiful human-like deities were natural to Greek ideals. When Indians and Iranians (or primitive Persians) parted, they possessed the same myths, but deities had not risen beyond their first elementary signification. Varuna was the all-embracing sky, and Mithra the radiant sun. The Indians established themselves in a land where they lived peacefully and where their religion passed through a gradual evolution. But the Iranian, on leaving the Aryan cradleland, went forth to battle. Indians, it is true, had at first encountered enemies, and we have evidence in the *Rāmāyana* and *Mahābhārata* that the contest with them was severe. But the aboriginal inhabitants of Hindostan, a few of whom still survive, belonged to a lower race, and retired before their superiors, much as river-drift and cave men in Europe disappeared before Iberians and Aryans. The Iranians, however, were opposed by men in every way their equals. To retain their individuality and to attain supremacy it was necessary that they should understand clearly and immediately what they were to believe and how they were to act. These causes necessitated the precision manifested in their dogmas. The compilers of their sacred books agreed with Bishop Blougram that—

"If once we choose belief, on all accounts
We can't be too decisive in our faith,
Conclusive and exclusive in its terms."

There were, as Professor Darmesteter says, "two general ideas at the bottom of the Indo-Iranian religion: first, that there is a law in nature; and, secondly, that there is a war in nature." When the vague elements of the primitive nature-worship were organized into a positive code of belief, these ideas were precisely defined, and the numerous deities and demons by whom they were once represented were exchanged for the two great powers of good and evil.

The Persians, perhaps, of all men most felt the dual action of nature. Life to

them was like the apple in the Sultan's garden at Shiraz, one half of which was sweet, the other sour. Their climate varied from the extreme of cold to that of heat, and their soil, rich and fertile in some places, was in others barren as a desert. To the Western man, knowing them chiefly through their poetry, their very name suggests the opposite to activity. To him Persia seems a land where wine flows unceasingly, Luri dance, roses perfume the air, and bulbuls sing in melodious strains. But, notwithstanding their capacity for sensuousness, the Persians were at first a race as fierce and warlike as the northern Berserkers. Not until they had passed through severe struggles did their country become symbolical of voluptuousness. It is not strange that, with the oriental love of lotus dreams and *kheyyf*, they believed the devil to be the power which roused them into action, while, to sanction pleasures in a world which was supposed to be at best a transitory phase of existence, "a moment's halt," they declared that through them the enemy was vanquished.

In the very sensuality of their later days there are traces of the early teachings. Mazdeism taught the sacredness of material things, and that knowledge and heaven are to be reached through appreciation of, and familiarity with, natural objects and forces. In days of prosperity and greatness these beliefs, perverted from their original significance, were made the justification of epicureanism. If Hafiz in his drunken ecstasy praised the lute and the wine-cup, it was, he explained, because they are the real enemies of Ahriman. By their power, according to his song, the evil one is conquered:—

¹ The influence of Hafiz and his school as moral teachers is far greater even at the present day than a Western world deems credible. A recent traveler in Persia found in the year 1881 whole villages of Sufis, in which there was a copy of Hafiz in every house, but no Koran; and when he remonstrated with them for their want of religion, they replied that the wine and love sung by the

"He, in whose mind this witch-lute's music melts,
The care from every mystery shall wrest.

"He, through whose veins this god-cup's nectar
pours,
Shall riddles read no other man has guessed.

"Who drains the wealth of both shall see at once
Dark Ahriman a solved and faded jest."

He hoped to find the magical goblet of Jemschid in every glass he drained. To him intoxication was what prayer and meditation were to a Sakya Muni. It initiated him into heavenly mysteries.¹

The superiority in many ways of the Persian over the other Aryan creeds cannot be exaggerated. While Hindus worshiped impossible monstrosities, and Greeks honored idealized men and women, Persians bowed down before a pure spirit. To the bloody sacrifices and elaborate ceremonies of Hellas and India the simple ritual of Iran offered an admirable contrast. Its great merit, however, is seen in its practical application to human conduct. Brahmanism and Buddhism, filled with thoughts of a future state of existence, gave little heed to earthly matters. In Greece religion made life beautiful, but was of slight assistance to man in his every-day needs. Zoroastrianism alone gave full value to the necessities of the present and advocated the sanctity of work and the importance of pleasure. The good effects of its healthy precepts were somewhat counteracted by its other doctrines. Once a people's creed is established on a firm basis it, in its turn, exercises a powerful influence on civilization. Religion in Persia occupied itself with the world and with human life, but its estimation of them was distorted by its strict division of all objects and forces between Ormuzd and Ahriman. Dualism was a stumbling-block to science poet meant the spirit of God and the ecstasy of divine union with him. There are at the present day in Persia societies in which the most unbounded dissipation is cultivated as piety. Charles G. Leland was intimate with a Persian of the highest rank who had been initiated among the *Al-lahvi* and who explained to him the principles.

and a hindrance to morality. A stimulus was given to the study of material things, but the scope of inquiry was limited. Certain premises were assumed as a basis for all reasoning. The tasks required of the Hebrews by the Egyptians were easy and possible when compared to those the Persian student set for himself. The Magi's quest of knowledge was a labor from which even Hercules would have recoiled. Their efforts were futile because of their pre-formed conclusions. The idea of duality in nature blinded them to the law of cause and effect. They referred all the destructive forces in the universe to Ahriman, and, since they classed these as evils, it was impossible for them to understand the relation of death and decay to life and growth. That certain things, evil in themselves, may be ranked as good because of their effects, was beyond their comprehension. They saw in nature not a perfect whole, formed by the action of contending elements, but a discordance produced by a power seeking to destroy all harmony. To them darkness seemed but the destroyer of light, and the winter's cold but a cruel foe that had blighted the beauty of summer's warmth. They could not look beyond the leaves that fall and the flowers that fade to the buds that shoot forth and the fruits that ripen.

Had these errors been confined to ideas of the physical world, science would indeed have suffered, but the people's moral progress might not have been impeded. But Persian dualism confused moral with physical evils, and identified pain with sin. Disease and crime were referred to the same source and made to appear of equal value. This, added to the regulation of social relations by spiritual laws, resulted in an artificial standard of right and wrong. It is true, some of the failings most abhorred by Persians are intrinsically vicious. Chattering or useless talk was a serious fault. Lying was held by them, as Herodotus

has recorded, to be the most discreditable of human shortcomings. Leprosy, which Jews thought was sent by Providence to punish gossips, was by Persians supposed to be the penalty paid by liars. These offenses were condemned because they were obstacles to success in practical life. But other acts, harmless in themselves, were misrepresented as heinous crimes. Just as a Kamtschadale imagines that should he walk in the footsteps of a bear the consequences would be more deadly than if he committed a theft, so the Persian ranked the burning and burying of the dead, or the ill-treatment and slaying of a dog, as greater sins than robbery or adultery. Contact with a corpse, since this was the property of demons, was punished more severely than murder. Indeed, human life was not measured by its actual, but by its religious worth. The unbeliever belonged to the devil quite as much as planets and poisonous plants did, and therefore his destruction was desirable. Hence, though murder was not exactly encouraged, a Mazdean, to improve his own condition, was fully at liberty to imperil the life of the skeptic. If he wished to practice medicine, he was instructed by the sacred books to begin by experimenting on the worshipers of Devas or false gods. If in the first three trials of skill he should kill his patients, he was to be pronounced incompetent to continue in the profession. If, however, he should cure three, he might afterward be trusted among the faithful. This arbitrary moral code retarded the development of any true feeling of humanity. Conduct which should be regulated according to a man's relations to his fellow-beings was actuated by his supposed dependence upon supernatural rulers. In such a system there was necessarily an absence of that sympathy which Herbert Spencer says is the "root of both justice and benevolence." Actions were judged by their spiritual instead of their temporal merits and de-

merits, and offenses were punished, not because they injured men, but because they were sins against God.

As the dualistic belief began to grow old in the East, it started with new and vigorous life in the West. That much so-called Christianity is really dualism, and that it came from Persia through later Judaism, has been asserted by writers without attracting much attention, and yet the truth of their assertion cannot be doubted. The Babylonian Captivity, during which the children of Israel first came into contact with Persians, changed the character of the Hebrew people. "One of the most mysterious and momentous periods," says Emanuel Deutsch, "in the history of humanity, is that of the brief space of the exile." The purely spiritual deity and the rigid code of morals of Zoroastrianism were in strong antithesis to the sensual gods and goddesses and the licentious celebrations of Babylonian polytheism, and soon arrested the sympathy of the captive people. Their conduct and doctrine were alike purified under the rule of their new masters. According to Deutsch, "from a reckless, godless populace they were transformed into a band of Puritans." But the change in their conception of deity, and in the growing belief in devils and angels, is little more marked. Dr. Kuenen declares it was in this last particular they were most affected by the foreign creed. At first, the gods of neighboring tribes and nations were the only enemies of Jehovah the Jews had recognized. They believed the deity they worshiped sent the evil which befell them as well as the good. He was a strong and mighty god, who one moment breathed on them greater destruction than had ever been wrought by the breath of Typhon, and, at another, with his smile loaded them with the sweetness and fertility other peoples attributed to their solar gods. To him they could have truly cried, —

"Thou hast kissed us and hast smitten; thou hast laid
Upon us with thy left hand life, and said,
Live; and again thou hast said, Yield up your
breath,
And with thy right hand laid upon us death."

Already, before the Captivity, with an enlarging sense of morality, they were beginning to find the extremes of benevolence and malevolence in their deity irreconcilable. How could he who was the supreme good be the same as the "man of war" who laughed at the wretchedness of mortals? Disaffection with the old ideal of divinity prepared them for acceptance of Persian dualism, which explained away the difficulty. By attributing their miseries and wrongs and their tendencies to sin to an independent source they eliminated that incongruity in the character of Jehovah which was no longer pleasing to them. This was all the easier, because they had long believed in a being who in many ways corresponded to the Persian archfiend. Among the spirits who stood around God's throne was Satan, the seducer, accuser, and opposer. But, like Azazel, the angel of death, he was but the means through which the god, who was as terrible as he was merciful, accomplished his designs. He was an instrument by which he who ruled the harmony of the universe occasionally produced discord. It was an easy transition from this conception of Satan to that of a spirit who of himself seduced, accused, and opposed from pure love of malevolence. His course of action was not altered. The sole difference was, that from a dependent creature he was transformed into an independent agent. He was soon identified with the serpent in the Garden of Eden, and declared the prince of darkness and the origin of all evils which flesh is heir to. With his independence the fear in which he had been held was heightened, until, in the times of Christ, it colored the people's every thought and action.

The latent dualism of Judaism was

fully developed in Christianity because of the new life given it from another source. Though the Greeks, at the end of their long contest with the Persians, were conquerors on the battle-field, the latter gained a victory of much deeper significance. They did not raise their standard upon European soil, but, by a strange caprice of fate, the spirit of their religion and philosophy was infused into Western thought, and has survived for centuries after their earthly greatness has become a thing of the past. The magic and mysticism, the symbolization and legends, of Christian Europe bear witness to the diffusion and strength of the Persian ideas. But, what is far more important, the dualistic conception was accepted by Western theology as the solution of the problem of evil which life, Sphinx-like, still presented to mankind. It was the chief doctrine of most Gnostics, who, since they believed in Christ, thus holding the leading dogma which separated Christianity from paganism, exercised no inconsiderable influence in forming Christian dogma. Unfortunately, Persian doctrines, separated from the old physical and social factors, retained all that was most defective and little that was good in their ethical application. Zoroastrianism had at first depended for survival on the temporal conquests of its followers, and had therefore been compelled to direct all its attention to man's bodily welfare. But Christianity, during its early days, owed its development to the readiness of men to sacrifice worldly success for spiritual profit, and hence its principal subject of solicitude was the soul. The Christian had to choose between God and mammon. The Zoroastrian could serve both. The latter glorified Ormuzd by increasing material prosperity; the former served God by despising it. Dualism was radically the same in both creeds, but it differed widely in its results.

Christians, adhering to the Jewish ac-

count of the creation, never recognized Satan as the co-equal of the Almighty in point of time or in creative power. It was the latter only who, in the words of the Jewish prophet, had made the light and the darkness. Great stress was laid on the fact that Satan appeared in the primeval *second* of creation. But in other respects he did not differ from his Persian prototype. He grew rapidly in personal importance, until, as was the case with Ahriman, all ills were referred to him. There is a marked change from Clemens Romanus, who entirely ignores his existence, to Justin Martyr, who declares him to be the leader of those powers of darkness which Christ came to destroy, the cause of man's transgressions and of physical disasters, the ally of heretics, and the inspiration to both pagan virtue and error. If they rejected the primal equality of the two great spirits, Christians believed as firmly as Zoroastrians in the division of the created world between them. Theologians thought to escape the charge of dualism in their doctrines by saying that the opposition of good and evil had not been from the beginning, but was the result of man's sin. Athenagoras explained that the devil was not opposed to God but to his goodness. Saint Augustine demonstrated that the dual forces in the individual resulted, not from the mingling of two natures, but from the disputing of one with itself. But, by their very explanations of the origin of the strife, they testified to their belief in its present existence. The followers of Christ, like those of Zoroaster, had for ultimate object the glorification of God and their own salvation, and taught that this goal could be reached only by subduing Satan. Life, in each case, consisted of one long struggle with the devil. Both creeds believed that the tempter was to be crushed by activity and knowledge. "Knowledge and action make a man blessed," says Saint Augustine; "as in

knowledge we shun error, so in action we shun wickedness." The new system demanded not natural, but supernatural wisdom, not physical, but spiritual activity. In proportion as people weakened their bodies, severed social and family ties, gave themselves up to contemplation, the nearer did they approach to God, and the surer were they of saving their souls.

Belief in a strife between heavenly and earthly interests caused great neglect of physical science and a disregard of human justice. Theology was the one study worthy of attention, and the church was the only reliable authority. Temporal rights were forfeited on account of spiritual disabilities, and the condition of men's worldly affairs depended upon their orthodoxy as to the merest magical forms. The cruelty of the Sangrado school of medicine in Persia seems merciful when contrasted with a Dominican tribunal of so-called justice. The isolations and ablutions demanded from the evil-doer by Zoroastrianism are, to the humiliations inflicted of old upon the excommunicated Catholic, as the sufferings of modern state prisoners compared to those of Tantalus or Ixion. The very practices by which the individual in Persia circumvented the arch-enemy furthered his own well-being, and contributed to the general prosperity. But the mediæval Christian, by the methods with which he resisted Satan, made life miserable for himself, and added nothing to the welfare of his fellow-beings. Men who had been taught by Christ to love their neighbors as themselves obeyed his law by concentrating all their thoughts upon their own spiritual interests, and by referring every action to the life to come. Dualism thus was the cause of a selfishness of purpose and a dejection of spirit which were serious hindrances to culture and morality. In old days persecution and feudal laws made life bitter enough, and

what little chance of enjoyment remained was destroyed by the contempt for earthly things inspired by religion. Men saw in the beauty and pleasures which surrounded them snares set to try their strength. The general gloom increased, until, in the eleventh century, religion was distinguished by a despondency which has never been equaled, and bade fair to deteriorate into a worship of evil. It was the effort to reconcile Persian thought to Western ideals that led to the wild excesses of those times. Philosophers and mystics in secret paid honor to Satan, because of his opposition to the Creator. They saw in him not a tempter, but a savior. He, Prometheus-like, had delivered men from the primitive ignorance for which the Christian Zeus had destined them. The uneducated, to whom philosophical reasoning would have been as Greek and Latin are to street Arabs, believed the devil to be the eternal enemy of God, and God the enemy of all earthly joyousness. In their despair they devoted themselves to his service because he could give the joys which every other power denied them. Like Aucassin in the old French romance, they would rather have had pleasure on earth, and then burn for it everlastingly, than pass their lives in stifling their every emotion. The wild Walpurgis Night on the Brocken was not altogether an unreality. As the social condition of Europeans improved, and the multitude awoke from their long lethargy, they began to free themselves from the tyranny of a belief which, as a guide to conduct, is so little suited to the demands of Western civilization. In many cases fear of evil as a personified force is still the mainspring of action. But there is this difference between the past and the present application of dualism to ethics: what was once law for all is now the deliberate choice of a few.

It is because of the light it throws on the religion of modern Europe that

the study of Zoroastrianism is important. The adoption of oriental ideas has seldom been of advantage to occidental culture. An attempt might as well be made to cultivate palm and pine trees side by side, as to reconcile Eastern and Western thought. The doctrine of dualism caused many evils which for long

years disgraced Christianity. By tracing it to its proper source an explanation is found for many of the inconsistencies of a church which, professing to preach a gospel of peace, encouraged strifes and dissensions, altogether contrary to the preachings and spirit of its founder.

Elizabeth Robins.

OUR DARK AGE IN MUSIC.

THE real history of music on this side of the Atlantic is all included in the present century. All that bore the name of music in New England before the year 1800 may be summed up in the various modifications of one monotonous and barren type, the Puritan Psalmody. Its chronicles, quaint as they may be, and full of amusing anecdote, of serio-comic pulpit homilies, and nuts for satirists and jokers, are more interesting as exhibiting one phase of the old Puritan life and manners than as having any significant relation to the growth of music as such, or to any progress here in musical taste and culture. The history would make a readable chapter by itself, exciting many a smile of pity rather than contempt; but it would not show the germs out of which the musical character of New England, such as it now is, has developed. The truth is, our fathers (with exceptions too few and too feeble to hold out) had no belief in music; no respect for it, except as a part of the ritual of religious service, purely conventional, and, as they conceived, a matter of divine injunction. The literal fulfillment of the duty satisfied their consciences; however bad the music, if they only sang, or tried to sing, it was enough. Of music in the sense of art they could not have the least conception.

Yet psalmody, in its best estate, sprang out of the very heart of the

Reformation, and Luther was its great apostle. Indeed, the singing of psalms by the whole people in unison had been characteristic of all reformers and schismatics from a much earlier time, including the Arians, the Albigenses, the disciples of Wickliff and John Huss, the Bohemian brethren, etc. It was the plain-song "of the people, for the people and by the people," as distinguished from the more scientific, figural, fugued, contrapuntal, antiphonal music of the Catholic service, in which only trained choirs, and priests, could minister. In the confession of the English Puritans (1571), they say: "Concerning singing of psalms, we allow of the people's joining *with one voice* in a plain tune, but not of tossing the psalms from one side to the other, with intermingling of organs." History can tell us everything about these old tunes and their various setting, except where the tunes, the melodies themselves, first came from. Save in a few instances, no one knows who invented or composed them. Probably they grew and shaped themselves by little and little, in the course of practice, quite empirically, by unconscious instinct, out of a thousand sources: largely out of the old traditional *canto fermo*, the Gregorian tones, etc., of the Catholic church; quite as largely out of snatches of free secular melody that floated in the air; while some came from

the Bohemian Brethren, some were sweets stolen from the early opera, and some were of individual invention. Luther is thought to have composed both the melody and harmony, as well as the words, of several of the noblest and most enduring of the German chorals. It must be remembered that the most secular melodies of those days, the music of the "world's people," whether convivial, amorous, or war-like, had much of the psalm-tune flavor, at any rate, its dullness. Probably many of these tunes came into their present shape by gradual accretion and piecing out, a phrase from this one and a phrase from that, instances of which process are well known.

To the Lutheran chorals we must turn for the grandest, sincerest, most inspired, most tender, deep, and heartfelt types of pure religious people's melody. It was Luther's musical character and knowledge, together with his many-sided genius, his zeal, his large humanity and common sense, that gave significance and form and pregnancy to the German choral above all other psalmody; to him and his co-workers the world owes these vital germs out of which the whole great German art of sacred music, in its larger forms of motet, oratorio, cantata, etc., has been developed. Where these seeds dropped in genial soil, now stately forests wave, far-echoing leafy avenues of song, through whose responsive, swaying branches sing the winds of heaven in never-ending harmony and fugue. In these small germs lay all the mighty art of Bach and Handel, and their followers, in embryo, waiting for its time. That was the German choral. But our New England psalm-book, — what has developed out of that? Nothing but endless mechanical copies and multiplications of itself, continual breeding in and in, a ringing of idle changes on the same old humdrum meaningless material; books made to sell, which never would have been

so multitudinous, strewing the shelves and upper lofts of music stores and singing galleries "thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa," if they had had any soul of art or music in them, or were much better than dead leaves, fit for a general bonfire.

Naturally enough, it was not long before the people's music of the Reformation began to flow in two quite opposite directions: one tending to a positive, a genial, a human and expressive character, with Luther for its type and master spirit, leading up to art; the other, typified by Calvin, negative, ascetic, stern, devoid of beauty and afraid of it, frowning on music as a free and genial spirit. Calvin, it is true, (unlike Zwinglius, who in the early days of the same church had included vocal music as well as organs in his proscription of idolatries), shrewdly saw the advantage of congregational singing in keeping the fire alive in public worship. He had proper melodies prepared (how far original, or from what sources borrowed, we know not) for Marot's Psalms by France and other eminent musicians of the day. These were printed at Strasburg in 1545, and were afterwards appended to Calvin's catechism and ordered to be sung in the Reformed church. This Calvinistic psalmody spread into Holland, and thence found its way across the ocean to our barren shores. While Luther, Walther, Sachs, Senfl, and many more were shaping and developing the old German and Bohemian chorals (clothed with perennial charm a century later in the wonderful harmony of Bach), the Psalms were rendered into French verse by Clement Marot and Theodore Beza, and were harmonized in parts, with the melody given to the tenor, in 1561 by Louis Bourgeois; in 1562 by Claude Goudimel, who had lived in Rome and had the honor of counting Palestrina among his pupils; and in 1565 by "that great master of harmony," Claude Le Jeune. Bour-

geois had followed Calvin to Geneva in 1541, and there became cantor in a church, but quarreled with the presbytery, who would not let him introduce a harmonized arrangement of the Psalms in public worship. The singing countenanced by Calvin was without instrument, without harmony, a droning forth by the whole congregation, in untutored, dry, distressing unison, or caricature of that, of the "French tunes," so called, though some of them were German or Bohemian, no doubt. These (a portion of them) were the psalm-tunes that came over with the Pilgrim Fathers, and were first sung December 9, 1620, perhaps on Plymouth Rock (?), — the naked melodies, as they were badly printed in an edition of Ainsworth's version of the psalms, published in Amsterdam in 1612. A few of these tunes made their way to England, and may be found in Ravenscroft and other English psalters. Some of them became known in Germany, and gained a place in German choral-books. Seven or eight of them afterwards had the distinguished honor of being harmonized, as they never have been before or since, and, we may say, immortalized, by John Sebastian Bach, and may be seen in the collections of his chorals. The greatest of these, 371 Vierstimmige Choralgesänge, has been well called "one of those fon-tal works which are the cause or the inspiration of all that come after them." But if one would find the fullest treasury of choral melodies, we would refer him to Conrad Köcher's *Zionsharfe* (Stuttgart, 1855), containing 1137 chorals of the German Reformed church, the 150 psalms of the French Reformed church, 359 psalm and hymn-tunes of the English and American church, and 316 of the best melodies of the Romish church.

But we anticipate. We must first glance at our own mother country, and see how the leaven of the Reformation was affecting the parochial music there.

Somewhat in a kindred spirit with the German choral, or plain-song, more so in respect of dignity and grandeur than of deep and inward sweetness, were the English, Scotch, and Welsh tunes to which the Psalms were sung during the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Charles I. That was a time when England flourished in the foreground of artistic, learned, contrapuntal, vigorous music; the day of her great cathedral composers, building upon Palestrina, and her fresh, ingenious school of madrigal writers. England had her Elizabethan age in music no less than in literature. Amid so much that is dull, conventional, and monotonous in English music, the names of Tallis and Bird, of Morley, Gibbons, Wilbye, Weelkes and many others form a brilliant galaxy. Many of these did not disdain to harmonize the homely psalm-tune. We must refer to Dr. Burney's stately *History of Music*, and to Hawkins, for even a sketch of the successive settings and collections that appeared, down to the dark period with which we have to deal. Suffice it to say that metrical psalmody, as practiced in the English parochial churches, had its beginning, or at least became general, about the time of Edward VI. The first English version of the Psalms of David, in a most unpoetic, rough, and gnarly kind of verse, was made by Thomas Sternhold — whom an English writer calls "our Marot without his genius" — and John Hopkins (1549 and 1556). It was "imprinted at London by John Day," in 1562, "with apt notes to sing them withal," and again, with harmony, in 1563. Several metrical psalters with music were afterwards published in Scotland and in England. Some of the tunes are found appended to some old editions of the Bible. In 1579 were published "The Psalmes of David in English meter, with notes of foure partes set unto them by Giulielmo Damon, to the use of the godly Chris-

tians, for recreating themselves, instead of fond and unseemly ballades." Cosyns (1585) published sixty psalms, in six parts, in plain counterpoint, to the melodies which Day had printed before. Then came the "The Whole Book of Psalmes, with their wonted tunes as they are song in churches, composed into foure parts, by nine sondry authors. Imprinted at London, by T. Est." (or Este), "1594." Among the nine appear the names of Dowland, Blancks, Farmer, Allison, Kirby, etc. This gives the melody or plain-song to the *tenor*, after the old Roman fashion, the added parts being *cantus*, *altus*, and *bass*. The counterpoint is simple, note against note, the harmony excellent. In 1594 there was a collection, by John Mundy, of songs and psalms in three, four, and five parts; in 1599 another collection by Richard Allison. Thomas Este seems to have anticipated Ravenscroft in the practice of naming tunes from certain places.

Finally appeared, in 1621, reprinted in 1633, the most complete and altogether most important collection of the kind which England had yet known, Thomas Ravenscroft's "Whole Booke of Psalmes: with the Hymnes Evangelical, and Songs Spiritvall, composed into 4 parts by sundry Authors, to such severall Tunes, as have beene and are usually sung in England, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Italy, France, and the Nether-lands: never as yet before in one volume published." Probably, except in Germany, no higher type of harmonized psalmody has appeared before or since. Hawkins tells us that it became the manual of psalm-singers throughout the kingdom; and, in the multitude of illiterate compilations that sprang up on all sides to choke it off, he calls him "a happy man, in many places, who is master of a genuine copy of Ravenscroft's Psalmes." Every psalm of the Old Version, besides the Hymns Evangelical, etc., is here printed in full,

with a fit tune, in many instances the same tune being wedded to several psalms. The number of distinct tunes is ninety-eight, of which forty are given as "tunes of later date," bearing names like Windsor, York, Low Dutch, etc. the rest being the old or "proper" tunes. The list of authors (arrangers, harmonizers) includes, besides Ravenscroft himself (who was made Bachelor of Music at Cambridge at the early age of fourteen), such names as Tallis, Dowland, Morley, John Milton (father of the great poet), Allison, Bennet, and others, twenty-four in all. The melody, or plain-song, is given to the *tenor* voice, probably intended to be sung *en masse* by the congregation. Nearly all the psalms are in common measure, and the tunes are without rhythmical divisions, or bars, except between the lines, and are written very simply in notes of almost uniform length. The *bass* may also be counted as a people's part; while, for the select and cultivated voices of higher range, the more varied, artificial, contrapuntal parts of *cantus* (soprano) and *medius* (or countertenor, for boys) are superimposed. This is simply the old church way of composing in Italy, France, Germany, clothing the massive plain-song with the freer play of parts accompanying. The harmony is chaste, correct, and noble, and the melodic progression of the four parts severally is such as to put to shame the work of our multifarious modern manufacturers of psalmody, although it involves now and then consecutive fifths and octaves, not without example in the highest mastery of Bach himself, but which strike the critical eye more than they offend the ear. Doubtless such a setting of the psalms was too good for the many, and, in those days of half-musical and ignorant parish clerks, who "deaconed out" the lines to feeble groups of voices, it is hardly conceivable that this harmony could have been widely accepted, or have continued long

in use. The assignment of the melody to the tenor would be enough, without other obvious reasons, to account for the short life of such a compilation in the churches. But to the cultivated taste in music the book must have been most welcome, and was probably long cherished, for these things happened just on the turning-point of the decline of the Elizabethan era, when the queen herself played upon the "virginals," when the madrigals were written, and when English gentlemen could take a part in singing them at sight.

This brings us back to our dark period. The Pilgrim Fathers, as we have seen, were innocent of all acquaintance with such psalmody as that of Ravenscroft. They were of the Calvinistic school of singing, as well as of doctrine; without skill in music, they sang, most of them by rote, merely the tunes, without any harmony, from Ainsworth's Psalter, which they brought with them from Holland. Ten years later (1630) Winthrop and his colony of Puritans, not Separatists, still acknowledging the tie that bound them to the English mother church, came better fitted out in this respect. They are supposed to have brought Ravenscroft's book along with them, although we are at a loss to find documentary evidence of the fact. But, as they came here just in the period of Ravenscroft, as they had educated men among them, university men, they must have had some little skill in music in its plainer vocal forms, — enough, at least, to sing from notes. An original copy of Ravenscroft, preserved in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, has the autograph of Governor John Endicott upon its fly-leaf. It is known that one of the first acts of the fathers was to institute a college, and that its curriculum from the first included systematic musical instruction. Perhaps, in the burning of its library in 1764, some copies of Ravenscroft, or other documents which

would have served our purpose, vanished into thin air. At all events it would be hard to answer the question, What setting of the Psalms, if not Ravenscroft's, could have been sung in the planting of the first church in the new Boston? For they must have been familiar with it in the old St. Botolph's. Moreover, the Bay Psalm Book, or New England version (first printed at Cambridge in 1640, again in 1647, and revised in 1650), to which the Ainsworth version very slowly and reluctantly gave way, in its appended "admonition to the reader," gives direction for singing the psalms to the tunes "collected out of our chief musicians, by Thomas Ravenscroft," etc. If Winthrop's people did bring this with them, and if there was musical skill enough, even in a small nucleus of them, to sing from it in parts, then we had represented here, for a brief period, the two diverging tendencies of the great flood of choral song which fired the heart of the people in the days of the Reformation, and of which we called Luther and Calvin the respective types, — the one a genial music, containing in itself a germ, the other an ascetic, merely ritualistic droning and shouting out of tunes, ignoring harmony, and putting away all instruments as an abomination. The latter came with the Pilgrims, and utterly prevailed in all New England churches very soon; the former for a brief period may have had some foothold in the first church of Winthrop's followers. But how very brief! That might have proved the germ of a true musical development, if the whole physical and moral atmosphere, if the Puritan character and spirit of the settlers, if their stern outward necessities and preoccupations, and their yet sterner theology only could have favored! But such seed could not germinate in such a soil. The fathers had no time to study music. Rough realities of actual life, and anxious problems of the life to come, claimed all their thought. They

had other seed to plant in rougher soil; they had to fight off the Indians, deal with heretics, go to daily funerals with solemn length of ceremony, and no end of "gloves and scarfs and rings," as Sewall in his Diary records; and at the same time keep up a chronic struggle with the mother country for their charter and their liberties. What little knowledge they may have possessed in music was soon lost among their immediate descendants, whose meat and drink was stern theology and Bible exegesis. During nearly all the remainder of that century "the air was black with sermons." Music, as such, wore the strait jacket, and was shut up in the dark. It was only in obedience to scriptural injunction, "ordinances," that the people tried to sing their psalms, no other music being for a moment tolerated. Instruments were an abomination. Cotton Mather argued that, "as there is not a word in the New Testament authorizing the use of such aids to devotion, the Holy Ghost does, in effect, declare, 'I will not hear the melody of thy organs.'" Secular music had to hide itself out of hearing, and might not even peep aloud. The ceremonial and martial drum and trumpet, for trainings, proclamations, and processions, were the nearest approach to anything like street music, and probably, in point of art, the patriotic fish-horn of our boys would beat that trumpeting on its own ground. Later, of course, with the arrival of the provincial governors, and with the English church (King's Chapel) and its organist, a few bow instruments, violins, and more especially the "bass viol," or violoncello, were imported and enjoyed *sub rosâ*, as was the "ball" given at the house of Master Enstone, the first organist, which good Judge Sewall prevailed upon the governor not to attend. The judge indeed *once* mentions in his Diary a party "marching throw the streets with viols and drums, playing

and beating by turns;" and once he alludes to "my wive's virginals." Other than these, the whole three volumes of that famous Diary of a man, who was a leader in Israel's psalm-singing, contain no mention of any instruments of music, except, of course, the aforesaid drums and trumpets. ("Peace was proclaimed by eight or ten drums, and two trumpets.") Once he records the being "serenaded in the night by three musicians;" but he was too far gone in sleep to listen, and does not tell us what the trio was composed of.

In 1673 "there were no musicians by trade in the colony." The very name musician was one of reproach. For the New England Puritan the only alternative in music lay between psalmody and vulgar ballad-singing, common fiddling, and dancing jigs. This "minstrelsy," which, dating back to the old Danish bards and scalds, had kept the soul of song alive for centuries in England, had sunk so low in her great age of music that, in the thirty-ninth year of Elizabeth, a statute was passed, by which "minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," — "tramps" is now the word, — and were punishable as such. Cromwell (1656) renewed the ordinance, — though Cromwell in a better sense loved music, — including "fiddlers" in the minstrel category. Ritson, rejoicing in their downfall, quotes with great glee the following lines from a satirical ballad ascribed to Dr. John Bull, one of the learned Elizabethan musicians: —

"When Jesus went to Jairus' house
(Whose daughter was about to die,)
He turned the Minstrels out of doors,
Among the rascal company:

"Beggars they are with one consent,
And rogues, by act of Parliament."

This prohibitory statute was always available *in terrorem* throughout the colonies.

In a single generation, what little art or skill the founders had was all forgotten. Of Ravenscroft a few of the tunes, but not the harmony, remained, and these were written, eight or ten of them, in the psalm-books and Bible, and sung, of course, in unison, the mere melody, continually shifting and uncertain, for at least a hundred years. Mere melody soon runs to waste, and soaks into the sand of vulgar rote; it requires the saving power of harmony, not poor, mechanical, mere make-shift harmony, but harmony inspired by a creative genius, like Sebastian Bach, developed with fine instinct out of the very heart of the melody, to make the tunes perennial and evermore unhackneyed. Such running to waste was fated in the false conditions of church music here. The few old tunes that were sung by rote, as the hymns were "lined" or "deaconed" out, inevitably became mixed, and altered, and perverted. It even went so far that each person sang the lines to whatever tune came most handy for himself, swerving from the tune set by the leader into one quite different, which resulted in the most ludicrous and maddening jargon. Sewall, in his *Diary*, makes repeated mention of seven tunes, no more. These are Windsor, Litchfield, Oxford, York, St. David's, Westminster, and Low Dutch. These names (all but one) are from Ravenscroft, as probably the tunes were. Once he says: "I set Windsor tune, and the people, at the second going over, run into Oxford, do what I could." Again, "In the morning I set York tune, and, in the second going over, the gallery carried it irresistibly to St. David's, which discouraged me very much." Once, "We sung all the ordinary tunes." About the beginning of the eighteenth century the lowest depth was reached. Few congregations could sing more than four or five tunes, and even these the Rev. Thomas Walter relates, "had become so mutilated, tortured, and twisted, that

the psalm-singing had become a mere disorderly noise, left to the mercy of every unskillful throat to chop and alter, twist and change, according to their odd fancy, sounding like five hundred different tunes roared out at the same time, and so little in time that they were often one or two words apart; so hideous as to be bad beyond expression, and so drawling that we sometimes had to pause twice on one word to take breath; and the decline had been so gradual that the very confusion and discord seemed to have become grateful to their ears, while melody, sung in time and tune, was offensive; and when it was heard that tunes were sung by note, they argued that the new way, as it was called, was an unknown tongue, not melodious as the old, made disturbance in churches, was needless, a contrivance of the designing to get money, required too much time, and made the young disorderly; the old way good enough." Many church-members were suspended for persisting in singing by rule. It required much preaching to overcome the prejudice. No wonder that this scandal led to the rise of a small party of "anti-psalmists," who were opposed to any singing, interpreting the divine exhortation to "make melody in the heart" to mean that we are not to make it with the voice aloud. These were soon brought under discipline by the stalwart treatment of the clergy, who ruled all.

But in the mean time had come the Revolution of 1688, and the arrival of the Provincial Charter in 1692, working a change in matters social, civil, and religious. Old world luxuries and fashions came in, some literature (not theological) and science. Music also burst its bonds, or felt them loosened, and began to sing a little out of its own simple heart. In 1690 the first music was printed in Boston, thirteen tunes in two-part harmony. Thirty years later several clergymen made efforts to encourage better singing. The reaction was in

favor of good music, — at least, technically good, — and scientifically harmonized, though still cut short to the Procrustes bed of psalmody. But even then, and more or less down to a time within the recollection of some old singers of the present day, however properly composed, the tunes in practice underwent a barbarous inversion of the parts (far different from double counterpoint), the part for tenor being sung above the alto and soprano! "Have we not heard it with our ears?" This barbarism kept in vogue until about 1825; and not without much controversy were the voices remanded severally to their proper parts, the soaring shrill sopranos and high straining tenors — heroines and heroes of the village choirs and singing-schools — clinging bravely to what they had so long regarded as their rightful, proud distinction.

But soon, with a Queen's Chapel here in Boston, the organ was to lend solemn beauty to the service. With what suspicion that "box of whistles" had been dreaded and excluded! How Cotton Mather had denounced it! And good Judge Sewall, after a visit to Oxford, Eng., writes: "I am a lover of music *to a fault*;" yet he was made uneasy by the music in the church, where "the justling out the institution of singing psalms by the boisterous organ" disturbed him as "something that can never be answered to the great Master of religious ceremonies." The first organ in New England was that offered by Thomas Brattle to the Brattle Street Church, and there, on principle, declined with thanks, in 1713, and then passed over to the Chapel and accepted, although it is said to have lain seven months in the porch before they ventured to unpack it. The next year the wardens wrote to England to invite Mr. Edward Enstone to come over and be the organist, at a salary of thirty pounds per annum, which sum, "with other ad-

vantages as to dancing, music, etc." (of course some *secular* music could be smuggled in with the rest), "we doubt not will be sufficient encouragement." He began his duties by Christmas, 1714. To the Puritan neighbors that Chapel must have been a haunted house. Yet one can easily imagine many a younger spirit creeping within its porch to listen with wonder and delight. It was not long before one young Bostonian, Edward Bromfield (1745), actually built an organ which was thought to surpass any yet heard here from abroad, and was the wonder of the day in all these colonies. From that time organs began to creep into the churches, and with them organists, who, of course, did something to enlarge the meagre repertory of a people which did not know music even enough to hate it.

If the period from 1620 to 1690 was, musically, one of total darkness, the second period, to which we have just alluded, that of the provincial governors, exhibits the first slight signs of a gray penumbra, gradually growing thinner. Now appear more positive tokens of approaching dawn, for we have reached our Revolution of 1775, a period of free thought and inquiry. The struggle for self-government was a general quickening of the mind, and made men less afraid of new ideas, and arts, and ornaments of life. In music, to be sure, the progress was for a long time confined to psalmody. But now the reaction against "lining out" was final. Better collections were published, more carefully arranged, with short treatises on musical grammar, and with rules for singing. It was about this time (1774) that that eccentric genius, William Billings (born in Boston, October 7, 1747, died September 26, 1800), taught a singing-school in Stoughton, with forty-eight members, the best school then known. That genuine old New England institution, the singing-school, began about 1720. It was the chief form of social

intercourse — shall we say “society”? — in all the country villages; and in it psalmody, and gossip, and flirtation, we may well conceive, were learned together, or practiced without learning. Billings invented a new way of setting hymns and anthems, which was called the “fuguing style.” It became extremely popular because of its vivacity, the voice parts moving in a sort of mutual imitation (not *fugue* properly), in quick time, chasing one another round. O Mather! O Judge Sewall! The grave old heavy psalmody was startled and danced out of its sobriety. Here was a music that was found exciting; a lively rhythmical protest (for men had been drinking of the new wine of liberty) against the dry and dreary old conventionalism; a music flattering to the sense and a relief to the imprisoned spirit. Whether it appealed to any deep religious sentiment or not, it set the singers in good humor, and responsive to the exhortation that we “make a joyful noise.” Billings was exceedingly prolific in this kind of composition, and had imitators, some of whom “out-heroded Herod” in their ventures on the sea of bold “originality” and native “inspiration.” His music had a flavor of its own, and showed a certain rude native talent and invention. Fugue it was not in any right artistic sense; of all that he was ignorant. What a god-send it would have been to him, what would he not have thought, what possibly have done, had there, by any chance, fallen into his hands some fugues or other compositions, some harmonized chorals even, of Sebastian Bach or Handel! See how he rhapsodized, in one of his “spread-eagle” prefaces, about his new music: —

“It has more than twenty times the power of the old slow tunes; each part straining for mastery and victory, the audience entertained and delighted, their minds surprisingly agitated and extremely fluctuated; sometimes declaring for

one part and sometimes another. Now the solemn bass demands their attention, next the manly tenor; now the lofty counter, now the volatile treble. Now here, now there, now here again. Oh, ecstatic! Rush on, ye sons of harmony!”

Indeed, it seems to have been a sort of musical horse-race. But there was this gain at all events: music was at last listened to *as music*, and not alone as ritual; it was thought worth the while in itself; there was a chance that it might come to something really musical in course of time. It was essentially a secular reaction against plain, solemn psalmody; but all within the house of worship, the choristers, drunk with the new wine, setting themselves up on their own account to do their part in the public service; no strait jacket any longer, but a general “sunburst,” and a breaking loose of the imprisoned school-boys.

So much for Billings. But of course it caused some scandal, and the elders shook their heads. Joel Harmon, in his *Sacred Minstrelsy*, published at Northampton in 1809, denounced the reigning fashion as, “a tasteless, heartless, trivial and irreverent jargon.” Still earlier, in 1791, Samuel Holyoke had published his *Harmonia Americana*, containing (as did Harmon’s book) tunes more solemn in style, more correct in harmony, and more appropriate to church use than the “fuguing” skirmishes. These, followed up by the Bridgewater collection in 1812, the Handel and Haydn Society’s in 1822 (edited by Lowell Mason), and many others, gave a new turn to the whole subject, and led the way to what is now known and used as psalmody. But first there was a long and lively controversy between what was called the “Old” and the “New School,” the “Old Hundred Singers” and the “Fuguiests.” Billings, in his small way, was the Wagner of his day and generation.

Meanwhile, to obviate the confusion

of the whole congregation singing or droning out of tune and time, in its untutored zeal, the church choir came in fashion, well enough in the emergency, however questionable in the long run. After the Revolution, one of the fruits of Billings's singing-school appeared in the formation of the Stoughton Musical Society (November 7, 1786), the earliest in New England, and first harbinger of Boston's Handel and Haydn Society. Then a host of on the whole respectable psalm and anthem makers sprang up, who treated the matter seriously and with some skill, not slighting the good old tunes, and studying to harmonize the tunes correctly. Enough to mention names like Holden, Gram (the first German to engage here in such work, — no German would have done it anywhere else), Holyoke, Kimball, Mitchell, Selby, Sumner, blind Oliver Swan, the sweet singer who wrote *China*, *Sinful Mary's Tears*, and other songs that were long popular. Especially is it worth noticing that, in the very same year (1805) in which a Vermont composer, Ingalls, brought out a phenomenal collection of his own tunes, after the Billings type, there appeared also "The Salem Collection of *Classical Sacred Music*, in three and four parts," in which we find the names not only of Luther (several times), John Milton, Dr. Arne, Kirby, Dr. Madan, but Purcell, and several things arranged from Handel, showing a taste among the "appreciative few" as far advanced for that day as the taste for Bach and Robert Franz to-day. This Salem book, however, was not the first to dip into the classics and give us some diluted foretastes of the masters in exceedingly small cups. Already, in 1795, had appeared *The Massachusetts Compiler*, by Hans Gram, Samuel Holyoke and Oliver Holden, containing psalm-tunes, choruses, and solos, "chiefly selected or adapted from modern European publications," among which are pieces arranged from

Handel, Purcell, Dr. Arne, etc. "Let the Bright Seraphim," with nothing but an unfigured bass accompaniment, is one of the solos; and once a now familiar face peeps out from Haydn's symphonies, under the title of *Futurity*, "arranged for three voices, by H. Gram, from a late instrumental composition of the celebrated Mr. Haydn." This honest but obscure musician, all the way from Germany, a *rara avis* here, could not have breathed in this close atmosphere had he not brought with him some airs from Vaterland. Probably the choir-singing movement reached its culmination and its best in the then famous Park Street choir, out of which, and other elements, the oratorio in Boston drew its first recruits.

And here we are, well into the nineteenth century, and nothing yet but psalmody! Nothing that properly can count in the history of music here *as art*. The distinctively New England, home-spun psalm-tune contains no germs of musical progress, nothing which by thematic development or genial contrapuntal treatment could lead up, like the German choral, which was *kern-melodisch*, into higher and larger forms of art, — the oratorio, motet, passion, sacred cantata, and *Te Deum*. All our music before 1800 was but conventional religious ceremony, ritual in fact, performed more from duty than from love, and carefully forbidden to assert itself in its own right *as music*. The old Puritan mistrust of pleasantness had stripped the tree of leaves, lopped off the spreading branches, and very nearly killed the root. Some root fibres there were left, however, some there must have been, deep down in the hard-trodden soil, in the *undying musical nature of man*; for man has a musical, as well as a religious, a poetic, and an intellectual nature, and no man's humanity can be complete without it. These fibres found some scanty nourishment in the church choir and village singing-school, in the mere joy of pro-

ducing musical tones, and tasting some thin juice of melody, with the surprise of now and then a pregnant and suggestive harmony; in the warlike and official drum and trumpet, spiced and quickened later by the fife; and possibly in some secular reaction of dance tunes, sentimental melodies, and frivolous or vulgar comic songs and ditties; certainly, after the Revolution had begun, in patriotic airs and military strains. Thus there was, on the one hand, a very dull and sanctimonious music; on the other, in the course of time, a very shallow, frivolous and popular reaction. Neither kind contained the principle of musical development,—we mean *historically*,—although *philosophically* out of one tone can be developed all tones, and indeed the whole great art of music in all its least and largest forms.

Music, for us, had first to be imported from an older and a richer soil. Mere psalm-singing and psalm-book making

never could prepare a soil in which great music could take root. Another impulse and another kind of seed were indispensable. We had to wait for the meeting of more vital elements. A few years longer, and there came to us another German, a musical man of mark, from Haydn's orchestra, Gottlieb Graupner, the first to gather together in the old Puritan town the small beginning of an orchestra, and plant the seeds of a first love for Haydn's and for Mozart's symphonies. At the same time there came a musician of the English school, a learned organist, the portly Dr. Jackson, as well as other English organists and choir-directors. These, with a corps of voices from the Park Street choir, first made it possible to undertake an oratorio, to found a Handel and Haydn Society in 1815, and to enter into practical acquaintance, deepening into enthusiastic love, with some of the great masters.

John S. Dwight.

THE ANCESTRAL FOOTSTEP:¹

OUTLINES OF AN ENGLISH ROMANCE.

PREFATORY NOTE.

SHORTLY after the publication of Septimius Felton, I printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1872, an article which traced with some particularity, as its title indicated, the History of Hawthorne's Last Romance. The romance therein referred to was the Dolliver, in which Septimius Felton had apparently at last been merged by the author. He lived long enough to complete only the first chapters of *The Dolliver Romance*, which were published in this magazine soon after his death. Subsequently his

widow began to prepare for the press the unfinished manuscript of Septimius Felton, but, before that task had been carried out, her own death arrested it, and the work was completed by her daughters.

In the article which has just been mentioned, the view was advanced that Septimius Felton had been the outgrowth of a project, formed by Nathaniel Hawthorne during his residence in England, to write a romance, the scene of which should be laid in that country; and that this project had afterwards been abandoned, giving place to a new conception in which the visionary search for means to secure an earthly immor-

¹ Copyright, 1882, by ROSE HAWTHORNE LATROP.

tality was to form the principal interest. The two themes, of course, were distinct and separate, but, by a curious process of thought, one grew directly out of the other; the whole history forms, in fact, a chapter in what may be called the genealogy of a romance. There remained, after Septimius Felton had been published, certain manuscripts connected with the scheme of an English story, the contents of which I described in general terms, in discussing this question of the origin of the book. One of these manuscripts was written in the form of a journalized narrative; the author merely noting the date of what he wrote, as he went along. The other was a more extended sketch, of much greater bulk, and without date, but probably produced several years later. It was not originally intended by those who at the time had charge of Mr. Hawthorne's papers that either of these incomplete writings should be laid before the public; because they manifestly had not been left by him in a form which he would have considered as warranting such a course. But since the second and larger manuscript has recently been announced for publication, under the title of *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, it has been thought best to issue the present sketch at the same time, so that the two documents may be examined together. So far as I am aware, they are the only fragments of imaginative composition by Mr. Hawthorne hitherto unpublished, and their appearance places in the hands of readers the entire process of development leading to *Septimius* and *The Dolliver Romance*, which I outlined in 1872. They speak for themselves much more efficiently than any commentator can expect to do; and little, therefore, remains to be said beyond a few words of explanation in regard to the following pages.

The Note-Books show that the plan of an English romance, turning upon the fact that an emigrant to America

had carried away a family secret which should give his descendant the power to ruin the family in the mother country, had occurred to Hawthorne as early as April, 1855. In August of the same year he visited Smithell's Hall in Bolton le Moors, concerning which he had already heard its legend of *The Bloody Footstep*, and from that time on, the idea of this footprint on the threshold-stone of the ancestral mansion seems to have associated itself inextricably with the dreamy substance of his yet unshaped romance. Indeed, it leaves its mark broadly upon *Sybil Dacy's* wild legend in *Septimius Felton*,¹ and reappears in the last paragraph of that story. But, so far as we can know at this day, nothing definite was done until his departure for Italy. It was then, while staying in Rome, that he began to put upon paper that plot which had first occupied his thoughts three years before, in the scant leisure allowed him by his duties at the Liverpool consulate. Of leisure there was not a great deal at Rome, either; for, as the French and Italian Note-Books show, sight-seeing and social intercourse took up a good deal of his time, and the daily record in his journal likewise had to be kept up. But he set to work resolutely to embody, so far as he might, his stray imaginings upon the haunting English theme, and to give them connected form. April 1, 1858, he began; and then nearly two weeks passed before he found an opportunity to resume, April 13th being the date of the next passage. By May he gets fully into swing, so that day after day, with but slight breaks, he carries on the story, always increasing in interest for us who read as for him who improvised. Thus it continues until May 19th, by which time he has made a tolerably complete outline, filled in with a good deal of detail here and there. Although it is cast in the form of a regular nar-

¹ See page 111 of *Septimius Felton*, as originally published in 1872.

rative, one or two gaps occur, indicating that the author had thought out certain points which he then took for granted without making note of them. Brief scenes, passages of conversation and of narration, follow one another after the manner of a finished story, alternating with synopses of the plot, and queries concerning particulars needing further study; and these confidences of the romancer to himself form certainly a valuable contribution to literary history. The manuscript closes with a rapid sketch of the conclusion, and the way in which it is to be executed. Succinctly, what we have here is a romance in embryo; one, moreover, that never attained to a viable stature and constitution. During his lifetime it naturally would not have been put forward as demanding public attention; and, in consideration of that fact, it has since been withheld from the press by the decision of his daughter, in whom the title to it vests. Students of literary art, however, and doubtless many other readers, will, I think, be likely to discover in it a charm all the greater for its being in parts only indicated; since, as it stands, it presents the precise condition of a work of fiction in its first stage. The unfinished Grimshawe was another development of the same theme, and the Septimius a later sketch, with a new element introduced. But the present experimental fragment, to which it has been decided to give the title of *The Ancestral Footstep*, possesses a freshness and spontaneity recalling the peculiar fascination of those chalk or pencil outlines with which great masters in the graphic art have been wont to arrest their fleeting glimpses of a composition still unwrought.

Ultimately, the whole plan of producing an English romance was given up; and in the preface to *Our Old Home* it is referred to as an "abortive project." There is no reason to suppose, from the large amount of preliminary writing

done with a view to that romance, that Mr. Hawthorne always adopted this laborious mode of making several drafts of a book. On the contrary, it is understood that his habit was to mature a design so thoroughly in his mind before attempting to give it actual existence on paper that but little rewriting was needed. The circumstance that he was obliged to write so much that did not satisfy him in this case may account partly for his final abandonment of the theme, as one which for him had lost its seductiveness through too much recasting.

I will add only that the original manuscript, from which the following pages are printed through the medium of an exact copy, is singularly clear and fluent. Not a single correction occurs throughout; but here and there a word is omitted, obviously by mere accident, and these omissions have been supplied. The correction in each case is marked by brackets, in this printed reproduction. The sketch begins abruptly; but there is no reason to suppose that anything preceded it except the unrecorded musings in the author's mind, and one or two memoranda in the English Note-Books. We must therefore imagine the central figure, Middleton, who is the American descendant of an old English family, as having been properly introduced, and then pass at once to the opening sentences. The rest will explain itself.

George Parsons Lathrop.

I.

APRIL 1, 1858. Thursday. He had now been traveling long in those rich portions of England where he would most have wished to find the object of his pursuit; and many had been the scenes which he would willingly have identified with that mentioned in the ancient time-yellowed record which he bore about with him. It is to be ob-

served that, undertaken at first half as the amusement, the unreal object, of a grown man's play-day, it had become more and more real to him with every step of the way that he followed it up; along those green English lanes it seemed as if everything would bring him close to the mansion that he sought; every morning he went on with renewed hopes, nor did the evening, though it brought with it no success, bring with it the gloom and heaviness of a real disappointment. In all his life, including its earliest and happiest days, he had never known such a spring and zest as now filled his veins, and gave lightness to his limbs; this spirit gave to the beautiful country which he trod a still richer beauty than it had ever borne, and he sought his ancient home as if he had found his way into Paradise and were there endeavoring to trace out the sight [site] of Eve's bridal bower, the birth-place of the human race and its glorious possibilities of happiness and high performance.

In these sweet and delightful moods of mind, varying from one dream to another, he loved indeed the solitude of his way; but likewise he loved the facility which his pursuit afforded him, of coming in contact with many varieties of men, and he took advantage of this facility to an extent which it was not usually his impulse to do. But now he came forth from all reserves, and offered himself to whomever the chances of the way offered to him, with a ready sensibility that made its way through every barrier that even English exclusiveness, in whatever rank of life, could set up. The plastic character of Middleton was perhaps a variety of American nature only presenting itself under an individual form; he could throw off the man of our day, and put on a ruder nature, but then it was with a certain fineness, that made this only [a] distinction between it and the central truth. He found less variety of form in the Eng-

lish character than he had been accustomed to see at home; but perhaps this was in consequence of the external nature of his acquaintance with it; for the view of one well accustomed to a people, and of a stranger to them, differs in this—that the latter sees the homogeneity, the one universal character, the groundwork of the whole, while the former sees a thousand little differences, which distinguish the individual men apart, to such a degree that they seem hardly to have any resemblance among themselves.

But just at the period of his journey when we take him up, Middleton had been for two or three days the companion of an old man who interested him more than most of his wayside companions; the more especially as he seemed to be wandering without an object, or with such a dreamy object as that which led Middleton's own steps onward. He was a plain old man enough, but with a pale, strong-featured face and white hair, a certain picturesqueness and venerableness, which Middleton fancied might have befitted a richer garb than he now wore. In much of their conversation, too, he was sensible that, though the stranger betrayed no acquaintance with literature, nor seemed to have conversed with cultivated minds, yet the results of such acquaintance and converse were here. Middleton was inclined to think him, however, an old man, one of those itinerants, such as Wordsworth represented in the *Excursion*, who smooth themselves by the attrition of the world and gain a knowledge equivalent to or better than that of books from the actual intellect of man awake and active around them.

Often, during the short period since their companionship originated, Middleton had felt impelled to disclose to the old man the object of his journey, and the wild tale by which, after two hundred years, he had been blown as it were across the ocean, and drawn on-

ward to commence this search. The old man's ordinary conversation was of a nature to draw forth such a confidence as this; frequently turning on the traditions of the wayside; the reminiscences that lingered on the battle-fields of the Roses, or of the Parliament, like flowers nurtured by the blood of the slain, and prolonging their race through the centuries for the wayfarer to pluck them; or the family histories of the castles, manor-houses and seats which, of various epochs, had their park-gates along the roadside and would be seen with dark gray towers or ancient gables, or more modern forms of architecture, rising up among clouds of ancient oaks. Middleton watched earnestly to see if, in any of these tales, there were circumstances resembling those striking and singular ones which he had borne so long in his memory, and on which he was now acting in so strange a manner; but [though] there was a good deal of variety of incident in them, there never was any combination of incidents having the peculiarity of this.

"I suppose," said he to the old man, "the settlers in my country may have carried away with them traditions long since forgotten in this country, but which might have an interest and connection, and might even piece out the broken relics of family history, which have remained perhaps a mystery for hundreds of years. I can conceive, even, that this might be of importance in settling the heirships of estates; but which now, only the two insulated parts of the story being known, remain a riddle, although the solution of it is actually in the world, if only these two parts could be united across the sea, like the wires of an electric telegraph."

"It is an impressive idea," said the old man. "Do you know any such tradition as you have hinted at?"

April 13th. Middleton could not but wonder at the singular chance that had established him in such a place, and in

such society, so strangely adapted to the purposes with which he had been wandering through England. He had come hither, hoping as it were to find the past still alive and in action; and here it was so in this one only spot, and these few persons into the midst of whom he had suddenly been cast. With these reflections he looked forth from his window into the old-fashioned garden, and at the stone sun-dial, which had numbered all the hours — all the daylight and serene ones, at least — since his mysterious ancestor left the country. And [is] this, then, he thought to himself, the establishment of which some rumor had been preserved? Was it here that the secret had its hiding-place in the old coffer, in the cupboard, in the secret chamber, or whatever was indicated by the apparently idle words of the document which he had preserved? He still smiled at the idea, but it was with a pleasant, mysterious sense that his life had at last got out of the dusty real, and that strangeness had mixed itself up with his daily experience.

With such feelings he prepared himself to go down to dinner with his host. He found him alone at table, which was placed in a dark old room modernized with every English comfort and the pleasant spectacle of a table set with the whitest of napery and the brightest of glass and china. The friendly old gentleman, as he had found him from the first, became doubly and trebly so in that position which brings out whatever warmth of heart an Englishman has, and gives it to him if he has none. The impressionable and sympathetic character of Middleton answered to the kindness of his host; and by the time the meal was concluded, the two were conversing with almost as much zest and friendship as if they were similar in age, even fellow-countrymen, and had known one another all their life-time. Middleton's secret, it may be supposed, came often to the tip of his tongue; but still he kept it

within, from a natural repugnance to bring out the one romance of his life. The talk, however, necessarily ran much upon topics among which this one would have come in without any extra attempt to introduce it.

"This decay of old families," said the Master, "is much greater than would appear on the surface of things. We have such a reluctance to part with them, that we are content to see them continued by any fiction, through any indirections, rather than to dispense with old names. In your country, I suppose, there is no such reluctance; you are willing that one generation should blot out all that preceded it, and be itself the newest and only age of the world."

"Not quite so," answered Middleton; "at any rate, if there be such a feeling in the people at large, I doubt whether, even in England, those who fancy themselves possessed of claims to birth, cherish them more as a treasure than we do. It is, of course, a thousand times more difficult for us to keep alive a name amid a thousand difficulties sedulously thrown around it by our institutions, than for you to do, where your institutions are anxiously calculated to promote the contrary purpose. It has occasionally struck me, however, that the ancient lineage might often be found in America, for a family which has been compelled to prolong itself here through the female line, and through alien stocks."

"Indeed, my young friend," said the Master, "if that be the case, I should like to [speak?] further with you upon it; for, I can assure you, there are sometimes vicissitudes in old families that make me grieve to think that a man cannot be made for the occasion."

All this while, the young lady at table had remained almost silent; and Middleton had only occasionally been reminded of her by the necessity of performing some of those offices which put people at table under a Christian neces-

sity of recognizing one another. He was, to say the truth, somewhat interested in her, yet not strongly attracted by the neutral tint of her dress, and the neutral character of her manners. She did not seem to be handsome, although, with her face full before him, he had not quite made up his mind on this point.

April 14th. So here was Middleton, now at length seeing indistinctly a thread, to which the thread that he had so long held in his hand—the hereditary thread that ancestor after ancestor had handed down—might seem ready to join on. He felt as if they were the two points of an electric chain, which being joined, an instantaneous effect must follow. Earnestly, as he would have looked forward to this moment (had he in sober reason ever put any real weight on the fantasy in pursuit of which he had wandered so far) he now, that it actually appeared to be realizing itself, paused with a vague sensation of alarm. The mystery was evidently one of sorrow, if not of crime, and he felt as if that sorrow and crime might not have been annihilated even by being buried out of human sight and remembrance so long. He remembered to have heard or read, how that once an old pit had been dug open, in which were found the remains of persons that, as the shuddering bystanders traditionally remembered, had died of an ancient pestilence; and out of that old grave had come a new plague, that slew the far-off progeny of those who had first died by it. Might not some fatal treasure like this, in a moral view, be brought to light by the secret into which he had so strangely been drawn? Such were the fantasies with which he awaited the return of Alice, whose light footsteps sounded afar along the passages of the old mansion; and then all was silent.

At length he heard the sound, a great way off, as he concluded, of her returning footstep, approaching from chamber

to chamber, and along the staircases, closing the doors behind her. At first, he paid no great attention to the character of these sounds, but as they drew nearer, he became aware that the footstep was unlike those of Alice; indeed, as unlike as could be, very regular, slow, yet not firm, so that it seemed to be that of an aged person, sauntering listlessly through the rooms. We have often alluded to Middleton's sensitiveness, and the quick vibrations of his sympathies; and there was something in this slow approach that produced a strange feeling within him; so that he stood breathlessly, looking towards the door by which these slow footsteps were to enter. At last, there appeared in the doorway a venerable figure, clad in a rich, faded, dressing-gown, and standing on the threshold looked fixedly at Middleton, at the same time holding up a light in his left hand. In his right was some object that Middleton did not distinctly see. But he knew the figure, and recognized the face. It was the old man, his long since companion on the journey hitherward.

"So," said the old man, smiling gravely, "you have thought fit, at last, to accept the hospitality which I offered you so long ago. It might have been better for both of us—for all parties—if you had accepted it then!"

"You here!" exclaimed Middleton. "And what can be your connection with all the error and trouble, and involuntary wrong, through which I have wandered since our last meeting? And is it possible that you even then held the clue which I was seeking?"

"No,—no," replied Rothermel. "I was not conscious, at least, of so doing. And yet had we two sat down there by the wayside, or on that English stile, which attracted your attention so much; had we sat down there and thrown forth each his own dream, each his own knowledge, it would have saved much that we must now forever regret. Are

you even now ready to confide wholly in me?"

"Alas," said Middleton, with a darkening brow, "there are many reasons, at this moment, which did not exist then, to incline me to hold my peace. And why has not Alice returned?—and what is your connection with her?"

"Let her answer for herself," said Rothermel; and he called her, shouting through the silent house as if she were at the furthest chamber, and he were in instant need: "Alice!—Alice!—Alice!—here is one who would know what is the link between a maiden and her father!"

Amid the strange uproar which he made Alice came flying back, not in alarm but only in haste, and put her hand within his own. "Hush, father," said she. "It is not time."

Here is an abstract of the plot of this story. The Middleton who emigrated to America, more than two hundred years ago, had been a dark and moody man; he came with a beautiful though not young woman for his wife, and left a family behind him. In this family a certain heirloom had been preserved, and with it a tradition that grew wilder and stranger with the passing generations. The tradition had lost, if it ever had, some of its connecting links; but it referred to a murder, to the expulsion of a brother from the hereditary house, in some strange way, and to a Bloody Footstep which he had left impressed into the threshold, as he turned about to make a last remonstrance. It was rumored, however, or vaguely understood, that the expelled brother was not altogether an innocent man; but that there had been wrong done, as well as crime committed, insomuch that his reasons were strong that led him, subsequently, to imbibe the most gloomy religious views, and to bury himself in the Western wilderness. These reasons he had never fully imparted to his family; but had necessarily made allusions to them,

which had been treasured up and doubtless enlarged upon. At last, one descendant of the family determines to go to England, with the purpose of searching out whatever ground there may be for these traditions, carrying with him certain ancient documents, and other relics; and goes about the country, half in earnest, and half in sport of fancy, in quest of the old family mansion. He makes singular discoveries, all of which bring the book to an end unexpected by everybody, and not satisfactory to the natural yearnings of novel readers. In the traditions that he brought over, there was a key to some family secrets that were still unsolved, and that controlled the descent of estates and titles. His influence upon these matters involves [him] in divers strange and perilous adventures; and at last it turns out that he himself is the rightful heir to the titles and estate, that had passed into another name within the last half-century. But he respects both, feeling that it is better to take a virgin soil than to try to make the old name grow in a soil that had been darkened with so much blood and misfortune as this.

April 27th, Tuesday. It was with a delightful feeling of release from ordinary rules, that Middleton found himself brought into this connection with Alice; and he only hoped that this play-day of his life might last long enough to rest him from all that he had suffered. In the enjoyment of his position he almost forgot the pursuit that occupied him, nor might he have remembered for a long space if, one evening, Alice herself had not alluded to it. "You are wasting precious days," she suddenly said. "Why do not you renew your quest?"

"To what do you allude?" said Middleton, in surprise. "What object do you suppose me to have?"

Alice smiled; nay, laughed outright. "You suppose yourself to be a perfect mystery, no doubt," she replied. "But do not I know you — have not I known

you long — as the holder of the talisman, the owner of the mysterious cabinet that contains the blood-stained secret?"

"Nay, Alice, this is certainly a strange coincidence, that you should know even thus much of a foolish secret that makes me employ this little holiday time, which I have stolen out of a weary life, in a wild-goose chase. But, believe me, you allude to matters that are more a mystery to me than my affairs appear to be to you. Will you explain what you would suggest by this badinage?"

Alice shook her head. "You have no claim to know what I know, even if it would be any addition to your own knowledge. I shall not, and must not enlighten you. You must burrow for the secret with your own tools, in your own manner, and in a place of your own choosing. I am bound not to assist you."

"Alice, this is willful, wayward, unjust," cried Middleton, with a flushed cheek. "I have not told you — yet you know well — the deep and real importance which this subject has for me. We have been together as friends, yet, the instant when there comes up an occasion when the slightest friendly feeling would induce you to do me a good office, you assume this altered tone."

"My tone is not in the least altered in respect to you," said Alice. "All along, as you know, I have reserved myself on this very point; it being, I candidly tell you, impossible for me to act in your interest in the matter alluded to. If you choose to consider this unfriendly, as being less than the terms on which you conceive us to have stood give you a right to demand of me — you must resent it as you please. I shall not the less retain for you the regard due to one who has certainly befriended me in very untoward circumstances."

This conversation confirmed the pre-

vious idea of Middleton, that some mystery of a peculiarly dark and evil character was connected with the family secret with which he was himself entangled; but it perplexed him to imagine in what way this, after the lapse of so many years, should continue to be a matter of real importance at the present day. All the actors in the original guilt—if guilt it were—must have been long ago in their graves; some in the churchyard of the village, with those moss-grown letters embossing their names; some in the church itself, with mural tablets recording their names over the family-pew, and one, it might be, far over the sea, where his grave was first made under the forest leaves, though now a city had grown up around it. Yet here was he, the remote descendant of that family, setting his foot at last in the country, and as secretly as might be; and all at once his mere presence seemed to revive the buried secret, almost to awake the dead who partook of that secret and had acted it. There was a vibration from the other world, continued and prolonged into this, the instant that he stepped upon the mysterious and haunted ground.

He knew not in what way to proceed. He could not but feel that there was something not exactly within the limits of propriety in being here, disguised—at least, not known in his true character—prying into the secrets of a proud and secluded Englishman. But then, as he said to himself on his own side of the question, the secret belonged to himself by exactly as ancient a tenure and by precisely as strong a claim, as to the Englishman. His rights here were just as powerful and well-founded as those of his ancestor had been, nearly three centuries ago; and here the same feeling came over him that he was that very personage, returned after all these ages, to see if his foot would fit this bloody footstep left of old upon the threshold. The result of all his cogitation was, as

the reader will have foreseen, that he decided to continue his researches, and, his proceedings being pretty defensible, let the result take care of itself.

For this purpose he went next day to the hospital, and ringing at the Master's door, was ushered into the old-fashioned, comfortable library, where he had spent that well-remembered evening which threw the first ray of light on the pursuit that now seemed developing into such strange and unexpected consequences. Being admitted, he was desired by the domestic to wait, as his Reverence was at that moment engaged with a gentleman on business. Glancing through the ivy that mantled over the window, Middleton saw that this interview was taking place in the garden, where the Master and his visitor were walking to and fro in the avenue of box, discussing some matter, as it seemed to him, with considerable earnestness on both sides. He observed, too, that there was warmth, passion, a disturbed feeling on the stranger's part; while, on that of the Master, it was a calm, serious, earnest representation of whatever view he was endeavoring to impress on the other. At last, the interview appeared to come toward a climax, the Master addressing some words to his guest, still with undisturbed calmness, to which the latter replied by a violent and even fierce gesture, as it should seem of menace, not towards the Master, but some unknown party; and then hastily turning, he left the garden and was soon heard riding away. The Master looked after him awhile, and then shaking his white head, returned into the house and soon entered the parlor.

He looked somewhat surprised, and, as it struck Middleton, a little startled, at finding him there; yet he welcomed him with all his former cordiality—in-
deed, with a friendship that thoroughly warmed Middleton's heart even to its coldest corner.

"This is strange!" said the old gen-

tleman. "Do you remember our conversation on that evening when I first had the unlooked-for pleasure of receiving you as a guest into my house? At that time I spoke to you of a strange family story, of which there was no denouement, such as a novel-writer would desire, and which had remained in that unfinished posture for more than two hundred years! Well; perhaps it will gratify you to know that there seems a prospect of that wanting termination being supplied!"

"Indeed!" said Middleton.

"Yes," replied the Master. "A gentleman has just parted with me who was indeed the representative of the family concerned in the story. He is the descendant of a younger son of that family, to whom the estate devolved about a century ago, although at that time there was search for the heirs of the elder son, who had disappeared after the bloody incident which I related to you. Now, singular as it may appear, at this late day, a person claiming to be the descendant and heir of that eldest son has appeared, and if I may credit my friend's account, is disposed not only to claim the estate, but the dormant title which Eldredge himself has been so long preparing to claim for himself. Singularly enough, too, the heir is an American."

May 2d, Sunday. "I believe," said Middleton, "that many English secrets might find their solution in America, if the two threads of a story could be brought together, disjoined as they have been by time and the ocean. But are you at liberty to tell me the nature of the incidents to which you allude?"

"I do not see any reason to the contrary," answered the Master; for the story has already come in an imperfect way before the public, and the full and authentic particulars are likely soon to follow. It seems that the younger brother was ejected from the house on account of a love affair; the elder hav-

ing married a young woman with whom the younger was in love, and, it is said, the wife disappeared on the bridal night, and was never heard of more. The elder brother remained single during the rest of his life; and dying childless and there being still no news of the second brother, the inheritance and representation of the family devolved upon the third brother and his posterity. This branch of the family has ever since remained in possession; and latterly the representation has become of more importance, on account of a claim to an old title, which, by the failure of another branch of this ancient family, has devolved upon the branch here settled. Now, just at this juncture, comes another heir from America, pretending that he is the descendant of a marriage between the second son, supposed to have been murdered on the threshold of the manor house, and the missing bride! Is it not a singular story?"

"It would seem to require very strong evidence to prove it," said Middleton. "And methinks a Republican should care little for the title, however he might value the estate."

"Both — both," said the Master, smiling, "would be equally attractive to your countryman. But there are further curious particulars in connection with this claim. You must know, they are a family of singular characteristics, humorists, sometimes developing their queer traits into something like insanity; though oftener, I must say, spending stupid hereditary lives here on their estates, rusting out and dying without leaving any biography whatever about them. And yet there has always been one very queer thing about this generally very commonplace family. It is that each father, on his death-bed, has had an interview with his son, at which he has imparted some secret that has evidently had an influence on the character and after life of the son, making him ever after a discontented man, as-

piring for something he has never been able to find. Now the American, I am told, pretends that he has the clue which has always been needed to make the secret available; the key whereby the lock may be opened; the something that the lost son of the family carried away with him, and by which through these centuries he has impeded the progress of the race. And, wild as the story seems, he does certainly seem to bring something that looks very like the proof of what he says."

"And what are those proofs?" inquired Middleton, wonder-stricken at the strange reduplication of his own position and pursuits.

"In the first place," said the Master, "the English marriage-certificate by a clergyman of that day in London, after publication of the banns, with a reference to the register of the parish church where the marriage is recorded. Then, a certified genealogy of the family in New England, where such matters can be ascertained from town and church records, with at least as much certainty, it would appear, as in this country. He has likewise a manuscript in his ancestor's autograph, containing a brief account of the events which banished him from his own country; the circumstances which favored the idea that he had been slain, and which he himself was willing should be received as a belief; the fortune that led him to America, where he wished to found a new race wholly disconnected with the past; and this manuscript he sealed up, with directions that it should not be opened till two hundred years after his death, by which time, as it was probable to conjecture, it would matter little to any mortal whether the story was told or not. A whole generation has passed since the time when the paper was at last unsealed and read, so long it had no operation; yet now, at last, here comes the American, to disturb the succession of an ancient family!"

"There is something very strange in all this," said Middleton.

And indeed, there was something stranger in his view of the matter than he had yet communicated to the Master. For, taking into consideration the relation in which he found himself with the present recognized representative of the family, the thought struck him that his coming hither had dug up, as it were, a buried secret that immediately assumed life and activity the moment that it was above ground again. For seven generations the family had vegetated in the quietude of English country gentility, doing nothing to make itself known, passing from the cradle to the tomb amid the same old woods that had waved over it before his ancestor had impressed the bloody footstep; and yet, the instant that he came back, an influence seemed to be at work that was likely to renew the old history of the family. He questioned with himself whether it were not better to leave all as it was; to withdraw himself into the secrecy from which he had but half emerged, and leave the family to keep on, to the end of time perhaps, in its rusty innocence, rather than to interfere with his wild American character to disturb it. The smell of that dark crime — that brotherly hatred and attempted murder — seemed to breathe out of the ground as he dug it up. Was it not better that it should remain forever buried, for what to him was this old English title — what this estate, so far from his own native land, located amidst feelings and manners which would never be his own? It was late, to be sure — yet not too late for him to turn back: the vibration, the fear, which his footsteps had caused, would subside into peace! Meditating in this way, he took a hasty leave of the kind old Master, promising to see him again at an early opportunity. By chance, or however it was, his footsteps turned to the woods of — Chace, and there he

wandered through its glades, deep in thought, yet always with a strange sense that he was treading on the soil where his ancestors had trodden, and where he himself had best right of all men to be. It was just in this state of feeling that he found his course arrested by a hand upon his shoulder.

"What business have you here?"

was the question sounded in his ear; and, starting, he found himself in the grasp, as his blood tingled to know, of a gentleman in a shooting-dress, who looked at him with a wrathful brow. "Are you a poacher, or what?"

Be the case what it might, Middleton's blood boiled at the grasp of that hand, as it never before had done in the course of his impulsive life. He shook himself free, and stood fiercely before his antagonist, confronting him with his uplifted stick, while the other, likewise, appeared to be shaken by a strange wrath.

"Fellow," muttered he — "Yankee blackguard! — impostor — take yourself off these grounds. Quick, or it will be the worse for you!"

Middleton restrained himself. "Mr. Eldredge," said he, "for I believe I speak to the man who calls himself owner of this land on which we stand, — Mr. Eldredge, you are acting under a strange misapprehension of my character. I have come hither with no sinister purpose, and am entitled, at the hands of a gentleman, to the consideration of an honorable antagonist, even if you deem me one at all. And perhaps, if you think upon the blue chamber, and the ebony cabinet, and the secret connected with it" —

"Villain, no more!" said Eldredge; and utterly mad with rage, he presented his gun at Middleton; but even at the moment of doing so, he partly restrained himself, so far as, instead of shooting him, to raise the butt of his gun, and strike a blow at him. It came down heavily on Middleton's shoulder, though

aimed at his head; and the blow was terribly avenged, even by itself, for the jar caused the hammer to come down; the gun went off, sending the bullet downwards through the heart of the unfortunate man, who fell dead upon the ground. Eldredge¹ stood stupefied, looking at the catastrophe which had so suddenly occurred.

May 3d, Monday. So here was the secret suddenly made safe in this so terrible way; its keepers reduced from two parties to one interest; the other who alone knew of this age-long mystery and trouble now carrying it into eternity, where a long line of those who partook of the knowledge, in each successive generation, might now be waiting to inquire of him how he had held his trust. He had kept it well, there was no doubt of it; for there he lay dead upon the ground, having betrayed it to no one, though, by a method which none could have foreseen, the whole had come into the possession of him who had brought hither but half of it. Middleton looked down in horror upon the form that had just been so full of life and wrathful vigor — and now lay so quietly. Being wholly unconscious of any purpose to bring about the catastrophe, it had not at first struck him that his own position was in any manner affected by the violent death, under such circumstances, of the unfortunate man. But now it suddenly occurred to him, that there had been a train of incidents all calculated to make him the object of suspicion; and he felt that he could not, under the English administration of law, be suffered to go at large without rendering a strict account of himself and his relations with the deceased. He might, indeed, fly; he might still remain in the vicinity, and possibly escape notice. But was not the risk too great? Was it just even to be aware of this event, and not relate fully the manner

¹ Evidently a slip of the pen; Middleton being intended.

of it, lest a suspicion of blood-guiltiness should rest upon some innocent head? But while he was thus cogitating, he heard footsteps approaching along the wood-path; and half-impulsively, half on purpose, he stepped aside into the shrubbery, but still where he could see the dead body, and what passed near it.

The footsteps came on, and at the turning of the path, just where Middleton had met Eldredge, the new-comer appeared in sight. It was Hoper, in his usual dress of velveteen, looking now seedy, poverty-stricken, and altogether in ill-case, trudging moodily along, with his hat pulled over his brows, so that he did not see the ghastly object before him till his foot absolutely trod upon the dead man's hand. Being thus made aware of the proximity of the corpse, he started back a little, yet evincing such small emotion as did credit to his English reserve; then uttering a low exclamation, — cautiously low, indeed, — he stood looking at the corpse a moment or two, apparently in deep meditation. He then drew near, bent down, and without evincing any horror at the touch of death in this horrid shape, he opened the dead man's vest, inspected the wound, satisfied himself that life was extinct, and then nodded his head and smiled gravely. He next proceeded to examine seriatim the dead man's pockets, turning each of them inside out and taking the contents, where they appeared adapted to his needs; — for instance, a silken purse, through the interstices of which some gold was visible; a watch, which however had been injured by the explosion, and had stopt just at the moment — twenty-one minutes past five — when the catastrophe took place. Hoper ascertained, by putting the watch to his ear, that this was the case; then pocketing it, he continued his researches. He likewise secured a note-book, on examining which he found several bank-notes, and some other papers. And having done this,

the thief stood considering what to do next; nothing better occurring to him, he thrust the pockets back, gave the corpse as nearly as he could the same appearance that it had worn before he found it, and hastened away, leaving the horror there on the wood-path.

He had been gone only a few minutes, when another step, a light woman's step, [was heard] coming along the pathway, and Alice appeared, having on her usual white mantle, straying along with that fearlessness which characterized her so strangely, and made her seem like one of the denizens of nature. She was singing in a low tone some one of those airs which have become so popular in England, as negro melodies; when suddenly, looking before her, she saw the blood-stained body on the grass, the face looking ghastly upward. Alice pressed her hand upon her heart; it was not her habit to scream, not the habit of that strong, wild, self-dependent nature; and the exclamation which broke from her was not for help, but the voice of her heart crying out to herself. For an instant she hesitated, as [if] not knowing what to do; then approached, and with her white, maiden hand felt the brow of the dead man, tremblingly, but yet firm, and satisfied herself that life had wholly departed. She pressed her hand, that had just touched the dead man's, on her forehead, and gave a moment to thought.

What her decision might have been, we cannot say, for while she stood in this attitude, Middleton stepped from his seclusion, and at the noise of his approach she turned suddenly round, looking more frightened and agitated than at the moment when she had first seen the dead body. She faced Middleton, however, and looked him quietly in the eye. "You see this!" said she, gazing fixedly at him. "It is not at this moment that you first discover it."

"No," said Middleton, frankly. "It is not. I was present at the catastro-

phe. In one sense, indeed, I was the cause of it; but Alice, I need not tell you that I am no murderer."

"A murderer? — no," said Alice, still looking at him with the same fixed gaze. "But you and this man were at deadly variance. He would have rejoiced at any chance that would have laid you cold and bloody on the earth, as he is now; nay, he would most eagerly have seized on any fair-looking pretext that would have given him a chance to stretch you there. The world will scarcely believe, when it knows all about your relations with him, that his blood is not on your hand. Indeed," said she, with a strange smile, "I see some of it there now!"

And, in very truth, so there was; a broad blood-stain that had dried on Middleton's hand. He shuddered at it, but essayed vainly to rub it off.

"You see," said she. "It was foreordained that you should shed this man's blood; foreordained that, by digging into that old pit of pestilence, you should set the contagion loose again. You should have left it buried forever. But now what do you mean to do?"

"To proclaim this catastrophe," replied Middleton. "It is the only honest and manly way. What else can I do?"

"You can and ought to leave him on the wood-path, where he has fallen," said Alice, "and go yourself to take advantage of the state of things which Providence has brought about. Enter the old house, the hereditary house, where — now, at least — you alone have a right to tread. Now is the hour. All is within your grasp. Let the wrong of three hundred years be righted, and come back thus to your own, to these hereditary fields, this quiet, long-descended home; to title, to honor."

Yet as the wild maiden spoke thus, there was a sort of mockery in her eyes; on her brow; gleaming through

all her face, as if she scorned what she thus pressed upon him, the spoils of the dead man who lay at their feet. Middleton, with his susceptibility, could not [but] be sensible of a wild and strange charm, as well as horror, in the situation; it seemed such a wonder that here, in formal, orderly, well-governed England, so wild a scene as this should have occurred; that they too [two?] should stand here, deciding on the descent of an estate, and the inheritance of a title, holding a court of their own.

"Come, then," said he, at length. "Let us leave this poor fallen antagonist in his blood, and go whither you will lead me. I will judge for myself. At all events, I will not leave my hereditary home without knowing what my power is."

"Come," responded Alice; and she turned back; but then returned and threw a handkerchief over the dead man's face, which while they spoke had assumed that quiet, ecstatic expression of joy which often is observed to overspread the faces of those who die of gunshot wounds, however fierce the passion in which the spirits took their flight. With this strange, grand, awful joy did the dead man gaze upward into the very eyes and hearts, as it were, of the two that now bent over him. They looked at one another.

"Whence comes this expression?" said Middleton, thoughtfully. "Alice, methinks he is reconciled to us now; and that we are members of one reconciled family, all of whom are in heaven but me."

Tuesday, May 4th. "How strange is this whole situation between you and me," said Middleton, as they went up the winding pathway that led towards the house. "Shall I ever understand it? Do you mean ever to explain it to me? That I should find you here with that old man,¹ so mysterious, apparently

¹ The allusion here is apparently to the old man who proclaims himself Alice's father, in the por-

tion dated April 14th. He figures hereafter as the old Hospitaller, Hammond. The reader must not

so poor, yet so powerful! What [is] his relation to you?"

"A close one," replied Alice sadly. "He was my father!"

"Your father!" repeated Middleton, starting back. "It does but heighten the wonder! Your father! And yet, by all the tokens that birth and breeding, and habits of thought and native character can show, you are my countrywoman. That wild, free spirit was never borne in the breast of an Englishwoman; that slight frame, that slender beauty, that frail envelopment of a quick, piercing, yet stubborn and patient spirit, — are those the properties of an English maiden?"

"Perhaps not," replied Alice quietly. "I am your countrywoman. My father was an American, and one of whom you have heard — and no good, alas! — for many a year."

"And who then was he?" asked Middleton.

"I know not whether you will hate me for telling you," replied Alice, looking him sadly though firmly in the face. There was a man — long years since, in your childhood — whose plotting brain proved the ruin of himself and many another; a man whose great designs made him a sort of potentate, whose schemes became of national importance, and produced results even upon the history of the country in which he acted. That man was my father; a man who sought to do great things, and, like many who have had similar aims, disregarded many small rights, strode over them, on his way to effect a gigantic purpose. Among other men, your father was trampled under foot, ruined, done to death, even, by the effects of his ambition."

"How is it possible!" exclaimed Middleton. "Was it Wentworth?"

"Even so," said Alice, still with the take this present passage as referring to the death of Eldredge, which has just taken place in the preceding section. The author is now beginning to elaborate the relation of Middleton and Alice. As

same sad calmness and not withdrawing her steady eyes from his face. "After his ruin; after the catastrophe that overwhelmed him and hundreds more, he took to flight; guilty, perhaps, but guilty as a fallen conqueror is; guilty to such an extent that he ceased to be a cheat, as a conqueror ceases to be a murderer. He came to England. My father had an original nobility of nature; and his life had not been such as to debase it, but rather such as to cherish and heighten that self-esteem which at least keeps the possessor of it from many meaner vices. He took nothing with him; nothing beyond the bare means of flight, with the world before him, although thousands of gold would not have been missed out of the scattered fragments of ruin that lay around him. He found his way hither, led, as you were, by a desire to reconnect himself with the place whence his family had originated; for he, too, was of a race which had something to do with the ancient story which has now been brought to a close. Arrived here, there were circumstances that chanced to make his talents and habits of business available to this Mr. Eldredge, a man ignorant and indolent, unknowing how to make the best of the property that was in his hands. By degrees, he took the estate into his management, acquiring necessarily a preponderating influence over such a man."

"And you," said Middleton. "Have you been all along in England? For you must have been little more than an infant at the time."

"A mere infant," said Alice, "and I remained in our own country under the care of a relative who left me much to my own keeping; much to the influences of that wild culture which the freedom of our country gives to its youth. It is only two years that I have been in England."

will be seen, farther on, the death of Eldredge is ignored and abandoned; Eldredge is revived, and the story proceeds in another way. — G. P. L.

"This, then," said Middleton thoughtfully, "accounts for much that has seemed so strange in the events through which we have passed; for the knowledge of my identity and my half-defined purpose which has always glided before me, and thrown so many strange shapes of difficulty in my path. But whence, — whence came that malevolence which your father's conduct has so unmistakably shown? I had done him no injury, though I had suffered much."

"I have often thought," replied Alice, "that my father, though retaining a preternatural strength and acuteness of intellect, was really not altogether sane. And, besides, he had made it his business to keep this estate, and all the complicated advantages of the representation of this old family, secure to the person who was deemed to have inherited them. A succession of ages and generations might be supposed to have blotted out your claims from existence; for it is not just that there should be no term of time which can make security for lack of fact and a few formalities. At all events, he had satisfied himself that his duty was to act as he has done."

"Be it so! I do not seek to throw blame on him," said Middleton. "Besides, Alice, he was your father!"

"Yes," said she, sadly smiling; "let him [have] what protection that thought may give him, even though I lose what he may gain. And now here we are at the house. At last, come in! It is your own; — there is none that can longer forbid you!"

They entered the door of the old mansion, now a farm-house, and there were its old hall, its old chambers, all before them. They ascended the staircase, and stood on the landing-place above; while Middleton had again that feeling that had so often made him dizzy, — that sense of being in one dream and recognizing the scenery and events of a former dream. So overpowering was this feeling, that he laid his hand

on the slender arm of Alice, to steady himself; and she comprehended the emotion that agitated him, and looked into his eyes with a tender sympathy, which she had never before permitted to be visible, — perhaps never before felt. He steadied himself and followed her till they had entered an ancient chamber, but one that was finished with all the comfortable luxury customary to be seen in English homes.

"Whither have you led me now?" inquired Middleton.

"Look round," said Alice. "Is there nothing here that you ought to recognize? — nothing that you kept the memory of, long ago?"

He looked round the room again and again, and at last, in a somewhat shadowy corner, he espied an old cabinet made of ebony and inlaid with pearl; one of those tall, stately and elaborate pieces of furniture that are rather articles of architecture than upholstery; and on which a higher skill, feeling and genius than now is ever employed on such things, was expended. Alice drew near the stately cabinet and threw wide the doors, which, like the portals of a palace, stood between two pillars; it all seemed to be unlocked, showing within some beautiful old pictures in the panel of the doors, and a mirror, that opened a long succession of mimic halls, reflection upon reflection, extending to an interminable nowhere.

"And what is this?" said Middleton, — "a cabinet? Why do you draw my attention so strongly to it?"

"Look at it well," said she. "Do you recognize nothing there? Have you forgotten your description? The stately palace with its architecture, each pillar with its architecture, those pilasters, that frieze; you ought to know them all. Somewhat less than you imagined in size, perhaps; a fairy reality, inches for yards; that is the only difference. And you have the key?"

And there then was that palace, to which tradition, so false at once and true, had given such magnitude and magnificence in the traditions of the Middleton family, around their shifting fireside in America. Looming afar through the mists of time, the little fact had become a gigantic vision. Yes, here it was in miniature, all that he had dreamed of; a palace of four feet high!

"You have the key of this palace," said Alice; "it has waited—that is, its secret and precious chamber has, for you to open it, these three hundred years. Do you know how to find that secret chamber?"

Middleton, still in that dreamy mood, threw open an inner door of the cabinet, and applying the old-fashioned key at his watch-chain to a hole in the mimic pavement within, pressed one of the mosaics and immediately the whole floor of the apartment sank, and revealed a receptacle within. Alice had come forward eagerly, and they both looked into

the hiding-place, expecting what should be there. It was empty! They looked into each other's faces with blank astonishment. Everything had been so strangely true, and so strangely false, up to this moment, that they could not comprehend this failure at the last moment. It was the strangest, saddest jest! It brought Middleton up with such a sudden revulsion that he grew dizzy, and the room swam round him and the cabinet dazzled before his eyes. It had been magnified to a palace; it had dwindled down to Lilliputian size; and yet, up till now, it had seemed to contain in its diminutiveness all the riches which he had attributed to its magnitude. This last moment had utterly subverted it; the whole great structure seemed to vanish.

"See; here are the dust and ashes of it," observed Alice, taking something that was indeed only a pinch of dust out of the secret compartment. "There is nothing else."

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE portrait which confronts the reader who opens the volume of *Mrs. Child's Letters*,¹ is of a vigorous, resolute old lady, with a large head, strong lines about the mouth, a kindly eye, and an expression not of placid content, but of animation, of activity, and of aggressive spirit. The letters which follow, and the slight illustration of the writer which two notable friends give, disclose with candor, and some fullness, the character and career of a woman who was both striking as a figure in New England literary and social history, and interesting as a representative of ideas and manners.

¹ *Letters of Lydia Maria Child.* With a Biographical Introduction by JOHN G. WHITTIER,

Lydia Maria Francis was born in 1802. She lived to be seventy-eight, and her life was spent wholly in New England, except for a brief stay in New York city, and almost wholly in small country villages. Her older brother, Convers Francis, who was afterward a professor in the Divinity School at Cambridge, teased and advised her in her younger days, but she had in the main the education of the best New England girls of her time. On the intellectual side she had for books the substantial literature of England, — Shakespeare, Milton, Johnson, Gibbon, and the current literature in Scott and Byron; on

and an Appendix by WENDELL PHILLIPS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

the moral side she had the important and controlling influence of the Unitarian movement, which was at its height in her most impressionable years; but, above all, her formative period was that curious and interesting one when there was a serene and not self-conscious provincialism in New England; when foreign and ancient literature and life were quietly measured by standards kept in the neighborhood of Boston Common; when there was a flower of culture which was entirely of native growth and production; when even New York was a remote and interesting region to be reported upon by travelers, and when all questions of philosophy and religion were to be determined with a calm disregard of the rest of the world, for the use of the descendants of the Puritans and Pilgrims. This prevalent tone of intellectual and moral life was apparent in Mrs. Child to the end of her days. It gave her an innocent audacity in handling themes which required larger equipment than she could bring into service, and made her, even when professing an inquiry into history, and a large human experience, to be curiously oblivious of great historic movements. All this was common enough in the New England of her early days, but the book which she prepared just before her death, *Aspirations of the World*, was just as provincial as if it had been written forty years before, when New England had its own exclusive prophets and philosophers.

It is amusing to see how in the first letter which is given, written when she was but fifteen years old, something of her mental horoscope is cast when she asks: "Don't you think that Milton asserts the superiority of his own sex in rather too lordly a manner?" She was encouraged by her brother to write, and published her novel of *Hobomok* when she was twenty years old. This was followed by *The Rebels*, *The Mother's Book*, *The Girl's Book*, *The History of*

Women, *The Frugal Housewife*, and *The Juvenile Miscellany*, a serial for young people, of which she was editor and almost sole contributor. Her novels were not her most successful works. They had a reputation at the time when they were published, but it was due largely to the meagre supply of native fiction. Miss Sedgwick was a truer artist. Indeed, it was not on the artistic side that Mrs. Child's contributions to literature were strongest. She was a moralist and reformer, and used literature for the purpose of accomplishing special objects; her best stories were short narratives which she was impelled to give in the warmth of her interest for some unfortunate or victim, as the pathetic story which she tells of the *Umbrella Girl* in her *Letters from New York*.

In 1828, when she was in the full tide of her literary success, she married Mr. David Lee Child, a young lawyer, handsome, alert, and with all the promise of high achievements. A brief series of extracts are given from the journal of Miss Francis, when she first met Mr. Child, four years before they were married, in one of which she writes: "Saw Mr. Child at Mr. Curtis's. He is the most gallant man that has lived since the sixteenth century, and needs nothing but helmet, shield, and chain armor to make him a complete knight of chivalry." To that view of Mr. Child add a loyal and unconquerable affection, and one has Mrs. Child's view of her husband. A glimpse of their early married life is given in a letter which she writes to him, when separated for a while, where she says: "Here I am in a snug, little, old-fashioned parlor, at a round table, in a rocking-chair, writing to you, and the greatest comfort I have is the penknife you sharpened for me just before I came away. As you tell me, sometimes, it makes my heart leap to see anything you have touched. . . . How I do

wish you were here! It is nonsense for me to go a 'pleasuring' without you. It does me no good, and every pleasant sight makes my heart yearn for you to be with me. I am very homesick for you; and my private opinion is, that I shall not be able to stand it a whole week. As for the place itself, it is exactly what I wanted to find. Oh, how I do wish we had a snug little cottage here, and just income enough to meet very moderate wants. I have walked about a mile to-day, and got well muddled by plunging into a meadow after that brightest of all bright blossoms, the cardinal flower. My dear husband, I *cannot* stay away a week."

The wistful words here give a little hint of another side of the picture. Mr. Child was a visionary, who always saw before him a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Now it was one thing and now another, and while there was perfect accord between the husband and wife, Mrs. Child's native good sense and sound judgment were sometimes sorely tried by the vagaries which her husband followed. At one time it was beet-sugar, and the two went to Northampton and led a most pinched life in pursuit of this dream. Here, as later, Mrs. Child did her own work, as the saying is, and struggled bravely against fortune, all the while discovering vents for her intellectual activity. "A month elapsed after I came here," she writes to Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring, "before I stepped into the woods, which were all around me, blooming with wild flowers. I did not go to Mr. Dwight's ordination, nor have I yet been to meeting. He has been to see me, however, and though I left my work in the midst, and sat down with a dirty gown and hands somewhat grimed, we were high up in the blue in fifteen minutes. I promised to take a flight with him from the wash-tub or dish-kettle any time when he would come along with his balloon." Her letters at this time are full of an indom-

itable spirit, and touched with pathetic little passages, like that in which she answers a friend who had apparently lost his head, like other staid Bostonians, under the marvelous twinkle of Fanny Elssler's feet.

"I too should like to see 'the poetry of motion' in Fanny Elssler. But the only thing (except seeing dear friends) that has attracted me to Boston was the exhibition of statuary. In particular I have an earnest desire to see the Infant guided to Heaven by Angels. I am ashamed to say how deeply I am charmed with sculpture; ashamed, because it seems like affectation in one who has had such very limited opportunity to become acquainted with the arts. I have a little plaster figure of a caryatid which acts upon my spirit like a magician's spell. Sarah (she reproves me when I call her Mrs. S.) did not seem to think much of it; but to me it has an expression of the highest kind. Repose after conflict — not the repose of innocence, but the repose of wisdom. Many a time this hard summer I have laid down dish-cloth or broom and gone to refresh my spirit by gazing on it a few minutes. It speaks to me. It says glorious things. In summer I place flowers before it; and now I have laid a garland of acorns and amaranths at its feet. I do dearly love every little bit of real sculpture."

Better relief than the poor little plaster figure ever could afford came from nature, and her letters now, as well as later, disclose a fine sense of wildwood charms; she knew the little denizens of the woods and fields, and made friends with squirrels and birds, while landscape and clouds were constantly drawing her gaze.

While Mrs. Child was living this lonely, repressed life an invitation came to Mr. Child to remove to New York and edit the Anti-Slavery Standard. The beet-sugar experiment was raging and he declined to go, but Mrs. Child, grown

somewhat desperate, accepted the task and went alone to the city. The separation was necessary in her mind, and gave rise naturally, to ill-natured talk, but Mrs. Child's own letters are better evidence than any gossip, and her womanly affection was sorely tried by the absence from her husband. "My task here," she writes to Mrs. Pierce, "is irksome to me. Your father will tell you that it was not zeal for the cause, but love for my husband, which brought me hither. But since it was necessary for me to leave home to be earning somewhat, I am thankful that my work is for the anti-slavery cause. I have agreed to stay one year. I hope I shall then be able to return to my husband and rural home, which is humble enough, yet very satisfactory to me. Should the Standard be continued, and my editing generally desired, perhaps I could make an arrangement to send articles from Northampton. At all events, I trust this weary separation from my husband is not to last more than a year. If I must be away from him, I could not be more happily situated than in Friend Hopper's family. They treat me the same as a daughter and a sister."

Yet the experience of life in New York was of the greatest value to her, and she enjoyed a revival of her nature which bore fruit in many ways. New York in 1842 was not a metropolis, but it had some of the airs of one, and to a New England girl, who had lived a little while in Boston, but chiefly in the country, the city afforded an excitement out of proportion to its size and dignity. Here, while engaged upon her special task, she wrote those letters from New York which, afterward collected into two volumes, enjoyed deserved popularity and show Mrs. Child at her best. The sights of the city, especially those which drew the mind away from commercial bustle, the incidents which fell under her notice, the conversations which she held, all furnished texts for

amiable discourses upon a great variety of topics. She found in this exercise an agreeable relief from her professional work, and in her freedom from household care she engaged with great eagerness in literature.

Her work on the Anti-Slavery Standard lay nearest her heart. In the early movement of the anti-slavery agitation she published an Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans. Mr. Whittier, in speaking of it, declares that "it is quite impossible for any one of the present generation to imagine the popular surprise and indignation which the book called forth, or how entirely its author cut herself off from the favor and sympathy of a large number of those who had previously delighted to do her honor. Social and literary circles, which had been proud of her presence, closed their doors against her. The sale of her books, the subscriptions to her magazine, fell off to a ruinous extent. She knew all she was hazarding, and made the great sacrifice, prepared for all the consequences which followed." The letters now printed are but a small portion of the mass which she wrote under the impulse given to her nature by the great wrong against which she was employing a woman's arsenal of conscience and wit, but they occupy the larger part of the volume, and furnish some of the most impressive commentaries on the social life of the time. Besides private letters, there have been included a few which saw the light at the time in newspapers; especially noteworthy are those which passed between Mrs. Child, Governor Wise, John Brown, and Mrs. Senator Mason. Mrs. Child, in the excitement attending the Harper's Ferry affair, applied to Governor Wise for permission to nurse John Brown, and inclosed her letter to the prisoner for the governor to read and forward. Governor Wise replied in a somewhat lofty tone, and assumed the air of a virtuous defender of the

Constitution, whereupon Mrs. Child replied in a letter of extraordinary power, turning his own guns upon him, and pouring in hot shot, as people were fond of saying in those days, before they knew just what hot shot was. Mrs. Senator Mason rushed forward with a shrieking letter, beginning, "Do you read your Bible, Mrs. Child? If you do, read there, 'Woe unto you, hypocrites!' and take to yourself with twofold damnation that terrible sentence," and proceeding to claim for the Southern women an exclusive and tender interest in the poor and suffering. Mrs. Child's reply is even more effective than her letter to Governor Wise. She begins in a cool, half-laughing tone, which must have infuriated her correspondent, and proves that she has read her Bible by showering down a number of those very uncompromising verses which were the missiles of the prophets among the abolitionists. Mrs. Mason had taunted her, in common with other Northern women, with neglect of the suffering, in comparison with the sympathy shown by the Southern slaveholder. "Do *you*," she writes, "soften the pangs of maternity in those around you by all the care and comfort you can give?" And Mrs. Child quietly replies: "I have never known an instance where the 'pangs of maternity' did not meet with requisite assistance; and here at the North, after we have helped the mothers, we do not sell the babies." Mrs. Child was more than a match for her correspondents, for she had not only a moral right on her side, but she had the security of a society unendangered by the portentous evil which was rumbling about Mrs. Mason's ears.

The terrors of slavery are laid bare in many effective passages in these letters, and the book is thus in many ways a harrowing and distressing one, but there are reliefs in incidents which are sometimes exciting and stirring, and

sometimes humorous. The picture of the escape of George Thompson is very graphic, and one is not disposed to look too closely into the supposed conspiracy against his life. Then there are glimpses of prominent actors in the scenes, which help to vivify the times. There is an amusing conversation at Mr. Whittier's house, which we venture to quote, since the compilers have included it in the volume. Mrs. Child was visiting Mr. Whittier in his home, and wrote an account of her visit to Mrs. Shaw, in which she says:—

"Whittier made piteous complaints of time wasted and strength exhausted by the numerous loafers who came to see him out of mere idle curiosity, or to put up with him to save a penny. I was amused to hear his sister describe some of these irruptions in her slow, Quakerly fashion. 'Thee has no idea,' said she, 'how much time Greenleaf spends in trying to lose these people in the streets. Sometimes he comes home and says, "Well, sister, I had hard work to lose him, but I have lost him."' 'But I can never lose a *her*,' said Whittier. 'The women are more pertinacious than the men; don't thee find 'em, so Maria?' I told him I did. 'How does thee manage to get time to do anything?' said he. I told him I took care to live away from the railroad, and kept a bulldog and a pitch-fork, and advised him to do the same."

After Mrs. Child left New York her home was for the most part in Wayland, Massachusetts, where she had inherited a little farm. Here Mr. and Mrs. Child settled, living a quiet, retired life, with no servant, but without the worry of any wild schemes. The letters from this time forward, though busy with public affairs, show a more restful life, and let one into some of the secret places of Mrs. Child's kindly nature. How admirable was the charity, for instance, which took thought for the poor wretch who had served his time in the

House of Correction, to which he had been sent for setting fire to a barn when in a drunken rage. Mrs. Child was his faithful friend. Every Sunday, month after month, she had the man come to her house, where she gave him a cup of tea, and entertained him, as few women could entertain, all the afternoon. "I have never in my life," she writes, "experienced any happiness to be compared to the consciousness of lifting a human soul out of the mire;" and in her will she provided for monthly payments to be made to the man so long as he should abstain from intoxicating drinks.

Mrs. Child's christianity may be summed up in the words that she bore other people's burdens. She had a warm religious nature, but it was untrained and was disposed to run off into eccentricities. Like skeptical people generally, she had her own favorite credulities and superstitions, and found it easier to believe in planchette than in a spirit re-

vealed through a historic church. An instructive comparison might be drawn between her and Miss Martineau. She had a less destructive mind than her contemporary worker, and it may be said that the depth of Mrs. Child's emotional nature and her ardent love of beauty were always correcting a too intellectual judgment. In her old days she grew mellow, and after her husband's death she seemed to centre her thoughts largely upon another world, where she should rejoin her companion. The liveliness of her sympathy was the bond which bound her to things present and things to come, and it is this pervading sentiment which gives an exceeding charm to Mrs. Child's character as it is disclosed in these letters. Beyond this, the book has a genuine value as a transcript in glowing language of a period of our national life when a woman's sympathy was a powerful lever in the great upheaval which followed.

GOSSE'S STUDY OF GRAY.¹

IF Spenser be the poet's poet, Gray is the poet of scholars, and it was a wise judgment which gave him into the hands of a critic who is so scholarly in his work as Mr. Gosse. In dealing with Gray one feels that a very fragile yet firm and fine genius is to be handled, and that for this there is needed both delicacy of touch and decision. The eighteenth century writers invite frankness of manner in discussing them; the limitations under which they wrote give a definiteness to their work, and one is not likely to perplex one's self by a search for very occult influences. Gray was perhaps the most elusive of these

writers, unless Goldsmith be excepted, and Mr. Gosse has shown his critical power by expending his force not upon Gray's poetry, but upon Gray himself. He has applied a solvent to the faint lines in which the poet's life has formally been written, and given us a clear and exceedingly interesting impression. The revelation of Gray's character is made by so many delicate touches that the reader is scarcely aware how finished the portrait is until he has completed the book. There are no formal summaries by which one is deluded into the notion that he has acquired a rounded and symmetrical conception of the poet, but there are many suggestive passages which throw a sudden and penetrating light.

¹ *Gray*. By EDMUND W. GOSSE. [English Men of Letters Series.] London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

Such, for example, is Mr. Gosse's shrewd remark: "There never was a professional poet whose mode was so thoroughly that of the amateur." It is not in the fastidiousness of the poet, nor in his paucity of composition, that this sentence finds its justification, but in the occasional character of his writing. Gray was a scholar of refined thought who was quite content to pass his life as a collegiate recluse, and treated his muse as a gentle friend, not as an exacting mistress. He toyed with poetry, and yet respected it too highly to treat it carelessly. The salvation of Gray from the amateur's fate was in his poetic vision, which in a purblind age enabled him to see into the heart of things, and to read nature, for instance, as no one about him seemed to do. Mr. Gosse has pointed out with great felicity this power which Gray had, as when he says that "he reminds us of the early landscapes of Turner, with their unaffected rendering of nature;" and he quotes with admirable effect Gray's description of a solitary walk by Derwentwater.

The sensitiveness which so largely controlled the movements of the poet is shown in its various phases; nowhere, we think, has Mr. Gosse deliberately referred to this as the determining feature of Gray's nature, but he has given abundant material from which to form the judgment. The want of spirits in his youth was the shrinking of a sensitive nature from the ignoble domestic scenes which confronted him; the estrangement from Walpole was the complex result, we are confident, of a sensitiveness which had suddenly found an active exercise in a wild and unsuspected natural beauty, and had been thrown back upon itself by the absence of sympathy from his traveling companion. Gray was stirred deeply for the first time in his life, and yet was forced into daily companionship with one who suited him well enough in his idler moments. The precise form which the

irritation assumed and its immediate occasion are of less importance. The physical fear of fire which had so grotesque an expression all through his later life was a manifestation of an extreme bodily sensitiveness, and the timidity and dislike of whatever assailed him as coarse and vulgar were further signs of a nature very high-strung. The quickness with which he attracted other men to himself, notably in the cases of Bonstetten and Norton Nicholls, was the result of the incessant movement of Gray's antennæ, which were forever thrust before him; and the infrequency of his poetic ventures may be ascribed with some confidence to his spiritual eremitism in an age given over to conventions. It was Gray's fortune to be gifted with a poetic power in an unpoetic time without the complementary gift of an aggressive nature. He shrank, he did not push forward. There was a loneliness in his life which seemed to have a fatally benumbing influence over him. Whatever field he entered was one in which he found himself alone. He was a lover of nature amongst men who were only scared or bored by nature. He perceived the vitality of Gothic architecture when to others the art was only barbaric rudeness. He saw into the poetic value of the ballad and the Runic rhyme, not with a scholar's but with a seer's vision. He anticipated later phases of literary growth, but after all he did little to stimulate that growth, or to initiate movements.

It is true that when one looks more closely into the development of English life and art he is disposed to give greater significance to Gray's representative position, and to regard him as one of the voices that foretold a new era; yet it would seem to be vain to seek any confirmation of this view in Gray's consciousness. He seems to us the most unwilling of poets. The disdain with which he refused any compensation for his verse, as if he were a gentleman and

not a poet, was an amusing characteristic, but it was only one sign of that spirit which marked the whole of Gray's life. He was an exquisite instrument, kept in tune with great care, which was quite content to utter its harmonies for its own gratification. An audience was not needed and not greatly wanted.

This and much more is the outcome of Mr. Gosse's pleasant book. It was necessary to deliver Gray from the Philistines who had heretofore had him in charge. His own letters remained to

do him justice, but Mr. Gosse has now made the trivial incidents of his life, as preserved by other biographers, to yield their true meaning; and he has diligently sought for other biographic material, so that in this monograph we have for the first time a sympathetic and just presentation of one of the most interesting figures in English literary history. It is pleasant to learn that Mr. Gosse is to answer his own pertinent question, and to give us a complete edition of Gray's writings.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

It is not every poem that gains by illustration. The scene presented by the artist to the eye sometimes jars with the word sung by the poet to the ear. It is not so much because the effects of the two arts are often different in kind, as because the heart may be so subtly and directly stirred that delight in the outer beauty can only distract the inner feeling. But, in delineating the landscape amid which the action goes on, the artist may much enhance the value of the work by adding to its powers of expression. This is particularly the case if, like Sir Walter Scott, the poet is an accurate observer of nature and deals with known localities, for then the artist's imagination — of all the faculties the hardest to subdue to another's will — is waked by the same objects as was the poet's, and obeys analogous limitations. It was, therefore, as necessary a condition of success as of truthfulness that the sketches for the engravings in this volume¹ should be made, as was done, on the spot. The Scotch landscape, too, has a singular attraction, a real as well as

a romantic charm. It was not by chance that the literary movement at the end of the last century, so crudely styled the return to nature, was invigorated by Burns and advanced by Scott. From early days, even in the imitative Chaucerian verse, the heather bloom was entwined with the traditional daisy of the Scotch poets, and in their music was heard the bleak winter wind of the treeless wastes. Nature was ever close to the Scotch heart. Scott could not have made clansman and chieftain real without the moor that was their bed and the glen that was their covert. The country was in an unusual degree predominant in their lives; it determined their temperament and their experience; more than the plaid and the claymore it gave them character. The interest in nature in all Scott's work was not imported to please a prevailing taste, but sprang from the subject. In *The Lady of the Lake* the two elements, the landscape and the actors, are intimately related, but the description of the former, although extraordinarily realistic, gains by having its inadequacies supplied by the visible outlines and shadows of the artist's drawing. The poem acquires

¹ *The Lady of the Lake*. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

greater consistency and unity of impression when on page after page are seen the gray dome of Ben-an rising in mid-air, huge Benvenue throwing his shadowed masses upon the lake, and the long heights of Ben Lomond hemming the horizon. The imagination is aided; one breathes more delightedly the Highland spirit when he sees Loch Katrine gloom with evening, grow misty with morn, and flash and darken with sun and cloud through the varying beauty of the day. The skill with which the same recurring scenes are given continual freshness, by differences of light and in the point of view, is a marked merit of the series. The great features of the landscape grow familiar to the eye, yet wear, as they ought, continual change.

The value of the pictured landscape is completely felt. The journey of the Knight of Snowdon, from the moment that the crying pack break over the wild heaths until Roderick lies prostrate with such starkness by Coilantogle Ford, is visualized, and has locality as well as events. This is the artistic gain accomplished by the illustrations. Aside from these representations of the country through which King James passed in his romantic adventure, there are a few cuts of scenes which, though out of sight, are never far from the mind: Cambus-kenneth Abbey, the chapel of St. Bride, and Stirling Castle. It is also a graceful accessory to the general effect that the series concludes with the shocked wheat standing by Loch Achray, the Trossachs' Glen silent after battle, and Ellen's Isle more beautiful to the mind than before the lodge was empty. The fullness of illustration and the excellent choice of subject are easily seen. The engraving is not less to be praised; the treatment of water is effective throughout, and, in this respect, such cuts as Loch Lubnaig, Brianchoil Point, and In Leny Pass deserve to be singled out for especial commendation. There are a few cuts in which the land-

scape, used as a background for figures, is negligently and obscurely treated, but they are very few, and must be looked on as very slight, and possibly unavoidable concessions.

Why should the figure-pieces, a large proportion of the whole, be less pleasing? — for all that has been said thus far must be understood as applying only to the landscape cuts. The figures have been carefully studied, and are presented with antiquarian fidelity in their habits as they lived; but, with all this exactness of costume-portraiture, there is a lack of simplicity in the mien of the characters, a stage-exaggeration of gesture, a consciousness of their artistic importance, all entirely foreign to the poem itself. Roderick was, we know, a dark-browed and moody man; he stalks through the poem a villain of conventional attitude and glance; but surely it was not for a man on whose face fiercer passions only were stamped that the king would have given his "best earldom." In some cuts, too, there is a lack of dignity; it is a questionable choice that gave to Fitz-James' dream the emphasis of an illustration, but both here and where he puts the ring on Ellen's finger, there is too much of the "carpet-knight" in his demeanor; it is thus that we are accustomed to see the tourist-lover woo the lady in a summer novelette. In others there is an inattention to accessories, a concentration of attention on the main figure at too great cost to the surroundings, as in the Brian series. Much better are the Guardroom scenes, spirited, various, carefully finished. The engraving throughout is nearly always excellent, but the design must be set down as inferior, as a lowering of the imaginative conception of the poet and as misleading in sentiment. Notwithstanding all these imperfections in portions of the work, lovers of Scott have reason to be thankful that his most graceful poem has been strengthened in po-

etic interest, and adorned by wood-engraving, and they will have some gratitude to spare for the excellent, and in some cases unusually good, printing of the cuts; especially all lovers of literature should be glad to find that this tale, with its human, natural, and moral charm, has outlived the *Laras* and the *Giaours* that once dimmed it to the popular view.

Longfellow's poem¹ lends itself to illustration less readily than Scott's. In *Evangeline* the minor portions, the simple peace and plenty of the Acadian settlement, the misery of its fate, and the dispersion of the emigrants among the colonies, are carefully subordinated to the individual human interest concentrated in the emotional life of the heroine. The history of the spirit, its refinement by effort and sacrifice, cannot be told or indicated by pictures in black and white, such as Mr. Darley makes. He has therefore been forced to concern himself with the background, the accidents of place and circumstance, the local and temporal setting of the poem; but he has so far observed the method of Longfellow as to make all of the sixteen illustrations, except one, figure-pieces, with accessories of Acadian field and homestead, and Western river and prairie. By crowding these scenes with the characters of the village, and by his choice of subject as well, he has made the whole series seem rather an illustration of the Acadian colony and its fortunes than of the wanderings and self-conquest of a solitary maiden whom love had made strong as well as tender. The blacksmith, the priest, and the fiddler are as constant objects of interest as Gabriel; more of life is taken in than was possible to the poet. The broader range thus obtained for fancy and sympathy is not a loss, however; the main theme is not interfered with because the

minor chord sounds more constantly and clearly. These groups are noticeable for the variety and excellence of their arrangement, which show much thought. There is no person in them whose motive is not easily seen as regulating attitude and expression; one principal event, one dominant interest, master all, but the operation of the event on complex individualities, the dispersion of the interest in differently moulded minds, are managed with such skill that in each cut there is an epitome of character. Mr. Darley's manner is too well known to need any characterization or comment. It seems to eyes used to present modes of illustration a survival from the past, perhaps some might say a by-gone style; but in its employment in this case its remoteness has a certain fitness and charm, for pastoral life needs to be felt as far off; even if historic it needs to be presented as dreamlike, and to our eyes Mr. Darley's manner gives something of this effect. At all events, it has some of the merits of good style, the permanent virtues; it is simple, natural, well-thought-out, without any effort at sensationalism.

By such methods he brings before us the life which was characterized by old-fashioned virtues and pleasures, the homely occupations and hearty pastimes of the villagers, their simple respect for the priest, their remembrance of the dead, their friendly association in adversity, the journey down the river to the South and over the prairies to the West, and, at last, the recognition of the two lovers in the hospital. In the Western scenes, with the conventional Indian clad as he has been seen only by Cooper in his imagination, there is a lack of local truthfulness in detail, but this defect is more than offset by the fidelity of the French characterization in the earlier scenes, and the variety and vigor of the delineations of the animals which, as is right in a colonial life, are the constant

¹ *Longfellow's Evangeline*. With illustrations by F. O. C. DARLEY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

companions of the men. The text is beautifully printed in large type, and the book bound with taste.

The *Artist's Year*¹ consists of twelve landscape illustrations of the successive months, and of thirteen original and selected poems, meant to be descriptive of the changes in nature during their course. The poems do not merely fail in individualizing the months by sympathy or imagination, but, except for an occasional reference to roses or snow-flakes, or the red and yellow leaves, they are entirely destitute of color; nor do they compensate for this defect by thought or feeling, being starvelings in both. Without comment, the originality, freshness, and vigor of the verses may be judged by the first four lines:—

"By fireside light and the cheeriest glow,
All safe from cold-blowing winds and the snow,
Where well loved friends gather gratefully near,
O give me a song to the new-reigning year!"

After a few lines we are told

"How life's warm web hath its brilliant past,"

and so the verses go on unto the end, with an occasional sentiment in Mrs. Browning's worst style, faded and vacant. It is strange that, when there are so many admirable descriptions of the different months by the best of our poets, their verses should not have been taken as mottoes, if such were needed. The volume, however, is a picture-book, and as such is to be judged. But the artists seem to have been unable to succeed any better than the versifier in characterizing the seasons. Under the title May, for example, there are some birds that seem to have spent the winter North, some marvelous bees, and a spray of flowers without form or texture, and this illustration is the most individualized of any. The cows under the trees in July would serve equally well for December. The entire series

is simply a conglomeration of meaningless lines, of trees without substance, having no tree-nature, unless that like Wordsworth's yews they "threaten the profane," of pools and rivers rendered in perpendicular marks (the engravers' trick of transparency), and exactly similar in appearance to the ragged and jagged skies which prevail in nearly all, as if the year were wrapped in extraordinary storm. It is hardly necessary to enter into detail when the first principles of the delineative arts are so completely disregarded. In the arts that depend on line, drawing is essential; without it as the basis there can be nothing valuable accomplished; and in these illustrations, whether it be that the designers did not draw or that the mode of reproducing their work destroyed their lines, there is no drawing except of leading outlines, and that is careless and imperfect. It is possible by modern processes to make what passes for a picture with great cheapness and haste, and, when such modes are employed, any disposition the artist may have to attain excellence is necessarily destroyed. If the design is not to have justice done to it, there is no motive to make it good. This reaction of imperfect processes on the character of the artist, the lowering of aim which they induce, the habit of rapid and negligent workmanship which they form, are not the least of their evil effects. Art is corrupted at its source on the one hand, while the popular taste is degraded upon the other. The principal service which we look to wood-engraving to perform, in its present successes, is, by educating the public, to make such work as this volume contains unsalable; by observing the methods of good art, to preserve and raise the standard of excellence among designers, and thus to withdraw them from such ineffective and unprofitable employment as results in such pictures as these now under review. Art, like music, is one of the great instruments of popular education,

¹ *The Artist's Year*. Original and Selected Poems of the Months. By MARGARET P. JANES. Illustrated. New York: White & Stokes. 1883.

at present too little applied, and whatever processes go to make art more common among the people deserve to be encouraged; but no good end can be achieved by processes that destroy the object in the means, and yield valueless works. Bad art, it is true, like bad books, satisfies only a rudimentary taste, and the public passes, it is said, through stages of appreciation in both art and literature. But, fortunately, art does not need an alphabet and a spelling-book; a good picture, that is, a well-drawn picture, is at once recognized by the untaught eye as superior to one ill-drawn; whatever weight the argument may have in literature, it certainly has none in art, for even a child's preference is for a good outline rather than for undrawn effects of light and shade. Bad art is now of less importance than bad books, in popular education, only because it enters less largely into life, and it is each year touching the public at more points. But this book, *The Artist's Year*, is not intended for the cheap market: it is made of excellent paper, well-printed, fairly bound, with dangling silk tassels, — a holiday book for the centre-table, for the uneducated rich. If the art in a volume thus recommended to the purse is of this kind, the art for the lower market is, we may be sure, too often on as low a scale. It is because the book is symptomatic of the increase of negligent and ignorant work in books pretentiously fine, because it is one of a class, that we have spoken of it with such plainness and at a length which in itself it did not call for. A bad book will disappear without the critic's aid, but a bad class of books indicates a general fault, and the processes of manufacturing prints are becoming so multifarious that this bad class already includes several species. To characterize and discourage the wrong methods is a

duty to every one who cares for the formation of a right taste in the public.

To the sumptuous volumes which M. Yriarte has already prepared on Italian cities has lately been added a large folio of similar style devoted to Florence.¹ It is a volume which by its mass and distribution carries in its very aspect some physical suggestion of a crowded city: its serried files of text opening upon vistas of architecture and sculpture, leading into the interiors of temple or museum, and populated with many historic figures. One finds the whole municipality, in truth, spread out before him within these covers; first as a map, then as a general view from San Miniato; and afterwards a vast array of its artistic treasures is made visible through the illustrations. Fortunately, as in the other members of this series, the text yields no small part of the profit of the work. The author begins with a sketch of Florentine history, conducting to the era of the Medicean supremacy; a full account of the Medicean family ensues, which terminates only in 1737, with the extinction of the line. This portion, richly provided with graphic material, is unique. We are enabled by it to sum in a glance, as if it were a panorama, the whole course of the Medici family. We behold them as merchants, warriors, cardinals, or popes, in their actual appearance to the eye; nay, we have one of the cardinals painted while still in his cradle, and the very nurse whose effigy Paris Bordone preserved on canvas. The successive men of the house are placed rapidly before us in portraiture, from old Cosimo the elder, and his lean-faced early progeny, down to the polished, coddled, feeble, and haughty physiognomies of the latest duke-descendants, who were about to die out. This division contains fac-similes, also, from early Florentine engrav-

¹ *Florence. Its History; the Medici; the Humanists; Letters; Arts.* By CHARLES YRIARTE. Translated by C. B. Pitman. Illustrated with

500 engravings. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1882.

ings, hitherto not generally accessible, which add to it a peculiar worth; but one may question why M. Yriarte should have chosen the Uffizi portrait of Bianca Capello, when the best is found in the Pitti. An attempt is made to show how it came that Florence was so especially the centre of the Renaissance; for the writer seeks some explanation of her eminence in addition to that based on the influence of the revival of learning, important though that is confessed to be. Such an explanation he finds in "the peculiar genius of Florence, the national temperament, and circumstances of race and politics." This, to be sure, is somewhat vague. His reference to early Etruscan art in the same spot, so distinctive, so indicative of a race originally tending to plastic creation, is far more effective; and there is almost the surprise of a new discovery in the skillful introduction of the fact that Niccolò Pisano, a Tuscan native, revived again the truth and freedom of sculpture only a few miles from Florence, after they had disappeared for fifteen hundred years. It was the study of antique sarcophagi which caused him to shake off the trammels of Byzantine stiffness; and thus the tomb where art apparently lay buried proved to be the cradle of its new birth. M. Yriarte even hints that there is a hidden analogy between Etrurian art and the genius of Donatello, flowering out of the same ground but refined by a new civilization. It is the faculty of independent insight shown in this suggestion, and of giving to facts lying far apart a historic and poetic unity, that makes the author so alluring a guide through the branching thoroughfares and by-ways of his theme. One novel feature of the book is the extensive chapter given to the illustrious men who represent the intellectual movement in the Renaissance at Florence: Dante, Passavante, Petrarch, Sacchetti, and twenty others,—some less generally known,—an impressive host in the

background of the scene, indicating what forces the Medici had to work with or against in the making of this wonderful city. Their portraits, too, are given, and sometimes the works of art with which they are associated; perhaps the tombs which were placed over them. It is in these pages, by the way, that we find reproduced, for the first time in a work on Florence, certain monuments in Santa Croce, San Miniato, and Santa Maria del Fiore which are of much interest. The remaining sections are given to churches, palaces, and to painting and sculpture. Leonardo is granted small space, because of his departure into another school; and Raphael necessarily meets with similar treatment; whereas Niccolò Pisano, although not born in Florence, has to be included; and so with the Siennese Jacopo della Quercia, whose stately *Porta dei Servi* in the cathedral is given on a page by itself. In general the author has wisely chosen the less well-known productions of the masters for representation; although in the case of Raphael, the *Madonna della Seggiola* appears, unhappily, in a very poor process-plate. To offset this we are treated to some charming pieces by Filippo Lippi and a curious but not very characteristic Botticelli. The serious and sweet Florentine Maiden of Granacci is a most acceptable contribution, deserving of study. M. Yriarte does good service in bringing forward the less vaunted artists whose work has of late more and more been recognized as constituting the true Florence, quite as much as that of the more famous. A large number of the illustrations are not cuts, but the result of various processes now in use, some of which simulate engraving. The best are those having the effect of heliogravure and occupying large space; such as Orgagna's *Golden Tabernacle* (page 220). It is worth while to note that the reproduction of Michael Angelo's *Fates*, though not fine, has one uncom-

mon merit: Clotho, who in all the best extant engravings is depicted with a visage of horror, is here correctly interpreted as merely chanting her neutral song of destiny. Lachesis, however, in turning to the sister with the shears, hardly shows that exquisite expression of dumb appeal which belongs to the original. A curious sketch of Angelo from life, by Francis of Holland, is included; and there are small portraits of all the artists mentioned. These, carefully collected from many sources, have a certain historical value, but they are monotonous in manner and rough without being strong. The illustrations, in fact, so far as they stand for engraving, fall much below the American mark; nor would the various pictures

always give to the uninitiated a full sense of the beauty and strength in the originals. But their usefulness, and it is a very high one, consists in their great range and completeness, taken together. It is not only Florence in name or mere outline that is set before us, but concrete, visible Florence, with all its spiritual and material meaning, so far as these can be obtained with actual presence and much study. That a field of lilies should have given place to the City of Flowers and all which it has produced is one of the marvels of terrestrial development. That we should be able by aid of the printing-press to gather in a later harvest the essence of this human growth is another marvel almost as great.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It strikes me that women have not fared as well as men, on the whole, at the hands of the novelists; that is, if quantity and quality are to be taken into equal account in the question. Some of the most successful creations of the writers of fiction have been feminine characters, but they have been proportionately few in number. The fact cannot be explained by that other fact that the majority of writers of the best fiction have been men, for the finest drawing of feminine character has not been the work of feminine hands. The alleged complexity of the nature of women may be held to account for the greater difficulty of its portrayal. I have my own doubts, however, as to this enigmatic quality of the feminine character, and fancy the simple truth to be, that if men comprehend each other better than they do women, it is because a man is brought into close and permanent relations with but a few women, — a wife, a sister, a

mother, — while he is constantly and intimately associated with many men of many kinds; and his opportunities, therefore, being less in the one case than in the other, his knowledge is correspondingly less. Whatever the reason of it, the fact is noteworthy that the greatest novelists have in general been more successful in portraiture of the male sex than of the female. It would not be difficult to make a list of the fictitious feminine acquaintance who exist for us as really living personages, and for whom we have any lively feeling of interest, of liking or dislike; but the number of such male acquaintance is, comparatively, legion. In all Scott's novels taken together there are not half a dozen heroines who can be said to have any real life and distinctive character. Jeanie Deans is certainly a live human being, and so, though in far less degree, are the Jewess Rebecca and Catherine Seyton, Minna Troil, and Diana Vernon.

It may be asserted that Scott's conventional heroes are also lay figures, mere walking gentlemen made to match the walking ladies; and no doubt this is measurably true, but not universally. Henry Morton and Quentin Durward have a life in them, I think, which Edith Bellenden and Isabelle of Croye have not. But the real heroes of Scott are not always those who fill the title rôle, and we are indifferent whether or not Nigel Olifaunt plays his part with spirit, while Richie Moniplies, King James, and George Heriot are his fellow actors on the stage. Markham Everard is a more interesting personage than Alice Lee; but if he were not it would matter little, so long as Sir Henry and Wildrake and Charles appear upon the scene.

The men and women of Miss Austen's novels are perhaps equally well done; or, if there is anything to choose between them, it is the women who, in this case, are the more lifelike figures. We cannot say of Thackeray's women that they are unlikelike, but that they represent only a small section of womankind. His worst women — his Becky and Beatrix and Blanche — are his best drawn, the rest being mostly but slightly differentiated individuals of a certain species: they are good, loving, and insipid, like Amelia; good, loving, and priggish like Laura Pendennis; good, loving, and unjust and ungenerous, like Lady Castlewood. They are not wholly uninteresting, of course, for it is a genius who paints them. Madame de Florac is a charming sketch, and we all like Ethel Newcome; but take them together, and they seem to show that Thackeray had but a meagre comprehension of women, or a very limited respect for them. We cannot forget the "incomparable," the "divine," Clarissa; but, for my part, in spite of some true touches of nature in the tale of her dying hours, I find it difficult to realize the existence of the lovely and injured Miss Harlowe.

George Eliot's Romola and Dorothea,

and still more her Myra, are so ideally conceived that to many persons, though not to me, they appear too far removed from actual existence to be regarded as we do human beings in general, even fictitious human beings. They certainly are not ordinary women, — more 's the pity; but the objection, whatever it is worth, does not hold against those easily conceivable persons, Maggie Tulliver and Mary Garth, Rosamund Vincy and Gwendolen Harleth. Mrs. Gaskell has given us at least one feminine character, which for lifelike distinctness ranks with these last named, — the heroine of *Sylvia's Lovers*. This author's name recalls those of Charlotte Brontë's heroines, about whom there has always been for me an odd mixture of reality and unreality. Her women, however, are at least possible, which cannot be said for her men. Among contemporary authors there are but few who have achieved signal success in the portraiture of women. We have had a good many pleasing and more or less truthful sketches, few rounded and finished portraits, of genuine and distinct individualities. Trollope's women, even his good and lovely heroines, are inevitably affected by the deadening atmosphere of prose with which they are surrounded. Mrs. Oliphant's women are too hastily constructed to order, while Charles Reade's are fashioned after a special, cherished theory of his own manufacture. Mr. Hardy has great skill in depicting varieties of the more or less thorough-paced coquette, but from lack of power or of inclination stops there. To Mr. James we owe several delightful sketches, one carefully drawn outline picture of a certain Light woman, and one finished portrait, which, only after we have ceased to contemplate it, we become a trifle critical of, as on the whole more interesting than charming. Mr. Howells is as clever a painter of the American *jeune fille* as Cherbuliez is of the French variety of the same species; but it re-

mains true that such character sketching is not Mr. Howells's strongest work.

A writer more new to fame, the author of *The Grandissimes*, has achieved a decided success in this line in the two women, *Aurore* and *Clotilde*, sketched in the above-named novel. Mr. Cable is an American, but it is an Englishman who has conceived one of the daintiest feminine shapes to be found out of Shakespeare. This may seem extravagant language to apply to Mr. Blackmore's work, and it is perhaps necessary to remark that it is but a limited admiration we can give to so unequal a writer. It is true, nevertheless, that his *Lorna Doone* is one of the most ideally lovely creations of fiction, made up out of as few and simple qualities as a *Perdita* or *Rosalind*, but with a magically infused reality of poetic life, that leaves one satisfied, yet wondering what is the secret of imaginative creation like this.

How different the old-fashioned heroine of romance was from the heroine of to-day! The former was a being who could do no wrong; who was incapable of conducting herself otherwise than in the most becoming manner, no matter in what trying circumstances; whose opinions were as correct as her speech was elegant. The majority of novelists nowadays do not depict heroines of this sort; such creatures, they fancy, their readers would condemn as "faultily faultless;" and they give us instead the inconsistent, defective real woman whom we all know, — who interests us because she is real, or at least seems real to us. And it is well they should do this, since novelists in general are not geniuses, and to create character at once ideal and wholly real requires a measure of true genius. The old-fashioned piece of perfection was an insipid creature, not because she was perfect, but because she had no distinctive individuality, and was just like every other heroine of the kind. But Shakespeare has shown us purely ideal women, no one of whom

could possibly be mistaken for another; each flawless in her kind, yet distinctly individualized, having her own special traits of mind and character, by which we know her and for which we love her. That novelists in general are not Shakespeares, and that even when they attempt ideal creation they fail of perfect achievement, is not wonderful, but I like to recognize the worthiness of the aim and success which are but partial. It is for this reason that the character of *Camilla*, in *Monaldini's Niece*, pleased me so well. If not so real as might be, I think she has in her the breath of life; she is picturesque and charming, and not impossible. It seems to me that authors ought to recognize the truth that, if mere perfection is insipid, mere imperfection may be so also; that simple prose and commonplace contain no more truth to nature than the poetry of the imagination, which does not *make*, but *finds*, the loveliness it seeks.

If I were an artist of talent I should like to employ my skill in painting a gallery of portraits of my fair fictitious friends. I think it might be a charming collection, and two whom I have not yet named should hang there, side by side, with a becoming light upon their faces: the dark-eyed *Nora*, the heroine of *Quits*, who contrives, in the happiest manner, to assert her individual existence, in spite of being placed as the most conventional of heroines, *vis-à-vis* a truly traditional hero; and the blonde *Hildegard* of *The Initials*, who is so dear a friend of mine that I found myself thinking of her tenderly when I mounted the staircase of that hotel in Frankfort where she and *Hamilton* finally settled their affairs, to their mutual satisfaction.

— I know little or nothing, perhaps, of the flying-machine of the future, but I know well that the balloon must be abandoned. To think of either safety or success in the basket under the gas-bag is absurd. Wherein will be the

value of the successful flying-machine but in the rapidity and precision of its flight? Unless we can fly swiftly and surely from point to point, why fly at all? The bulk of the balloon—the one property which has endeared it to a cowardly race, and prolonged its existence thus far—is a sufficient and peremptory reason for discarding it. You cannot propel it any faster than a canal boat in any direction, nor against the wind at all; and no change in its form can ever surmount the fatal objection.

But if we give up the balloon, and try to fly as the living bird flies, what then? Say that we make the body of our bird of the compactest and most symmetrical shape for cleaving the air with the least resistance, and trust to the beat of its wings to sustain its weight,—as who doubts we may?—still, how are we ever to launch it, and carry it successfully over the neck-breaking period of its existence? For let us not belittle the difficulties which await the inventor of the Bird. Inventions have sometimes come like a flash to a man. They have been complete from the moment of their conception. When once the happy thought has come, there has been nothing further to do but to make the thing and set it going. But, in the nature of things, the Bird can never spring fully fledged from the brain of any man. However completely it may be conceived, there must still be a time, and probably a long time, of experiment and adjustment, interspersed with numerous failures and discouragements.

The expense involved in successful aeronautics will be not merely in the building of the Bird, even supposing it could be complete and satisfactory from the first. There will be a permanent plant required for its operation, entirely independent of the cost of building. We have not merely the Bird to construct, but we have its operator to instruct. We want a contrivance to sustain the Bird in its first weak and awkward attempts

at flight, just as the toddling infant must be upheld when it begins to walk; only that in the case of our Bird the need is far more imperative. Nor is it merely in the experimental stage of flying that this apparatus will be required. We may well admire the sustained flight of a bird, especially a large one, as the ideal of easy and graceful motion; but when we see that bird rise from the ground, or from the surface of the water, we witness the most difficult and laborious of animal movements. It is to be expected that our Bird, being in that respect not so well equipped as the living animal, will at every flight need some help in mounting. For obvious reasons, it must be made as light in every part as is consistent with safety. Think, then, of a paper boat, for instance, with wide-spreading wings and a windmill behind, going through the air at a speed double that of the fastest railway train, and coming to the ground without serious accident. Our sending-off apparatus must be also a catching apparatus, and will be at no time more needed than when receiving the returning voyager of the air after its journey is done.

At least three forms of the sending-off apparatus suggest themselves. The idea of the first, and best, is as simple as can be. An upright pole; a gaff, extending outward and upward from the base of it, and forked at the lower end to fit the pole and revolve around it; and a suspending cord from the top of the pole to a point near the outer end of the gaff, will represent the whole arrangement. If now we hang our Bird by a string to the outer end of the gaff, and carry this rapidly around until the speed of flight is attained, the Bird being at the same time accurately balanced, and its flying mechanism in motion, we may slip the string and release it, and it will be able to sustain itself and steer away in safety.

But for the use of a Bird capable of carrying men, and therefore of some

practical value, our contrivance is imagined on too small a scale. The pole for our purpose must be a tower, high and strong, and our gaff a boom of elaborate construction, say of tubular iron, braced laterally to prevent its swaying to and fro, and suspended, not by a single string, but by a series of stays distributed along the length of it. The tower must have a circular base, with a carriage fitted to travel around it and carry the inner end of the boom, and within the tower a steam-engine or other motor to drive the boom around. We must have a tower, say, two hundred feet high, and a boom that will sweep a radius of two hundred and fifty feet. With a boom reaching out three hundred feet from the centre of the tower, or describing a circle of six hundred feet in diameter, we should traverse more than a third of a mile at each circuit; and at five turns per minute, a speed of more than one hundred miles per hour would be attained by the outer end of the boom. This would certainly be fast enough for our purpose. Now, if we had our Bird suspended from the boom by a cord of sufficient length to allow it considerable freedom of movement, and with a contrivance by which it could be instantaneously released, we should be ready for flight.

Impelled by the engine in the tower, the boom begins to revolve, carrying the Bird with it. The mechanism of the Bird is set in motion, and it begins to flap its wings for self-propulsion; only at first the propelling instrument will probably be a propeller wheel instead of wings. The steering apparatus of the Bird must, under the command of its operator, be for the time adjusted to the circular path of the boom. As the speed of the Bird increases, and it begins to feel the lifting power of the air beneath its extended wings, the weight which the boom sustains is proportionately reduced, and the boom at length becomes rather the companion than the

carrier of the Bird. This process may continue until the whole weight of the Bird is actually carried by its own wings, and the suspending cord hangs loose. When that first occurs will be a notable moment in the world's history. Without risking our necks, we have brought the Bird to the act of self-sustained and independent flight. From that moment the art of flying is an accomplished fact, and all needed improvements for safety and practical success will swiftly and surely follow.

When our Bird thus becomes demonstrably able to fly alone, we must be in no haste to release it. Careful and protracted trials should be insisted upon, and a minute inspection of every part of the machine. The boom should be revolved and the Bird flown in both directions, that the whole range of its steering powers may be proved. Another and more vital point must not for a moment be lost sight of. The operation of alighting must always be a more dangerous one than that of mounting, and every possible facility must be provided for it. Next to the net, or hook, or other catching device to be furnished at the end of the boom, the most necessary point to be secured is such a command of its movement as will enable the engineer of the boom to coöperate with the Bird, and place his machine in the right place at the right time, and give it motion at the right speed. The Bird must have full control of its course, so as to steer itself perfectly, — not necessarily with sudden sharp turns, nor in the shortest curves; but it must be able to fly high or low, to turn to the right or to the left, and to go in a circle in either direction. When ready to alight, it will approach the tower by a circular movement, coming nearer and nearer as carefully as possible. The engineer of the revolving boom must regulate its speed and position exactly to the movement of the Bird, and at the precise moment be ready to hook on: and until

that can be done with certainty there is no safety in flight and no room for exultation.

Thus far, in the high tower and the revolving boom, I have proposed nothing which is not easily within the scope of contemporary engineering skill. Such a tower as that now standing at Coney Island would be tall enough and strong enough for our purpose, though its form is not the best possible. It would of course be necessary to have the land unobstructed by trees or buildings, to give the Bird room to mount. When our instinctive ideas of danger can be readjusted to the case, and we realize that it is no more fatal to be killed by falling into the water than upon the land, a small island, with a wide reach of water around it, will be our ideal location. What better site can be found than that selected for the long-promised statue of Liberty Enlightening the World?

In the second form of the apparatus proposed, the high, fixed tower might be dispensed with, and the revolving arms mounted upon a turn-table, like a modern draw-bridge. The cost of this arrangement could not be much, if any, less than that of the tower, and there is no other apparent reason why it should be preferred. A third form of apparatus would be that of a car upon a circular railroad track, of which I care to say but little, as it could be of no practical value.

It is not my purpose here to say much of the Bird itself. It is not to float, but to fly, and its whole build must accord with that idea. Its speed, and not its levity, will sustain it. In the balloon we increase the bulk as much as possible, and its shape makes little difference; in the Bird we reduce its body to the smallest compass, and to the shape that will offer least resistance to rapid motion. If it is ever to carry a man, he must be entirely inclosed within it, and windows provided, through which everything may be seen and its course

directed. As in land travel we have never yet been able to make machines that will walk with the leg movement which animals use, so we shall probably not be able at first to propel our Bird by the beat of its wings. The wings will, however, still be needed, as the resistance of the air against them will be the chief sustaining force. As the wings will be at the back, or rather top, of the machine, and the weight of the body and contents below them, the Bird will always be in stable equilibrium; and so long as propulsion continues, and the power to sustain the weight by the speed of flight is maintained, there will be no danger of its rolling over. It may be found that two pairs of wings will be better than one. The means of propulsion may be a fan wheel at the stern, similar to the propeller in water. As to the motor, we must say that steam is not yet superseded; but when steam is suggested, let no one think of a locomotive or a steamboat coursing through the sky. That is not putting it fairly. Our Bird will be of a very different breed. Its frame-work will be of the lightest material, and as steam-engines have already been made which, with the boiler, weigh only twenty pounds per horse-power, this may be further reduced. The strong current of air against the breast of the Bird will be a powerful condensing agent, and the water can be used over and over. The condensing tubes could serve for the frame-work of the machine, and thus add nothing to its weight. Many details of the Bird can be determined only by experiment, and experiment waits for opportunity. The Bird will steer easily. In its flight there will be practically nothing outside it to change its course; and if it be symmetrical in shape and the propelling force axial, as it would be with a single wheel, a slight hint of the rudder will direct it. When flying in the circular path, starting and alighting are the only occasions that will seriously try its steer-

ing capacity. The ability to fly in the circular path, which is required when the Bird is suspended from the rotating arm, being a guarantee of its steering powers, will also imply a propulsive force much more than enough to sustain it in horizontal flight, as it then has the centrifugal force as well as gravity to overcome.

In all seriousness the subject of flying is well worthy our consideration. Our

mechanical resources are ripe for it. If possible, it is without doubt desirable. Let no one smile incredulously when I say that its promise of safety in travel especially commends it to us. If it involves new risks, it eliminates most of the old ones. As a new sensation and a source of keen delight, as a luxury first and a convenience and necessity after, we should do all in our power to promote it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. Mrs. Kemble's charming Records of a Later Life, already reviewed in these pages from the English edition, has been issued in this country by Henry Holt & Co.—Old and New Canada, 1753-1844; Historic Scenes and Social Pictures, or the Life of Joseph François Perrault (Dawson Brothers, Montreal), is the title of a volume by Dr. P. Bender, which combines in an agreeable fashion the record of the life of a prominent Canadian with sketches of the society and historic incidents among which he moved. Mr. Perrault lived to be ninety-one years of age, and his own recollections furnish a valuable part of the history included in this interesting work.—In the series Campaigns of the Civil War, the tenth volume is The March to the Sea, by Jacob D. Cox, LL. D. (Scribners.) The book is accompanied by ten maps. The impressiveness of the narrative is marred by the author's critical and somewhat polemic mood.—Smiles's Self-Help has been issued by the Harpers in the Franklin Square series.—The Life of Edwin H. Chapin, D. D., by Sumner Ellis, D. D. (Universalist Publishing House, Boston) has the advantage and disadvantage of having been written with the help of very few documents. Dr. Chapin was a man of so much vitality and generosity that his biographer is able to illustrate his subject by many characteristic touches; and while we have necessarily more of the biographer's work than commonly happens, we have also a more diligent collection of the testimony of diverse minds. Something of Dr. Chapin's large nature is preserved in this volume, in spite of a good deal of unnecessary writing.—The Life of Major-General George H. Thomas has been written by Chaplain Thomas B. Van Home (Scribners), and material is furnished for a better knowledge of one of the chief soldiers of the country. The author keeps pretty closely to his text, but the war was a notable occasion for the manifestation of personal relations, and it was impossible to avoid the discussion of the quarrels into which General Thomas

was dragged; but the interest of the reader is chiefly in his military movements.—The Reader's Guide to English History, by Professor W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin (Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston), is an admirable hand-book, in which the really necessary books and chronological facts are given, to the exclusion of lumber and dead-wood. It ought to be of real service both to teachers and students.—The Political Conspiracies preceding the Rebellion (Putnams), by Lieutenant Thomas M. Anderson, is a brief monograph, in which the events just preceding the taking of Forts Sumter and Pickens is recorded by a writer who has in mind the historic vindication of Major Robert Anderson, but gives his readers material from which to draw their own conclusions.—In the English Men of Letters series (Harpers), Jonathan Swift, by Leslie Stephen, is a welcome addition. Mr. Stephen has shown himself before to be at home in Swift's period, and a knowledge of the time is almost as necessary as a knowledge of human nature to qualify one for making an estimate of Swift, for the dean is the great puzzle of English literature. His candor, his freedom from refined theorizing, and his manliness of tone make Mr. Stephen exceptionally fitted to be Swift's biographer, and this book, while not conclusive, is at least satisfactory within its range.—A Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Union with Great Britain, by Charles George Walpole (Harpers), does not claim to be the result of original research. It is well provided with maps, chronological tables, and an index. The writer does not show any tenderness toward the English in his narrative of the armed attempt at protestantizing Ireland.—In their series of Biographies of Musicians, Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, have issued a Life of Haydn, by Louis Nohl, translated by George P. Upton. Haydn's life was so full of bright and interesting incident that it has more outward attractiveness than that of any of his profession, except Mendelssohn.—

Outlines of Ancient History (Harpers) is the title of a manual prepared by P. V. N. Myers, which is designed for private reading and for instruction. It covers the period from the earliest times to the fall of the Western Roman Empire; and while Greek and Roman civilization constitute the main subjects, there has been full reference to the Eastern monarchies and Egypt. The author has aimed to make his book a history of civilization before Christ rather than of persons and parties.—History of the Christian Church, by Philip Schaff (Scribners), is a work to consist of five octavo volumes, of which the first, on Apostolic Christianity, is now issued. The work is a revision and expansion of Dr. Schaff's original history, issued in 1858. He has gone over his former statements with reference to using and sometimes answering the criticism which has been so vigorously exercised during the past twenty-five years. The author's position is well known as that of an evangelical scholar.—In Epochs of Modern History (Scribners), the latest volume, Edward III., by Rev. W. Warburton, depends largely on Longman's larger work. Covering as it does the period of Chaucer and Wiclif, the writer has done well in making much of these subjects, and in giving familiar pictures of life in the times.—Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft follows his *The Native Races of the Pacific States with History of the Pacific States*, of which the first volume, devoted to so much of Central America as is covered by 1501-1530, is now ready. (A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.) The present work is the historical successor of the former, and itself only the initial volume of a series which the author has projected with what can only be called a Pacific magnitude of intention. Whatever decision may be passed upon Mr. Bancroft's work, no one can hesitate to acknowledge the immense indebtedness due to one who has patiently collected and arranged so vast a store-house of historic material. Mr. Bancroft's historic creed is an honorable one, "to tell the truth, plainly and concisely;" and if one recoils a little from the idea of conciseness as expressed in an avenue of books devoted to the Pacific coast, he must remember that Mr. Bancroft's conception of history could be realized only by the collection of photographic copies of everything relating to human life.—Henry Holt & Co. have issued the second part of Mr. William Cory's *A Guide to Modern English History*. The period embraced is that of 1830-1835, which the author claims as "full of the virtue and wisdom which make modern England supremely worthy of a student's contemplation; it seems not too much to say that they form a period of paramount importance in the universal history of legislation and government." The book is not a history, but a guide to history; that is, it confines itself to a brief but connected summary of events which form the back-bone of history. It is not so full and discursive as Miss Martineau's history, but it is probably quite as impartial an index to political movements.

Political History and Political Economy. The Development of Constitutional Liberty in the English Colonies of America, by Eben Greenough Scott

(Putnams), is an attempt at tracing the spiritual history which had its most comprehensive genesis in the Reformation, proceeded through revolutions in English politics, and found a final expression in the Declaration of Independence. The writer has a good idea, but it appears to us that he has missed a full conception of the parallel growth of the national idea, without which his liberty would have resulted in an isolated individuality. The book is not especially easy reading, but it is full of suggestiveness to the historical student who wants something more than an exoteric view of history.—*Political History of Recent Times, 1815-1875*, with special reference to Germany, by W. Müller, translated by the Rev. John P. Peters (Harpers), is of a different order. It is a close narrative of the political movements of continental Europe, marked off into periods, and finding its culmination mainly in the consolidation of the German empire. The translator, Mr. Peters, has added a chapter, which brings the history to date.—*Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States*, by Simon Sterne (Cassell), is a popular treatise, with reference largely to the present condition of the country, and is, in fact, an account of the working of our political organization. Mr. Sterne regards the matter mainly as affecting industrial and commercial interests.—*The American Citizen's Manual, Part I.*, by Worthington C. Ford (Putnams), relates to governments, national, state and local, the electorate, and the civil service. The editor's purpose is to give a clear, brief account of the relation of the citizen to the government under which he lives, and we think he has succeeded.

Literary History and Criticism The Great Epics of Mediaeval Germany, by George Theodore Dippold (Roberts Bros.), is an outline of the contents and history of the Nibelunglied, Gudrun, Parzival, and minor poems. By means of the book one may acquaint himself with the drift of these remarkable works without the weariness of reading them, and qualify himself thus for hearing Wagner's music. Professor Dippold is a careful and painstaking writer.—*Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote* (Roberts Bros.), though in form a selection of passages, is in effect, by its full indexes, a classification of Cervantes' fine philosophy and humor. A life of Cervantes is prefixed, signed Emma Thompson.

Fiction. Miss Phelps's novel of *Doctor Zay*, with which the readers of the Atlantic are already familiar, has been published in book form. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—*Robin*, by Louisa Parr, is the latest in the *Leisure Hour* series (Holt), and the readers of Dorothy Fox will only need to know that the book is out.—The singular avatar of Democracy in England appears to have led to its reissue here by its original publishers (Holt) in paper covers at a cheap price. We doubt, however, if the real American democracy will recognize itself any better in the book in this form than it did when it was in the *Leisure Hour* series.—Under *Green Apple Boughs*, by Helen Campbell, is the title of the first of a new series called *Our Continent Library*. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Mrs. Campbell puts much thought into the story, almost enough to carry it over the thin places of the

plot, but her seriousness constructs the characters rather than finds them. — Her *Crime* is the first volume in the third series of the *No Name* novels. (Roberts.) — Miss Leighton's *Perplexities*, by Alice C. Hall (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is a somewhat juvenile novel, in which young men and maidens carry on their game of love — *The Cleverdale Mystery*, or *The Machine and its Wheels*, by W. A. Wilkins (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is intended to do double service; to be a blow at the machine in politics, and an amusement to the reader. The machine will not suffer, but the intelligent reader, forced to read it, may. — *A Transplanted Rose* is a story of New York society. (Harpers.) The rose is transplanted from the Western prairies to New York, carefully potted there, and sent over to England to blossom in a nobleman's greenhouse. It should be added that the rose belongs to the order of artificial flowers.

Theology, Philosophy and Religion. Science without God, by H. Didon, translated from the French by Rosa Corder (T. Whittaker, New York), is the impetuous attack upon materialism of an impassioned French preacher. — *Prayer and its Answer*, by Dr. S. Irenæus Prime (Scribners), is the narrative of personal incidents connected with the history of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting during the twenty-five years of its existence. — *My Portfolio* is the title given by Dr. Austin Phelps to a volume (Scribners) in which he has collected thirty-one essays originally printed by him in religious weeklies, and containing the views of a generous adherent to the old New England theology upon questions affecting especially the religious life of the community. Dr. Phelps is always direct and pastoral; he is always a pastor in his writing; he is also a kind and charitable man. — *Practical Life and the Study of Man*, by J. Wilson, Ph. D. (J. Wilson & Son, Newark, New York), is a collection of a hundred or more commonplace essays, which may have done duty first in a country newspaper. The positions taken are mainly incontrovertible. — *Philosophy of Landscape Painting*, by William M. Bryant (St. Louis Publishing Co.), is a study of landscape painting from a philosophic point of view, in which philosophy tells what ought to be found and seen, and the historical development of painting is the last thing considered. To some people this will be regarded as a back-handed way of getting at the subject; they would prefer a philosophy of landscape painting reached by a study of typical examples. — *Christ's Christianity* is the title of a volume compiled by Albert H. Walker (Holt) upon the principle of classifying the words of Christ as contained in the gospels into an orderly succession of doctrines and precepts. Such an arrangement has its value, and is something more than a curiosity, but one may doubt the great efficiency of a system which emphasizes the teaching of Christ independently of his life. — *The Christian Religion* is the title of Professor George P. Fisher's reasonable apology, reprinted from the *North American Review* by the Scribners. — *Logic and Life* is the title of the first of a volume of sermons by the Rev. H. S. Holland. (Scribners.) Mr. Holland is a clergyman of the English church, and is introduced here by Presi-

dent Porter, of Yale. The form and manner are more literary and permanent than one usually finds in sermons, and the book is one to be selected from the mass of contemporary apologetics. At the same time one must make up his mind to a good deal of rhetoric. — *The Harmony of the Bible with Science, or Moses and Geology*, by Samuel Kinns Ph. D. (Cassell), is a popular work, which takes the order of creation as detailed in the opening verses of Genesis and makes it the subject of a discursive exposition in the light of modern knowledge. The book is bolstered behind and before with lists of eminent men who subscribe to the book and to some of Dr. Kinns's statements. He appears to believe Moses and the subscribers. — Dr. James McCosh, President of Princeton College, has begun the issue of a Philosophical series, of which the first number has appeared under the title of *Criteria of Diverse Kinds of Truth* as opposed to Agnosticism, being a treatise on applied logic. (Scribners.) It can be read in a few hours, it may serve as a text-book, and is intended to give intelligent people a substantial ground on which to stand in meeting the latest philosophical heresy.

Education and Text Books. A Grammar of the Modern Spanish Language, as now written and spoken in the capital of Spain, by William I. Knapp (Ginn, Heath & Co.), proceeds upon the assumption that the student is already acquainted with some general laws which affect the structure of all Indo-European languages. The grammar leads him as quickly as possible to reading and writing the language. — H. B. Boisen's *Preparatory Book of German Prose*, to which we have already referred, is accompanied by a separate volume of notes and vocabulary. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) — The *Meisterschaft System*, a short and practical method of acquiring complete fluency of speech in the French language, by Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal (Estes & Lauriat), has been published in fifteen parts, which together would make a volume of over four hundred pages. The author, keeping steadily in mind the single purpose of enabling the scholar to talk in French, and to say the things most necessary to be said, has arranged his matter in a lucid way and stripped the task as far as possible of all irrelevant matter. He is like a skillful coach in education, and has reduced the student's work by the method in which it is taken up. The matter of pronunciation is the weak feature, since the English equivalents are often misleading and rarely quite satisfactory; but the difficulty is inherent. — Since the object of *Those Children and Their Teachers*, a story of to-day, by Byron A. Brooks (Putnams), is to indicate weaknesses in the school systems, and to suggest possible reforms, we place the book here; but it is a pity that the characters of parents in the book should lead one to place the principal mistakes, not where Mr. Brooks does, in schools and teachers, but in the foolish and weak parents.

Sport. The *Tricks of the Greeks Unveiled*, or the Art of Winning at Every Game, by Robert Houdin, translated by M. I. Smithson, is published in Lovell's Library. (John W. Lovell Company, New York.) A rogue is set to catch a rogue.

DECEMBER, 1882

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

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AND COMPANY



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LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE. With sixteen illustrations by F. O. C. DARLEY. Folio, in unique binding, in a box, \$10.00.

This book contains sixteen designs, depicting in a very effective and graceful style the leading scenes and principal characters of Mr. Longfellow's world-famous poem.

The subjects of these designs are as follows :

- I. "This is the forest primeval."
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- III. "Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal."
- IV. "Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well."
- V. "There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him."
- VI. "Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness."
- VII. "Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure."
- VIII. "Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house doors."
- IX. "Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances."
- X. "Without, in the churchyard, waited the women."
- XI. "Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women."
- XII. "There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking."
- XIII. "Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river."
- XIV. "Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains."
- XV. "When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes."
- XVI. "Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank thee!'"

These designs have been reproduced in a manner which brings out effectively their vigor and grace; and they have been printed on a hand-press to insure the best possible result. The typography of the poem is sumptuous and beautiful, and the binding at once striking and tasteful, the whole forming an artistic gift-volume which will delight all lovers of art, all who have read the charming poem, and all who can appreciate beautiful books.

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S LITERARY BULLETIN.

A Perfect Gift Book.



IN the Holiday Edition of Mr. Aldrich's Complete Poems are fulfilled as nearly as possible all the conditions for a perfect gift-book. There is no question of the grace and lyrical charm of the poems. The severest criticism on them is that they are so few. The typography is so beautiful that it is a pleasure merely to look upon the printed page. As one critic says: "The art of illustrating lately has reached a very high degree of excellence, and we recall no volume in which its best estate has been attained more successfully than in this;" and the binding has a tasteful simplicity which must commend it to all lovers of beautiful books, who are more or less repelled by the gilt tawdriness which disfigures many holiday books. The *Christian Union* observes: "Books far more sumptuous than this exquisite book fill the shelves of our libraries, but books wholly adequate in all respects, so harmonious in all details, so fine and true in total impression, are not common."

The present season will bring few if any volumes so admirably suited for gift purposes, few which it will be equally creditable to the giver to give and equally delightful to the fortunate recipient to receive.

Darley's Scarlet Letter.

Two years since was published a collection of outline illustrations of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" by Mr. Darley. The illustrations were remarkable for the skill and force with which they interpreted the most striking scenes in that wonderful romance, and it is doubtful if any similar volume has ever been published in this country which excited more admiration or which more deserved it. The form, however, in which the volume appeared was not such as to satisfy those who were most pleased with the illustrations. These have now been reproduced in a form somewhat smaller, and in a book far more convenient to handle, and unspeakably more attractive. Those who are in search of sumptuous and permanently valuable art works for gifts should not fail to examine this volume.

Letters of Lydia Maria Child.

Those who have ever read the "Letters from New York," which Mrs. Child wrote forty years ago or more, will welcome with eagerness the volume of her personal letters which has just been published. They are entirely familiar in style, and are so simple and charming that no one can

read them with indifference. At the same time, they touch on so many topics which were of burning interest at the time the letters were written, and which have since become matters of history, and history of a kind which can never be forgotten, that the interest with which they are read is far deeper than of a mere literary character. The volume contains a biographical sketch of Mrs. Child by Mr. Whittier, and in an appendix are given the remarks of Mr. Wendell Phillips on the occasion of Mrs. Child's funeral, with a full list of the various books and pamphlets which Mrs. Child wrote.

Longfellow and Emerson Calendars.

In his Essay on "Quotation and Originality," Mr. Emerson says: "Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of quoting a passage." This aphorism is seldom more appropriately quoted than in describing the excellence of the daily selections in the Longfellow and Emerson Calendars for the new year. Imbedded, as most of the selections are, among long passages full of strength and beauty, their very surrounding prevents their disclosing the force and beauty of meaning which are at once recognized in them when standing alone. One can hardly praise too highly the fine critical taste and judgment shown in the selections.

But the artistic merit of these Calendars is no less conspicuous. The design of the Emerson Calendar is a giant pine tree, its uppermost branches bearing a scroll, with the title of the Calendar upon it, and in the background is a view of Emerson's Concord home. Besides a life-like portrait of the poet, the Longfellow Calendar has strikingly beautiful figures of Priscilla and Evangeline, and sketches of Longfellow's house at Cambridge and of the Belfry of Bruges. Both the Calendars have a softness and depth of coloring very seldom attained in works of this description.

For gifts for the Holidays, these Calendars are especially appropriate. Besides the combined qualities of beauty and usefulness, their daily messages — often strikingly applicable to the occurrences of every-day life — serve not only to remind one of the giver, but also of those authors of whom it may be well said, that "to help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem defeat by new thought, by firm action, that is not easy, that is the work of divine men."

John Randolph.

The London *Spectator*, in an essay on Biography, speaks of it as "the most instructive and delightful of all forms of literature." The series of "American Statesmen" was planned to combine the special interest and charm of biography with an account of important events in the history of the United States Government, so that it should have positive value for students of American political history, as well as great interest for lovers of biography. The volumes already published have succeeded in connecting the narrative of statesmen whose careers have been delineated, with the leading political issues and discussions which characterized their times. In the fifth volume

Mr. Henry Adams has succeeded in giving a careful, trustworthy picture of the brilliant and eccentric character of John Randolph, and has incorporated in this biographical outline an account of the discussions in which Randolph took a leading part, and of the political theories and administrative policies which were being tried in America during Randolph's life. In both its personal and political features the book is one of the most instructive and interesting of this series.

The Bodley Grandchildren.

The five previous volumes of Bodley Books have had a hearty welcome in thousands of families all over the country, not less for the pure and wholesome character of the books than for the interest of their stories, and the delight which the pictures afforded. They combine in a rare degree the qualities of instruction and entertainment, so that the child who reads them, while he is absorbed in the story, is learning many an important fact in history and biography, and is becoming familiarized with the homes and some of the writings of the best authors, so that it is a kind of liberal education to a family to have and to read the Bodley Books.

The new volume, which begins a new series, takes the grandchildren of the former Bodleys through Holland, where they are entertained by seeing the curious sights of that very curious country, while they hear of the wonderfully stirring and ennobling events in its history, and trace the connection between Holland and the early settlement of New York. All this is made yet more attractive by the numerous pictures which the book contains, and it is quite within bounds to say that few books have ever been written for children more salutary in their character, and more entirely interesting and delightful than this, which is, therefore, peculiarly suited for holiday use.

Björnson's Novels.

An excellent New York critic says:—

The man who opens a new literature to us renders great service. This is what Prof. R. B. Anderson has done in making known to English readers the rich contents of the old Eddas and Sagas of the North, a task which he has now supplemented by translating the works of the chief Norwegian writer of the present day. All of these are interesting. "A Happy Boy," "Arne," "Synnöve Solbakken," and "The Bridal March" are especially delightful stories, original in plot, poetic in execution, and full of the charm

which surrounds a land whose scenery, customs and people are strange to us. The pastoral and primitive life of that every way interesting country of the midnight sun is painted for us with the vivid coloring which only a man of genius knows how to use. . . . In these days of cheap issues of pamphlet novels, it is a luxury to take up volumes like this set of Björnson's books, which can be read without the protest of aching eyes, and which are a pleasure, not an offense against good taste, in shape, paper, and letter-press.

The *Churchman* remarks:—

There is an indescribable charm in all of this author's writings, and the publishers de-

serve great credit for enabling American readers to enjoy them.

Björnson's novels are just complete in the American translation, in seven handsome volumes. These in a box would be a notable Holiday gift.

The Riverside Shakespeare.

Although editions of Shakespeare are so very numerous, it is believed that there is room for a new edition which shall combine the best editorial

skill with a beauty of typography that is usually reserved for the costliest books, and which shall be put at a price so low as to bring it within the reach of all. Of Mr. White's competency to edit Shakespeare there is no doubt; everybody who knows Mr. White knows this. The volumes will be brought out with all the care and skill which the Riverside Press can command, and it is expected that this edition in three volumes will at once take rank as one of the best and most desirable popular editions of Shakespeare ever produced.

Professor Diman's Works

Have won recognition in England for their scholarship, their accurate research, and their admirable candor. The London *Spectator* of September 9th, in noticing his "Orations and Essays," says: "It is impossible within our limits to draw special attention to all the contents of this very suggestive book," and gives an analysis of the addresses on the "Alienation of the Educated Classes from Politics," and on the method of "Academic Culture." It concludes by saying:—

We strongly recommend this volume. The essay on "Religion in America," those on "Sir Harry Vane" and "Roger Williams," and "the Growth of University Corporations," are full of interest, and indicate

what the powers of the author in certain lines of investigation and generalization must have been, intensifying our regret that his historical lectures are lost to the world.

Bret Harte's Latest Volume

Has attracted in England the same kind and degree of attention which have been awarded to his previous books. The London *Spectator* assigns him a position far above that of other American humorous writers who are frequently mentioned with him, and emphasizes especially the completeness of Mr. Harte's short stories, declaring that "each little fiction of his leaves nothing incomplete upon the mind." The critic also calls attention to the remarkable skill and laconic vividness with which Mr. Harte places a scene, as in a picture, before the reader; and says: "In descriptions of character, as well as of scenery, Bret Harte is singularly successful at producing much effect in little space. They distinctly live for us, these types of the Sierras, and through a community of character which underlies them all, no doubt with real truth to nature, there are always visible the differences which save the author from the charge of repeating himself." The London *Literary World* remarks:—

Whoever takes up the volume expecting to find a sentimental love-tale will suffer a keen disappointment. The rugged wilds do not admit of such mild flirtations as are incidental to lawn-tennis. The ordinary reader will, however, find himself hurrying down the

well-leaded pages—now charmed with the glowing description of some sylvan retreat, and anon stirred by some deed characteristic of life almost beyond the bounds of civilization.

Dick's Wandering

Was published some months ago, but although scores of novels have been published since it appeared, hardly one of these has the freshness and the wholesomeness of spirit which pervade this. *The Critic*, of New York, says of it:—

Very, very charming is this quiet story, without plot or incident or climax, about a frank and chivalrous young fellow, who is not exactly the average young man, but who is

certainly very ordinary for a hero, in being equally removed from each of the two extremes usually chosen by novelists to depict; who is, in short, neither a prig nor a rogue. In the midst of the charm, however, are bits of brilliancy quite as effective as the caustic sentences of more cynical writers; bright talk, after a delicious description of landscape; or — after a picture such as that of

Dick with his mother and the primroses — a page of keen analysis that would do credit to Henry James, Jr. The book is, then, at once charming, brilliant, and natural; and were we asked what hero of recent fiction we should most desire a certain small boy of our acquaintance to resemble, we should unhesitatingly say, "Let him be like Dick."

Editions of the Poets.

Every library that attains any degree of completeness must have a fair representation of poetry. No American library, certainly, should fail to have the poems of those men whose poetry is one of the greatest honors of American literature and one of its surest elements of enduring fame. The works of these poets, either in single volumes or in sets, are excellently adapted for holiday use, and we think we do our readers service in calling their attention to some of these, with a few of the most famous English poets.

Illustrated Library Edition. This edition includes the poems of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Tennyson, Owen Meredith, the "Songs of Three Centuries" edited by Mr. Whittier, and, recently added, the poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary. These volumes are printed with a red-line border, are bound in full gilt, and contain the portraits of the writers, with generally thirty or more full-page illustrations.

Red-Line Edition. This is printed with a red line border, as indicated by its title; each volume contains a portrait of the author, and from twelve to sixteen full-page illustrations. In this edition are included the poems of Burns, Bret Harte, Longfellow, and Mr. Longfellow's Christus, Lowell, Owen Meredith's Lucile, Miss Procter, Saxe, Scott, Tennyson, and Whittier.

Household Edition. This is a compact and convenient form, excellently suited for ordinary library use. Other editions may be more sumptuous, but this is admirably adapted for every-day use, and in its finer bindings is also excellent for gift purposes. It includes the poems of Longfellow, and Mr. Longfellow's Christus, Lowell, Tennyson, Holmes, Owen Meredith, Bayard Taylor, Whittier, Whittier's "Songs of Three Centuries," Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," and, recently added to the edition, the poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary, Bret Harte, and Saxe.

Diamond Edition. This edition is not printed in diamond type as the name would imply, but the name was chosen to indicate that it contains "infinite riches in a little room." The books are small and convenient to hold. In this edition are included the poems of Burns, Bret Harte, Longfellow and Longfellow's Christus, Lowell, Owen Meredith's Lucile, Miss Procter's Poems, Saxe, Scott, Tennyson, and Whittier.

Riverside Edition of British Poets. This is a complete collection of the poems of the best English poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth, with biographical, historical, and critical notices by Prof. Francis J. Child, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. J. R. Lowell, Mr. Arthur Gilman, and others. It comprises sixty-eight crown octavo volumes, printed on beautifully tinted paper, and tastefully bound, forming a library of remarkable variety and value.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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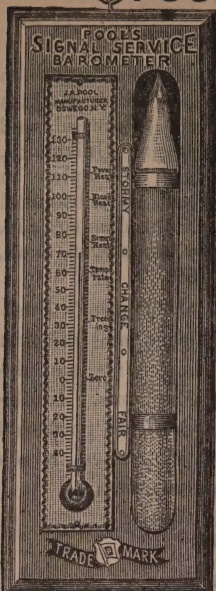
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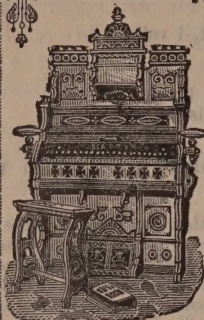
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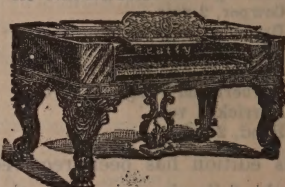
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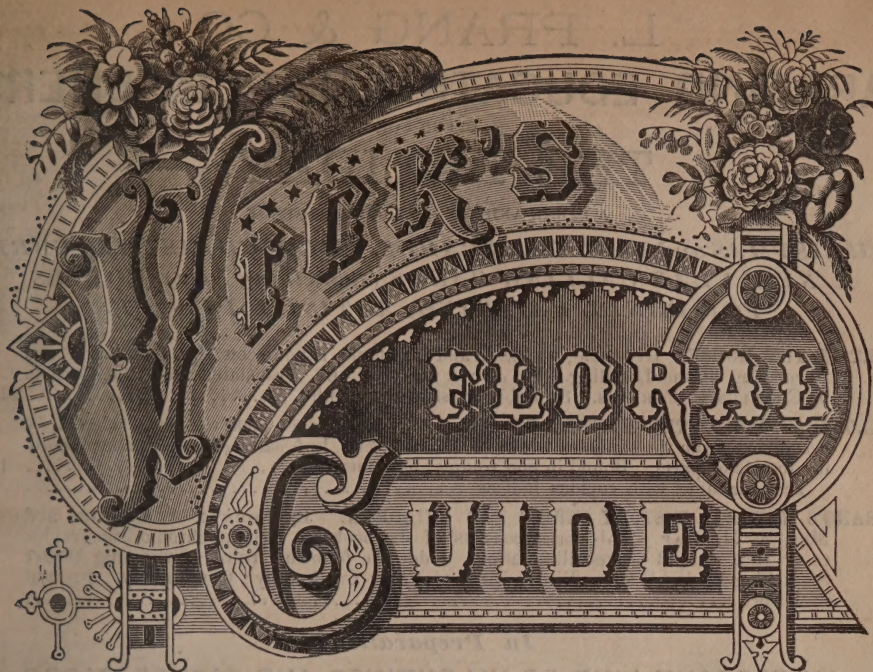
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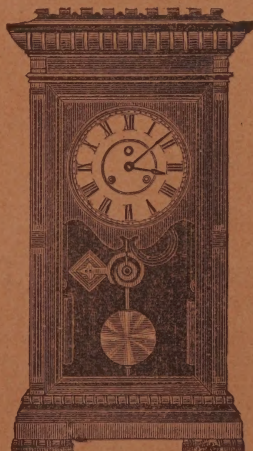
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